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THE

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JANUARY, 1854.

Vol. IV., No. 1.—A

A LADY'S WINTER ADVENTURE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

IT was in the latter part of the month of October, 1845, that I left England to join some part of my family, who were at that time residing in the north of Italy. I was accompanied by a friend, who, never having before even crossed the Channel, was a complete novice in all the difficulties, discomforts, and crosses, which even in these days inevitably attend on those who ramble abroad. Such troubles are passed over as trifles by those who really love traveling; but, to many, they form an insurmountable hinderance to the pleasures they might otherwise experience. My friend, belonging to this class, looks back even now with more of horror and dismay than gratification to the incident I am about to relate.

I will not inflict on my readers any account of the dull and tedious journey by the Belgian railway to Cologne, whereby the pleasure, doubtless found by many in former days in exploring the really beautiful and interesting towns of Belgium, is entirely brought to an end; for though there is now no actual hinderance to our doing this, some kind of infatuation seems to prohibit it; and we hasten on from station to station without even bestowing a thought on what lies so near, yet unseen. Neither will I linger to recount the days that we devoted to the attractions of Cologne, Heidelberg, and Strasburg; but will at once hasten on to the time of our arrival at Basle, where we spent a delightful evening, in a room almost overhanging the Rhine, and affording us a most enchanting view of that noble river, its picturesque wooden bridge, and the old town and cathedral, which I think seldom meet with as much praise as they really deserve.

We left Basle the next morning, for even here we were met by the intimation that we were already late, and had chosen a bad time for crossing the Alps; so after some tiresome negotiations with one of that most avaricious and obstinate of all classes, the Swiss voituriers, we did at last effect an agreement with him, and started for Berne by the picturesque route of the Val Moutiers. Our carriage was comfortable enough, but I could not feel as well satisfied with the appearance of those lean, feeble-looking white horses which were appointed to convey us on so long a journey. The romantic beauty of this road hardly begins until the little village of Soleure is passed. Here we stopped to dine; and soon after leaving the spot, the defile was entered where, properly speaking, the Val Moutiers, or valley of the Birs, begins. The whole road is excellent, and is known to have existed from a very early period. In fact, it was used as such by the Romans, who thus kept up the communication between the Rhine and the capital of Helvetia. It may now be described as a succession of narrow and rocky defiles, alternating with open valleys or basins, cheered and enlivened by numerous pretty villages and mills. In some parts the precipices overhang the road, and these being well clothed with wood, the dark foliage of the fir-trees adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, in which the river Birs, foaming and rushing through the rocks below, forms also an important feature.

I can give no account of the view, usually reckoned so fine, of the Alps from the last slope of the Jura, for, as we descended on Bienne in the afternoon of our second day, the whole surrounding country was enveloped in a sheet of thick white mist, which, as we approached Berne later in the evening, almost presented the appearance of a vast lake, stretching out on every side. For this loss, however, we were amply indemnified the next day with a view from Berne, clearer and finer than any I had ever before enjoyed. The whole range of the Bernese Alps appeared before us, absolutely glittering against the sky like peaks of solid silver. From this point six snowy mountains may be counted; but from the Eughe-terrace, where we went later in the day, twelve of their gigantic heads may be seen towering against the sky. Few things can be imagined more sublime than this view at sunset, when the rays reflected from the snows appear nearly of a rose-color, and the vivid, distinct, almost sharp outlines, gradually fade away into dim shadow. After such scenes, one feels no great inclination for the lions, or perhaps I should say, without intending a pun, the bears of Berne; for bears, dead or alive, meet one in every direction. Many of the stone fountains, which are very numerous, are surmounted by quaint-looking figures of bears in different characters. One appears

in armor, with a sword at his side and a banner in his paw. There are various legends professing to account for the attachment of the Bernese to this animal. One relates that, when Berchtold founded the town, an enormous bear was slain on the side thereof. In the old German or Suabian dialect, the word Bern signifies bear, and these animals also appear in the armorial bearings of the canton. They are to be seen, in the museum, stuffed at almost every age, and are found alive in the ditch outside the Aarburg gate, which has been arranged for their habitation, and is called the "Bärengraben." When the French were finally expelled from Switzerland, one of the first cares of the citizens was to reinstate the bears, some of them having been carried to Paris in 1798, and installed in the Jardin des Plantes.

After leaving Berne, a journey of a day or two brought us on to Lausanne; intimations, in the shape of closed hotels, steam-boats laid up for the winter, meeting us on our route, and proving to us that we had delayed our journey beyond the usual season for pleasure tourists. From Lausanne a little more traveling would bring us to the Simplon; and having heard much of that celebrated pass, I was extremely desirous of crossing it.

Our preliminary arrangements being completed, we started for the Simplon, accordingly, on the morning of the 9th of November. I must here observe that all my inquiries at Lausanne, as to the safety and practicability of the pass at this season, were met by assurances of there being no risk or chance of difficulties whatever, and that the weather having been so fine, we should find no danger from the state of the mountain; a tolerably good proof this, as we found to our cost, that it is impossible to depend on the representations of those who are interested in your taking one route in preference to another. Had we gone to Geneva, and by the Mont Cenis, we should have encountered none of the troubles that I am now about to describe.

Our first sleeping-place after starting was to be at Bex; but we had stopped for two hours in the day, to dine and rest, at Vevay, and were delighted with the beauty of its situation and with the views from it of the lovely Lake Leman, the gorge of the Rhone, and the snowy peaks of the Dent du Midi, with many other mountains. The day was most brilliant, and as Vevay, the "sweet Clarins" of Byron, and Montreux, appeared in succession before us, each seeming to surpass the other in beauty, we almost longed to delay our entrance into Italy, and repose for some weeks in scenes so lovely.

We arrived late at Bex, where we found a tolerable inn; but my slumbers were disturbed about the middle of the night by a most violent storm of wind and rain. The gusts, which shook the whole house, and seemed to threaten it with destruction, were positively terrific, and I was meditating whether I should rise and make inquiry as to our safety, when gradually the storm abated, and before I slept again the wind was almost entirely lulled, though the rain continued to fall in torrents. The suddenness of these mountain tempests is matter of astonishment to those who witness them for the first time. They arise without the slightest previous warning, and fall again almost as suddenly; but generally, like the one in question, leave their effects in several days of rain and storm. Our next morning proved this; for it was cold, damp, and cheerless, and we were assured by the people of the inn that this was the beginning of their winter—not a very encouraging piece of information, considering our destined route. The remaining two days' journey to Brieg afford nothing interesting or remarkable. The weather continued somber and chilly, and the inns after we left Bex were all bad, uncomfortable, and even dirty; while the road passing through the valley of the Rhone presented, for most part of the way, a most desolate aspect. For many miles above Martigny, the lower part of the valley is but a flat swamp, rendered extremely unhealthy by the overflowings of the Rhine and its tributaries.

Early on the morning of the 12th we started from Brieg, the last resting-place before the ascent of the Simplon, which begins immediately on leaving the post-house. We were anxious to reach the inn at Simplon while it was yet day-light, and the morning, though by no means brilliant, seemed to us favorable enough; the air was peculiarly mild, the sky gray but not heavy or clouded; and a total absence of wind led us to hope that we should encounter no difficulties in our day's journey. This wonderful road, so admirable in its construction, is really entirely free from

danger, except in stormy weather; though for those who are nervous and timid, the fearful depth of the precipices, along the edge of which the path is necessarily conducted, may be a cause of alarm. But such dread is needless, for the road is nowhere less than twenty-five feet in breadth, and in some parts as much as thirty; nor is the ascent in any part excessively steep or painful to horses, the average slope nowhere exceeding six feet and a half. Every one probably knows that the construction of this road was decided on by Napoleon, immediately after the battle of Marengo. It occupied six years in the completion, though more than thirty thousand men were frequently at one time employed in the works. The bridges alone, great and small, are six hundred and eleven in number; and in addition there are ten galleries cut out of the rock, or built in solid stone, twenty houses of refuge and shelter for travelers, besides the Hospice at the summit, and numerous terraces of massive masonry, many of them being miles in length. It is impossible to travel on this road without admiration, wonder, and astonishment, at this stupendous and useful work. The governing motive which caused its formation was curiously shown in Napoleon's twice-repeated question to the engineer employed: "When will the cannon be able to pass the Simplon?"

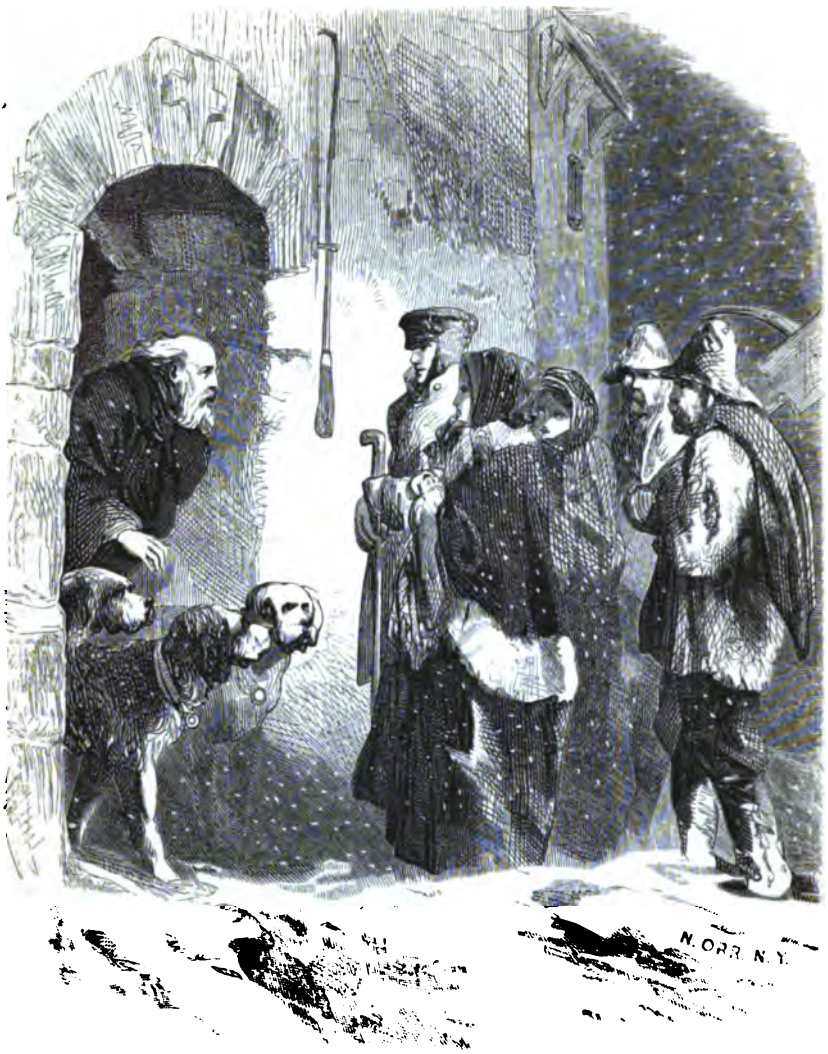
In spite of the advantages of the road, our voiturier judged it inexpedient to tax the strength of his three white horses in dragging us up the mountain, and he employed for that purpose four stout horses from the post-house at Brieg, leaving his own to follow at their leisure the progress of our carriage. The first part of our journey was entirely absorbed in admiration of the grandeur of the scene. The road runs near to the gorge of the Saltine, on the verge of a precipice, whence at a vast depth the torrent is seen forcing its way tumultuously through the rocks. The scene is grand and almost terrific, when, crossing the torrent by a lofty bridge, called Pont du Gauther, the road turns down on the opposite side, and, by various and most tortuous ways, brings the traveler to the little inn of Bérésal. The upper end of this ravine is fearfully subject to avalanches, and, contrary to the usual custom of the country, the bridge is uncovered, for it is supposed that any additional resistance of timber work would expose it to inevitable destruction by the fearful currents of air that accompany the fall of each avalanche. We were desired to dine at Bérésal, and, luckily obeying the orders of our voiturier, we really fared very tolerably, contrary to the expectations we had formed from the homely appearance of the small tavern of the place. Soon after leaving Bérésal, we passed the first gallery, ninety-five feet long and between three and four thousand feet above the Glys. The view from this point of the Bernese Alps, glorious no doubt in clear weather, was on this day misty, dim, and uncertain, and we could barely discern the giant peaks of the Breithorn and Aletsch-hörner.

The cheerful sense of security which had attended us on our way as far as Bérésal, here began to diminish considerably; for soon we perceived, not only that the road was covered with snow, getting deeper and deeper every yard we advanced, but also that it was beginning to snow afresh, while the air grew perceptibly denser, and rapid, sudden, and startling gusts of wind from time to time seemed to forbode the coming storm. As we could have no hope of reaching Simplon under three hours and a half at the least, I own I felt considerable disquiet; but I was unwilling to show my friend, already greatly alarmed, the fears that were agitating my mind. The voiturier was grave and cross, and our English servant looked, as English servants too frequently do in difficulties, most gloomy and discouraging; and few things are more disagreeable than a long sulky face when one wants a few words of comfort. The portion of the road which we had now to traverse, between the fifth refuge and the summit, is reckoned, though I did not know it at the time, the most dangerous of all; and to protect unfortunate travelers as far as possible from the perils of avalanches, it has six places of shelter, three galleries, two refuges, and a hospice. The refuges are inhabited by laborers, who are employed upon the road, and also, as we afterward found, in protecting and aiding those who are so unhappy as to be overtaken by storms in this fearful locality. By the time we left this fifth refuge, no doubt could exist as to the alarming state of the weather. It was blowing hard, the cold being bitter and intense; the snow

was driving in our faces, and thickening the air so much that hardly anything beyond the immediate road could be discerned. These storms, in Alpine language, are called "tourmentes," and truly they deserve the name. One peculiar feature of them is, that the snow, so called, resembles more a shower of ice, and the flakes or morsels thereof, driving hard and fast into the face and eyes of the unhappy traveler, so blind and stupify him, that, exhausted in the attempt to battle with the icy tempest, he too frequently sinks down in the snow, and, overtaken by an irresistible stupor, miserably perishes. A fall of snow in these regions, it will therefore be seen, is a wholly different matter from the soft, large, woolly flakes, which we are accustomed to in the world below.

The darkness was increasing upon us every instant, and the snow on the road had now become so deep as to hide nearly half the wheels of the carriage, and cause the greatest difficulty in their turning at all. The snow being also newly fallen, was wholly untracked; and, no wall or parapet being possible in this part of the road, the path is only divided from the edge of the precipice by occasional large, heavy, single stones, something like magnified mile-stones. Against these we more than once heard the wheels of the carriage grate, proving how fearfully near the edge we were; and there really seemed nothing to guide or save our struggling horses from overstepping the almost imperceptible boundary that lay between us and total destruction. It was a fearful scene, and one calculated to try the strongest nerves. My friend, terrified beyond all control, insisted on getting out of the carriage, and I, as in duty bound, followed. The danger of our position really seemed frightful. Men and horses were blinded and driven back by the wind and incessant fall of snow which came direct against them; and though striving hard to get on, they constantly stumbled and fell in the untracked and deep snow. The horses could only by the greatest exertions be induced to face the gale, or move a step onward, their labor being of course doubled by the difficulty of forcing the clogged wheels to advance at all. Night, and that too a fearful one of storm, was evidently fast approaching. What was to be done? became the question. By this time we were getting near to the sixth refuge, and feeling that our ineffectual attempts to get on in the snow were only additional hinderances to the men, I persuaded my friend to return to the carriage. I felt almost in despair, for it seemed to me absolutely impossible that we should this night pass beyond the place where we now were. But at this moment we stopped, and, hearing strange voices, I looked out, and perceived that two men from the refuge had joined us: wild figures they were, enveloped in goat-skins; yet I hailed their arrival with joy and gratitude, for I felt sure that some help was now near. One soon advanced to me, and, announcing himself as the inspector of the Simplon road, and therefore, of course, the chief of the band of men thereon employed, assured me that, though our situation was certainly alarming, he hoped to be able to get us on to the Hospice, where the monks would instantly admit us, and there he said we must sleep.

At this crisis our voiturier joined the conference, and with his usual obstinacy, objecting strongly to this plan, insisted that we must go on to Simplon, where he said we should certainly arrive before night. I soon perceived the cause of this perverse opposition, which was the fear of having to keep and pay for during another day the four horses and their driver whom he had brought from Brieg; and for this pitiful consideration he was willing to risk all our lives without the slightest compunction. My friend the inspector, a remarkably pleasant-looking man, with a more open countenance than is usually seen among the Swiss, was not, however, of a sort to give way on a point so important, and he insisted on our adopting his plan, saying he was in a manner responsible for travelers, and that he could not agree to our making so desperate an attempt as to proceed on our journey in such a night as he foresaw this was likely to be. He said the road was wholly untracked, and that it was next to impossible for any carriage on wheels to get on; but that if we slept at the Hospice, we might perhaps, by sending for sledges, get on the next day. I strongly supported his arguments, and finally carried the point by peremptorily telling the voiturier that, if he said any more, I would dismiss him instantly on arriving at Domo d'Ossola, and send him back to Basle, and at the same time write to the hotel keeper and



ARRIVAL OF THE PARTY AT THE HOSPICE.

others there an account of his misconduct. He submitted, therefore, with a very bad grace, and we slowly and painfully proceeded on our way. The inspector and his man being provided with spades of a peculiar kind, preceded us, and by digging and shoveling away the snow in the worst parts, and making a sort of track for the horses to follow, they considerably diminished the difficulties of our progress, which, though the distance is only half a mile between the last refuge and the Hospice, occupied a very long time. At last we arrived in front of a large and solid edifice, of a sober gray color, and stopping opposite to it, the inspector advised us to get out and proceed as well as we could on foot, for that it would be both a tedious and difficult operation in so deep a snow to turn the carriage, and get it into the *rémise* or coach-house of the Hospice. We of course obeyed, as we should have done any directions he gave, and scrambling with great difficulty through the great masses of snow which covered the ground between us and the gate, chilled through and through, we at last arrived at the entrance, just as the great bell rang, and a

monk, with three large dogs, came out to welcome and receive us.

We were instantly taken into the house, which is traversed from end to end by a spacious stone corridor, and on proceeding up-stairs, we found another corridor exactly parallel to the one below, and out of which all the rooms opened. The refectory, where our guide at first took us, is a large long room, looking front, and commanding a fine view of the mountains, and the road each way. It was warmed by an enormous stove, and altogether seemed, to us poor shivering wretches, the very perfection of comfort; and the sight of it, joined to the hospitable welcome we received, was most cheering to those who, an hour before, had hardly known where they should pass the night. The monks assured us that their supper would be ready in less than an hour, but they were very anxious that we should immediately have some refreshment; we, however, declined this offer, and begged to wait for the usual supper-time, for we had been too much alarmed and excited to feel very hungry. They then occupied themselves in seeing that rooms were immediately prepared for us, and the stoves lighted, so that they should be warm and comfortable by our bed-time. These rooms were on the opposite side of the corridor. There were four monks, including the prior, all intelligent and agreeable men, but especially so the Père Hubert, who was clavandier or bursar to the establishment. He had been twelve years at the St. Bernard Hospice before coming to the Simplon; the prior, Père Barras, had been there also a much longer time. They expressed great surprise at our having ventured over the mountains in such weather, and strongly blamed the people at Brieg for having allowed us to start. The night of the storm at Bex had been, they said, the setting in of their winter, and it had snowed almost incessantly ever since. The morning that we had thought so satisfactory and promising was, they informed us, exactly what any one at all conversant with the variable and peculiar climate of the Alps, must have known to be the precursor of bad weather and tourmentes. The extreme stillness, the gray sky, and the mild air we had so enjoyed, always, it appears, precede and warn those who understand these signs of the coming storm. The tourmente now raging was, they said, a terrific one; and they added, that we might indeed congratulate ourselves on being safely housed before night came on. In fact, as I afterward accidentally ascertained, on this very day, on the Grand St. Bernard, where the tourmente was probably still more fearful, the clavandier of that Hospice, together with three servants and some dogs, were buried beneath an enormous avalanche from the Mont Mort, which covered them to the depth of fifteen feet, and of course all perished.

We passed the time till supper in agreeable conversation with our kind and courteous hosts, and in profiting as much as possible from the delightful warmth of the great stove. It seemed almost like a dream for travelers, who had so lately left civilized England, to be supping in the refectory of a convent on the summit of the Alps. They placed us at the head of their long table, they themselves sitting next to us, two and two. On each side, there were some other travelers, apparently of a middling class; and, lastly, our own servants. Nothing could be more excellent than the supper; everything was plain but good; and the wine, which they informed us came from one of their own estates in Italy, was delicious. In this climate, all abstemious rules belonging to their order seem to be suppressed; and this was explained to us by the monks, who said that it was indispensable to health in that climate to live well, and that they had on that account a dispensation from many of the rules practiced by their order elsewhere. In fact, they seemed to me, in-doors, to lead a most "jolly" life, neglecting nothing that could, in that dreary region, conduce to their comfort. They related to us many very interesting particulars of the establishment, and of the adventures that so often occur amid the perils and dangers of their long and rigorous winters. When we spoke of our alarm at the difficulty we had experienced in keeping on the road at all, after we got into the deep snow and out of all track of wheels, Père Hubert told us that the same sort of adventure had occurred some years before to an English lady and gentleman, who were forced to sleep at the refuge. In the morning they sent their carriage on, determined themselves to wait for the diligence, which, being on a sledge, would be a safer conveyance than their own coach. The latter vehicle was therefore

sent on: providentially it had no one in it, for it actually went over the precipice, horses and all, and was never again heard of.

Our hosts told us that, on the Simplon, they seldom have occasion for the services of the dogs, which are so much used on the St. Bernard. There is no truth whatever in the common belief that these animals are sent out alone. This is never the case; but, undismayed by the fearful dangers they encounter, they invariably accompany the monks in the expeditions which are constantly undertaken for the discovery and relief of exhausted and overwhelmed wayfarers, who must otherwise undoubtedly perish. The dogs are especially useful; being able, from their light weight, to venture across snow-drifts which would not bear the burden of a man; and frequently, by instinct, they recover the path, when in the darkness and hurricane all traces of it are imperceptible to human eye. On one occasion, in 1823, all the dogs and three servants, who had been sent out together, were destroyed by an avalanche; and it was feared that the breed (which is supposed to have been originally a cross between the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean) would have been lost, but happily a couple of dogs which the monks had given away were returned to them, and the deficiency supplied. Since that period, they have always kept some young dogs at Martigny, and other places in the valley. The labor performed by the dogs is so great, that they seldom live more than nine years, and are frequently before that time rendered infirm and useless from attacks of rheumatism. In both convents, all travelers, of whatever class, are received, warmed, fed, and supplied with beds, also medicines, or any comforts their state may require; and they are welcome to remain until the weather is such as to permit of their proceeding in safety.

We found comfortable beds in the rooms prepared for us; but even the stoves and double windows failed in affording such a degree of warmth as I could have wished. The cold of the night was intense, and the storm raged around the building with undiminished fury.

After an excellent breakfast, on the following morning, I proceeded with Père Hubert to see the great hall of the convent, where all the poor travelers were assembled. There were then above sixty, all driven in by the storm, and all in a warm room, eating the soup and other provisions that had been supplied to them. Neither from these, nor any other travelers, is payment ever required; but it is usual, for those who can afford it, to give a donation for the benefit of the poor.

On returning to the refectory, we found the inspector arrived. He had come to consult with us on the possibility of continuing our journey. Our entertainers, however, were averse to this, and kindly pressed us to remain as long as we might find it convenient; but we were anxious to get on; and as the inspector assured us that he believed we could do so on sledges that day, while, if we delayed beyond it, ten days might elapse before the roads would be safe or passable, we agreed at once to make the experiment. As he had sent to Simplon for sledges, we hoped to be able to start by two o'clock. He called our attention to the diligence, which had just passed, and was winding slowly down the road along which we had come. It was by no means an encouraging picture. The vehicle was fixed upon a sledge, and seemed to rock to and fro in a very unpleasant manner, and looked as if it must inevitably be blown over by the furious gale that still raged. The snow fell so thick that, as the diligence passed, the track which it had made was almost instantly lost and obliterated by the fresh covering of snow, so that in a few minutes it would have been difficult, from the appearance of the ground, to tell that anything had passed that way. The monks again tried hard to dissuade us from going, assuring us that the experiment would prove both unpleasant and unsafe; but, encouraged by the inspector, we decided on making the attempt; and he further promised his own assistance, with that of ten of his men, to get us safe to Simplon.

We were greatly touched by the devoted kindness of Père Hubert, who declared that he also would accompany us on our route, and that he could remain that night at Simplon and return the next morning. In vain we protested against his making so painful an exertion on our account; go he would; and, leaving the room, he soon returned completely equipped in his mountaineer's dress. We dined in the refectory at one o'clock, which we found was the usual dinner-hour; and before proceeding on our way, our hosts

SIMPLON PASS.

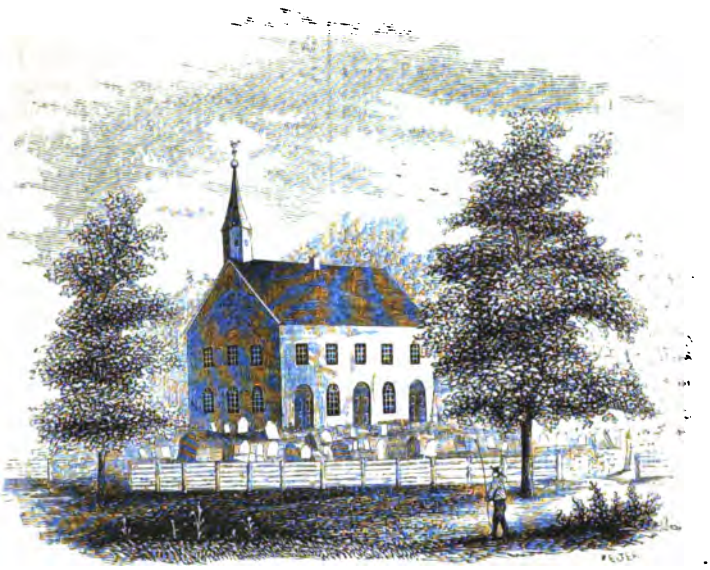
insisted on giving us some excellent coffee, and a chasse caffé of the delicious kirchenwasser, far better than any I have tasted elsewhere. With great attention to our comfort, they arranged that we should get into the carriage in the rémise, and then with real regret we took leave of our kind hosts, with the exception of Père Hubert, who accompanied us, chiefly on foot, but sometimes mounted on the box of our carriage. Our cortége was certainly most curious and picturesque: first, our carriage on a sledge, drawn by the four horses from Brieg; next, the wheels and luggage on another sledge, which was consigned to three white horses. Our guards consisted of the inspector and ten men, most wild-looking objects, dressed in goat-skins, and armed with spades and all useful implements; besides the voiturier and his aid from Brieg, our own servant, and the monk.

The journey was certainly not performed without considerable misgivings and alarms; the distance from the convent to Simplon, although only three miles, we

were above three hours in accomplishing. The snow, where it had drifted on either side of the road, was frequently above the height of the carriage, and every step we advanced seemed to be only accomplished after much scraping and digging on the part of the troop, for of course there was no track whatever. In some parts the snow was less deep, and we could see around us the great rocks, so thickly covered with a fleecy mantle that no part of their original form was visible, while the tall heavy fir-trees seemed bowed almost to the ground by the weight on their branches. Enormous icicles, of every form and shape, hung pendent from the rocks, and in the already fading light assumed innumerable shades of color. Nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more wildly grand and sublime, than the scene; and, in spite of my fears, I found myself almost absorbed in intense admiration. But I was frequently disturbed by the exclamations, the cries, and shouts of our followers, or by the really perplexed face of Père Hubert, who, appearing at the window, endeavored to reassure us, while he himself was evidently very anxious and uneasy. At times the carriage, or rather sledge, would give us a most uncomfortable lurch to one side; when this happened, our escort would rush hastily to the other side, and hanging on to the carriage like monkeys, use all their weight to preserve the balance until the perilous part was past. At one time I heard one of them say to another, in answer to some previous question which escaped me, "We must go on, for it is impossible to go back." The alternative did not seem hopeful; but at length, to our great relief, from amid the increasing darkness and the glimmering of the white world which surrounded us on every side, we discerned the lights of the village of Simplon, and soon after, with great joy and gratitude, found ourselves installed in a tolerably comfortable and warm room. Our friendly Hubert spent the evening with us, and made himself very agreeable; he assured us that the journey there had proved even more dangerous than he anticipated, and that, had he known how bad it was, he never could have allowed us to undertake it. We had a parting interview with the inspector, whom we overwhelmed with thanks, and with the greatest possible difficulty persuaded to accept a sum of money for himself and his men. He refused for a long time, saying he had only done his duty, and was glad to have served us; almost the only instance this, I ever saw, of a Swiss disinterested enough to refuse anything. We saw Père Hubert on the following morning, just before his departure: he told us that we could now continue our journey with perfect safety—a rapid thaw having come on in the night—and that, on the southern side of the pass, we should probably be soon out of the region of snow. We accompanied him to the door, where the diligence was stopping, and then took leave, with many assurances of friendship on both sides, and of gratitude on ours, which I still feel so warmly that I have great pleasure in bearing my humble testimony to the kindness and valuable hospitality I received.*

The rest of our journey seemed flat after the adventure of the last two days, and the weather was such that I can give no particular account of the beauty of the descent on the Italian side. I was struck by the general grandeur of the scene, the wild and sublime gorge of Gondo, and the magnificent construction of the gallery, cut through the solid rock for a distance of five hundred and ninety-six feet, and which required, for eighteen months, the labors of above one hundred men; but any enjoyment of the scenery was impossible, for the rain fell in torrents, and the streams pouring in every direction, above and below us, together with the wild roar of the Doveria, fretting in its narrow bed below, made us really feel as if we had emerged from snow and ice into a second deluge. The rain continued incessant, and the Val d'Ossola, as we descended into it, presented such a lamentable and dismal aspect, so unlike the usual bright beauty of an Italian scene, that, overcome by the depressing influence, I abruptly discontinued the journal or notes from which this narrative is now extracted.

* The hospitalities of the St. Bernard monks, and those of the Simplon, have been too well known not to demand acknowledgment even at the hands of Protestant writers. In these days, however, when so much pains are taken to render the features of Popery attractive, it may be well to remind our readers—while fully admitting the kindness shown to travelers in convents like the above—that, as a system, conventual life is not only unscriptural, but is proved by experience to be fertile in abuses.



THE OLD TENNENT CHURCH.

IN this age of progress but little regard is paid to the relics of the past. Not many monuments remain of the early history of our country when the warwhoop of the Indian was heard in our wilds, or where, a few years later, the strife of contending armies devastated our plains. One by one they have been destroyed by the inroads of natural decay, or have gradually disappeared before the improvements of more modern times. As a people we are not sufficiently careful of these mementoes. We suffer them to molder away, when a little attention might preserve them to us for many years.

"The Old Tennent Church," as it is called, is one of the few exceptions to this rule. It is situated in the township of Freehold, Monmouth county, N. J., about three miles from the village of Freehold and two from Englishtown. It stands on the summit of a gentle rise of ground, and in the midst of a beautiful grove of ancient trees. The graves of several generations surround it. Many of the heroes of the Revolution lie buried here, with hundreds of others who followed the more peaceful occupation of husbandry. One might read Gray's Elegy to advantage in this sacred place, while reclining beneath the shade of an aged elm, or standing by the humble mounds which mark the last resting-place of the departed.

o o o o o

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The busy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed;
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

The history of this church is interesting alike to the Christian and to the patriot. Some of the most powerful sermons ever preached in this country have been delivered from its pulpit, and some of the most soul-stirring scenes in the history of the Revolution have transpired in its vicinity. Here preached William Tennent, that wonderful man of God, who, like Paul, seems to have been "caught up to the third heaven," and to have heard things which "it was not lawful for man to utter." He was a successful minister of the New Covenant, and during the forty years of his ministry here he kept alive a flame of religious interest. Here, also, David Brainerd, of blessed memory, sometimes preached. His labors among the Indians are too well known to need recapitulation. He frequently brought his Indian converts from Cranberry to this church, for the purpose of uniting with their pale-faced

brethren in the worship of the Great Spirit. Under date of June 7, 1746, he writes:—

"Being desired by the Rev. William Tennent to be his assistant in the administration of the Lord's supper, I this morning rode to Freehold to render that assistance. o o o o o

Lord's day, June 8.—Most of my people who have been communicants at the Lord's table before, being present on this occasion, communed with others in the holy ordinance, at the desire, and I trust to the satisfaction and comfort of numbers of God's people who had longed to see this day."

The old oak-table around which these Indians communed, is still used as a communion-table for the church.

Here also Whitefield, the pulpit Demosthenes of the eighteenth century, preached. He often took sweet counsel with Brainerd and Tennent, while all three rejoiced together at the blessed scenes of mercy they were permitted to witness. And as we enter this ancient temple of the Lord and look at it, but little changed from what it was when these eminent men proclaimed the gospel from its desk, it requires no great effort of the imagination to fancy these pews filled with their rustic hearers as they were wont to assemble more than a hundred years ago. We see the tall, slender form of Tennent, with his raven hair and eagle eye, standing in the quaint old pulpit—a perfect Boanerges—hurling the thunder of the law at his awe-struck hearers, until hardened sinners cry aloud in prayer. Again we see the youthful Brainerd instructing the red men of the forest in the blessed truths of the gospel, or administering to them the sacred symbols of the passion of their Lord. Once more we behold Whitefield, the Apollos of Methodism, "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures;" "the delight of weeping, wondering, and admiring audiences, wherever he went," holding spell-bound the living mass of people who fill the pews, and throng the aisles, and crowd the portals, while he paints before them, with all the distinctness of a limner upon canvas, the cross of Christ.

But this spot is not sacred to the Christian only. Every patriot must gaze upon it with feelings of the deepest interest, for it reminds him that he is in the immediate vicinity of one of the bloodiest battle-fields of the Revolution. We do not purpose at present to give a detailed account of the battle of Monmouth, but simply refer to it as connected with the subject of our sketch. The battle was fought on the 28th of June, 1778, and the hottest part of the engagement was about one mile to the east of the church, which to this day bears indubitable marks of its close proximity to a hard-fought field. Bullet-holes are said to be discernible in its sides; and a few yards from the church, visitors are pointed to an old brown grave-stone, near which a man was standing during the battle, when a cannon-ball tore him in two, and broke the top of the stone. The mark of the ball, in its passage through the stone, is yet visible; though some over-zealous antiquarians, forgetting, in their search for relics, the respect due to the dead, have broken the stone still more, so that there is now but little of it left. The wounded man was carried into the church in a dying state, and laid upon one of the seats, where he soon expired, staining with his gore the house of God; and though three-fourths of a century have since passed, spots of blood are distinctly visible, evidences of the horrors of war.

Lieut. Col. Hon. H. Monckton, (as he is called in Sir Henry Clinton's dispatch after the action,) an eminent officer in the British army, was slain in this battle, and buried about six feet to the west of the church. For many years there was nothing to mark the spot where this warrior was laid, save his name, rudely carved in the base-board of the church, immediately opposite the grave, thus: "General Monckton." A few years ago, however, a district schoolmaster caused a plain board to be prepared, and placed at the head of the grave. The board is painted red, and bears this inscription:—

HIC JACET
COLONEL MONCKTON,
KILLED 28TH JUNE,
1778.

Aside from the interesting associations connected with its history, the old church is a curiosity in itself. The exact age of the venerable building we have not been able to ascertain. Many years ago some Scotchmen were wrecked on the Jersey shore, and found their way to this neighborhood, where they built a church, about five miles to the east of the present one. It was in this church that John Tennent preached; and about a year after his death, which took place in 1732, his brother Wil-

liam was called to fill his place. The present church could not, therefore, have been built prior to 1733. It must have been built previous to 1746, as that was the year in which Brainerd preached in it; but in which of the thirteen years embraced within these two periods the building was begun, we are unable to determine. The probability is, that soon after William Tennent succeeded his brother, his congregation started the enterprise of a new church, but for want of funds were not able to finish it at once, but occupied it as a place of worship for some time in a partially finished condition. It was finally completed, we believe, in 1753, at least so says *tradition;* and this testimony seems to be confirmed by the date stamped in the iron bars, which are used to fasten the doors, "B. V. C., 1753," meaning (so the sexton told us) that Benjamin Van Cleef was the blacksmith who wrought the iron bars in the year of the church's completion.

In size, the building is forty by sixty feet, with three entrances on the longer side. The old oak frame is covered with shingles, which, though in good preservation for their age, confess the wasting assaults of time and storms. The pulpit is on the north side of the house, immediately opposite to the central door, so that the minister faces the width of the church instead of its length. It is very narrow, and is surmounted with a sounding-board, according to the custom of our fathers.

A number of wooden pegs are placed in the panel work immediately back of the pulpit, on which the preachers used to hang their hats and overcoats. Leaning against the pulpit are several long and slender rods, at the extremity of each of which is suspended a silken bag, terminating in a tassel. These singular-looking things, reminding one of *scalp-nets* more than of anything else, are used by the deacons in taking up collections, and must be very convenient in the long pews. Indeed, were the handles but a little longer, the dominie himself, from his place in the pulpit, might easily receive the contributions of the people.

The pews are high and very narrow, suggesting the idea of penance rather than devotion. Yet the fathers thought them comfortable; and no doubt their worship was as sincere, and their devotion as ardent, as those of modern congregations in more commodious edifices. How often has God been praised in simplicity, and in earnestness too, by devout worshipers seated in these same narrow high-backed pews. Let the reader imagine them, on some quiet Sabbath morning, opening their ancient psalm-books, and singing from the old Scotch version, to the memorable tune of Mear, as led by the gray-haired precentor, the following:—

"Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
And compass it will I.

"That I, with voice of thanksgiving,
May publish and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works,
That great and wondrous are.

"The habitation of thy house,
Lord, I have loved well;
Yea, in that place I do delight,
Where doth thine honor dwell."

Homely poetry it may be, but no less acceptable to Him who has said, "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me."

The gallery is wide and lofty, and will seat three hundred people. In former times, one side of it was partitioned off for "the colored people;" but during the administration of the present pastor, Rev. Mr. Van Doren, "the middle wall of partition" has been taken down. The pews on the ground floor will seat five hundred, so that the whole building can accommodate eight hundred worshipers. Instead of being plastered, the interior is ceiled with boards, which, together with the pews, remained in their primitive, unpainted condition, until about twenty years ago, when the pews were painted a dingy red, and the sides and ceiling white.

The remains of the sainted Tennent lie buried under the floor of the central aisle. In the year 1818, a marble slab was placed in the wall at the right of the pulpit, with the following inscription in gilt lettering:—

SACRED
to the Memory of the
REV. WILLIAM TENNENT,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church
in Freehold,
who departed this life the 8th of March, 1777,
Aged 71 Years and 9 months.
He was Pastor of said Church
43 YEARS and 6 MONTHS.
Faithful and Beloved. 1818.

"*Faithful and beloved!*" How brief, yet how full of meaning, is this tribute to a departed pastor! We covet no higher honor than to be able so to live, that when we die men may say of us, "Faithful and beloved."

Rev. Dr. Woodhull, who succeeded Tennent about two years after his death, is buried in the grave-yard adjoining the church. He died November 22, 1824, aged eighty years. He had been an active and faithful minister of the gospel for fifty-six years, forty-five of which were spent in the service of this church.

In a few years more time will have leveled the ancient church to the ground, and the honored relics on which we have delighted to gaze will be numbered among the things that were. Even the old gray-haired sexton, who loves to relate to visitors all the incidents and traditions connected with the place, and who, himself a relic of old times, has opened many a grave, and laid at least one generation under the sod, will soon be gathered to his fathers, and another will stand in his place. Thus "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

POMPEII: ITS RUINS AND ITS PEOPLE.

IN digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, these relics have a merely curious interest: they belong to archæology, and find appropriate resting-places in historical museums. But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops, an uninvited guest, upon a banquet,—there he unexpectedly obtrudes into a tomb. In one place, he finds a miser cowering on his heaps,—another shows him bones of dancing-girls, and broken instruments of music, lying on the marble floor. In the midst of painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains,—among the splendid evidences of material wealth,—he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination, and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster; as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle. Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had bags of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track; and vain their wealth, their flight, the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond; and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of its mistress—dying at her side. Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the sense! Does not imagination picture that little group, in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chatting over the day's events and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear, with them, the troubled swell of the waters in the bay—see as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens overhead and flames break out, while scoriæ, sand, and molten rocks come pouring down? What movement, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant. The hollow monotone of the bay is lifted into yells and shrieks. The air grows thick with dust and hot with flames; and at the mountain's foot is heard the deadly roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household gods, gold and silver coins, are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front and fire behind, they rush into the streets—streets choked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets? Confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness, and despair unchained. Here, penury clutching gold it cannot keep,—there, gluttony feeding on its final meal, and frenzy striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's screams,—the fire is on her jeweled hand. No time for thought—no pause: the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age, and youth, with all the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth, greatness,—all the once-affluent life,—are gone forever. When unearthed after many ages, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale."—*Athenæum.*

WINTER AND NEW YEAR.

WINTER is a great favorite with poets and painters. This is fortunate, as, verily, such a hard-visaged, surly-tempered old customer needs all the help which lyre and pencil can afford him. Indeed he is a capital subject for them,—all the better suited, by his rough features and cold feelings, to tax and test their powers of magical transfiguration. We present a few gems, (we *might* call them flowers, were summer the theme,) from some of the bards and artists who have taken the gruff old gentleman in hand. Robert Southey thus coaxingly flatters him into good humor with a sonnet:—

"A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue lipp'd, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose;
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heap'd hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great arm'd chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
Or circled by them, as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the moldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright."

Shelley, poor Percy Bysshe Shelley, who *should* have left a name lustrous with all that is great and good, penned a beautiful

"DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

"Orphan hours, the year is dead!
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead;
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

"As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours, wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

"As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

"January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers."

Mary Howitt, does she not delight the ear, please the fancy, and instruct the heart with the music, the picturesqueness, and the genial wisdom of these lines, warmer with human sympathy than their theme is cold?—

"There 's not a flower upon the hill,
There 's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer bird hath left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine, singing now
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

"There 's silence in the harvest field;
And blackness in the mountain glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill tops for many a day;
And stillness round the homes of men.

"The old tree hath an older look;
The lonesome place is yet more dreary;
They go not now, the young and old,
Slow wandering on by wood and wold;
The air is damp, the winds are cold,
And summer paths are wet and weary.

"The drooping year is in the wane,
No longer floats the thistle down;
The crimson heath is wan and sere;
The sedge hangs withering by the mere,
And the broad fern is rent and brown.

"The owl sits huddling by himself,
The cold has pierced his body thorough;
The patient cattle hang their head;
The deer are 'neath their winter shed;
The ruddy squirrel 's in his bed,
And each small thing within its burrow.

"In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

"The deer are 'neath their winter shed."

"O, poverty is disconsolate!—
  Its pains are many, its foes are strong:
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 't was winter through the year;
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
  Prays God that winter be not long!

"One silent night hath pass'd, and lo!
  How beautiful the earth is now!
All aspect of decay is gone,
The hills have put their vesture on,
  And clothèd is the forest bough.

"Say not 't is an unlovely time!
  Turn to the wide, white waste thy view;
Turn to the silent hills that rise
In their cold beauty to the skies;
  And to those skies intensely blue.

"Silent, not sad, the scene appeareth;
  And fancy, like a vagrant breeze,
Ready a-wing for flight, doth go
To the cold northern land of snow,
  Beyond the icy Orcades,

"The land of ice, the land of snow,
  The land that hath no summer flowers,
Where never living creature stood—
The wild, dim, polar solitude:
  How different from this land of ours!

"Walk now among the forest trees,—
  Saidst thou that they were stripp'd and bare?
Each heavy bough is bending down
With snowy leaves and flowers—the crown
  Which Winter regally doth wear.

"'T is well—thy summer garden ne'er
  Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,
Than is this silent place of snow,
With feathery branches drooping low,
  Wreathing around thee, shadowy bowers!"

Who has not read and re-read Thomson's description of a winter landscape, and yet who will not delight to read it again? An "illustration" could lend it little beauty; it is itself a picture.

"Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants.
  o o o o o o
The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow."

Alfred Tennyson, England's poet laureate, has a fine mystical midnight hymn to the Dying Year, sad as a dirge chanted beside the bier of a friend. Listen, and let all voices join the chorus:—

"THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

"Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not die.

"He lieth still; he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old Year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

"He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

"He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he 'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

"How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'T is nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old Year, we 'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

"His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There 's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."

But have we nothing on this theme more cheerful and hopeful? Yes. Sonorous as the bugle-blast that calls to battle, and joyous almost as an epithalamium, here is a high, prophetic strain from the same poet-*vates*:—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

o o o o o o

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

[For the National Magazine.]

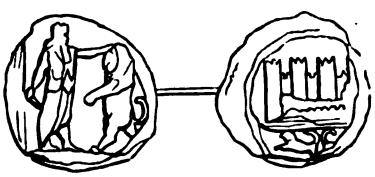
A CHAPTER ON MEDALS AND COINS.

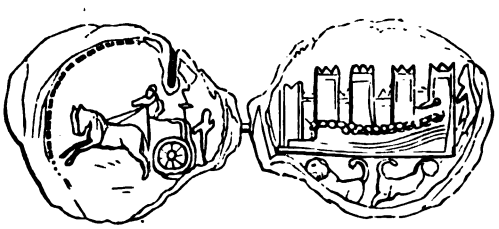
WE begin with COINS, because they are the most ancient, and of universal use. They were current a long time before MEDALS were invented and dispersed among mankind, to preserve the memory of illustrious persons and events. From their scarcity and value, some very ancient coins, however, have now become our medals.

The earliest inhabitants of the earth were shepherds and husbandmen, and their flocks and herds made their wealth. Hence arose the custom of expressing the value of such commodities by bits of leather, and the marks upon them showed the number of animals they were worth. This was the origin of all coins and the first kind of money. History states positively that Numa Pompilius caused money to be made of wood and leather—hence the Latin word *Pecunia*. Next succeeded bits of rough copper, marked according to their weight, and lastly with images.

Then the sovereigns or royal authority of different nations assumed the exclusive right to make money, stamping them on one side with their likeness, and upon the other their arms or cypher. This practice has continued to our day; and it is the honor and glory of every country to have the national coin, which bears the national image, contain its true and intrinsic value.

We know but little of the Babylonian coins. Here is a specimen from the original, in the British Museum, and considered as ancient as the time of Belshazzar, and perhaps earlier. They are silver, and the larger worth about twenty-eight cents of our money. It is a correct picture of an ancient walled city—possibly of Babylon itself. Towers of the kind here seen were erected over the gates of cities, from which the guards blew a trumpet of alarm at the approach of an enemy; and the Old Testament writings often refer to this custom.





Walls and Towers, from Babylonian Coins.

There are no indications that the Jews coined money before their captivity; and the earliest coin mentioned is the Persian gold *Daric*, which word means *a king*. They were made of gold and silver. These cuts represent specimens which are deposited in the British Museum. The gold one weighs one hundred and twenty-nine grains, and is worth about six dollars.

It bears the effigy of the Persian king—the other that of an archer. They were

extensively circulated, even in the time of our Saviour, and were among the tribute money paid by the Jews to their Roman masters. Darics are supposed to have been made from the gold of the conquered Lydians, about the period when the Prophet Daniel was cast into the den of lions.

The Phœnicians were the greatest commercial people of ancient times. Their history is limited in record, but it must have been vast in reality. We trace their influence, in obscure

lines, through much of the ancient civilization. They had a variety of metallic money; but nearly all represented their

Astarte—No. 1.

chief goddess Astarte or Asteroth upon one side. She was the moon, and was

Astarte—No. 2.

worshiped by the Tyrians and Sidonians. Asteroth was sty ed the "queen of

Astarte—No. 3.

heaven," and this fact illustrates a passage of Jeremiah where the prophet laments the idolatry of the Hebrews. He charged them with "making cakes for the queen of heaven." Our three pictures of Astarte, above, are copies, in figures and size, of silver Phœnician coins, representing her in different forms; and, as far as known, are the only specimens extant.

Next to the Phœnicians, in commercial importance, came the Carthaginians. This specimen is a copy of a silver piece, magnified about one-third, weighing forty-eight grains, and made when Carthage was subject to the Roman arms. It shows the form of vessels at that period, with their oars.

The Jewish *shekel* was among the very earliest coins, 2,000 years before Christ. Abraham purchased from the sons of HETH a burial place for Sarah in the cave of Machpelah, and its price was four hundred *shekels*. Gen. xxiii, 16. The Jewish people had no mint of their own until the time of Simon, who formed a currency by shekels of gold, silver, and copper. Those of silver were equal in weight to two hundred and sixty-eight grains, and valued at 2s. 3¾d., and the gold at £1 16s. 6d. Many of the coins of Simon and other Asmonean princes still exist. The inscriptions on one side are "*Shekel or Half-shekel of Israel*;" on the other, *the year* 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5, of *the freedom of Zion or of Jerusalem*. These coins are distinguished from all others by the absence of any living thing, agreeably to the Jewish understanding of their law on the subject. They are adorned with the representation of inanimate objects or emblematical figures.

1. A shekel of silver. Some suppose that the vase on the obverse represents

1. Shekel, Silver.

the pot of manna preserved in the old temple. Its legend is *Shekel of Israel;* the *aleph* over the cup denotes the first year of freedom. On the reverse, an almond branch in blossom, in memory of Aaron's rod: inscription, *Jerusalem the Holy*. The half, third, and quarter-shekel pieces differ only from this in size and value.

2. This is from a copper shekel. It exhibits the front of a building with a row

2. Shekel, Copper—Simon.

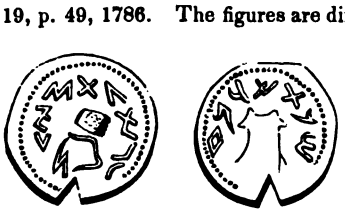
of columns, and is supposed to represent the magnificent family sepulchre which Simon built at Modin. The word is "*Simon:*" on the obverse, a sheaf bound up with the common legend, "*For the freedom of Jerusalem.*"

3. A half-shekel of copper: the obverse two sheaves of corn, with a vine-leaf between, and the words *demi-shekel*. The reverse a palm-tree and a measure of corn;

3. Demi-Shekel, Copper.

or a tower, as some think, on each side, with the legend, *For the Free* * * * the rest obliterated and lost.

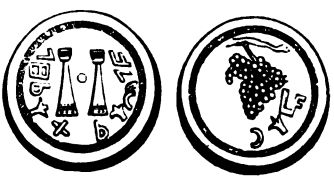
4. A very curious and unique quarter-shekel of copper, purchased by Dr. Kennicott in the East, and conspicuous in his observations on the First Book of Samuel, vi, 19, p. 49, 1786. The figures are difficult to make out, unless that on the reverse be the ephod; the legend is *the fourth year;* and on the reverse, *From the Freedom of Zion.*



4. Kennicott's Quarter-Shekel, Copper.

5. A quarter-shekel of silver, distinguished by two curious pillars on the obverse. These likely represent the pillars to which were attached the tablets of brass, and upon which were inscribed the services of Simon to his nation. For their reward he had been elected its pontiff and prince. The cluster of grapes on the reverse is found on many Jewish coins.

The shekel was the piece of money of which the Jews gave thirty to Judas, the price of his perfidy for betraying our Saviour. Every Jew, from twenty years old and upward, rich and poor, had to give a *half-shekel* as an offering unto the Lord, for the ransom of his soul or life. With the exception of women, children, and bondmen, all had to pay this tax, and its amount aided to support the services of



5. Quarter-Shekel, Silver—Simon.

the Sanctuary, which were at first paid from the spoils of the Egyptians.

This leads to the description of the Grecian *Didrachma*, or half-shekel, equal to twenty-eight cents of our money. It is the *Didrachmon* of the New Testament, and mentioned in Matt. xvii, 24—the usual tribute-money paid by the Jews into the temple. As it was not lawful to deposit coins of the heathen in the sacred treasury, such were exchanged for Hebrew money; and hence, we perceive a reason why the "money-changers" were found within the sacred place.

Greek coins are the most beautiful, and the Romans could never equal them in the delicacy, attitude, and design of the figures. They are now scarce, and extremely valuable. On the contrary, the Roman are so common and authentic, that a series may be formed almost without interruption.

To keep up the general connection of our subject, we refer to the Roman

Grecian Didrachma.

silver *Denarius*, the chief coin among that nation. It was worth about fourteen cents in our currency, was the usual price of a day's labor in Judea, and is the "penny" of the Scriptures. The consular Denarius bore on one side a head of Rome, and X or a star, with a chariot and horses. Afterward the busts of different deities were given, and finally the heads of the Cæsars appeared under the emperors.

Mankind have also contrived to preserve the memory of great events and personages by coins which are called *medals*. These valuable monuments of antiquity do not serve merely to excite the curiosity of the scholar and the antiquarian, but greatly elucidate history, enlighten ancient events, and establish the chronology. Medals were truly a kind of printing before that great art was invented, and in dates more to be depended upon than books, telling their tale, too, much quicker. Old coins exhibit to us, which nothing else can, the faces or profiles of the celebrated ancients; and thus we see the Alexanders, Platos, Cæsars, Ciceros, Demosthenes, and the long catalogue of the earth's heroes.

On some medals we see many ancient statues that are now lost. The well-known *Hercules*, *Venus of Medicis*, *Apollo Belvidere*, *Marcus Aurelius* on horseback, form most beautiful works of art, and were all found on ancient medals. Still it is a remarkable fact that these medallic representations were never imagined to be the copies of the splendid originals in marble, until the statues themselves were discovered. It is not strange, then, that so many persons of taste and learning have employed themselves in forming cabinets of coins and medals.

To attempt even a description of the most celebrated medals would be to enter an immense labyrinth. We must content ourselves with selecting a few, that may serve, in some measure, as examples for the rest.

The following is the Medal of Equity, made, by order of the Roman Senate, in the reign of the Emperor Aurelius, A. D. 180, and for more than sixteen centuries the figure has been a copy for Justice in statuary and painting. The scales she carries in her hand are so natural an emblem of justice, as to be universally admired and imitated.

Another of the well-known imaginary beings is Liberty. Libertas Publica S. C. Reverse, of *Galba*. The medal was coined A. D. 69. Here is another goddess. In

her left hand she carries the wand, which the Latins called the *Rudis*, or *Vindicta*; her right holds the cap of liberty. From that period down, the lovers of freedom have adopted her as their imaginary standard-bearer. On the first copper coin ever issued for currency in the State of New-York, the genius of freedom is seated, and her cap placed on the top of her staff. The figure also resembles that of Britannia on the old English coins.

(*To be continued.*)

Charles Grandemange.

GRANDEMANGE, THE FRENCH PRODIGY.

THE names of several children of extraordinary mathematical powers have lately been introduced to the world. Thomas Safford, "the wonderful Vermont boy," has attained a world-wide celebrity; and we perceive that the West has recently claimed a youthful genius scarcely less remarkable. France has already boasted of two mathematical prodigies, but we venture to affirm that the case of young Grandemange is without a parallel. Physically as well as intellectually he is a wonder. The likeness we present was drawn from a daguerreotype.

This poor child is without arms or legs, and can be supported in an erect position only by a sort of box, as seen in the picture, in which he is compelled constantly to live. But this fragment of a human body, which in Sparta would have perished on the day of its birth, has received, in compensation for an infirmity so complete, a faculty of abstraction and calculation, of which it will be difficult to meet with a more extraordinary example. All the vital forces, deprived of the opportunity of expansion, seem to have sought refuge in the brain, and in the

midst of misfortune there has resulted a most extraordinary development of mathematical powers.

He thus simply relates the earlier events of his life, and the circumstances which awakened and strengthened this astonishing faculty:—

"I was born on the 10th of June, 1835, at Epinal, without arms or legs, as you see. At my birth I was concealed, by order of the physicians, for fifteen days from the sight of my mother, and it was not until she had been prepared for the misfortune which had befallen her, in me, that I was at length placed in her care. When she began to nurse me I weighed less than a pound and a half. It will readily be believed that my childhood was early surrounded with omens sufficiently gloomy. Born thus mutilated, what kind of a future could I expect in this world? I belonged to a family of laboring people, industrious and honest, but poor. My father, a carpenter by trade, had great difficulty, even with what my mother, who was a weaver, could earn, to supply all the wants of four children. By means of constant care and watchfulness, my mother succeeded in bringing me up to an age when I conceived, in the constant inaction in which I lived, some vague intuition of the altogether peculiar talent with which Providence had endowed me, in return for my privations and deficiencies.

"M. Pelicot, surgeon of the town, and M. Haxo, surgeon-major of the regiment of cavalry in garrison at Epinal, who had assisted at my birth, and received my poor little body, weighing in all then a pound and a half with the clothes, were not willing to forget the way to the humble roof that sheltered me. They came from time to time to see me, and being witnesses of the first and sufficiently rare inclinations that I showed for mental calculation, they addressed to me some questions, very simple at first, and then those a little more difficult, and finally ventured upon some of the more abtruse questions of arithmetic. In this way, and without any instruction, I became able to solve, almost instantly, the little enigmas of calculation which they put to me. Indeed, I soon became sufficiently skillful to attempt likewise, and with equal success, some little problems in the province of geometry, of which, as to the practical part, my father had the rudiments sufficiently well to instruct me.

"By the advice of the physicians, and of some *savans* who had visited me, my father resolved to introduce me to certain educational establishments most esteemed in our country of Vosges, and the neighboring departments. The marked success that I obtained having emboldened me, I decided, after having lost my father, to visit Paris, the metropolis and center of science. I had the honor to appear there, on the 19th of March last, before a commission chosen to examine my intellectual faculties by the Academy of Sciences, and am encouraged by the suffrages of the *élite*, which I have been so happy as to obtain. I have the honor to inform the public, that every day, from noon till five o'clock, at the Casino des Arts, Boulevard Montmartre, I give seances of mental mathematics, where there are few problems that I cannot solve almost instantly, and without the help of any symbol."

It is deeply to be regretted that this afflicted and gifted child is compelled thus to use his talents as the means of obtaining a bare livelihood, giving to his intellectual achievements no higher destiny than that which is assigned the smart tricks of legerdemain, or the somersets of the mountebank. Honored be the men who have made so noble a provision for young Safford! We are favored with an account of one of these seances by one who was present on the 25th day of March, 1852. The visitor says:—

"The young mathematician fulfilled even beyond general expectation the promises of his programme. A series of problems the most obscure and complex were put to him during three long hours, and he solved them all with a rapidity which might be called electric. He was asked to multiply a quantity consisting of two hundred figures, by one consisting of ten or twelve. After a brief pause he made known the product, which was found to be correct, and which would have required on paper perhaps half an hour of calculation. One person, among others, asked him to give the remainder of the division by nine, of an immense number in sextillions, quintillions, quadrillions, trillions, billions, millions, &c. The whole sum was scarcely stated, when already the young calculator had answered, like a flash, *four;* a reply the correctness and instantaneousness of which astonished the audience, and the interrogator himself. Many problems which neither Vandeux nor Vito Mangiamele, the two young mathematical prodigies which preceded Grandemange, could master, have been solved by him with almost equal facility. Intelligence so prompt and extraordinary in a human being so deformed and pitiable, is a spectacle truly worthy of admiration and interest."

We have attached to the portrait a facsimile of his signature. The writer, from whom we derive the above, says:—"The characters were rapidly traced in our presence with an ordinary pen, held between the cheek and the stump, which supplies the place of the right arm." In this manner he will execute even flourishes of the pen which possess some considerable degree of grace and beauty. Such is our little calculator of Vosges, of whom we would communicate more, but our means of information are limited.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way—all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

GEORGE W. CURTIS.

THE desire to know something of other lands and nations is among the earliest manifestations of our childhood, and often a life-long passion with us when we are men. Even before our school-days, when the travel-feeling might reasonably be supposed to spring from, and be fed by, our studies in physical geography, we turn from the woods and fields which surround us, and wander in thought to far-off isles and seas, of which we may have heard or read, or which may have been revealed to us in dreams.

It may be true, as the poet tells us, that--

> "It is the distant and the dim
> That we are sick to greet;
> A man's best things lie nearest him,
> Lie close about his feet."

But it is not so with the boy; for the boy's "best things" lie in regions yet untrod, at least by him; and his eyes, blind to the nature around him, turn to the Orient and the tropics,

> "And bid the lovely scenes at distance hail."

The earliest books that we read with delight, our first and next best favorites after the delectable melodies of Mother Goose, and the History of Jack and the Bean-Stalk, are books of travel and adventure. From the marvelous exploits and mishaps of Sinbad the Sailor, that strange compound of Baron Munchausen and the Ancient Mariner, down to Robinsoe Crusoe and his man Friday, we devour all that comes in our way; and, what is better still, believe all. Nothing is too

wonderful for belief, not even Gulliver and the Lilliputians, or Peter Wilkins and his impossible Flying Islanders.

An eternal craving for novelty is a necessity in our being. How else can we account for our absurd boyish longings to go to sea, and for the multitudes who do go, and rove about there, and in foreign parts generally, from their birth almost till the day of their death? It is not because a roving life is easier than a stationary one, but because we love novelty and change, are fond of striking contrasts, and would fain be anything other than we are. To philosophize on so common an occurrence may be, and perhaps is, to consider it too curiously; but there stands the fact; we quit the things at our feet, be they "best" or otherwise, and revel in the imaginative enjoyment of "the distant and the dim."

Of all lands, traveled or untraveled, the Orient is perhaps the most attractive to us, and the one to which we return the oftenest. A halo, surpassing that of morning, always surrounds it. What visions does it not recall—the East, the gorgeous East! The birth-place and play-ground of the race, we are as much at home there, we men of a later time, as in the chambers and fields of our boyhood. Our earliest love pointed to it: it was the wonderful country of the Bible! In its beautiful garden dwelt our great Father and Mother, and saw God and the angels face to face. On its plains the shepherd races pitched their tents, and fed their flocks. Upon its mountain slopes, and in the shadow of its valleys, reigned the primeval kings. Sacrifices and burnt-offerings were offered up to Jehovah, and afterward to false gods, images of wood and stone; and battles were lost and won, great battles of which history contains no record. In its dark landscapes, against its glowing sky, rise temples, towers, and pyramids: Memphis, and Karnak, and Thebes, with its hundred gates. We see Joseph sold into Egypt by his brethren; and see the same Joseph, years after, a prince; and he leaps from his chariot, and weeps on his father's neck! Moses stands before Pharaoh and waves his wand, and darkness covers the land. The tide of the Red Sea rolls over the discomfited Egyptians, and Miriam sings rejoicingly on the shore. Vision succeeds vision, from the prophets and patriarchs who entertained the angels as guests, down to the Son of man who had not where to lay his head. The East is a great gallery of pictures, beautiful and sublime, and the end is not yet.

It would be curious, and not altogether uninstructive, to speculate awhile on our many obligations to the East, not only in the matter of the arts and sciences, but in the most original portions of our literature. Turning our backs upon Greek philosophy, which was but a graft from its more mystical parent tree in Egypt, and coming down to more modern times, we find that many of the most popular books of that glimmering dawn of knowledge immediately succeeding the dark ages, were translations from the authors of the East. Finding their way into Europe through the Moors, who were then masters of a considerable part of Spain, they were soon incorporated into European literature. Alchemists studied the Arabians, in the hope of finding in their writings some clew to the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and astrologers and physicians to learn the influence of the stars, and the secret of the *elixir vitæ*. Poets peopled their imaginations with oriental splendors and romances; and fairy story-tellers (for the fairy stories were *related* before they were *written*) stole, with an audacity that almost excused the theft, romances and fairy stories by the score. Intent upon traffic, hordes of merchants crossed the desert in caravans, and returned from the marvelous regions beyond, laden with spices and jewels. And the travelers of that time made, or pretended to make, journeys to the very gates of sun-rise! Mandeville and Marco Polo discoursed, "by the card," of Cathay, Persia, and the farthest Ind; met the terrible shadows of the Valley Perilous, and knew the length of Prester John's toe! Tours in the East abounded; and metrical romances, the scenes and characters of which were Eastern, were as plentiful then, all things considered, as now. Brittany and Provence, the home and haunt of ancient romance, were as oriental in their songs as the Orient itself.

It is not our intention to go into any detailed account of oriental influence in the earlier literature of Europe, or we might point it out in many places, especially in the drama. Nor shall we more than mention the Crusades, tempting as they certainly are. Coming down to modern times, to the present century, (by so

doing we entirely pass over "the Arabian Nights,") we find a fresh importation from the inexhaustible East, in the poems of Byron and Moore. There was a lawless force in Byron, a wildness and passionateness in his intellect, which wedded him to, and fitted him to write about, the Orient. And he is never more a poet than when he describes its glowing skies, and its fiery, impetuous natures. "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," and portions of "Don Juan," are wonderfully vivid as Eastern pictures, and perfect masterpieces of composition. Moore's "Lalla Rookh" is equally poetical, although in another direction; and what is rather remarkable, considering that Moore had never been in the East, equally correct in costume. One of his critics said, that to read it was as good as to ride on the back of a camel! Hope's "Anastasius" is another remarkable book—equal to "Gil Blas" as a novel; it is as minute and true as any of Murray's Guide-Books. Miss Martineau, Eliott Warburton, (who has not read "Eothen?") and Mr. George William Curtis, are the three most eminent orientals of the present day. The first two, it is hardly necessary to add, are English; the last is one of our rising young authors. He has been before the American public only a few years, yet he stands in the front rank of its talented men. Save his most intimate friends, none knew of him till he burst upon the world with his "Nile Notes, by a Howadji." From that time reputation has followed him, and his books are now widely read, both at home and abroad.

There was something novel, to begin with, about Mr. Curtis's first appearance. "Nile Notes, by a Howadji; and what *is* a Howadji, pray?" It excited the reader's curiosity, and insured a certain degree of attention. He opened the book and read a page or two. It was not after the old style at all. Not so matter-of-fact as most books of travel, nor yet romantic enough for a poem. Poem it was not, because it was not in verse; nor yet prose, though it wore its established garb. In short, it was unlike anything that he had ever before seen: so he read on, and on, and the consequence was that he finished the book before he was aware.

The chief fault of most books of travel, a fault which has been, is, and, we fear, will be, to the end of time, their great drawback to the general reader, is the constant intrusion of the author, and his own private concerns. What time he rose in the morning and retired at night; at what stage of the journey the diligence lost a linch-pin, or the boat was obliged to take in sail; the badness of the inns, the flavor of the *ragout*, and the exorbitant charges of mine host; the appearance of the country every other mile, and the fluctuating health of the traveler; these, and a variety of similar topics, are his theme, and not the land and people through which he is journeying, and which the poor man imagines he is all the time describing. As far as the representative character of the writing, the feeling of the hour and place goes, one might as well read a tour at the North Pole as in the very heart of the tropics! Besides, it is somehow necessary for the traveler to unite the functions of the historian and the political economist. He must skim over the Past of whatever he is describing, or must show that he is acquainted with it, and must prophesy its Future; must shed "a considerable light," as the newspaper critics have it, on the manners and customs of the people, and do a thousand other things, which have been done a thousand times before.

Against all this Mr. Curtis entered his protest on the very first page of the "Nile Notes." Not, indeed, by his words, but by his *practice*. Instead of taking up the thread of his narrative from the time of his leaving home, or, as many a traveler would have done, from the hour of his birth, he began at once. "In a gold and purple December sunset, the Pacha and I walked down to the boat at Boulak, the port of Cairo." We are in the East at the threshold of his book. Had Prince Woussein's magic tapestry been ours, we could not have been transported there more completely; and for the rest of our reading we are Orientals, doffing our stove-pipe hats, and the garments that match, for the graceful turban and flowing trowsers of a true believer.

> "True Mussulmen are we, and sworn,
> For it is on the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Al Raschid."

To our new eyes, as we linger at the gate of Cairo, everything is picture. Vainly the broad road is crowded with Moslem artisans, home-returning from their work. To the mere Moslem observer, they are carpenters, masons, labor-

ers, and tradesmen of all kinds. We pass many a meditating Cairene, with whom it is nothing but the monotony of an old story. But we see all the pageantry of oriental romance quietly donkeying into Cairo. Camels too, swaying and waving like huge phantoms of the twilight; horses with strange gay trappings curbed by tawny turbaned equestrians, the peaked toe of the red slipper resting on the shovel-stirrup. It is a fair festal evening. The whole world is masquerading, and so well that it seems reality.

We see Fadladeen with a gorgeous turban and a gay sash. His chiboque, wound with colored silk and gold threads, is borne behind him by a black slave. Fat and funny is Fadladeen, as of old; and though Formorz is not by, it is clear to see, in the languid droop of his eye, that choice Arabian verses are sung by the twilight in his mind.

Yet is Venus still the evening star; for behind him, closely vailed, comes Lalla Rookh. She is wrapped in a vast black silken bag, that bulges like a balloon over her donkey. But a star-suffused evening cloud is that bulky blackness, as her twin eyes shine forth liquidly lustrous.

Abon Hassan sits at the city gate, and we see Haroun Al Raschid quietly coming up in the disguise of a Moussoul merchant. We cannot but wink at Abon, for we knew him so long ago in the Arabian Nights. But he rather stares than salutes, as friends may in a masquerade. There is Sinbad the porter too, hurrying to Sinbad the sailor. We turn and watch his form fade in the twilight, yet we doubt if he reaches Bagdad in time for the eighth history.

The difference between the "Nile Notes" and all other tours in Egypt, at least all that we have seen, is, that it is *poetry*, while the others are *prose*. Lacking the form of verse, (though there are lines and passages in it which are really verse, as far as the measure is concerned,) Mr. Curtis's book is a poem. Neglecting the usual commonplaces of other travelers, and scores of good opportunities for being considered well informed (!), he proceeds to sing the East in sparkling and brilliant prose. The dull every-day world is left behind him, the gates of the past are shut.

> "His life is in the gorgeous present,
> An Orient summer, warm and bright;
> No gleam of beauty evanescent,
> But one long time of deep delight!"

Perhaps the first thing that strikes us on reading Mr. Curtis's book is the sensuous tendency of his mind, and his artistic appreciation of form and color. In his mode of thinking he is an epicurean, and his highest enjoyment is to muse and dream. His thoughts do not come to him clearly and sharply defined, but emerge, as it were, from clouds and atmospheres of sensation. Strictly speaking, they are *impressions* rather than *thoughts*. Hence his occasional tendency to rhapsodizing, and the paradoxical cast of some of his most brilliant speculations. In his knowledge of form and color—whether in the picturesqueness of a landscape, or the more difficult grouping of human figures—he is excelled by no living writer, not even by Tennyson himself. He must have been a close student of the subtlest principles of art, for he exemplifies them everywhere in his writings.

Were he a painter we could hardly fail to detect his hand, we know his style so well. His lightest words are colors, and his thoughts and feelings pictures. Here is one, selected at random from the "Nile Notes:"—

> "The slavers passed, and the sun set over the gleaming river. A solitary heron stood upon a sandy point. In a broad, beautiful bay beyond, the thin lines of masts were drawn dark against the sky. Palms and the dim lines of Arabian hills dreamed in the tranquil air, a few boats clung to the western bank, that descended in easy clay terraces to the water, their sails hanging in the dying wind. Suddenly we were among them, close on the bank.
>
> "The moon sloped westward behind a group of palms, and the spell was upon us. We had drifted into the dream-world. From the ghostly highlands and the low shore came the baying of dogs, mellowed by distance and the moonlight into the weird measures of a black-forest hunting. Drifted away from the world, yet, like Ferdinand, moved by voiceless music in the moonlight."

That strange mystical moonlight, and the solitary heron on the shore, is as fine in its way as Tennyson's

> "Tract of sand,
> And some one pacing there alone,
> Who paced forever in a glimmering land,
> Lit with a low large moon."

Between Tennyson and Mr. Curtis there are many points in common, especially in the matter of diction. Both instinctively use the finest and most sensuous expressions, the ripe, luscious, and felicitous phrases which only come by in-

spiration. The prose of Mr. Curtis is, we fancy, similar to Tennyson's memoranda for poetry; one of Tennyson's poems in the rough. Both are beautiful writers, and both determined mannerists. In the construction of his sentences, and some of his turns of thought, Mr. Curtis reminds us of Emerson. Like Emerson, he is always open to the influences of the outward world, and cunning in his knowledge of its mysteries. A large portion of the "Nile Notes" is a fine-art criticism on nature.

Man, however, is not neglected; "no, nor woman either." Interspersed through it are several graphic sketches, (who can forget Verde Giovanna, or Verde Piu Giovanna?) many sharp hits, and wise and worldly sayings, and a vein of satiric humor akin to that of Carlyle. For his prolonged description of the dancing-girls of Esne, we agree with his English critic, that it is a voluptuous theme, on which it is pity that chapter after chapter should find him "still harping," with voluntary and variations not attuned to healthy English taste. It would not surprise us in a French novel; but it does surprise us, and grieve us, in so beautiful and manly a writer as Mr. Curtis. We pray him to avoid it in the future.

"What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly in the shade."

Taken as a whole, we regard the "Nile Notes" as a very remarkable book. It is so *outre*, that one feels disposed to criticise it a little; and so beautiful, that it quite disarms criticism. It is by far the best book that we have yet had on the East. Not, indeed, in a practical guide-book point of view, for there it is studiedly deficient; but as a poem, a picture, a sensuous impression of a richly sensuous land. It lacks one characteristic of the East—its religious feeling. To be perfect, a book on the East should be flooded with devotion:—

"Land of the East! I breathed thy sainted air:
O Holy Tomb! I knelt upon thy floor:
O Mount of Woe! I went with forehead bare
Where He was slain, to weep and to adore;
Before my Spirit was that Infant's guest
Rejoicing on the glad young mother's breast—
And therefore doubt shall never come to me,
Of all the things that were, and are to be.
I hear the low, sad voices of the rills;
I hear the burden of the desolate hills—
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"
And evermore a mournful voice replies,
From where that sad, meek Lamb forgiving dies—
"Jerusalem!"
Yet Loved of Heaven! wave high thy plaintive palms,
And sometimes sing those old majestic psalms,
Albeit, thy daring eyes,
Blinded with Godhead that they glare at, stare
Mournfully round: Beauty is in the skies;
The rose-tree glitters by the lion's lair,
And glory still on thy wide eyebrow lies.
The nations must forever turn to thee,
Feeling thy lustrous presence from afar,
And feed upon thy splendor, as the sea
Feeds on the shining shadow of a star!"

To write the biography of an author during his life time is rather a delicate task, and one that is seldom attended with success. Unless he be a vain and egotistical man, he hesitates about lifting the vail from his soul, and furnishing memoranda for its dissection; and his biographer hesitates also as to the manner in which he shall use it, lest he give the world some false impression of his friend. Between the two we get little but facts, of no great consequence to anybody. Be this, then, our apology for the mere detail of Mr. Curtis's biography.

George William Curtis was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in the winter of 1824. His father was never rich, but was always well to do, and his sons had the best of what was around them. In 1839 the family removed to New-York, where they have since resided. George William was immediately smitten by the commercial grandeur of the metropolis, and persuaded his father to let him go into a store. There he remained just one year, and then left, entirely satisfied with that form of existence. It was a German dry-goods importing house. He rebounded so elastically from it, the story goes, that he could not bear to go near the business part of the town for a long time afterward!

From his tenderest years he had been constantly kept at school; he now returned to his studies with tutors, and continued at them until the year 1842, when he went with his elder brother to the Brook Farm Community, (which, by the way, was not a community, but an association.) There he remained eighteen months, working in the fields, reading, studying, and otherwise employing himself. He was only a boy, and an *exoteric* member of Brook Farm; that is, he held no stock in

the company, and was only a sympathetic boarder. While there, he sent two or three anonymous copies of verse to "*The Dial*," conducted by Margaret Fuller.

From Brook Farm he returned to New-York, and passed a winter; then to Concord, where he lived with his brother, working as at Brook Farm. They took an acre of ground together one year, and worked it entirely themselves, from plowing to reaping, and made it profitable. George William remained there, having there first known Hawthorne, until the summer of 1846, when, on the first of August, he sailed for Europe. In America he had been as far north as the White Mountains; south, to Washington; and west, to Saratoga. Niagara he had not seen.

After an absence of four years, during which time he traveled over a greater part of Europe, and through Egypt and Syria, running the fight in Berlin in the Revolution of '48, witnessing the first election of President at Paris, and corresponding with "*The Courier and Enquirer*" and "*Tribune*," dayly newspapers, he returned to New-York, and began his career as an author.

During the autumn of 1850 the "Nile Notes" were written, or, more properly speaking, finished, several chapters having been already written, as they stand, upon the Nile. It was published in the spring of 1851, by the Harpers, in New-York, and Bentley, in London. In the same spring, Mr. Curtis was slightly connected with "*The Tribune*;" and in the summer made his "Lotus-Eating" tour, in a series of letters to that paper. In the autumn he went to Providence, where he remained several months, writing "The Howadji in Syria," which was published in the spring of 1852. The summer gave us "Lotus-Eating," a summer book, Mr. Curtis's third volume; and the autumn found him where report now places him, in one of the editorial chairs (for it is supposed to have several) of "Putnam's Magazine." Since his connection with Putnam's he has written its most brilliant series of articles, "The Potiphar Papers," and most of its musical critiques, besides working on a life of "Mohammed Ali:" When "The Potiphar Papers," which are now being collected in a volume, appear, we shall probably have something more to say of Mr. Curtis.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS IN THE WEST.

Island Scenery—West End of Lake Erie—Perry's Victory—The Combat described.

WE closed our last article with an allusion to our passage from Sandusky City to Detroit. The scenes of that brief voyage are so picturesque, in our memory, that we are tempted to linger in the review of them.

Our corpulent friend tumbled into his berth with "headache;" we climbed to the roof of the saloon, for the afternoon was such as might have tempted down the angels from paradise. The sky was brilliant, the air bland, the waters—what one feature of the universe is more pleasant than the waters?—especially where, as in this instance, they lay in the sheen of the mildest heavens, fanned by gentle breezes, the waves, scarcely more than ripples, pursuing one another as if in loving sport and very blessedness. Excuse us if we grow a little sentimental; it can't be helped under such circumstances. We were passing among islands, too, and this allusion conveys to an experienced traveler, with any poetry in his soul, more significance than a thousand descriptive rhapsodies. What scenery out of heaven is more charming than that of lake islands? He that with an appreciative taste and genial mood has glided in his skiff among the islands of Lake George on a fine morning, or moonlit evening, would he be dissatisfied to find the same beauties in heaven? Or he that has floated, not in a puffing, roaring steamboat, but in a canoe rowed by a solitary Indian, among the "Thousand Islands," would he complain if he found the same scenery in the "seventh sphere?" The apocalyptic seer saw a "sea of glass;" here you have it, only studded with gems of emerald—chrysoberyl set in crystal—the waving cymophane. How benign everything seems here! The beautiful old Greek myths of your school-boy textbooks, about land and water scenery, seem hardly illusions; you look for the Dryads and Naiads. Echo seems some living being with sportive musical lips, and Zephyrus a felt though invisible presence. How deep and translucent are the waters in the narrow channels! how clear the rocky or pebbly shores! how the overhanging foliage softens the margins and dips into the waters! how shady the for-

est recesses, and bow the flakes of sunlight fall here and there in the cool shadow! How deep the universal silence! See the wild bird sailing serenely in the sky; look at the "line of beauty," curving everywhere on the land, gliding, as if animated, everywhere on the water among the islands. Behold all above and around the Sabbath holiness—what else can we call it? Ho ye reprobates of Mammon—incarcerated in brick dungeons in Wall-street, or palace-prisons at the "West end,"—ye that begin and end the year in scraping together the fine dust of your pandemonium, know ye not that there are paradises still on the earth—paradises unguarded by flaming swords, and amid whose beautiful sanctities you may find rest to your Mammon-driven souls, and find God "walking in the cool of the day?" But we are growing poetical, and Lake George and the St. Lawrence are off our course.

The western section of Lake Erie, over which we were passing, presents some of the choicest pictures of scenery to be found among the great lakes. You hardly get out of Sandusky Bay before you find yourself among beautiful islands. They lie off from each other, more than those we have been referring to; but they thereby only correspond better with the broad grandeur of the lake scenery. We passed one after another during the whole afternoon, sometimes "nearing" them enough to hear the music of the birds, their only tenants; at others seeing them only in the dimness of the distance.

After being out some hours, and when in view of some of the finest islands, our traveling companion having relieved his temples with a nap, came toward us with a manifestly heroic countenance. "Here, sir, we are," said he, "passing over the field." Field! what field? we are on the water. "The battle-field, sir; here Perry 'met the enemy,' and they were his!"

We were actually passing over the *locale* of that brilliant naval action. The thought, of course, excited our interest, but we felt a momentary incredulity; it seemed impossible that these quiet Sabbath-like scenes could ever have been the theater of such a strife—of the shrieks, the thunder, fire, slaughter of war.

Our friend, who had himself been in early life a seaman on the lakes, forgot his headache, and was ready to spin out the whole "yarn" of the story. Pointing to the main features of the scene, he soon dashed our poetry with his matter-of-fact but exciting description.

The battle of Lake Erie is one of the most celebrated feats in our naval history. The story has often been told, but may be told again, especially as we have now the fullest details of the action that we can ever expect.

Perry having prepared his squadron at Presque Isle, (now Erie,) set sail for the west of the lake August 18, 1813. His men consisted of all sorts of characters—seamen and landsmen, regulars, militia, and volunteers, but brave and determined fellows, who, like their commander, did not know how to be whipped. They urged their way directly up to the end of the lake, and, cruising off the mouth of the river that leads to Detroit, were ready to challenge out the enemy who lay within that stream. While there, Perry was attacked with bilious fever. The squadron put back some miles, and took shelter among these beautiful isles, in what is still called "Put-in-Bay." My *compagnon du voyage* pointed out with zealous particularity the very place; it is uninhabited, quiet, beautiful. If a squadron of Milton's fighting angels had taken shelter there they would have supposed themselves back again in heaven.

Sick with a disease which, perhaps more than any other, drives brave thoughts out of a man's head, Perry was nevertheless determined to fight; and, while lying in this retreat, he planned a boat-attack on the enemy, and was having his men trained with muffled oars, when, at the dawn of the 10th of September, a man at mast-head discovered the enemy in the distance. He lay to the north-west. A sensation spread through the Yankee squadron. The signal was immediately given to go forth and fight, and in a short time every sail was spread, and every heart beating with expectation. The wind was from the south-west, and was light. It was impossible for the Americans to get the weather-gage of the enemy without imminent disadvantage; but fortunately the wind soon veered to the south-east, and the desired position was secured. At about 10 o'clock, A. M., when the hostile powers were nine miles apart, the English hove to and formed their line. It is described as exceeding-

ly gallant and imposing; the vessels were new, their sails white, their ensigns spread, their adjustment in the line complete and formidable. Thus arrayed, they lay with their bows pointed south-westward toward the coming Yankees.

The English commander, Captain Barclay, had formed his line with the Chippeway, Mr. Campbell, armed with one gun on a pivot, in the van; the Detroit, his own vessel, next; and the Hunter, Lieutenant Bignall; Queen Charlotte, Captain Finnis; Lady Prevost, Lieutenant Commandant Buchan; and Little Belt astern, in the order named. To oppose this line, the Ariel, of four long twelves, was stationed by Perry in the van, and the Scorpion, of one long and one short gun on circles, next her. The Lawrence, Captain Perry, came next; the two schooners just mentioned keeping on her weather bow, having no quarters. The Caledonia, Lieutenant Turner, was the next astern, and the Niagara, Captain Elliott, was placed next to the Caledonia. These vessels were all up at the time, but the other light craft were more or less distant, each endeavoring to get into her berth. The order of battle for the remaining vessels directed the Tigress to fall in astern of the Niagara, the Somers next, and the Porcupine and Trippe in the order named.* When thus arrayed, the wind unfortunately slackened, and the American lighter crafts were slow in coming into position. This, in fact, is the main ground of unfavorable criticism on Perry's management of the day. He should not, say the critics, have straggled up to the enemy, but formed his line compactly at a distance and come up all together. But the enemy was not far from his place of refuge; the opportunity was not to be lost, and Perry was not willing to give him time to change his mind. The failure of the wind, too, could not be anticipated. It should be remarked also that if he detracted from his advantages by his preliminaries, the fact only enhances his subsequent victory.

As it was, the American line was somewhat irregular; and when the battle began, the schooners astern, having less light canvas, were lingering in the distance.

At last, the sun shining in the zenith over the scene, the first gun was fired. That is a moment which men who have been in battle can alone appreciate. The die is cast; the hour of fate has come; anticipations of victory or defeat, of death or escape—how they thicken in the brain at that moment! The first shot was thrown from the Detroit, the British commander's ship, at the Lawrence, on which waved the flag of Perry, who had "reserved to himself a commander's privilege of engaging the principal vessel of the opposing squadron." The next sound was Perry's trumpet ringing over the waters, and ordering the vessels which were yet astern into the prescribed order, and in a few minutes the long gun of the Scorpion sent back to the British array the answer of the Americans. And now vessel after vessel let loose its fire, the Americans bearing down gallantly upon the British line. Perry again signalled from the Lawrence for all his squadron to close in the prescribed order. The lagging vessels pressed along into firing distance, their guns began to play, and the action became general.

The aim of the British commander was to overwhelm the Lawrence, which bore Perry. He seemed to calculate that success in that direction would be a general victory. He did not know the character of his enemy. Not only his own fire from the Detroit, but also that of the Queen Charlotte and Hunter were concentrated on the Lawrence. But the American brig bore herself courageously against the odds. She "endeavored to close," says Cooper, "and got within reach of canister, though not without suffering materially."

A long-continued cannonade deadens the wind: it was so in this case; for about two hours there was scarcely any breeze, and the contending squadrons had to make the best of their positions; meanwhile, they poured upon each other their thunders without abatement. The scene must have been terrifically grand, especially on board the Lawrence. This devoted vessel, bearing the destined hero of the day, bore up indomitably against the continued, concentrated weight of the enemy's fire. Blood flowed everywhere on her decks; she was almost dismasted; her men were falling at nearly every post; still she fought on; Perry was determined to conquer. The heart becomes appalled at the horrors of war when we listen to the

* This is Cooper's account of the plan of battle; it differs slightly from others, but is best authenticated.

details of the devastation on board the Lawrence, amid this overwhelming sweep of fire and thunderbolts. "It seemed," says some one, "as if she had been launched into hell itself." "The manner," says Cooper, "in which the Lawrence was cut up, is almost without an example in naval warfare." "Although," he adds, "much has been justly said of the manner in which the Bon Homme Richard and the Essex were injured, neither of these ships suffered, relatively, in a degree proportioned to the Lawrence." The continued fire broke in her starboard bulwarks, and injured also the larboard. The heavier shot passed through both sides, scattering destructive splinters, human fragments, and blood in all directions. The brave commander, still feeble in health, stood fearlessly on his deck; he saw his commanding marine officer shot down; his first and second lieutenants, his ship-master, his midshipmen carried away wounded; and of his one hundred and three men of every description, (all who were fit for duty in the action,) no less than eighty-three were killed or wounded. It was a baptism of fire. Every gun except one (on the side on which she fought) was at last disabled, and this Perry himself helped to fire in person at the final discharge, before he left her dilapidated deck.

This state of things could not last. Fortunately the wind freshened, and the two lines drew ahead, thus leaving the crippled Lawrence astern. Two hours and a half of desperate conflict had passed. The British commander had about achieved his design of demolishing the Lawrence. She was falling out of the combat. Perry took to his boat, and was rowed along through the perils of the scene to another vessel, the Niagara. Other instances of "the feat of shifting a flag" are on record, but they are rare, and none has been more nobly done than this. Perry struck his flag, it has been remarked, not to submit, but to conquer.

He had no sooner reached the deck of the Niagara, than Captain Elliott was sent in a row-boat along the line, "within hail of the small vessels astern," ordering them to "close within half-pistol shot of the enemy, and to throw in grape and canister." Such was the first measure of Perry on stepping out of the ruins of the Lawrence. The enemy did not expect such a result. The Lawrence, "literally a wreck," no longer attempted to mix in the fray; it was not long before her colors were hauled down, and the British, perceiving the fact, concluded that they had ended the combat and could claim the spoils. Their men, crowding to the bulwarks of their respective vessels, waved their hats, and sent up three cheers for their supposed victory. There was a brief suspension of the action, and some of the Americans began to despond. But as soon as the order sent by Captain Elliott along the American line was fully given, Perry gave from the Niagara the signal for close action. An unexpected turn was this; the American line, craft after craft, ran up their answering flags, and three cheers rolled from deck to deck. The British attempted to change somewhat their position. Perry took advantage of the attempt, and bore down with the Niagara within half-pistol shot, having two of the enemy's vessels on one side and three on the other. Both her broadsides poured in their sweeping fire. She continued to maneuver about them, firing away broadsides, starboard and larboard; while the other American vessels, following her example, were in close engagement, pouring in charges of grape and canister. "The tide of battle had turned." The Detroit, from which the British commander had been attempting the destruction of Perry's vessel, was now herself the scene of fearful devastation, and sent, above the uproar of the cannonade, the shrieks of her men. Fifteen or twenty minutes only had the Americans continued this desperate onslaught before the British struck their colors, and an officer was seen on the taffrail of one of their vessels holding a white flag from a boarding-pike. The day was won.

The smoke cleared away; the hostile squadron were partly mixed; Perry's signal for close fight was still seen aloft, and responsive flags were still displayed by the smaller vessels; while the battered Lawrence lay at a distance, proud in her ruins, with her colors again in the breeze. The whole British squadron had been taken. More than two hundred and fifty men were killed or wounded, twenty-four of whom were quarter-deck officers. By three o'clock P. M., the storm of battle had subsided into the tranquil quiet and serenity of these beautiful waters. God grant it may never be heard over them again!

Such a signal result could not fail to be of great advantage to the country. The prizes were immediately turned to good service. Perry, of course, became the naval hero of the day, and his presence carried with it the moral power of such a reputation. The English forces having retired from Detroit, he soon after passed up to that city, where he met our army, and with it reoccupied the place. In the early part of the ensuing month, he was present at a land battle, and doubtless the prestige of his heroic conduct on the lake inspired his countrymen on that day. "Nearly the whole of the right wing of the British army in Canada," says Cooper, "laid down their arms on the field." The upper part of the province was thus mostly placed under American control, and Harrison and Perry together signed a proclamation "for the better government of the conquered territory." Perry was soon after promoted, and appointed to the command of the Java forty-four.

One of the most important consequences of this brilliant victory was the force which it contributed to the then rapidly advancing *morale* of our navy—to use an equivocal but quite technicalized term in the nomenclature of fighting. So long and sturdily had the British held the mastery of the seas, that their naval invincibility seemed unchangeable. Old Holland once showed a lusty marine vigor, but she had virtually succumbed. France, always alert in preparation, generally skulked away whipped and profoundly astonished at the doggedness and unconscionable courage of John Bull. All other marine powers kept at a reverent distance from him. Jonathan at the outset hardly knew how to behave toward him; he could not deny John Bull's energy, but he was not willing to have his own denied either, and was determined to have some brushes with his headstrong senior at least, and thereby "guess" what more he could do. These trials had begun to give him "pretty considerable" confidence, and genuine heroes of the old death-dare English school began to walk his decks. It became evident to all the world that the indomitable naval spirit of England lived in her cis-Atlantic sons, and that if no rival of her maritime ambition was to be found in the old world, the new world at least was to give her a competitor—perchance, at last, a superior.

The naval effectiveness of England was owing principally to two causes—the first was the proud heroism of her commanders, the second the superior confidence and seamanship of her crews. The last was the most important—for what could heroes do in command of cowards or incapable men? The American naval feats prove that the best conditions of English marine success belong to the Saxon race here. We will not say they are improved—that assumption we can waive; it is enough to say that, undeniably, the almost instinctive marine predilections and aptitudes of the British people are rife in the Anglo-American mind, and in navigation and sea-war the latter will bear comparison with the former.

All the peculiar attributes of British naval heroism were displayed by the American squadron in this celebrated fight of Lake Erie. Perry was a hero, every inch of him—such a one as Nelson would have hailed amid the thunders of Trafalgar. And the whole conduct of his line in this instance was an exemplification of the desperate energy—the onslaught and close, grappling fight with which Nelson overwhelmed his foe at Trafalgar, and before which every other naval people of Europe have shrunk appalled.

But war! war! why dwell on the tempting yet diabolical theme—the greatest horror out of hell! How incompatible, how even infernal does it appear recalled amid this quiet scenery! As we glide along, separated from the distracted life on the land, and tranquilized by the Sabbatic serenity and beauty with which everything around seems instinct, the soul recollects itself; it recalls to its consciousness those higher principles of moral judgment, that *feeling*, not reasoning, of what is right, which is of the essence of all virtue and all true greatness, and which must go with it through other worlds; and looking with this purer vision what does it see in war—that stupendous fact which makes nine-tenths of the history of the human race?—what but a terrific illusion of the mind of the world, real only in its horrors—scarcely in one of its supposed glories? What a mystery that men, having intelligence and immortality, with the great vocations of commerce and science, of liberty and virtue—men whose whole being has no significance in it except as a probation, in which

by the peaceful works of goodness they are to prepare for a future of entire purity and blessedness—that such a race should make war its great historical fact, appropriate to it the chief expenditures of its States—refer to the mutual butchery of its multitudes the arbitration of great questions of international equity, and make military fame its chief idolatry? Surely, surely the progress of the race must sooner or later overthrow this great fallacy with a universal confutation, and the time must certainly come in which military fame, if not transformed into a libel, will rank lowest instead of first on the scale of ambition. God and all his angels speed the day!

But here we are, after "a long yarn," stopping to moralize, and some will say to rhapsodize. Let us hasten on to Detroit.

The sunny afternoon passed rapidly amid so many charms and such stirring reminiscences. A cup of tea put us in mood for an evening promenade: the moon came out and threw its tranquil effect over sky, island, and lake—and such a night—

> "In such a night
> Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
> That did renew old Æson;"

and "in such a night" must have occurred all those other fine things so lovingly discussed by Lorenzo and Jessica in the moonlit avenue to Portia's house.

* * * * * *

Toward midnight the scene changed, and we had a sight of one of those grand storms for which these inland seas are famous. It would have given you an idea of Milton's battles of the angels. The heavens seemed marked off into batteries, and blazing thunderbolts streaked it in all directions; while the plain of waters, rendered visible by the continuous lightning, seemed crowded with white-crested squadrons rushing onward to the charge. You can hardly entertain thoughts of personal peril in such circumstances; they would be too matter-of-fact, too prosy for the absorbing poetry of the scene.

* * * * * *

A few hours more and we were approaching the river which connects Lakes Erie and Michigan. While at some distance from its mouth, and the storm was yet abroad, we met successive steamers coming out on their appointed courses for the distant harbors of the lake. Built to be invincible, almost, to even the violence of nature, they seldom hesitate for the weather. They formed a grand spectacle there, out on the dark tempest-driven waters. Bearing various colored lights fore and aft, above and below, each window pouring forth its stream of illumination upon the night, they bore down bravely by us like huge batteries floating out to the war of the storms. The sight was really sublime.

* * * * * *

We entered the river, and were again in calm water. I tumbled into my berth—it was time.

* * * * * *

But here we are at last in the goodly city of Detroit—our Indian expedition still before us. We pledge our faith, the troth of an editor, Mr. Reader, that we will bestir ourselves and pursue it in our next.

THE SABBATH.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
  Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
  How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain!
  Thy strength the slave of want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
  A God hath made thee free!

Ah, tender as the law that gave
  This holy respite to the breast,
To breath the gale, to watch the wave,
  And know—the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide
  What image charms to lift thine eyes!
The spire, reflected on the tide,
  Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
  This rest from mortal toils is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
  And pass—a guest to heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
  Of power from old dominion hurled;
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
  Shall share the alter'd world.

Alas! since time itself began,
  That fable hath but fool'd the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man
  But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
  One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased
  When God proclaims his own!

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
  O Dives, from thy banquet-hall;
The seventh the Father opes the door,
  And holds his feast for all!

THE SONGS, HISTORY, AND DESTINY OF THE COSSACKS.

THE Cossack of the present day is, with few exceptions, either a laborer or a soldier. Not many original Cossacks are now to be found in Ukrania. The "Zaparogues" are almost extinct, and the Cossacks of the Don have in great measure lost their original characteristics. We have, therefore, to refer to by-gone periods for the genuine personification of the Cossack. His history is contained in the tales and traditions which are still current among the people, and his character and habits may be traced in the popular songs, which are among the few things that have undergone but slight modification.

There are (or rather were) two distinct orders of Cossacks—viz., those of Little Russia and those of Great Russia. The remnant of the Zaparogues represent the former, the Cossacks of the Don represent the latter. Both are entirely distinct from the Khosars, a savage people who inhabited the south of Russia during the earlier periods of its history, and to whom some writers have erroneously ascribed their origin. I shall, in the first place, say a few words respecting the race or nation of the Zaparogues.

Escaping the yoke of the Tartars, the Russians of Kiorvie descended the Dnieper, and established themselves behind the cataracts of that river, whence their name, "Zaparogue," from *za*, (behind,) and *prorogue*, (cataract.) The form of their government was democratic, as, in the primitive stages of society, was that of all the Sclavonians. They were freemen, and their governors, elected by themselves, were only acknowledged as their equals. The chiefs were elected at general or special assemblies, which were invariably turbulent and "uproarious" to a degree. This savage kind of liberty was evidently inconsistent with order and with the organization of a civilized community. The regular settlement of the Cossacks of Little Russia dates from the sixteenth century. Stephen Batori established them in Ukrania, and acknowledged their rights. Their existence as a separate people may be said to have ceased with the independence of Little Russia.

War was their chief occupation, their habitual and favorite pastime. They devastated the Tauride and the coasts of the Black Sea. The Zaparogues, crossing in their boats, and pushing boldly forward, spread carnage and desolation as far as the walls of Trebizond and Bender; and Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, was taken by the Cossacks of the Ukraine. Under Nalwsiki, they ravaged Mohilew from one end to the other. The Poles dreaded them, and the Turks and Tartars regarded them with equal terror. If the Tartars occasionally made incursions, and committed excesses, their cruelties were returned with fearful interest by the Cossacks. Serboulat, Kozlov, and Keffa were desolated by them. Almost constant warfare was maintained against the Poles; and the disorders in the government of Moldavia held out to the Cossacks a temptation too powerful to be resisted. The Turkish dominions were from time to time invaded, on pretense of delivering Christian prisoners, and chastising the infidels, but in reality with the object of obtaining spoil. The Cossack horsemen gained frequent victories over both Turks and Tartars. The mutual provocations and challenges which occurred during these hostilities remind one of the vain-glorious style of defiance recounted of the Greek and Trojan heroes in the *Iliad*. "We will beat down your arrows with our whips," cried the Cossacks to the Tartars, "throw the slip-knot around you, and carry you off to behold us making merry with your wealth." Insults were offered wantonly; and when the Cossacks besieged a town, whether Polish or Turkish, the beleaguered garrison were reviled with the most galling epithets of scorn and derision.

The Cossacks were not more distinguished by courage, than by subtilty and ingenuity, in their hostilities. Many a town has been taken by means of unsuspected traitors within the walls; many a surprise effected by false demonstrations, disguised attacks, and other stratagems, which exhibited their natural aptitude for war. But with whomsoever they were engaged, the war was usually marked on both sides by incredible cruelty and ferocity; quarter was seldom given, and when life was spared, it was only to prolong the miseries of the captive. The sufferings endured by the Russo-Cossack prisoners on the Turkish pontoons are to this day commemorated in the national songs. The famous Dmitri Baïda was only one among

thousands of more obscure prisoners whose death was that of hanging by a hook thrust into their bodies. The Cossacks, on returning from an expedition against the Tartars, would tell their hetman, in a song, "We have sent so many infidels to ——, and taken their riches; the skin of every sheep, and some few skins of the infidels themselves." Their wars were supported, and themselves enriched, by pillage. The son, asking his mother's permission to set forth against the Tartars, would promise her "dresses embroidered with gold and silver, and among them that of the khan himself." Faith pledged to the enemy, truces or treaties of peace, were usually disregarded in their wars, and by the Poles as much as by the Cossacks and Tartars; and history furnishes numerous examples of the most flagrant violation of covenants. But, wholly faithless as they were to the enemy, there was a strong—indeed, a fanatical—spirit of religion among the Cossacks of Little Russia; and this sentiment sometimes proved the effectual bulwark of their independence. While committing unheard-of atrocities upon others, they called their own country the Christian country, and themselves the holy people. If, on being made prisoners, their lives were spared, the bitterness of slavery arose not so much from the severities inflicted on them, as from the fact that they had no one to converse with about the Christian faith. Baïda refuses the daughter of the sultan, and the (promised) dominion over the Ukraine, because the condition is that he should abjure his faith. "Thine offer is fair," says he, "but thy religion is infamous." Many legends of this kind are, of course, apocryphal; but there is no doubt that the Cossacks displayed remarkable fortitude and fidelity in adhering to their religion under the most trying circumstances. When setting out on a journey, (no matter how sinister its object may be,) the Cossack never omitted addressing a prayer to heaven; and, before mounting on horseback, he always made the sign of the cross. His successes he attributed to his prayers —his failures to his sins. At the prayer of Serpiaga, (Podkova,) says the tradition, the tempest was calmed, and the Turks routed; while Kanovtschenko perished, because he had gone into battle inebriated. Thus strangely was religion intermixed with superstition and ferocity.

Fame and glory found a ready echo in the heart of the Cossack. The songs of the *bandourist* (minstrel) would generally have some such chorus as this: "His glory shall resound among friends, enemies, knights, and brave men; his glory shall never die." And a national melody declares: "Even when the Zaparogues have departed, their glory shall not perish; the fame and bravery of the Cossacks shall live forever." No Cossack would dare evade the call to arms; if he did so, he would receive some opprobrious epithet, sure to follow him through life. Even if his mother tried to hide him, he must break the doors during her absence at devotion, and proceed to the war. If he had no horse, he must walk. If his mother cursed him, he still must go, though he should perish without her blessing. The Cossacks formerly considered flight, under any circumstance, a disgrace; and the indispensable mark of a true warrior was to choose death rather than sacrifice glory. In the time of war, discipline and subordination were maintained by rigorous penalties; and even those who permitted their horses to be stolen were imprisoned. When a grave crime was committed, the culprit was tied to the halberds, severely flogged, and sometimes even impaled. Treason was punished by a cruel death, and every one uttered anathemas on the traitor's grave. Impelled by religion, the fighting men would "rise unanimously in defense of the Christian faith, and go forth to win knight's honors." Another favorite arming cry was, "The defense of Ukrania." The whole country mourned the death of a brave Cossack, and masses were celebrated everywhere for the souls of chiefs who died in battle.

Passionate attachment to home and father-land was another characteristic. On leaving his country, the Cossack bade adieux to all his neighbors, and, taking a handful of earth, attached it, by a little bag or otherwise, to the cross, which, even to this day, almost every Russian carries in his bosom. "Grief," the song says, "is gnawing at his heart; he bends his head toward the pommel of his saddle, as the beach-tree droops to the water; his heart mourns like a root submerged beneath the waters; and his tears burst forth, in spite of his manly will." When he passes the boundaries of his native land, his heart

becomes still more oppressed: "Wherever he directs his gaze, strange objects fill him with sorrow, and his dark steed groans under him. There is no one to bear his salutations to Ukrania. He begs the wind to blow toward him from his country, but the wind is deaf to his prayer. He implores a rook to bear thither his salutations, but the bird passes by unheeding, and no tidings come from home. The nightingale whistles: 'Little bird,' says he, 'thou hast a shrill and piercing voice. I am in a strange country; tell me, shall I again see my own?'" Another song represents a Cossack as a falcon in a foreign land, who finds no rest in forest, field, or mountain. If he rest on a sapling, the wind breaks the branch. "Bend not, sapling; too much evil have I already to endure!" Should he eat the fruit of the service-tree, (a favorite food of the falcon,) an eagle asks him how he likes it: "O! brother," replies the falcon, "it is as bitter as a foreign land!"

Whence comes this profound grief? How is it that this ferocious warrior, "who covers the fields with dead bodies, who has nourished the ravens and wolves grown hoary in consuming the corpses of the foe," is so sensitive at the thought of absence from his country? It is, that no one loves his home, mother, sister, or betrothed like the Cossack of Ukrania. "His mother's prayer bears his soul from the floating wreck, assists him in battle, redeems his soul from sin, and accompanies it to the celestial kingdoms. His wife is to him his dove, his darling, and his well-beloved."

"The Cossacks (pursues the song) sound the midnight alarm. The bright eyes of Maroussenko (Mary) are filled with tears. Weep not, dearest; grieve not. Pray to heaven for thy beloved. The moon is above the mountains; the sun has not risen; the mother, all in tears, bears her son company. 'Farewell, dear son; be watchful. In a month return to thy home.' 'Gladly, mother, would I return sooner, but that my jet-black steed stumbled at the door.* Heaven knows when I may return, or if ever. Watch over my betrothed, and adopt her, dear mother, as thine own child. We all are subject to the will of God. He alone knows whether I shall return alive, or sleep forever on the battle-field.'"

Much as the ancient customs and position of the Cossacks have been modified of late years, they have not yet wholly changed, and are far from being forgotten; and many traces and indications of them are perceptible in the wagoners, (*tschoumak.*) The inhabitants of Little Russia were, as has been observed, devotedly attached to their country; nevertheless a wandering and adventurous life is that which has always best pleased their imagination. In the *tschoumak* there are many evidences of a sense of the importance of paternity and subordination. A chief is unanimously elected, who is called *otaman* or *batka*, (father.) He directs the journey, settles disputes, and as formerly the Cossack, when dying, bequeathed his horse to his commander, so the *tschoumak* resigns his goods to his *otaman*, in order that he may bury him, and pray for mercy on his soul. In like manner, as the mistress or betrothed of the Cossack gave him a covering for his horse, so the beloved one of the *tschoumak* embroidered the sleeves of his shirt. The old songs of the Cossacks descended to the wagoners, and became favorites; and the celebrated Morozenko, "whom the Poles feared more than the frost, whose name he bore," appears as a *tschoumak*. The same heart-rending farewells, the same prayers, invocations, consolations, and promised returns, are heard:—"Return to us again, my son, and I will anoint thy hair," says the mother to the *tschoumak;* and he answers, "Anoint thine own, or that of my sister—the rain will anoint mine. The dry herbs will comb it, the bright sun will dry it, and the fierce winds will curl it."

I have so far chiefly spoken of the Zaparogues and Cossacks of Little Russia. The Russian Cossack, properly so called, among whom those of the Don occupied the most important place, were originally from Great Russia. Strangers, such as the Tartars, the Baschkives, and the Zaparogues, were but thinly scattered among them. The Cossacks-proper were distinguished from the Cossacks of the Ukraine by their custom of allowing the beard to grow, while the latter kept it closely shaved, according to the Polish fashion. The Cossacks-proper were brigands and pirates by origin, and long continued so in practice. Piracy and brigandage were

* The stumbling of a Cossack's horse at the door is supposed to be a sign that death is near.

for several centuries practiced on an extensive scale in Russia; and the pirates of the Volga have acquired a bad notoriety throughout the world. Among the chief causes of this state of things were social and political mal-organization, the want of energetic and consistent unity of action on the part of government, and the total absence of popular instruction. More recently, the progressive development of slavery, the precarious position of property, and the corruption and misconduct of public functionaries, increased the number of those who sought subsistence by crimes against society.

"We eat, we drink (says the Cossack pirate song) to our liking and content, on the Volga; our wines all ready poured out, our meats all ready dressed, our clothes of all colors ready prepared by the labor of others."

The Volga, the Don, and the Oka were the chief scenes of the depredations of the Cossack pirates. They attacked trading vessels with the utmost courage and fierceness, and were usually successful. The treatment received by their prisoners was of the most savage kind. Their large twelve-oared boats, painted and gilt, had often a very showy appearance. One of their common practices was to kidnap women who were foolish enough to come to the banks of the river to gaze at the passing pirate fleet.

When the power of the imperial government became more compact and concentrated than it had been in former times, active and vigorous measures were taken to put down this trade in piracy. The pirates were everywhere captured by the strong forces sent against them: they were imprisoned, tortured, and subjected to the most painful forms of death: they died with courage, and without either suing for mercy or expressing sorrow for their offenses—the usual request of the dying criminal being merely that a cross should be erected on his grave, in order that passers-by might bow to it, and utter a prayer. But it was only the river and rebel pirates whom the government treated in this fashion. Other pirates, who crossed the sea and harassed the Turks, were praised and encouraged; and the ancient songs speak rapturously of the magnificent equipment with which they went forth against the infidels, from whom they often took rich booty. But, on the other hand, they were frequently made prisoners, when, so great was their confidence in the power of the Czar, that the songs describe them expressing the hope that he would soon order the Turks to release them, otherwise (the verse proceeds) "the calm and glorious Don will be agitated; the whole Cossack host will arise, rout the Turkish army, and make their Czar (sultan) a prisoner."

Piracy being in great measure put down among the Don Cossacks, the natural bent of their disposition displayed itself in their serviceable qualities as soldiers in the imperial armies. It was a Cossack who finally completed the conquest of Siberia. To the Czar they, one and all, pay a blind homage—a homage so servile that it borders on adoration; and they appear to consider him in the light of a being of an order distinct from, and superior to, human nature. From the time of Peter the Great, the Cossacks of the Don have played a prominent part in all the wars in which the Russian empire has been engaged: from Pultowa to the Borodino they have distinguished themselves.

One of the principal distinctions between the Cossacks of Great Russia and those of the Ukraine has always been the affection and respect with which females are treated by the latter. There are many other points of contrast, but I need not here enter into them. One feeling which they have in common is hatred for the *boyards*. Among the reasons which have produced this animosity in the minds of the Great Russian Cossacks is the fact that the *boyards* form the instruments by which the imperial mandates are enforced—mandates by which the navigation of the great rivers is watched, horses frequently seized for the army, piracies restrained, and other proceedings enforced which the Cossacks consider inimical to their interests. Being too ignorant to discern the power which causes these acts, and recognizing only its visible instruments, they are almost universally inspired with an intense hatred for the *boyards*, some of whom have had sanguinary proofs of their hostility. Nekrassof, after having fled into Turkey with forty thousand Cossacks, complained, on the part of himself and his followers, not against the Czar, but against the *boyard* who caused their beards to be shaved, and the young men to be pressed into the army; not perceiving that there was behind the cur

tain a power which, willingly or unwillingly, the *boyards* were compelled to obey, but which contrived to throw upon the latter the odium of executing its ordinances.

The traveler who, in our day, visits the Don, finds a country flat, monotonous, and uninteresting; fertile, but badly cultivated; a population which, for Russia, is rich and luxurious; for the Cossack, even of the middle class, will have his expensive wines at table—a custom to be met with in no other part of Russia, inordinately profuse as are the habits of the very highest orders. But while his civilization has been advancing, his liberty has been diminishing. The government at the present time is half-military, half-civil, and, it may almost be added, half-Russian, half-German. The emperor and the Grand Duke are alternately hetman of the Cossacks.

The Cossacks of the Black Sea, descendants of the Zaparogues, transported thither by Catharine the Second, in 1786, are now under the command of the chief of the Caucasus. Their hetman has the rank of general of division. "Barbarian slavery and German pedantry" dayly extend their domination over the descendants of Novogorodius. It will be strange to see the day when German officers mock the style and accent of the Cossacks by singing or caricaturing the old national songs.

ANCIENT EMBROIDERY.

LIKE most of the elegant arts, under which that of embroidery may be classed, its origin may clearly be traced to the early nations of the East. The first mention that is made of it in the sacred writings, occurs in the command given by Moses respecting the erection of the Tabernacle, and the matters connected therewith: "And thou shalt embroider the coat (Aaron's) of fine linen, and thou shalt make the miter of fine linen, and thou shalt make the girdle of needle-work." The art had evidently been practiced before this command was given—which we may date at about 1450 B. C.—otherwise those to whom the order was addressed could not have carried embroidery to so high a degree of perfection as to have it displayed in the ceremonial ordinances of a service that was peculiarly gorgeous. There is also a previous allusion to the art, although it is not specifically mentioned as in the passage just quoted, where it is commanded to "make a hanging for the door of the tent, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, wrought with needle-work." Now, whether the Jews acquired their knowledge of this ornamental work from the Egyptians, among whom they sojourned, or whether the latter learned it from their Israelitish captives, appears doubtful; but it is quite certain that the Egyptians excelled in it at an early period. The practice of other arts seems sometimes to have been combined with this in one individual, for we read, in the Book of Exodus, of Aholiab, an "engraver, and a cunning workman, and an embroiderer," &c., &c.

The Greeks gave the honor of the invention to Minerva, and so, also, does Ovid:—

"Whether her needle played the pencil's part,
'T was plain from Pallas she derived her art."

That it was not unknown to the Greeks, and also to the Trojans—presuming in the latter case that the *Iliad* of Homer is not a mere mythical poem—is evident, from certain passages in which he refers to it. In the celebrated parting of Hector and Andromache, the Trojan chief addresses his wife:—

"Thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!"

And again:—

"No more, but hasten to thy tasks at home;
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom."

In another part of the poem we find the following passage, where reference is also made to Andromache. The quotation is not from the same translator as the preceding:—

"She in her chamber, at the palace top,
A splendid texture wrought, on either side
All dazzling bright with flowers of various hues."

Homer likewise speaks of Helen being similarly occupied, in embroidering the combats of the Greeks and Trojans:—

"An ample web magnificent she wove,
Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake,
Beneath the hand of Mars endured by Greeks."

If the fact were not too well known to require proof, the above quotations would supply evidence of embroidering being practiced by ladies of the highest rank so far back as our knowledge of history extends; but it is not thereby to be supposed that the art, as formerly exercised, was of the exact kind with that which has once more become fashionable among the gentler sex of our own time and country. Miss Lambert, in her interesting work, *The Handbook of Needle-work*, says:—"The term embroidery, as employed in the writings of the ancient historians, has reference to all kinds of needle-work done with the needle—thus comprehending within its meaning every description of decorative needle-work, including tapestry, and some descriptions of weaving. At the present time, the term is much more limited, relating to one kind of needle-work only, which, however, embraces an almost innumerable variety, both as to the materials employed, and the mode of using them."

From the same authority we learn that embroidery was made in England at a very far distant date; for, during the Saxon dynasty, our females were celebrated throughout Europe for their needle-work:—"The Anglo-Saxon ladies were accustomed, like those of Greece and Rome, to embroider the exploits of their husbands on the hangings of their chambers. Women of the highest rank thus occupied their leisure hours." The Christian Church also, like that of the Jews of old, soon called in the aid of the needle to assist in the decorations of the sacred edifices and to ornament the sacerdotal robes; nor did the priests themselves consider it derogatory to their holy office to help on the sacred work, if we may credit William of Malmesbury, who says that St. Dunstan, in his younger days, did not disdain to assist a pious and noble lady in the drawing of a design for embroidering a clerical vestment, which she afterward wrought in threads of gold. During the middle ages, when chivalry was in all its glory, it was a common practice for young ladies to embroider scarfs, which they fastened over the shoulders of their knightly lovers, ere proceeding to joust, or tournament, or field of deadly fight.

"'T was wrought in love's own tracery of gold,
Telling the same fond tale that Love has ever told."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE HILLS.

They call me out to gaze
Upon the golden harvest of the plain,
Upon the broad rich fields of waving grain—
But through the mellow haze,
The soft illusive vail that autumn wears,
I look afar with eager, longing eye,
And to my thought the distant cloud appears
A group of hills that lean against the sky.

Fair hills against the sky!
Hush! hush! lest from my fairy dream I wake;
It brings the warm blood back to lip and cheek,
And brightness to the eye:
I almost hear the rustling of the trees,
I almost see the clefts and hollows brown;
Upon my brow I feel the truant breeze
That shakes in sport the mountain chestnuts down.

I 'm pining for the hills,
The bright green hills that o'er my valley home
Link'd their tall shadows when the eve had come,
The birthplace of the rills.
There is not there one deep secluded nook
But that my youth with tireless step explored;
Back to its source I traced the baby brook
That through the glen its deep'ning current pour'd.

I 've climb'd, the livelong day,
From rock to rock, from hoary steep to steep,
Up where the fadeless larch and ivy creep
To drape the ledges gray.
I 've linger'd long to watch the sunset smile,
And tinge the landscape with its roseate glow;
And from my airy throne to catch the while
The soften'd murmur of the world below.

Oft, at the close of day,
I tune my harp to sing the songs of yore;
But ah! I miss the deaf'ning torrent's roar—
The runnel's softer play—
The diapason of the lofty choir
That all the air with mocking echoes fills.
How can I wake thy silver chords, my lyre,
To those bold notes that rang among the hills?

H. C. Gardner.

Napoleon on Immortality.—Napoleon, being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him, "That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture last?" Denon answered, that with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years. "And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?" "Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years." "And this," returned Napoleon sharply—"this you call immortality!"

[For the National Magazine.]

THE HISTORY OF AN ULTRAIST.

THE next morning the rejected preacher left the neighborhood, and returned to his father's house to await the chances for another call. As soon as he had reached home, and exchanged salutations with his father, who was now growing old, he retired to his room, and sat down to reflect on the scene in Musquito Creek Church. His thoughts took the form of a soliloquy, somewhat in the following style:—"I was not personal, for I knew no man in the congregation. It is truth that wounds, and they are the wounds of a friend, but often mistaken by guilt for the smitings of a foe. It is true I dealt plainly with them. I spoke right out, as became my office. I laid before them the simplest forms of simple justice. I endeavored to exhibit, in language forcible enough to be felt, (if any were guilty,) several instances of odious injustice that occur in the every-day business of life. I had thought that truth was a thing so lovely, that men needed only to see in order to embrace it. Reason and truth, said I, are friends that never can be parted. But I was mistaken; yet not mistaken either, for the reason of these men must approve of the truth, even the harshest truth of last Sunday morning's discourse. But their character was drawn, and their interest was assailed, and their passions began to clamor, and amid the uproar the voice of reason was drowned. But I am content. If the occupancy of a pulpit is to be purchased at the sacrifice of truth—lovely, invaluable, eternal truth—then Jonathan Honestus must either resign his vocation, or preach only as casual opportunity may invite. Besides, I am not sure but I can do more good as a traveling lecturer on the various causes of philanthropy, than in any pastoral charge that might be offered. The pastor is confined to a field too narrow for a benevolent zeal, while the itinerant lecturer wields an influence of indefinite extent. Local men have local feelings and local views. The traveler expands his conceptions, and enlarges his benevolence with the increasing area of his movements. Yes, I will go abroad. I will preach against the evils of society. I will expose the iniquity of wrong-doing under which the world has so long groaned. If men will heed my lectures, well: if not, I shall not linger long in any place to hear their murmurs or encounter their scorn."

At the close of this soliloquy, Jonathan hastened down stairs, and told his father what had happened on the Sunday before, and how he had just concluded to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness. The old man seconded his noble purpose, and offered to supply whatever means might be necessary for his itinerant rambles in the great cause of human melioration. The next day he started again from home, and that night lectured to a congregation collected at short notice in a school-house in a distant village. His subject was, "The insufferable wrongs of society, arising from the unequal and unjust division of labor and property." The hard laborers of the village were there, and the wealthiest man of the place, Mr. Moneypenny, occupied the most conspicuous seat. The lecturer held that the earth was the common property of man, and that no one had a right to appropriate to himself a single acre of its surface, much less to transmit it by will to his children, who have done nothing to establish their claim. "The earth," said he, "is our common mother, and she has given none of her offspring rights which she has denied to others. The present unequal distribution of her surface is the result of oppressive misrule, aided by arbitrary laws descending from age to age. There is a poor man, who has worked hard from his childhood, and still labors from the early gray of the morning until twilight darkens into night, that he may have the poor satisfaction of seeing his wife only not a beggar, and his children but one remove from starvation. Yonder is another, whose eight-hundred-dollar steed would tire in carrying his owner over the acres of his farm, on which he never bestowed a stroke of work, or let fall a drop of sweat. And shall this state of things continue forever? Will eternal justice never assert her claim? Yes, the time has come. The masses of the poor have the right, and, like elephants, they have the power; but, like elephants, they have hitherto been ignorant of their strength. Happily they are now beginning to think, and thought shall soon turn to action, and wealth be driven from her couches of ease to labor with the common brotherhood of man."

At the conclusion of this stirring lec-

ture, a carpenter thought of the perfect ease with which he could enter at midnight the last fine house which his hands had helped to build for a wealthy gentleman. A negro, who had been somewhat conscientious about stealing up to that time, thought that he might as well have a capon from his rich neighbor's hen-roost for his next day's dinner. And Mr. Moneypenny hasted home with all speed, and, before he slept, put an additional bolt to every door, and an extra fastening to every window in his house.

It must be understood that the village in which Jonathan delivered this lecture was within the limits of a slave State, and we have now to view him on very delicate ground; yet we hope the "courteous reader" will not demand ceremonious qualifications of us, even here. We speak not of a party, but of a single character, weak, to be sure, but honest; and having got on his track, allow us to pursue him in his freaks, without suspicion of any ungenerous purpose. In the very midst of slavery the writer of this serious history has himself whilom uttered some sayings less prudent than faithful, perhaps, and which, if repeated now in the same latitude, might procure him a coat of most incongruous materials. Don't misapprehend us, then, good reader. Jonathan was, of course, an uncompromising enemy to slavery in every form, and under its most extenuating circumstances. Indeed, he told an old acquaintance that he would certainly be damned if he did not emancipate old Dinah, who was ninety-seven years of age, and blind and lame. It was impossible for him to see that slavery in her case was but a single word for protection, home, and food, and that the principle of chattelship, which constitutes its essence, was virtually abandoned. But Jonathan was no mere theorist. He scorned the practice of lecturing on the subject to men in the free States who never saw a slave; and as he knew that no lecture would be listened to where slavery dwelt, he took a middle course, and held private interviews with slaveholders; and if his reasoning was not always conclusive, his position was certainly well defined. The dissolution of the Union, he maintained, would be a blessing compared with the death-league that held the States together. His own conscience was troubled night and day, because his dark-skinned brother, Cesar, picked cotton under the Constitution of the United States, in the fields of Georgia, for nothing but victuals and clothes. He was clearly of opinion, that the slave who murdered his master to get his freedom was as much justified by the laws of God and nature as an oppressed colony in throwing off the yoke imposed by a foreign tyrant; and he hoped that if justice was not soon done, the crushed slave would arise, and walk to freedom through a red sea of oppressors' blood. These sentiments, whether right or wrong, were listened to not exactly in the spirit of free discussion, and occasionally the debate was cut short by the application of a horsewhip—a mode of argumentation in which Jonathan protested he could see neither reason nor common sense. That species of logic, therefore, instead of conducting him to different conclusions, only strengthened him to obstinacy, and he determined to oppose deed to deed. "A man," said he, "may talk and lecture all his life, and yet break no fetters, and deliver no slave from cruel bondage. *Action*, ACTION is what is wanted. He who snaps the chain, and carries a single slave to freedom, does more for the cause of liberty and human progress than he who only lectures on slavery to assemblies of freemen." Having settled this principle, he determined to carry it out. Accordingly, as he rode one day by a corn-field, where a solitary slave was resting half asleep on his plow, he stopped and asked him his name.

"My name Sam, massa."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine when dis corn ripe."

"Are you a slave?"

"Yes, massa."

"Don't you sometimes think you would like to be a free man?"

"No, massa. I get plenty pone, plenty pork, don't work hard, and go to meetin' twice on Sunday."

This reply put Jonathan to a stand. He deemed it, however, unworthy of a human being, to whom liberty should be precious above all other enjoyments. After a pause he argued the subject with Sam, and expatiated on the evils of slavery, its liabilities to himself and his children, the terrors of the slave sale, and the southwestern market.

Sam began to be alarmed, and asked the philanthropist how he could get away.

"O, easy enough!"

"How, massa?"

"Why, come along with me."

"How far you take me, massa?"

"Three hundred miles, where your master will never hear of you again."

"But, massa, me can't walk three hundred miles."

"Well, get on one of your plow horses."

"But dese hosses belong to massa John."

"No they don't. You have already worked for your master eight years longer than he had any right to your labor, and he owes you more than that horse is worth."

"I believe you right, massa," said Sam, and immediately released the best horse from the plow, mounted him, and rode off toward freedom with Jonathan Honestus.

They had not been gone more than an hour before the fact of Sam's elopement was known to his master, who immediately summoned his neighbors and started off in pursuit. It was not long until Sam, who at short intervals had been casting anxious looks backward, ever since he quit the corn-field, saw them coming. "Lor, massa, der after us." Jonathan looked behind, and, judging from the cloud of dust far back on the road, was much of Sam's opinion. "Now for liberty," said he, and they dashed on as fast as Sam's plow-horse could gallop, and reached the ferry-boat, and gained the middle of the stream just as the pursuing party came up to the bank. From the shore Sam's master made every significant motion, by which he hoped to inform the captain that he was conveying away a fugitive slave. But the captain either did not understand the signs, or was indifferent to the *rights of property*, for he rowed with usual speed to the landing on the opposite shore. Sam and his deliverer, whose horses had rested in the scow that brought them over, started immediately at full speed, knowing that the pursuers would be after them in the return boat. It was more than an hour before Sam's master was again galloping with unwonted rapidity toward him, and in another hour the fugitive and his companion were again in sight. The prospect of escape was now gloomy enough, for the distance between the pursuers and the pursued was diminishing every moment. What was to be done? Does necessity know any law? When a nation goes to war for liberty, are not any and all means justifiable? And is individual personal liberty less valuable, or less to be contended for, than national civil freedom? So reasoned Jonathan on the rights of the slave. You, good reader, are at liberty to reason on them as you please; I have only to do with Jonathan's history, not to answer for his ethics, if they cannot answer for themselves. Just at that moment they were passing two noble horses that were grazing in a field close by the roadside. They both alighted, caught the fresh horses, saddled them, turned their own into the field by way of exchange, and in less than two minutes were again on the road, dashing away at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The enemy was soon no longer in sight, but Jonathan and his rescued friend kept on long after dark, until they were obliged to stop for mere weariness at a farm-house which stood at the end of a long lane that led to it from the public road. He represented to the farmer that he was a minister, and that Sam was under his special direction on a journey to the north. The farmer called for a light, for it was now about ten o'clock, and the greater part of the family were gone to bed. As soon as the light was brought, the farmer saw that Sam was no other than the most valuable man that belonged to his own brother. He had often seen him, and been waited on by him at his brother's house. Immediately suspecting how the case stood, he hastily closed the door, turned the key, and called aloud for his two men, who sat conversing in the kitchen. In a few minutes the weary travelers to the north were arrested and tied hand and foot, to be conveyed back the next day and dealt with as Sam's owner might determine. The horses were taken care of, and all made secure for the night. The farmer retired to bed about eleven o'clock, but had not been down more than fifteen minutes before he heard the sound of horses' feet in the lane, and presently the noise of men's feet on the porch, and a loud rap at the door. He arose and went down stairs, opened the door, and was saluted by his own brother Cob, who, with two of his neighbors and farmer Grub, the man from whose field the two horses had been taken, had stopped to rest for the night, intending to renew the chase

at the break of day. Before he came into the house he related to his brother the cause of his unseasonable visit—that he with his two friends had come in pursuit of his slave, and that they had been joined by Grub, who was after his stolen horses.

"Walk in gentlemen, walk in," said Cob's brother; "I have a couple of acquaintances here who will doubtless be glad to see you, and it will give me great pleasure to introduce you to them." He took them all into the room where Jonathan and Sam were tied together by ropes, *enjoying* their night's repose.

"Happy to see you, Sam," said his master; "I hope you have had a pleasant ride to-day; but who is this gentleman who has had the honor of your company all day?"

"Massa John, dis gemman is a minister. He 'fess a great deal a love for colored people. He asked me dis mornin to go with him to land of liberty, and here I am."

Master John then turned to Jonathan and said:—

"Truly, sir, this is an unexpected meeting, and I am exceedingly happy to make your acquaintance, and have no doubt but we shall yet know each other better. What might your name be?"

"My name, sir, is Jonathan Honestus."

"And how came you to interfere with my property, sir?"

"Sir, I acknowledge no right of property claimed by one man in another. All such claims are the claims of robbery, and he who sets them up is no better than a pirate."

Here farmer Grub, who had come in quest of his two horses, interposed: "Sir, I fancy that whatever opinion you may hold about the right of property in men, you have no such notion about a man's right to his horses?"

"No, sir," answered Jonathan; "horses are a man's property provided they be honestly come by, and though it is useless to say it now, yet I fully intended to see your horses restored to you, or more than their value, as I took them for a humane purpose without your consent."

At this they all set up a hearty laugh; but it was nevertheless true, and had they known the man they would have laughed either more or less. After some further conversation, in which both Jonathan and Sam were addressed with a most provoking mockery of politeness, the whole company retired, leaving the two prisoners as well secured as they had found them.

In the morning the party set out on their return home, but before starting they tied the two captives to the two stoutest horses of the group. This was done not in the style of Mazeppa, for they were permitted to sit on the saddles; but their feet were drawn so nearly together under the horses, and so tightly strapped, that they almost touched each other. Thus secured, they moved off, and were a whole day in reaching the house of farmer Grub, with whom Jonathan and Sam had exchanged horses the day before. That night they were all entertained by Grub, the two prisoners faring much as they had done the previous night. The next morning, after the horses had been brought out, and they were all ready to start, Grub went into the room to bring forth the prisoners. "Come," said he to Jonathan, "you have a good long ride before you to-day, but I have no doubt that Mr. Cob will find you rich entertainment at the end of your journey."

"Sir," said Jonathan, "before I leave here I wish you to make out a bill of damages to which you may judge yourself reasonably entitled for the loss of time and trouble you may have suffered, together with whatever injury your horses may have received at our hands."

"Well," said Grub, "that is cool. I admire your deep sense of justice; but don't be in haste about settling, for the bill will be made out and settlement had before Judge F——, about the time my friend Cob settles with you for enticing away his man Sam."

"I understand you perfectly, but I perceive you don't understand me," said Jonathan; "for whatever penalty the judgment of the court may award me on conviction for horse-stealing, that will be no compensation to you. I have done you an injury, and I wish, and now offer fully to repair it: not that I repent of taking the horses, for that I would feel justified in doing again in a similar cause. Accept a full compensation, then, for I wish to owe you nothing whatever the law may do with me. I am prepared for all legal consequences."

Grub declined the offer, because his horses were not injured, and he had lost only a day in recovering them; besides, if he took money, he could not with any show

of face prosecute the offender, though Jonathan never thought of that.

After this short colloquy they all started, reached the river just as the ferry-boat was leaving for the opposite shore, and before night Jonathan and Sam were imprisoned together in Cob's corn-house.

Cob immediately set off for a constable, who in the course of an hour or so came down to the farm. Jonathan was taken before a justice of the peace, a tall lank man of about sixty, whose narrow head was covered with white hair, cut short and turned back. He had received a commission as magistrate in virtue of having captured, during the last war with England, a British bark on Musquito Creek, an exploit which was the boast of his life ever afterward, and for which he was appointed to the rank of major of militia. When the magistrate, having heard the accusations, was about to swear the two witnesses, Jonathan interrupted them by saying that it was altogether unnecessary, for he had done nothing that he was ashamed to acknowledge. "I did entice the man away," said he, "and only regret that I did not succeed in placing him beyond the grasp of your iniquitous laws. And as to the fact of exchanging horses with Mr. Grub, I have nothing to deny, excepting that the act was not of the nature of horse-stealing, as I fully intended more than a just compensation for whatever injury or loss he may have sustained."

Here the crowd, who had gathered in and around the office, set up a laugh, though at first they showed strong symptoms of taking the case out of the magistrate's hands for summary adjudication. When the laugh had subsided, Jonathan said, "Of course I expect no one *here* to believe me." Notwithstanding this frank confession the two witnesses were duly sworn, and Jonathan was committed to the jail of —— County, to await his trial at the next court for enticing away a slave and horse-stealing.

John Cob and farmer Grub having thus far satisfied the majesty of the laws, returned home. But what was to be done with Sam? This question had been upon Cob's mind ever since he was so unexpectedly introduced to his absconding slave at his brother's house. Before he reached home a happy thought occurred to him. "I have been," said he to himself, "somewhat straitened for ready money for the last three months. Jones, the carpenter, has frequently dunned me for the two hundred dollars I owe him for repairs of the house, and my wife wants a carriage of equal splendor with the Hoskinson's, on account of which I have had no peace for a year past. I have often thought of selling one of the boys to a high bidder from the Southern market, but hitherto have been restrained by the odium that it brings upon a man among his neighbors. It cannot well be done in these miserable times without some excuse. Well here is a fair one, nay, an ample justification. Sam will bring nine hundred dollars. The neighbors will be satisfied that it is but a proper punishment for his attempt to escape. My wife can have her carriage, I can pay Jones his bill, and have at least a few hundred over in cash." His resolution was fixed. That night a trader was invited to the house, and the next morning Sam was on his way to Texas, leaving John Cob with more money in his wallet than he had ever looked upon at one time.

When the arrest of Jonathan occurred it excited but little attention, excepting in the small village where the examination was held before the magistrate; but after the commitment to prison, the news gradually went abroad, and spread to the adjoining counties and States. The facts were commented upon in the newspapers, and discussed in all the country taverns and stores. By some means the intelligence within a month reached Grasshill, and became the topic of conversation for several successive nights in Jacob Sharp's store, where Jonathan had aforetime acquitted himself as an honest clerk. Various opinions were here expressed on the probable issue of the coming trial. The parson, whose intellect had been suffering from dry-rot ever since he located in the village, was clearly of opinion that the act would not be more severely punished than by a public castigation in the abstract. Jacob Sharp, who still felt some compassion for his nephew, eagerly inquired what part of him the abstract might be; but before the parson had time to answer this most reasonable question, he was interrupted by a garrulous old farmer, who gave it as his opinion that the taking of Grub's horses was a gross violation of farmers' rights. As soon as the horses were mentioned, the conversation ran off for a full

hour on the various breeds, including horses for the plow, the carriage, the saddle, and the race-course; together with the best modes of feeding, so as to save provender without weakening the animal. Some thought that in winter, when they were idle, straw was enough. Others contended for hay. Two of the company said that a few corn-blades would keep them firmer on their feet; while one, more benevolent than the rest, maintained that the addition of a few oats was necessary to have them in anything like working order in the spring.

"Stop," said the squire, who occupied his favorite seat on the coffee-bags, "you are all wandering from the subject. We were talking of Jonathan Honestus, and the fate that awaits him. Now my own opinion is that he will be hanged." Jacob Sharp turned pale, and asked the reason of this opinion.

"Why, you see," said he, "I have the laws in one big volume, and the penalty of stealing a sheep, as therein contained and described, is hanging. Now, a slave is worth forty sheep, and as Jonathan stole a slave, and the law goes by proportion, he ought to be hung forty times; but as no man has forty lives, he will therefore, in my judgment, be hung once."

Such was the reasonable conclusion of the squire, drawn partly from analogical reasoning, and partly from an old black-letter volume of English statutes, which he really thought were still in force in every state of the republic, and out of which he had invariably administered justice ever since he came into office.

But the news spread much further than Grasshill, and finally reached that fevered section of the north, where the fears of commerce saw the union of the States in perpetual danger of dissolution. When it began to be known that a clergyman had actually enticed a slave from his master, and was now in jail awaiting his trial for the offense, the excitement became intense, not in favor of the clergyman nor the slave, but the Union, which was seen to stand toppling on the edge of a precipice, with the center of gravity within an inch of the perpendicular descent. The fat postmaster at R—— caught the first glimpse of the news in looking over a paper which he took the liberty to read before delivering it to the subscriber. He instantly sallied out bareheaded, and collected a number of idlers at the corner, to whom he explained their perilous position:—

"What do you think, gentlemen," cried he; "the papers of to-day bring the news that a nigger has been stolen from his master. The South is rising as one man! The union of these States, one and indivisible, I fear, is gone, or going. I almost feel the ground cracking under me. Government will be at an end. This republic will be a rope of sand. The post-office ——. Eternal vigilance, gentlemen, is the price of liberty. I repeat it, sirs, we must fight. The next gale that sweeps from the South will bring the clash of resounding arms, and then where shall this asylum of an oppressed world be? Gone, like the baseless fabric of a vision."

Having finished this impromptu speech, made up chiefly from a fourth of July toast, Patrick Henry, and Shakspeare, he looked around to observe its effect on the by-standers, not one of whom seemed the least disposed to share his excitement or his fears. One of them was sufficiently wanting, either in patriotism or respect for the postmaster, to insinuate that, somehow or other, the profits of the post-office, and the fear of losing it, had frightened him into a fit of zeal for the Union; for he was at a loss to see how any runaway negro could tear the confederacy to pieces in his flight.

But the alarm of the postmaster was healthfully tranquil when compared with the excitement in the city. That large and respectable class who regularly make shipments to the sunny ports, on hearing the news, became affected in some such manner as Pliny writes of the dwellers near Vesuvius at the time of the great eruption, who "imagined that the last and eternal night was come which was to destroy both the gods and the world together." The firm of Cotton and Gunnybag lost all their firmness. They were absolutely unmanned, and for some hours were so far relieved of their ordinary shrewdness, that they literally "knew no north, no south, no east, and no west."

The next day a meeting of all the friends of the Union was called, and it was remarked that no such gathering had taken place since the time of the embargo, or the publication of the Berlin and Milan decrees. The meeting was opened by the reading of a preamble and resolutions by Luke Skein, whose name by some means

had been corrupted to Lookout Skein, and who, with his two brothers, were driving a flourishing trade with the South and Great West. From the known discordant sentiments of the firm on certain delicate questions, it was whispered about that they had a private understanding with a view to the greatest custom. Luke was to sell his soul to the South, payable on demand. Nugget was to think and feel with the North and West, while their younger brother was to be "all things to all men, if by all means he might *gain some*." Whether this was a slander is a question which has not been satisfactorily settled until this day.

The preamble and resolutions which Luke read to the meeting have been rescued from oblivion, and are here given to the reader as a curious document which may serve an important purpose in the hands of some future historian:—

"*Whereas*, It is currently reported that one of the reverend clergy of this free and happy country, forgetting the sacredness of his high vocation, has recently been arrested in the unwarrantable, unconstitutional, and felonious act, of enticing a slave away from his right and lawful owner; and

"*Whereas*, All such acts and deeds tend directly to inflame men's minds with sectional jealousies, and are subversive of the compact entered into by the thirteen original States, and all others that our brethren of the South may deem it necessary to annex to the glorious Union; and, moreover, are destructive of the commercial prosperity of this already great, and still growing, republic; therefore

"*Resolved*, That it is the calm, deliberate, and solemn judgment of this meeting, that the South has just and reasonable cause of complaint against any one who, in any possible way, either by word, deed, thought, feeling, or look, interferes with any species of property, defined and known as such by the laws of the respective and respectable States south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"*Resolved*, That the clergyman alluded to has exhibited a warning example of the dangerous consequences of an overheated and fanatical zeal in the cause of emancipation—a cause which belongs exclusively to the South, and which we, taught by the instincts of our common nature, are sure will be carried into full effect as soon as our brethren of the South can do it beneficially to the slave, and safely and profitably to themselves.

"*Resolved*, That a subscription now be opened for the purpose of compensating Mr. J. Cob for the anxiety, inconvenience, and trouble to which he was unjustly subjected by the attempted, but unsuccessful elopement of his property.

"*Resolved*, That our brethren of the South, with whom we desire the most amicable relations, may find in the foregoing resolutions that our devotion to the Union is unshaken, and that we have a deep fraternal interest in the prosperity and stability of their institutions."

As the meeting had come together to act, and not to speak, no speeches were made. The foregoing resolutions were passed with singular unanimity. The subscription was opened on the spot. A large sum was subscribed, which Cob received in due time. The meeting adjourned, and every man went home, satisfied that the dissolution of the Union was at least postponed until the next fugitive, like the weight of the Ammonite's fox on Jerusalem's wall, should break it down.

In about four weeks from the time that Jonathan was committed, the fall term of the court came on for the County of ——. As it was well known that the Rev. Jonathan Honestus, formerly a man of excellent character, was to be tried for the heinous offenses of enticing away a slave and horse theft, there was a universal anxiety to witness the trial. Accordingly, though it was nearly the last case on the docket, it was the first called up by the judge. The crier had no sooner announced the commencement of court than the house was filled to overflowing, lobbies, stairs, and windows being crowded. Jonathan was brought in by the sheriff and placed in the prisoner's box. When he first appeared in the crowded doorway a murmuring sound was heard from every part of the room, indicating an unusual interest in the fate of the reverend prisoner. The jury sat in their places ready to hear and determine. The clerk rose and read the first indictment, which was as carefully loaded with unnecessary words as such documents usually are. It was an indictment for inducing and assisting a slave, the lawful property of John Cob, of the County of ——, to run away from his master. After the reading, the usual question was put to the prisoner: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Jonathan rose and asked the court if he should be permitted to answer the question in his own way.

"Answer as you think best," said the judge; "it is only required that you answer clearly."

"If," said Jonathan, "an honest effort to break the chain of oppression and set the bondman free—if sympathy for the

wrongs of a man and a brother—if philanthropy reduced to practice—if the universal instinct of liberty prompting the slave to gain his freedom, and the slave's friend to aid him in the effort, involve guilt, then am I guilty, for on the tenth day of August last I did all that is charged in the paper now read against me."

The trial, of course, went no further, and the sentence was reserved until the second indictment should be disposed of. The clerk read the second indictment for horse-stealing, and asked again: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Jonathan asked the court if he might be suffered, as before, to answer in his own manner?

The judge replied as before.

"Well, then," said the prisoner, "may it please your honor, though I scorn to deny the facts, I am not guilty of the charge. Guilt is the consequence of sin, and no sin have I committed in this transaction. It is true I took the horses, but I intended at the same time to render a full equivalent, and more than an equivalent, to their owner. I have already offered to do all that justice or even extortion might demand; and though I have no hope of escaping the penalty of horse-theft, yet I will compensate Mr. Grub at sight of his bill."

"You admit, then, the facts alleged in the indictment," said the judge.

"I admit all the facts as there stated. I took the horses, and would take them again under similar circumstances."

"The facts alleged in the indictment are admitted by the prisoner," said the judge. "The jury is released from further duty in the case."

Jonathan was required to stand up and receive the sentence of the court. He rose, and stood without emotion.

"The sentence of the court is," said the judge, "that you, Jonathan Honestus, be committed to hard labor in the state penitentiary for the full term of two years, on the acknowledged charge of enticing away a slave, the property of John Cob. And furthermore, that you be retained in the said penitentiary, and held to hard labor, for the full term of one year more, for stealing two horses, the property of Nixon Grub."

After sentence had been pronounced the sheriff conducted the prisoner back to jail, and in the course of a week or ten days Jonathan was living on prison fare in the penitentiary, his appetite improving with every meal, the consequence of hard labor.

I need not acquaint the reader with the history of Jonathan Honestus during these three years of confinement and hard work in the State prison. That mode of life is, to say the least, monotonous, and altogether disagreeable to men who are fond of freedom, society, and change of air. But disagreeable as it was, he found means to relieve the tedium of the leaden hours not devoted to penitentiary duty. He read much, studied hard, and wrote several learned dissertations on nice questions in morality.

For the first time in his life his thoughts were very naturally turned toward prison discipline, and the kindred question of capital punishment. On these subjects the ultra tendencies of his nature were as fully developed as those of any philanthropist of modern times, either in or out of jail. The reader will remember that the sermon at the head of Musqueto Creek contained sundry direct references to the pillory and whipping-post, as modes of suasion best adapted to correct certain evils. These harsh opinions were now amended by the light of experience, and such accurate observation as his new position enabled him to make. Like every wise man, he kept a diary, and in that diary he wrote his altered sentiments thus:—

"Crime is but the development of mental disease, as pustules are the result of small-pox fever; and disease of the mind should be treated with every delicacy of attention which benevolence bestows on the infirmities of the body. The reformation of the criminal is the only legitimate object of discipline which should constantly be directed to that end. Physical punishments only degrade to a lower level minds already callous to the sentiments of virtue and honor. Men condemned to hard and ignominious labor work with reluctance, and grow more malignant against that society whose laws they have violated; and when the hour of their liberty arrives, they go forth into the world determined to reimburse themselves for the wrong they have endured. Legislators should learn that the law of kindness is infinitely more potent than the law of retaliation. Society, like the individual, should vanquish an enemy by converting him into a friend; and the best mode of accomplishing this moral victory, is by the persuasives of kindness renewed day by day. As stones are worn away by gentle droppings, so the regular operation of benevolence may in time remove the adamant from a criminal's heart, and leave him a creature of restored sensibility fitted to return, a blessing

to the world. Agreeably to this theory, the very name of prison should be abolished, and henceforth it should be styled 'The Retreat of Misfortune.' Cells should give place to spacious and airy rooms. The floors should be covered with carpets of the costliest pattern, and the walls frescoed by the masters of the art, and adorned with mirrors in gilt frames and paintings of the best schools. The dayly bills of fare should consist of the most sumptuous variety, served in porcelain and silver. Marble basins should invite to frequent ablutions, emblematic of internal purity. Besides these physical comforts, the inmates of the Retreat should be visited by the intelligent and virtuous of both sexes, whose conversation might aid the effect of every luxury, so that when they come forth from their confinement, they may not only be reformed in morals, but refined in manners to the standard of gentlemen. By this regimen, incendiaries, thieves, and assassins, instead of being a dead loss to society by perpetual imprisonment or the gallows, would become examples of the effect of that philanthropy which discards the barbarous punishments of ages less enlightened, and which inveterate prejudice condemns, as 'sickly.'"

But the far greatest part of the time was employed in composing an octavo treatise of twelve hundred pages on a great question on commercial justice: Whether the seller is justifiable in availing himself of the ignorance of the purchaser to get a larger price for his commodities than they are really worth? This question had been first suggested at school while reading Cicero, who records that when the city of Rhodes was suffering by famine a ship came in loaded with grain. An immense price beyond its ordinary value was demanded and received, though the merchant knew that five more ships were almost within sight loaded with the same grain, and coming to the same port, and that consequently the price would be down in twenty-four hours to the ordinary standard. The subject had revived with fresh interest while he was a clerk in Jacob Sharp's store, and now that he had full time, he sifted it thoroughly in the above-mentioned treatise of twelve hundred pages. Thus employed, time went imperceptibly on, and as often as he thought of his strange position he consoled himself with the reflection that he was at least half a martyr in the cause of human rights, while his distant friends proclaimed him a man of whom the world was not worthy inhumanly persecuted for righteousness' sake. At length the last day of his imprisonment arrived, and Jonathan went forth a liberated man. He started immediately for home, but on the way called on Nixon Grub, and abruptly inquired if he had yet made out that bill.

"What bill?" said Grub, for he had entirely forgotten Jonathan's face.

"Why the bill of damages for using your two horses on the tenth day of August, in the year 18—."

"Why, is that you?" asked Grub, with surprise.

"Certainly," said Jonathan, "and I have called to settle that bill."

"I have no bill against you, sir," said Grub.

"You *shall* be paid," said Jonathan, and he threw down a five-dollar note on the porch, deeming that a full compensation, with interest, and then slowly rode off.

"Strange man," said Grub, as he took up the note and put it in his pocket. "Very strange man. Like no man I ever saw or heard of."

Jonathan reached his father's house on the fourth day after his release from prison. As he approached the old homestead he saw numerous carriages in the yard and lane, and a hearse before the door. His father was dead! and this was the hour fixed for his burial. He drove up, alighted amid the gazing crowd, rushed into the house, and just as the undertaker was about to lay on the coffin-lid, burst into tears over the remains of his parent. After a half-hour's delay, occasioned by the sudden and unlooked-for arrival of the son, the funeral proceeded. When the body was lowered to the grave, and after the minister had pronounced a funeral discourse, Jonathan, to the surprise of all present, poured forth the grateful tribute of a filial heart in a most touching eulogy of his deceased father. He returned to the home of his childhood, but found it desolate. Reader, has it ever been your lot to come from the burial of a parent to the home in which you were born and the house in which he died? If it has, I care not what may be the singularities of your mental constitution—I care not how strangely you may think and feel on other occasions, you have certainly felt there a loneliness of heart that gives to all around you the aspect of an indescribable gloom—a gloom which falls nowhere else. You are affected by the noise of your own footsteps, the wind sighs deeper through the casements than you ever heard it before, the doors creak mournfully as they swing to and fro, and even the old

familiar voices are subdued to a melancholy funeral tone.

It was not until the next day that he thought of his father's will, and full three days elapsed before he opened it. It was short, and read as follows:—

"IN THE NAME OF GOD. AMEN.

"I, ZACHARIAH HONESTUS, deeming that my life is fast drawing to a close, and being now of sound mind and memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament. As I owe no man anything, having been accustomed through life to cash payments, and having prepaid my funeral expenses,—

"I give and bequeath to my son, Jonathan Honestus, the farm of five hundred acres, on which I have lived a peaceable life these sixty years last past, which said farm I inherited from my father, who inherited it from his father, who was a sea captain, and purchased it for eight thousand dollars, which he made in the slave-trade between the Western Coast of Africa and Virginia.

"And furthermore, I give and bequeath to my said son, Jonathan Honestus, all my other property, real, personal, and mixed. And I do hereby appoint and constitute my said son sole executor of this my last will and testament. In testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand and seal this thirty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ——.

"ZACHARIAH HONESTUS."

Here was a difficulty. He read it over the second time. "Slave-trade between the Western Coast of Africa and Virginia!" And is it possible that from my birth I have been living on the proceeds of a farm which has come down to me from such an iniquitous source? And I have been educated by money made on this farm! All my Latin, Greek, mathematics, and even divinity, connected, and so closely connected, too, with the inhuman slave-trade! Here is the trial of thine ethics, Jonathan Honestus! If thou canst make thy practice go as far as thy principles now, thou art safe. Society will deem thee mad, but no tongue shall say thou art not a consistent madman.

The next day he advertised the farm for sale, and in two weeks it was sold for twenty thousand dollars. Two thousand of this sum he reserved for a special purpose, and the remainder he hastily placed at the disposal of the Anti-slavery Society of ——.

The consequences of this act he did not pause to consider. Old Aunt Betty, who had nursed him in his infancy, and who was absolutely dependent on him, was obliged to find a home in the poor-house; and when the new owner came to take possession of the farm, old black Jim, affectionately called Uncle Jim, who had been his father's companion from boyhood, said, in a surly tone, "I guess de young man must be troubled wid de fool, for sellin' off de farm in dat way, and turnin' old folks out a home."

Jonathan Honestus was missed for weeks and months. Various conjectures were offered as to what had become of him. But the general opinion was that he had gone crazy and made away with himself, until one day, in company with a stout negro, both on horseback, he rode into the village where he was well known. He had been all the way to Texas in pursuit of black Sam, who had been sold by his master as the consequence of Jonathan's attempt to get him away—had paid his owner twelve hundred dollars for him, and brought him on to enjoy the liberty which he promised him on the day of the elopement. The expenses of this journey, including the sum that purchased Sam's freedom, left but little of the two thousand dollars that Jonathan took with him, and that little he made over to the Anti-Slavery Society before named. "There," said he, as he placed the money in the hands of the treasurer, "as it came by the slave-trade, it shall go to destroy the iniquity from whence it sprung."

After this disposition of his patrimonial estate, he was obliged to seek some employment as a means of answering that most earthly question: "What shall I eat?" By this time he had reasoned himself into a conviction that it was a gross sin to receive a salary for preaching. But let not the reader suppose that his scruples on that point arose from the same reasoning that creates an unpaid ministry among the Quakers. Far from it. His scruples were altogether of another sort. He believed that a minister might lawfully claim a decent subsistence from his flock, provided they had acquired their money in an honest way, otherwise he did not see how he could conscientiously take from them what did not rightfully belong to them, or in shorter phrase, in his judgment, the receiver was as bad as the thief. Now, as he happened to know that unscrupulousness in dealing was the vice of the age, he determined to keep his hands forever clear of all ill-gotten wealth. But what should he do for a living? To open

a school and live by teaching would put him again in connection with the African slave-trade, for his own qualifications to teach had been paid for by money made on a farm bought for eight thousand dollars, which had been gained by his great grandfather in that most odious business. A school, then, was clearly out of the question. On the morality of store-keeping, his opinion had been fixed ever since he quit with a glad heart the store of his uncle; besides, he had so effectually impoverished himself by giving away his estate, that he had no capital with which to begin. A store, therefore, was not to be thought of. What, then, should he do? What mode of living should he adopt that would bring no uneasiness to his morbidly sensitive conscience? This was a question which his philosophical mind was not long in answering. "Man," said he, reasoning on the subject, "man is a creature whose real wants are limited to a narrow circle, while his imaginary ones are as boundless as the horizon. The traveler who seeks to place himself on the line of the horizon, may travel round the globe and never find it. So he who seeks to gratify the endless succession of human fancies will find that nature's resources are unequal to the demand, and the wide world too narrow for his artificial desires. The Almighty Provider first gave the vegetable productions of the earth for the sustenance of human life, and after the flood added by special grant the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. Ample provision for clothing is found in the skins and fleece of animals, and the cotton and flax of the fields. But man would have more than these. Ungratefully discontented with the munificent gifts of his Creator, he has created to himself a thousand desires unknown to simple nature, and to gratify these desires he has had recourse to fraud with its legions of lies, war with its desolating evils, and oppression making the earth to groan with misery. I will go back to nature's primeval plan. I will cease, as far as possible, all connection with a world grown so unnatural, and thus escape all participation in its wrongs, its follies, and its guilt."

Now it so happened, that about five miles from the place where he was born there was an unclaimed piece of land of about two acres, extending to the edge of a river. That river abounded with wild game in winter, and fish throughout the year. "Here then," said he, "on this unappropriated spot, to which I have as good a right as any man living, I will erect my cabin; I will get me a set of fishing-tackle and a gun. With moderate labor I will cultivate this little spot, so that it shall yield me vegetables, and my gun and line shall bring me animal food. Wild ducks, partridges, pheasants, and robins, with the several kinds of fish and oysters from the stream, and the products of my garden, will be an abundant variety of food. Sugar and coffee I shall not need; and if I needed them to preserve my life I would not taste of either, seeing that slave hands have toiled to produce them. "But what shall I wear? Alas!" said he, as this question stood before him, "there is scarcely a garment not red with oppression. The cotton fabrics of the mills are stained with slaves' blood in the raw material. The woolen cloths of Europe are guilty of the half-paid labor of hard-toiling men, and children that never smile. I will have none of them. To procure the simple clothing necessary to protect me from the summer's sun and the winter's wind, I will give wild-fowl for the fleece of my poor neighbor's sheep; I will spin it myself; I will carry it to the honest weaver who made my father's blankets, and he will weave it into cloth in exchange for the fish and oysters of the river, and the products of my garden; I will work it into garments with my own hands; and thus I shall feed without guilt, and be clothed without sin. I shall spend my days in rural innocence, preaching without reward whenever invited; an example of simplicity and primitive integrity to a degenerate race."

In the course of a few days the rude cabin was erected, the garden was inclosed, dug, and planted, and Jonathan, the son of Zachariah Honestus, might be seen by the passing traveler angling under the shade of an oak, or gunning among the reeds, the loneliest and most ultra of mankind.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.—Whatever a man lays out for God, he lays up for himself. Speak of people's virtues; conceal their infirmities; if you can, say no ill of them. It is our main business in this world to secure a happy eternity in the next.

PLANETARY OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST.

IN a letter recently written by Mr. Stoddart, an American missionary, to Sir John Herschel, bart., from Oroomiah, in Persia, we have some striking facts related in reference to the appearances presented by some of the principal planets of our solar system. He says:—

"No one has ever traveled in this country without being surprised at the distinctness with which distant objects are seen. Mountains fifty, sixty, and even a hundred miles off are projected with great sharpness of outline on the blue sky; and the snowy peak of Ararat, the venerable father of mountains, is just as bright and beautiful when two hundred miles distant as when we stand near its base. This wonderful transparency of the atmosphere frequently deceives the inexperienced traveler; and the clump of trees indicating a village, which seems to rise only two or three miles before him, he will be often as many hours in reaching. In this connection you will be interested to know that the apparent convergence of the sun's rays, at a point diametrically opposite its disk, which, if I mistake not, Sir David Brewster speaks of as a very rare phenomenon, is here so common, that not a week passes in summer when the whole sky at sunset is not striped with ribbons, very much like the meridians on an artificial globe. But it is after nightfall that our sky appears in its highest brilliancy and beauty. Though accustomed to watch the heavens in different parts of the world, I have never seen anything like the splendor of a Persian summer evening. It is not too much to say, that, were it not for the interference of the moon we should have seventy-five nights in the three summer months, superior for purposes of observation to the very finest nights which favor the astronomer in the New World.

"When I first came here I brought with me a six-foot Newtonian telescope of five inches aperture, of my own manufacture, and though the mirrors have since been much tarnished, and the instrument otherwise injured, its performance is incomparably superior to what it was in America. Venus sometimes shines with a light so dazzling that at a distance of thirteen feet from the window I have distinguished the hands of a watch, and even the letters of a book. Some few months since, having met with the statement that the satellites of Jupiter had been seen without a glass on Mount Etna, it occurred to me that I was in the most favorable circumstances possible for testing the power of the unassisted eye, and I determined at once to make some experiments on the subject. My attention was, of course, first turned to Jupiter, but for a considerable time with no success. It was always so bright, and shot out so many rays that it seemed quite impossible to detect any of its moons even at their greatest elongation from the planet. I varied the experiment in several ways by looking through the tube of a small telescope, from which the lenses had been taken, and also by placing my eye near the corner of a building, so as to cut off the most brilliant rays of the planet and yet leave the view unobstructed to the right hand or the left; but in neither case could I find any satellite. Some time after I was sitting on the terrace as daylight was fading into darkness, and thought I would watch Jupiter from its first distinct appearance till it shone out in its full splendor. This time I was exceedingly gratified, just as stars of the first and second magnitude were beginning to appear, to see two extremely faint points of light near the planet, which I felt sure were satellites. On pointing my telescope toward them my first impressions were confirmed, and I almost leaped for joy.

"Since that night I have many times, at the same hour of the evening, had a similar view of these telescopic objects, and think I cannot be mistaken as to the fact of their visibility. I must, however, add that none of my associates, who at my request have attended to the subject, are *sure* that they detect them, though the most short-sighted individual feels some confidence that he can do so. As these friends, however, are not practical observers, their failure to see the satellites does not at all shake my belief that I have seen them myself. The time during which these satellites are visible is hardly more than ten minutes. The planet itself soon becomes so bright that they are lost in its rays. I will not stop to discuss the question, in itself a most interesting one, why they are visible at all, when stars of the third and fourth magnitudes are not distinguishable, but merely give the facts in the case, knowing that you will reason on them far better than I can. Both the fixed stars and the planets shine here with a beautifully steady light, and there is little twinkling when they are forty degrees above the horizon.

"Having come to a satisfactory conclusion about the satellites of Jupiter, I turned next to Saturn. This planet rose so late in the night that I had not seen it while watching Jupiter, and I was very curious to know whether any traces of a ring could be detected by the naked eye. To my surprise and delight the moment I fixed my eyes steadily upon it the elongation was very apparent, not like the satellites of Jupiter, at first suspected, *guessed* at, and then pretty clearly discernible, but such a view as was most convincing, and raised my wonder that I had never made the discovery before. I can only account for it from the fact that, though I have looked at the planet here with the telescope many times, I have never scrutinized it carefully with the naked eye. Several of my associates, whose attention I have since called to the planet, at once told me in which direction the longer axis of the ring lay, and that too without any previous knowledge of its position, or acquaintance with each other's opinion. This independent collateral testimony is very satisfactory to me. I have somewhere seen it stated that in ancient works on astronomy, written long before the discovery of the telescope, Saturn is represented as of an *oblong* shape, and that it has puzzled astronomers much to account for it. Am I not correct in this impression? and if so,

is it not possible that here on these elevated and ancient plains, where shepherds thousands of years ago watched their flocks by night and studied the wonders of the glorious canopy over their heads, I have found a solution of the question?

"After examining Saturn I turned to Venus. The most I could determine with my naked eye was, that it shot out rays unequally and appeared not to be round; but, on taking a dark glass of just the right opacity, I saw the planet as a very minute but beautifully defined crescent. To guard against deception I turned the glass different ways and used different glasses, and always with the same pleasing result. It may be that Venus can be seen thus in England and elsewhere; but I have never heard of the experiment being tried. Let me say here that I find the naked eye superior for these purposes to a telescope formed of spectacle glasses of six or eight magnifying power."

THE UNCONSCIOUS PRECEPTOR.

FROM THE FRENCH.

AT the entrance of the small town of Thaun, by the side of the road which leads to Mulhausen, stands a building which partakes of the character of a farm-house and of the habitation of a tradesman. In the yard, where chickens are picking and scratching at random, and in a rick of corn still entire, near which is a cart recently detached from the horse, one recognizes the farm; while the white curtains to each window, the garden with its arbor of painted trellis-work, and the six stone steps with the iron balustrade which lead to the entrance, as decidedly mark the abode of a citizen.

On the stone steps was seated Jacques Ferron, the master of the house, whose appearance partook of the same double character as his dwelling. He wore the blouse of the artisan, with the velvet cap and slippers of the proprietor. Jacques was expecting his son Stephen, who had gone to Mulhausen with his betrothed to buy wedding presents; and as the father kept his eye on the road, his mind dwelt upon this marriage, which settled his son near him, and assured him of pleasant society in his old age.

The noise of a *char-à-banc* disturbed at last the reverie into which he had fallen, and he recognized the travelers in the midst of the clouds of dust which surrounded the horse and carriage. When they arrived at the gate of the yard in front of the house, Ferron advanced to meet them, and was saluted by the joyful exclamations of the travelers. These were Madame Lorin and her daughter, and a young man, who was almost entirely concealed behind the bandboxes and packets.

"Good night, father," said Louise, who, by an act of affectionate courtesy, anticipated in her salutation to the old builder the appellation to which he would not be entitled for some days.

"Good evening, my child," replied Ferron, extending his hands to the young girl, and embracing her. "Your servant, Madame Lorin," he added to her elder companion. "Why, you are laden like a market cart."

"O, this is comparatively nothing," said the mother of Louise; "if we had attended to your son, we should have almost emptied the shops."

Ferron smiled and held out his hand to Stephen, who had just descended to open the yard-gate and admit the *char-à-banc*. "I understand," said he; "we like to make those we love comfortable; if we could do as we please, they should walk on velvet; you must not contradict his humor."

"Exactly so; but we must not let his humor be his ruin," replied the mother.

The builder shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed: "Bah! will not Stephen have all my savings, to say nothing of what he earns by his own building speculations? for, now he is a master, I have no doubt but he will get on; and as to industry, that's in the blood."

"And kindness and generosity also, I hope," continued Madame Lorin; "for I have not forgotten, M. Ferron, that my daughter and I owe everything to you; and if it had not been for the credit that you formerly gave me——"

"Don't speak of that, I entreat," abruptly interrupted Jacques, visibly embarrassed; "you must require refreshment. Come, Louise, you must do the honors of your new home, my child; I know nothing about receiving guests."

The young girl, who had rejoined Stephen, and who, under pretense of assisting him to unharness his horse, had stuck a flower in his button-hole, immediately left them, and preceded them into the sitting-room. She laid the cloth, and brought all that was required with a rapidity which showed that she was familiar with the house. The repast was soon ready. Stephen, meanwhile, in his eagerness to welcome his betrothed, quickly put the *char-à-banc* in the coach-house and the horse in

the stable, and rejoined his father, who rallied him on his promptitude. The band-boxes were opened to show the new purchases for the bride, while arrangements were made for the present, and plans laid for the future. At last, the meal being concluded, the happy young couple retired to the window, where they conversed in low tones; and while they were apparently engaged in watering a box of mignionette, their parents arranged their future settlements.

Besides the customers and the leases, to which he was indebted for his comfortable condition in life, the builder gave up to his son all his outstanding debts. Madame Lorin, on her part, gave to Louise her household furniture, wedding-clothes, and twenty thousand francs, payable on the wedding-day. This was much more than Monsieur Ferron expected, and he said as much.

"You may easily suppose," said he, "how happy it makes me to see these young people so comfortably off; to expose a young couple to poverty is like throwing wheat into the sewer. One must not, as they say, let the honeymoon rise over a barrel of rue; neither must we suffer the happiness of the young people to be the misery of the old ones. While bestowing a portion on my son, I have kept enough to furnish me with three meals a day, and I should be very sorry if the fortune you give your daughter compels you to make but two."

"Don't be afraid," said Madame Lorin, smiling; "I have kept a proper part for myself. Besides another sum of twenty thousand francs, there is my business, which is worth much more."

"Well done!" exclaimed Jacques, surprised; "I did not reckon upon marrying my son to such a fortune. Do you know, Madame Lorin, that the advantage is all on our side?"

"Say rather," replied the old lady, "that it comes from your side." Jacques would have interrupted her. "O! you must not deny it," she continued eagerly. "Do I not owe all I possess to my business in timber and iron? and do I not owe my success in business to the house that you built for me?"

"It is our business, as builders, to erect houses," rejoined Ferron.

"But it is also your business to make people pay for them at the proper time," replied the old lady; "and when my husband died without having paid what he owed you, you would have been justified in taking possession of it."

"I intended to have done so," said Jacques, sullenly.

"And your kindness prevented you," added Madame Lorin.

Ferron, who appeared ill at ease, tried in vain to turn the conversation; for the old lady appeared determined to let him know that she had not forgotten the benefit, and dilated upon the generous conduct of the builder. If he had not consented to postpone a payment which would have compromised her credit, the unhappy widow would have been obliged to give up everything to her creditors, and must have fallen into a state of poverty. It was to his humane consideration that she owed the easy circumstances that she then enjoyed, as well as the happiness of the two young people. Stephen and Louise, whose attention was attracted by the old lady's voice, which she had unconsciously raised, joined with her in expressions of gratitude; but the embarrassment of Ferron appeared to increase, and he desired them to be silent.

"Come, don't be vexed, papa," said Louise, placing her hand on his shoulder and coaxing him. "Nobody shall thank you, nobody shall be obliged to you, nobody shall say you have a kind disposition."

"And they will be right," cried Jacques. "I am tired of hearing praise which I do not deserve."

"What?"

"Yes! I repeat it. I did not do the thing intentionally; it was in consequence of an accidental occurrence; and for this reason your praises annoy me. I have stolen a reputation too long; you must now know the truth, especially as it may serve for a lesson to the young ones. Come, you shall listen to my story, or, rather, to my confession."

The two young people looked at one another with surprise, and sat down on each side of the builder. Madame Lorin, who had suffered some expressions of incredulity to escape her, fixed her eyes upon him interrogatively. At length, after a short pause to collect his thoughts, he began as follows:—

"Well, then, as our neighbour told you, M. Lorin died just at the time we were taking down the scaffolding from his new

house, and his affairs were in such disorder that everybody said, after the general winding-up, the widow's whole fortune would consist of her night-cap. As to myself, I was not much alarmed, for the building was sufficient security for my debt; but it was necessary to adopt legal precautions, and to take possession, for fear of accidents. Madame Lorin did not oppose my claim; she only explained to me by what means she hoped to pay me everything. But, in order to accomplish this, it was necessary that I should leave her in possession of the house, and wait for a return of the profits, I knew not how long, and perhaps at the risk of my own credit, for in business we can only be sure of what we actually hold in our hands. This was running too much risk without any fair prospect of advantage. In vain did the widow show me her baby asleep in its cradle, entreating me with tears in her eyes not to make her a beggar. I left her fully resolved to take advantage of my legal rights. If by this means the widow and orphan were ruined, I could not help it; they had, I felt, no right to complain of me, but of circumstances, to use that common but not very true saying, over which neither of us had any control. I had taken as my motto the words, 'It is justice;' and having once satisfied myself on this point, I went forward without troubling myself as to who or what I crushed under my feet.

"Besides, if the widow Lorin had a daughter, I had a son to bring up, and to whom I was the more attached, inasmuch as for six years I had been always expecting his death. His constitution is strong enough now; but at that time it trembled like a slight building with every puff of wind. Every one who looked at him seemed to say, 'Poor little thing!' and this commiserating attention went to my heart. The doctor who had attended him in his illness, said his lungs were delicate; he recommended that cold and damp should be avoided, and said that another attack of pleurisy would infallibly carry him off. So I took the same care of him as I should of a bird in a cage; he never went out but with me, and in fine weather I almost measured the sun and wind before I exposed him to their influence.

"Having made up my mind then, as I told you, to take possession of the widow's house in satisfaction of my debt, I was just going to set out for Mulhausen with my papers, when the child ran after me and begged me to take him with me. There was not a single cloud in the sky, the birds were singing in the hedges, and the old monk, who served me for a barometer, had let fall his hood; there was every prospect of a fine day. I put the saddle on the donkey and seated on it the child, who was as pleased as a cuirassier. Everything went well till we reached the town. The lawyer took my papers, promised to make arrangements for putting me in possession, and said the house should be mine before six months were over. I went away overjoyed at this promise, and set out to return home with the little boy and the donkey.

"During the time we were with the lawyer, the weather had changed for the worse; the wind began to raise the dust in eddies along the road, and large clouds rose from behind the mountains. I hesitated a moment as to whether I should return on account of the child; but he was beginning to get tired, and asked to go home. I thought we should have time to get there before the storm came on, and walked faster accordingly. Unhappily, the donkey had settled her own pace, and she would not be diverted from it. In vain did I call her by her name and urge her on, she would not hasten her steps. Stephen offered her a cake by way of encouragement, which she ate to the last crumb, but went on nevertheless in the old jog-trot. I was the more provoked at the obstinacy of the animal because the clouds had now overspread the sky, and from them there descended a small cold rain, which the wind, that was still rising higher, blew in our faces. We were too far advanced, however, to return, and as the clouds broke now and then, showing the blue sky, I hoped it would soon clear up.

"Meanwhile, Stephen, overcome by the cold, began to shiver from head to foot; and the rain having penetrated his summer clothes, his cough returned—that cough which the doctor so much dreaded. I was now in despair. I cut a stick from the hedge, and struck the donkey furiously; she appeared indignant, and drew back; I repeated the blows, when she immediately lay down. At that moment the clouds seemed to burst all at once, and the rain came down in torrents. The shivering child could no longer speak; his teeth chattered, his cough increased, and he

moaned plaintively. I was quite bewildered. Not knowing what to do in this extremity, I raised the boy in my arms, pressed him to my breast, and ran forward almost blinded by the rain. I sought for shelter without knowing where to look for it, without indeed knowing where I was, when the sound of a horse's feet and of some one calling to me made me turn my head. I then noticed a carriage which had just stopped. A gentleman with white hair put his head out of the window.

"'What has happened? where are you carrying that child?' asked he.

"'Into the first house where he can receive assistance,' answered I.

"'Is he wounded?'

"'No; but the cold has seized him; he is just recovered from illness, and this weather is enough to kill him.'

"'Let us see,' quickly rejoined the stranger; 'I am a doctor; bring the child here.'

"He opened the door of the carriage, and received the child, streaming with wet, on his knees. On seeing the child's face, and hearing him cough, he could not forbear an exclamation of emotion. 'Quick, quick,' said he, turning to some ladies who were seated at his side; 'help me to take off these wet clothes; we will cover him with your pelisses. There is danger, and the warmth must be at once recalled to the extremities. Alfred, pass me the vial, which you will find in the pocket of the carriage close by you.'

"While he was thus speaking, he undressed Stephen, with the assistance of the ladies, and began to rub his body with the contents of the vial. When the child appeared warm, he wrapped him up in several garments which his companions took off, made a sign to the young man whom he called Alfred to descend quickly, and laid the sick child upon the cushions. He then turned to me, inquired whether we were far from my house, and after receiving my reply, he ordered the coachman to proceed gently.

"I thanked him, and followed close by the door of the carriage. In my anxiety I had quite forgotten my donkey, but the young man who had left the carriage now brought her to me. We continued thus until we arrived at Thann. The rain continued to fall in torrents, but I thought no more of it. I could not take my eyes from the interior of the carriage in which the child was lying. The gentleman with white hair, leaning over him, observed him with attention, and watched his slightest movements. After a time he made a sign to me that all was going on well. The respiration of the child became more free, and drops of perspiration appeared on his face. At last we reached home, when the stranger himself carried the little patient to the bed, which he had caused to be warmed, and in a few minutes he fell asleep. I endeavored to thank him, but he interrupted me.

"'Don't think about it,' said he; 'but go and change your own clothes; perhaps also you will permit my son to do the same; here he is coming up-stairs.'

"The young man immediately afterwards entered, carrying his portmanteau. I then recollected that he had come on foot with me, but in my anxiety I had not noticed it.

"'O if the gentleman should be ill!' I exclaimed.

"'How can that be?' said the old gentleman; 'he is young and strong; with dry clothes and a little fire he will do very well.'

"'But why did he expose himself to the rain?'

"'Was he not right in giving up his place?' replied the old man, with a smile of mingled archness and benignity; 'would you have the man in good health let the sick child remain out in the rain?'

"'The carriage belonged to you,' I replied, much affected, 'and if you had kept your son in it instead of mine, I could not have complained; it was but just.'

"The doctor looked at me, and taking my hand, said with friendly gravity: 'You must not think so, sir. Be satisfied that there can be no justice where there is no humanity.'

"He did not permit me to reply, but sent me to change my clothes. I persuaded him to remain with his family an hour longer, and forced him to accept some refreshment; he then left, after having completely reassured me as to the child's safety. In fact, the sleep of the latter continued tranquil. It was evident that the attention so seasonably bestowed had arrested the disease in the beginning, and had saved his life.

"I do not know whether you have ever known a great anxiety followed by great

happiness. The one softens you, while the other makes you reflect: you seem pressed down by a sense of deep obligation to God, and long to do something whereby you may testify your gratitude for his great favors. Thus it was with me. I stood there, then, by the side of the child's bed, my heart full of agitation, thinking of this kind family, and of the beautiful maxim that *there is no justice where there is no humanity*, when all at once I recollected my premeditated treatment of the widow Lorin and her little girl. They also, in their affliction, required assistance, and instead of giving it to them I remained shut up in my rights, as the unknown physician might have remained in his carriage. The comparison touched my heart. It was an instant when emotion renders one impressible by holy thoughts and principles. I remembered the declarations of the great Teacher on this point, and felt a conviction that if I was without pity for the widow, God would not have compassion on my boy, and I should not be allowed to retain him. This idea took such powerful possession of my mind, that although the rain still continued to fall, I ran to the stable, mounted my horse, galloped to Mulhausen, and reached the house of the lawyer just as he was going to bed. When I told him that I was come to take back the papers, he thought me mad; but this did not deter me from my purpose. As soon as I had them under my arm, I felt pleased and tranquil. I returned to Thaun as fast as my horse could carry me, and found my darling boy still enjoying a calm and blessed slumber.

"You know the rest. Instead of being paid all at once, I allowed Madame Lorin ten years to pay me in; and now her business has so increased, and her daughter is so grown, that the old lawsuit is going to be turned into a wedding. Henceforth you will understand why, whenever you remind me of what I have done for you, I blush like a school-girl. Praise that is not deserved weighs heavily on the heart. But now that I have confessed, I shall no longer be ashamed; for you know that my good action does not belong to me. I owe it primarily to Him who is the author of every good thought and holy purpose, and instrumentally to that excellent man whom I never saw again, but whose disinterested kindness taught me to understand what true justice is, and who was thus my *unconscious preceptor*."

A MOOSE-CHASE IN MAINE.

WHERE moose are plentiful, the Indians hunt them by pounding. This is done simply by inclosing a large tract of woods, with a funnel-shaped entrance leading into the inclosure. The wide mouth of the entrance embraces a path which the deer habitually take; upon this they are driven by the Indians deployed in a wide curve, when they enter the funnel, and after it the pound itself. Here there are nooses set, in which many are snared, while others are shot down by the hunters who follow. They are easily captured in summer, when they resort to the lakes and rivers to wade and swim. The biting of gnats and musquitoes renders them less fearful of the approach of man. The Indians then attack them in their canoes, and either shoot or spear them while paddling alongside. They are much less dangerous to assail in this way than the elk or even the common deer, as the latter, when brought in contact with the frail birch-canoe, often kick up in such a manner as to upset it, or break a hole through its side. On the contrary, the moose is frequently caught by the antlers while swimming, and in this way carried alongside without either difficulty or danger.

Although in such situations these huge creatures are easily captured, it is far otherwise as a general rule. Indeed, few animals are more shy than the moose. Its sight is acute; so, too, with its sense of smell; but that organ in which it chiefly confides is the ear. It can hear the slightest noise to a great distance; and the hunter's foot among the dead leaves, or upon the frozen snow-crust, often betrays him long before he can creep within range. They are, however, frequently killed by the solitary hunter stealing upon them. To do this, it is absolutely necessary to keep to leeward of them, else the wind would carry to their quick ears even the cautious tread of the Indian hunter. There is one other method of hunting the moose often practiced by the Indians—that is, trailing them with *raquets*, or snow-shoes, and running them down. I have partaken of this sport—if sport it may be called—and will attempt a brief account of my first hunting-adventure of this kind.

In the winter of 18—, I had occasion to visit a friend who lived in the northern

part of the State of Maine. My friend was a backwood settler; dwelt in a comfortable log-house; raised corn, cattle, and hogs; and for the rest, amused himself occasionally with a hunt in the neighboring woods. This he could do without going far from home, as the great forests of pine, birch, and maple-trees on all sides surrounded his solitary clearing, and his nearest neighbor was about twenty miles off. Literally, my friend lived in the woods, and the sports of the chase were with him almost a necessity; at all events, they were an everyday occupation.

Up to the time of my visit, I had never seen a moose, except in museums. I had never been so far north upon the American continent; and it must be remembered, that the geographical range of the moose is confined altogether to the cold countries. It is only in the extreme northern parts of the United States that he appears at all. Canada, with the vast territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, even to the shores of the Arctic Sea, is the proper *habitat* of this animal. I was familiar with bears, both black and grizzly; cougars I had killed; buffalo I had thrown; elk, fallow-deer, and black-tails I had driven; 'coons and 'possums I had treed; in short, I had been on hunting terms with almost every "varmint" in America, except the moose. I was most eager, therefore, to have a shot at one of these creatures, and I well remember the delight I experienced when my friend informed me there were moose in the woods.

On the day after my arrival we set forth in search of them, each armed with a hunting-knife and a heavy deer-gun. We went afoot; we could not go otherwise, as the snow lay to the depth of a yard, and a horse would have plunged through it with difficulty. It was an old snow, moreover, thickly crusted, and would have maimed our horses in a few minutes. We, with our broad rackets, could easily skim along without sinking below the surface. I know not whether you have ever seen a pair of rackets, or Indian snow-shoes, but their description is easy. You have seen the rackets used in ball-play. Well, now fancy a hoop, not of circular form, but forced into an elongated pointed ellipse, very much after the shape of the impression that a capsized boat would make in snow; fancy this about three feet long, and a foot across at its widest, closely netted over with gut or deer-thong, with bars in the middle to rest the foot upon, and a small hole to allow play to the toes, and you will have some idea of a snow-shoe. Two of these, right and left, make a pair. They are simply strapped on to your boots, and then their broad surface sustains you, even when the snow is comparatively soft, but perfectly when it is frozen.

Thus equipped, my friend and I set out *à pied*, followed by a couple of stout deer-hounds. We made directly for a part of the woods where it was known to my friend that the striped maple grew in great plenty, as the moose are particularly fond of these trees, and there we would be most likely to fall in with them.

After we had shuffled about two miles over the snow, my friend and I entered a tract of heavy timber, where the striped maple formed the underwood. It did not grow regularly, but in copses or small thickets. We had already started some small game, but declined following, as we were bent only on a moose-chase. We soon fell in with signs that indicated the propinquity of the animals we were in search of. In several of the thickets, the maples were stripped of their twigs and bark, but this had been done previous to the falling of the snow. As yet, there were no tracks; we were not long, however, before this welcome indication was met with. On crossing a glade where there was but little snow, the prints of a great split hoof were seen, which my friend at once pronounced to be those of the moose.

We followed this trail for some distance, until it led into deeper snow and a more retired part of the forest. Half a mile further on, they were joined by others; and the trail became a broken path through the deep snow, as if it had been made by farm-cattle following each other in single file. Four moose had passed, as my friend—skilled in woodcraft—confidently asserted, although I could not have told that from the appearance of the trail. He went still further, and stated that they were a bull, a cow, and two nine-months' calves. "You shall soon see," he said, perceiving that I was somewhat incredulous. "Look here!" he continued, bending down and pressing the broken snow with his fingers; "they are quite fresh—made within the hour. Speak low—the

cattle can't be far off. Yonder, as I live! yonder they are—hush!" My friend, as he spoke, pointed to a thicket about three hundred yards distant; I looked in that direction, but at first could perceive nothing more than the thickly-growing branches of the maples. After a moment, however, I could trace among the twigs the long dark outlines of a strange animal's back, with a huge pair of palmated horns rising above the underwood. It was the bull-moose—there was no mistaking him for any other creature; near him other forms —three of them—were visible: these were of smaller stature, and I could see that they were hornless. They were the cow and calves; and the herd was made up, as my friend had foretold, of these four individuals.

We had halted on the moment, each of us holding one of the dogs, and endeavoring to quiet them, as they already scented the game. We soon saw that it was of no use remaining where we were, as the herd was fully three hundred yards from us, far beyond the reach of even our heavy deer-guns. It would be of no use either to attempt stealing forward. There was no cover that would effectually conceal us, for the timber around was not large, and we could not, therefore, make shift with the tree-trunks. There was no other mode, then, but to let the dogs free of their leashes, and dash right forward. We knew we would not get a shot until after a run; but this would not be long, thought we, as the snow was in perfect order for our purpose. Our dogs were therefore unleashed, and went off with a simultaneous "howl," while my friend and I followed as fast as we could. The first note of the deer-hounds was a signal for the herd, and we could see their huge bodies crashing through the underwood, as they started away. They ran across some open ground, evidently with the intention of gaining the heavy timber beyond. On this ground there was but little snow; and as we came out through the thicket we had a full view of the noble game. The old bull was in the lead, followed by the others in a string. I observed that none of them galloped—a gait they rarely practice—but all went in a shambling trot, which, however, was a very fast one, equal to the speed of a horse. They carried their heads horizontally, with their muzzles directed forward, while the huge antlers of the bull leaned back upon his shoulders as he ran. Another peculiarity that struck me—the divisions of their great split hoofs, as they lifted them from the ground, met with a cracking sound, like the bursting of percussion-caps; and the four together rattled as they ran, as though a string of crackers had been touched off. I have often heard a similar cracking with the hoofs of farm-cattle; but with so many hoofs together, keeping up the fire incessantly, it produced a very odd impression upon me. In a short time they were out of sight, but we could hear the baying of the dogs as the latter closed upon them, and we followed, guided by the trail they had made. We had skated along for nearly a mile, when the howl of the hounds began to sound through the woods with more abrupt and fiercer echoes. We knew by this that the moose had been brought to bay, and we hurried forward, eager to have a shot. On arriving at the place, we found that only the old bull had made a stand, and he was successfully engaged in keeping off the dogs, both with feet and horns. The others had gone forward, and were out of view. The bull, on seeing us approach, once more took the trot, and, followed by the dogs, was soon out of sight. On reaching the spot where he had made his temporary halt, we found that his trail there parted from that of the other three, as he had taken almost an opposite direction. Whether he had done so considerately, in order to lead the dogs away from his weaker companions, I know not; perhaps our sudden appearance had terrified him to a degree of confusion, and he had struck out without looking before him. We did not reflect on these points at the time. My friend, who probably was thinking more about the meat than the sport, without halting a moment, followed the trail of the cow and calves; while I, guided by different motives, took after the bull. I was in too great a hurry to heed some admonitions which were given by my friend as we parted company. As our trails separated, I heard him shouting to me to mind what I was about; but the courses we followed soon carried us beyond earshot or view of each other.

I followed the chase about half a mile further, guided by the tracks, as well as by the baying of the hounds. Again this assumed the fierce angry tone that denoted a battle going on between the dogs and the deer. As I neared the spot, the voices

of the former seemed to grow feebler; then there was a continued howling, as if the hounds were being roughly handled, and one of them I noticed was altogether silent. On arriving on the spot, which I did soon after, I learned the cause of this change of tune. One of the dogs met me running back on the trail on three legs only, and wofully mangled. The moose was standing in a snow-pit, which had been trodden out by the animals while battling, and near his feet lay the other dog, mutilated in a most fearful manner, and evidently quite dead. The bull, in his rage, still continued to assail the dead body of the hound, rising and pouncing down upon it with his fore-hoofs until the ribs cracked under the concussion. On seeing me, he again struck into the snow, and made off; I saw, however, that his limbs were much lacerated by the frozen crust, and that he ran slowly, leaving red tracks behind him. I did not stop by the dogs, one being dead, and the survivor but little better, but kept on after the game. We had now got into a tract where the snow lay of a more than usual depth, and my snow-shoes enabled me to skim along faster than the moose himself, who I could easily perceive was growing feebler at every plunge. I saw that I was gaining upon him, and would soon be alongside. The woods through which we were passing were pretty open, and I could note every movement of the chase. I had got within one hundred yards of him, and was thinking of firing at him as he ran, when all at once he came to a stop, and wheeling suddenly round, stood facing me. His huge antlers were thrown back until they touched his withers; his mane stood erect; all the hair upon his body seemed to bristle forward; and his whole attitude was one of rage and defiance: he was altogether as formidable-looking an enemy as it had ever been my lot to encounter.

My first thought, on getting near enough, was to raise my rifle and fire, which I did. I aimed for his chest, that was fair before me; but I shot wide, partly because my fingers were numbed with cold, and partly because the sun at the moment flashed in my eyes as I glanced along the barrel. I hit the moose, however, but in a part that was not mortal—in the shoulder. The shot enraged him, and without waiting for me to reload, he dashed madly forward, and toward me; a few plunges brought him up, and I had no resource but to get behind a tree. Fortunately, there were some large pines in the neighborhood, and behind one of these I took shelter—not, however, before the enraged animal had almost impaled me upon his antlers. As I slipped behind the trunk, he was following me so close that his horns came in contact with the tree, causing it to vibrate by the terrific shock. He himself drew back a pace or two, and then stopped and stood fast, eyeing the tree with sullen rage; his eyes glared, and his long stiff hair seemed to quiver as he threatened. In the hope that he would allow me time, I again bethought me of reloading my gun. What was my chagrin to find that I had not a grain of powder about me! My friend and I had started with but one powder-flask, and that he had carried with him. My gun was as useless as a bar of iron. What was to be done? I dared not approach the bull with my knife: my life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase. His horns and great sharp hoofs were weapons superior to mine. He might throw me down at the first onset, gore me to death, or trample me in the snow. I dared not risk such an encounter. After reflecting for some time, I concluded that it would be wisest for me to leave the moose where he was, and take the back track without him. But how was I to get away from the spot? I was still behind the tree, and the enraged bull was within three feet of it on the other side, without showing any symptoms of retiring. Should I step either to one side or the other, he would launch himself upon me, and the result would be my certain destruction. I now began to perceive that I was in a fix—regularly treed, in fact; and the knowledge was anything but cheering. I did not know how long I might be kept so; perhaps the moose might not leave me at all, or until hunger had done its work. The wound I had given him had certainly rendered him desperate and vengeful, and he appeared as if determined to protract the siege indefinitely.

After remaining nearly an hour in this situation, I began to grow angry and impatient. I had shouted to frighten the bull, but to no purpose; I had shouted, and at the top of my voice, in hopes I might be heard by my friend; but there was no response except the echoes of my

own voice, borne hoarsely through the aisles of the winter forest. I grew impatient of my odd captivity, and determined to stand it no longer.

On stealing a glance behind me, I perceived a tree as large as the one which sheltered me. I resolved to make for that one, as it would at least not render my situation worse should I reach it in safety. This I effected, but not without having my speed put to the test, for the moose followed so close as almost to touch me with his brow-antlers. Once behind this new tree, I was no better off than before, except that it brought me some twenty paces nearer home. The moose still stood in front of me only a few feet distant, and threatening as fiercely as ever.

After waiting some minutes for my breath, I selected a third tree in the right direction, and made for it in a similar manner, the moose following as before. Another rest and another run brought me behind a fresh tree, and another and another, until I must have made a full mile through the woods, still followed by my implacable and untiring enemy. I knew, however, that I was going homeward, for I guided myself by the trail which we had made in the chase. I was in hopes that I might make the whole back-journey in this way, when all at once I perceived that the heavy timber came to an end, and a wide, almost open tract intersected the country: over this the trees were small stunted pines, far apart, and offering no hope of shelter from my relentless persecutor. I had no alternative now but to remain where I was, and await the arrival of my friend, who, I presumed, would come after me as soon as he had finished his own hunt. With this dubious hope, I kept my stand, although I was ready to drop with fatigue. To add to my misery, it commenced snowing. I saw this with feelings akin to terror, for I knew that the snow would soon blind the trail; and how, then, was my friend to follow it, and find me? The bull still stood before me in the same threatening attitude, occasionally snorting, striking the ground with his hoofs, and ready to spring after me whenever I should move. Ever as I changed the attitude of my body, he would start forward again, until I could almost touch him with the muzzle of my gun. These maneuvers on his part suggested to me an experiment, and I wondered that I had not thought of it before. I was not long in resolving to carry it out. I was armed with a stout hunting-knife, of that sort known as a bowie; it was pointed as sharp as a needle; and could I only have ventured near enough to the bull, I would soon have settled the dispute with him. The idea now occurred to me of converting my bowie into a lance by splicing it upon the barrel of my gun. With this I had hopes of being able to reach my powerful assailant without coming within the range either of his hoofs or horns. The lance was soon made, a pair of buckskin garters which I wore furnishing me with thongs. My gun happened to be a long rifle; and the knife, spliced firmly to the muzzle, rendered it a formidable weapon, so that in a few minutes I stood in a better attitude than I had assumed for hours before. The affair soon came to an issue. As I had anticipated, by showing myself a little to one side of the tree, the bull sprang forward, and I was enabled, by a dexterous thrust, to plant the knife between his ribs. It entered his heart, and the next moment I saw him rolling over in the struggles of death.

I had scarcely completed my victory, when a loud whoop sounded in my ears, and looking up, I saw my friend making toward me across the open ground; he had completed his chase, having killed all three, cut them up, and hung their meat upon the trees, to be sent for on our return to the house. By his aid the bull was disposed of in a similar manner; and being now satisfied with our day's sport—though my friend very much regretted the loss of his fine dog—we commenced shuffling homeward.

THE SCULPTOR AND THE CLERGYMAN.—At the time when Bacon, the celebrated sculptor, was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham, a minister, to whom he was an utter stranger, was walking through the Abbey, and, coming up unseen, tapped Mr. B. on the shoulder, saying, "Take care what you are about—you work for eternity," (alluding to the story of Zeuxis.) It happened the next morning that Mr. B. heard this gentleman deliver a discourse from the pulpit, and, watching him in his passage to the vestry, he came behind him, and tapping him in a similar manner, said, "Take care what *you* are about—you work for eternity."

THE PARTNER; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

I HAD virtually, though not formally left the force, when a young man, of gentlemanly but somewhat dissipated aspect, and looking very pale and agitated, called upon me with a note from one of the commissioners, enjoining me to assist the bearer, Mr. Edmund Webster, to the utmost of my ability, if, upon examination, I saw reason to place reliance upon his statement relative to the painful circumstances in which he was involved.

"Mr. Edmund Webster," I exclaimed, after glancing at the note. "You are the person, then, accused of robbing Mr. Hutton, the corn-merchant, (the reader will, of course, understand that I make use of fictitious names,) and whom that gentleman refuses to prosecute?"

"The same, Mr. Waters. But although the disgraceful charge, so far as regards legal pursuit, appears to be withdrawn, or rather is not pressed, I and my family shall not be the less shamed and ruined thereby, unless my perfect innocence can be made manifest before the world. It is with that view we have been advised to seek your assistance; and my father desires me to say, that he will hesitate at no expense necessary for the thorough prosecution of the inquiry."

"Very well, Mr. Webster. The intimation of the commissioner is, however, of itself all-potent with me, although I hoped to be concerned in no more such investigations. Have the goodness, therefore, to sit down, and favor me minutely and distinctly with your version of the affair, omitting, if you please, no circumstance, however apparently trivial, in connection with it. I may tell you," I added, opening the note-book from which I am now transcribing, and placing it before me in readiness to begin—"I may tell you, by way of some slight encouragement, that the defense you volunteered at the police-office was, in my opinion, too improbable to be an invention; and I, as you know, have had large experience in such matters. That also, I suspect, is Mr. Hutton's opinion; and hence not only his refusal to prosecute, but the expense and trouble he has been at, to my knowledge, in preventing either his own or your name from appearing in the papers. Now, sir, if you please."

"I shall relate every circumstance, Mr. Waters, as clearly and truthfully as possible, for my own sake, in order that you may not be working in the dark; and first, I must beg your attention to one or two family matters, essential to a thorough appreciation of the position in which I am placed."

"Go on, sir; it is my duty to hear all you have to say."

"My father," proceeded Mr. Edmund Webster, "who, as you are aware, resides in the Regent's Park, retired about five years ago from the business in Mark Lane, which has since been carried on by the former junior partner, Mr. Hutton. Till within the last six months, I believed myself destined for the army, the purchase-money of a cornetcy having been lodged at the Horse Guards a few days after I came of age. Suddenly, however, my father changed his mind, insisted that I should become a partner of Hutton's in the corn-trade, and forthwith withdrew the money lodged for the commission. I am not even yet cognizant of all his motives for this seeming caprice; but those he alleged were, first, my spendthrift, idle habits—an imputation for which, I confess, there was too much foundation; though as to whether the discipline of the counting-house would, as he believed, effect a beneficial change, there might be two opinions. Another, and, I have no doubt, much more powerfully inducing motive with him was, that I had formed an attachment for Miss Ellen Bramston, the second daughter of Captain Bramston, of the East India Company's service, residing at Hampstead upon his half-pay. My father strongly disapproved of the proposed alliance: like most of the successful city men I have known or heard of, he more heartily despises poverty with a laced coat on its back than in rags; and he knew no more effectual plan could be hit upon for frustrating my wishes, than by transforming my expected cornetcy into a partnership in the corn-trade, my imaginary sword into an actual goose-quill; Captain Bramston, who is distantly related to an earl, being even prouder than he is poor, and a man that would rather see his daughter in her coffin than married to a trader. 'It was condescension enough,' he angrily remarked, 'that he had permitted Ellen Bramston to encourage the addresses of the son of a city parvenu, but it was utterly prepos-

terous to suppose she could wed an actual corn-chandler.'"

"Corn-chandler!"

"That was Captain Bramston's pleasant phrase, when I informed him of my father's sudden change of purpose. The proposed partnership was as distasteful to myself as to Captain Bramston; but my father proved inexorable—fiercely so. I may say—to my entreaties, and those of my sisters; and I was placed in the dilemma, either of immediate banishment from home, and probable forfeiture of my inheritance, or the loss of Ellen Bramston, to whom, with all my follies, I was and am devotedly attached. After much anxious cogitation, I hit upon a scheme, requiring for a time the exercise of a considerable amount of deceit and dissimulation, which would, I flattered myself, ultimately reconcile interest with inclination: give me Ellen, and not lose my father."

"To which deceit and dissimulation you are doubtless indebted for your present unfortunate position."

"You have rightly anticipated. But to proceed. Mr. Hutton himself, I must tell you, was strongly adverse to receiving me as a partner, though for some reason or other he durst not openly oppose the project; his son, John Hutton, also bitterly objected to it——"

"His son, John Hutton! I know the character of Hutton senior pretty well; pray what is that of his son?"

"Well, like myself, he is rather fast perhaps, but not the less a good sort of young fellow enough. He sailed the week before last for Riga, on business."

"Before you were apprehended?"

"On the morning of the same day. Let me see, where was I? O—Mr. Hutton's aversion to the partnership, the knowledge of which suggested my plan of operation. I induced him to represent to my father that I should pass at least two or three months in the counting-house, before the matter was irreversibly concluded, for his, Mr. Hutton's sake, in order that it might be ascertained if there was any possibility of taming me into habits of method and application; and I hypocritically enforced his argument—you see I am perfectly candid—by promising ultimate dutiful submission to my father's wishes, provided the final decision were thus respited. The main object I thought to obtain by this apparent compliance was the effectual loosening, before many weeks had passed, of the old gentleman's purse-strings, which had of late been overtightly drawn. I had several pressing debts of honor, as they are called—debts of dishonor would, according to my experience, be the apter phrase—which it was absolutely necessary to discharge; and the success, moreover, of my matrimonial project entirely depended upon my ability to secure a very considerable sum of money."

"Your matrimonial project?"

"Yes: it was at last arranged, not without much reluctance on the part of Ellen, but I have good reason for believing with the covert approbation of Captain Bramston, that we should effect a stolen marriage, immediately set off for the continent, and remain there till the parental storm, which on my father's part would I knew be tremendous, had blown over. I did not feel much disquieted as to the final result. I was an only son; my sisters would be indefatigable intercessors; and we all, consequently, were pretty confident that a general reconciliation, such as usually accompanies the ringing down of the green curtain at the wind-up of a stage-comedy, would, after no great interval of time, take place. Money, however, was indispensable—money for the wedding expenses, the flight to France, and living there for a considerable time perhaps; and no likelier mode of obtaining it occurred to me than that of cajoling my father into good-humor, by affecting to acquiesce in his wishes. And here I may remark, in passing, that had I been capable of the infamous deed I am accused of, abundant opportunities of plundering Mr. Hutton presented themselves from the first hour I entered his counting-house. Over and over again has he left me alone in his private room, with the keys in the lock of his iron safe, where large sums were frequently deposited, not in bank-notes only, but untraceable gold."

"That looks like a singular want of caution in so precise a man as Mr. Hutton," I remarked, half under my breath.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined Mr. Edmund Webster, with some heat, and his pallid face brightly flushing. "It only shows that, with all my faults and follies, it was impossible for any one that knew me to imagine I could be capable of perpetrating a felony."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Webster; I meant nothing offensive to you: the remark was merely the partly involuntary expression of a thought which suddenly glanced across my mind."

"I have little more of preliminary detail to relate," he went on to say. "Contrary to our hope and expectation, my father became not a whit more liberal with his purse than before—the reverse rather; and I soon found that he intended to keep the screw on till the accomplishment of the hated partnership placed an insuperable bar between me and Ellen Bramston. I used to converse frequently upon these matters with Mr. Hutton, as unreservedly as I do now with you; and I must say that, although extremely anxious to avoid any appearance of opposition to my father, he always expressed the warmest sympathy with my aims and wishes; so much so, in fact, that I at last ventured to ask him for the loan of about five hundred pounds, that being the least sum which would enable me to pay off the most pressing of the claims by which I was harassed, and carry out my wedding project. That favor, however, he flatly refused, under the plea that his having done so would sooner or later come to my father's knowledge."

"And did Mr. Hutton, after that refusal, continue to afford you opportunities of helping yourself, had you been so minded?"

"Yes; unquestionably he did: but what of that?" sharply replied the young man, his pale face again suffused with an angry flush.

"Nothing, sir; nothing. Go on: I am all attention."

"Well, I made application to several money-lenders with the like ill success, till last Monday fortnight, when I was accosted at Mr. Hutton's place of business in the Corn-market, where I happened to be for a few minutes alone, by a respectable-looking middle-aged man, who asked me if I was the Mr. Edmund Webster who had left a note at Mr. Curtis's, of Bishopsgate-street, on the previous Saturday, requesting the loan of five hundred pounds, upon my own acceptance at six months' date. I eagerly replied in the affirmative; upon which Mr. Brown, as the man called himself, asked if I had the promissory-note for five hundred and fifty pounds, as I had proposed, ready drawn; as, if so, he would give me the cash at once. I answered, in a flurry of joyous excitement, that I had not the note drawn nor a stamp with me, but if he would wait a few minutes till Mr. Hutton or a clerk came in, I would get one and write the acceptance immediately. He hesitated for a moment, and then said: 'I am in a hurry this morning, but I will wait for you in the coffee-room of the Bay-tree Tavern: have the kindness to be as quick as you can, and draw the note in favor of Mr. Brown." He had not been gone above three or four minutes when a clerk came in. I instantly hurried to a stationer's, wrote the note in his shop, and speeded on with it to the Bay-tree Tavern. The coffee-room was full, except the box where sat Mr. Brown, who, after glancing at the acceptance, and putting it quickly up, placed a roll of notes in my hand. 'Do not display your money,' he said,' before all these people. You can count the notes under the table.' I did so: they were quite correct—ten fifties; and I forthwith ordered a bottle of wine. Mr. Brown, however, alleging business as an excuse, did not wait till it was brought—bade me good-day, and disappeared, taking, in his hurry, my hat instead of his own.

"I was, you will readily believe, exceedingly jubilant at this lucky turn of affairs; and, strange as it must appear to you, and does now to myself, it did not strike me at the time as at all extraordinary or unbusiness-like, that I should have five hundred pounds suddenly placed in my hands by a man to whom I was personally unknown, and who could not, therefore, be certain that I was the Edmund Webster he professed to be in search of. What with the effect of the wine I drank, and natural exultation, I was, I well remember, in a state of great excitement when I left the tavern, and hardly seemed to feel my feet as I hurried away to Mark Lane, to inform Mr. Hutton of my good-luck, and bid his counting-house and the corn-trade a final farewell. He was not at home, and I went in and seated myself in his private room to await his return. I have no doubt that, as the clerk has since deposed, I *did* look flustered, agitated; and it is quite true also, that after vainly waiting for upward of an hour, I suddenly left the place, and, as it happened, unnoticed by anybody. Immediately upon leaving Mark Lane, I hasten-

ed to Hampstead, saw Miss Bramston; and as everything, with the exception of the money, had been for some time in readiness, it was soon decided that we should take wing at dawn, on the following morning, for Scotland, and thence pass over to France. I next betook myself to Regent's Park, where I dined, and confided everything to my sisters except as to *how* I had obtained the necessary funds. At about eight o'clock in the evening I took a cab as far as the Haymarket for the purpose of hiring a post-chaise-and-four, and of paying a few debts of honor in that neighborhood. I was personally unknown to the postmaster; it was therefore necessary to prepay the chaise as far as St. Alban's, and I presented him with one of the fifty-pound notes for that purpose. He did not appear surprised at the largeness of the sum, but requested me to place my name and address at the back of the note before he changed it. In my absurd anxiety to prevent the possibility of our flight being traced, I indorsed the note as 'Charles Hart, Great Wimpole-street,' and the man left the yard.

"He was gone a considerable time, and I was getting exceedingly impatient, when, to my surprise and consternation, he reëntered the yard accompanied by a police-officer. 'You are the gentleman from whom Mr. Evans received this fifty-pound note a few minutes ago—are you not?' 'Yes, to be sure,' I answered, stammering and coloring, why I scarcely knew. 'Then step this way, if you please,' said the man. 'That note, with nine others of the same value, is advertised in the evening papers as having been stolen from a gentleman's counting-house in Mark-lane.' I thought I should have fainted; and when a paragraph in the *Globe* was pointed out to me, offering a reward, on the part of Mr. Hutton, for the apprehension of the person or persons who had that day stolen ten fifty-pound Bank-of-England notes—the dates and numbers of which were given—from his office, I was so completely stunned, that but for the police-officer I should have dropped upon the floor. 'This perhaps may be cleared up,' said the officer, 'so far as you, Mr. Hart, are concerned; and I will, if you like, go with you at once to your address in Great Wimpole-street.' It was of course necessary to acknowledge that my name was not Hart, and that I had given a false address. This was enough. I was at once secured and taken off to the station-house, searched, and the other nine notes being found upon me, no doubt was entertained of my guilt. I obstinately declined giving my real name—very foolishly so, as I now perceive, since Mr. Hutton's clerk, the moment he saw me the next day at the police-court, disclosed it as a matter of course. The result you know. Mr. Hutton, when he heard *who* it was that had been taken into custody, kept resolutely out of the way; and, after several remands, I was set at liberty, the magistrate remarking that he knew of no case which showed, in a more striking light, the need of a public prosecutor in this country. My account of the way in which I became possessed of the notes was, as you know, scouted, and quite naturally; Mr. Curtis, of Bishopsgate-street, having denied all knowledge of Mr. Brown, or that he had commissioned any one to present me with five hundred pounds in exchange for my acceptance. Thus stigmatized and disgraced, I returned home to find my father struck down, in what was at first thought would prove mortal illness, by the blow—Captain Bramston's door shut against me—and the settled marriage of my eldest sister, Jane, with an amiable young man, peremptorily broken off by his relatives on account of the assumed criminality of her brother."

"This is indeed a sad, mysterious business, Mr. Webster," I remarked, when the young man had ceased speaking; "but pray tell me, Did either Mr. Hutton or his son know of your application to Mr. Curtis?"

"I cannot say that either of them did, though it is more than probable that I mentioned it to both of them."

"Well, Mr. Webster, I have confidence in your veracity; but it is essential that I should see your father before engaging in this business."

"He is anxious you should do so, and as early as possible."

It was then arranged that I should call on Webster senior at three o'clock the same afternoon, and announce myself to the servants as Mr. Thompson. I was punctual to the time appointed, and was forthwith ushered by one of the daughters into their father's presence. He was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave his bed; and I had hardly exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with him, when the same young

lady by whom I had been introduced hastily returned to say Mr. Hutton was below, and requested an immediate interview. Mr. Webster bade his daughter tell Mr. Hutton he was engaged, and could not be interrupted; and she was turning away to do so, when I said hastily: "Excuse me, Mr. Webster, but I should exceedingly like to hear, with my own ears, what Mr. Hutton has to say, unobserved by him."

"You may do so with all my heart," he replied; "but how shall we manage to conceal you?"

"Easily enough under the bed;" and suiting the action to the word, I was in a moment out of sight. Miss Webster was then told to ask Mr. Hutton to walk up, and in a few minutes that worthy gentleman entered the room. After a few hypocritical condolences upon the invalid's state of health, Mr. Hutton came to the point at once, and with a vengeance.

"I am come, Mr. Webster," he began, in a determined tone, "to say that I will endure this shilly-shallying no longer. Either you give up the bonds you hold of mine, for borrowed moneys——"

"Eleven thousand pounds and upward!" groaned the sick man.

"About that sum, I am aware, including interest; in discharge of which load of debt I was, you know, to have given a third share of my business to your admirable son. Well, agree at once to cancel those bonds, or I forthwith prosecute your son, who will as certainly be convicted, and transported for life."

"I tell you again," retorted the excited invalid, "that I will not purchase mere forbearance to prosecute at the cost of a single shilling. The accusation would always be hanging over his head, and we should remain forever disgraced, as we are now, in the eyes of the world."

"I have turned that over in my mind," replied Hutton, "and I think I can meet your wishes. Undertake to cancel the debt I owe you, and I will wait publicly to-morrow upon the magistrate with a letter in my hand purporting to be from my son, and stating that it was he who took the notes from my desk, and employed a man of the name of Brown to exchange them for your son's acceptance, he being anxious that Mr. Edmund Webster should not become his father's partner; a purpose that would necessarily be frustrated if he, Edmund Webster, was enabled to marry and leave this country."

There was no answer to this audacious proposal for a minute or two, and then Mr. Webster said slowly: "That my son is innocent, I am thoroughly convinced——"

"Innocent!" exclaimed Mr. Hutton with savage derision. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Still," continued the invalid, unmindful of the interruption, "it might be impossible to prove him so, and your proposition has a certain plausibility about it. I must, however, have time to consider of it."

"Certainly; let us say till this day week. You cannot choose but comply; for if you do not, as certainly as I stand here a living man, your son shall, immediately after the expiration of that time, be on the high-road to the hulks." Having said this, Mr. Hutton went away, and I emerged from my very undignified lurking-place.

"I begin to see a little clearer through this black affair," I said in reply to the old gentleman's questioning look; "and I trust we may yet be able to turn the tables upon the very confident gentleman who has just left us. Now, if you please," I added, addressing Miss Webster, who had again returned, "I shall be glad of a few moments' conversation with your brother." She led the way down stairs, and I found Mr. Edmund Webster in the dining-room. "Have the kindness," I said, "to let me see the hat Mr. Brown left behind at the tavern in exchange for yours." The young man seemed surprised at the apparent oddness of the request, but immediately complied with it. "And pray, what maker or seller's name was pasted inside the crown of *your* hat, Mr. Webster?"

"Lewis, of Bond-street," he replied: "I always purchase my hats there."

"Very good. And now as to Mr. Brown's personal appearance. What is he at all like?"

"A stoutish middle-aged man, with very light hair, prominent nose, and a pale face, considerably pock-marked."

"That will do for the present, Mr. Webster; and let me beg, that till you see me again, not a soul receives a hint that we are moving in this business."

I then left the house. The hat had furnished an important piece of informa-

tion, the printed label inside being, "Perkins, Guildford, Surrey;" and at the Rose and Crown Inn, Guildford, Surrey, I alighted the very next day at about two o'clock, in the strong hope of meeting in its steep streets or adjacent lanes with a stoutish gentleman, distinguished by very light hair, a long nose, and a white, pock-marked face. The chance was, at all events, worth a trial; and I very diligently set to work to realize it, by walking about from dawn till dark, peering at every head I passed, and spending the evenings in the most frequented parlors of the town. Many a bootless chase I was led by a distant glimpse of light or red hair; and one fellow with a sandy poll, and a pair of the longest legs I ever saw, kept me almost at a run for two mortal hours one sultry hot morning, on the road to Chertsey, before I headed him, and confronted a pair of fat cheeks, as round and red as an apple, between which lay, scarcely visible, a short snub-nose. Patience and perseverance at length, however, met with their reward. I recognized my man as he was cheapening a joint of meat in the market-place. He answered precisely to the description given me, and wore, moreover, a fashionable hat, strongly suggestive of Bond-street. After a while he parted from his wife, and made toward a public-house, into the parlor of which I entered close after him. I had now leisure to observe him more closely. He appeared to be a respectable sort of man, but a care-worn expression flitted at times over his face, which to me, an adept in such signs, indicated with sufficient plainness much anxiety of mind, arising, probably, from pecuniary embarrassment, not, I judged, from a burdened conscience. I presently obtained further and decisive proof, though that was scarcely needed, that Mr. Skinner, as the waiter called him, was my Mr. Brown: in rising to leave the room, I took his hat, which he had hung up, in apparent mistake for my own, and in the half-minute that elapsed before I replaced it, saw, plainly enough, "Lewis, Bond-street, London," on the inside label. The only question now was, how to best avail myself of the lucky turning up of Mr. Brown; and while I was meditating several modes of action, the sight of a board, upon which was painted, "This Ground to be let in Building Leases: Apply to Mr. Skinner, Builder," at once decided me. I called upon Mr. Skinner, who lived about half a mile out of Guildford, the next morning, inquired as to the conditions of the said leases, walked with him over the ground in question, calculated together how much a handsome country-house would cost, and finally adjourned to the Rose and Crown to discuss the matter further over a bottle of wine. Skinner was as free a soul, I found, as ever liquor betrayed into indiscretion; and I soon heard that he had lately been to London, and had a rich brother-in-law there of the name of Hutton, with other less interesting particulars. This charming confidence, he seemed to think, required a return in kind, and after he had essayed half-a-dozen indirect questions, I came frankly out with: "There 's no occasion to beat about the bush, Mr. Skinner: you wish to know who I am, and especially if I am able to pay for the fine house we have been talking of. Well, then, I am a money-dealer; I lend cash, sometimes, on security."

"A pawnbroker?" queried Mr. Skinner, doubtfully.

"Not exactly that: I oftener take persons in pledge, than goods. What I mean by money-dealer, is a man who discounts the signatures of fast men with good expectations, who do n't mind paying handsomely in the end for present accommodation."

"I understand: a bill-discounter?"

"Precisely. But come, drink, and pass the decanter."

A gleam that shot out of the man's gray eyes strengthened a hope I had hardly dared entertain, that I was on the eve of a great success; but the trout, it was clear, required to be cautiously played. Mr. Skinner presently fell into a brown study which I did not interrupt, contenting myself with refilling his glass as fast as he mechanically emptied it. "A bill-discounter," said he at last, putting down his pipe, and turning toward me with a settled purpose in his look. "Is amount and length of time to run of any consequence?"

"None whatever, if the parties are safe."

"Cash down on the nail?"

"Cash down on the nail, *minus*, of course, the interest."

"Of course. Well, then, Mr. Thompson, I have a promissory-note signed by a Mr. Edmund Webster, of London, for five

hundred and fifty pounds, at six months' date, which I should like to discount."

"Webster, of the Minories?"

"No; his father is a retired corn-merchant, residing in the Regent's Park. The bill 's as safe as a Bank-of-England note."

"I know the party. But why does n't the rich brother-in-law you spoke of cash it for you?"

"Well," replied Skinner, "no doubt he would; but the fact is, there is a dispute between us about this very note. I owe him a goodish bit of money; and if he got it into his hands, he 'd of course be for deducting the amount; and I 've been obliged to put him off by pretending it was accidentally burned soon after I obtained it."

"A queer story, my friend; but if the signature 's genuine, I do n't mind that, and you shall have the cash at once."

"Here it is, then," said Skinner, unclasping a stout leather pocket-book. "I do n't mind throwing back the odd fifty pounds."

I eagerly grasped the precious document, glanced at it, saw it was all right, placed it in my pocket, and then suddenly changing my tone, and rising from the table, said: "Now then, Skinner, *alias* Brown, I have to inform you that I am a detective police-officer, and that you are my prisoner."

"Police! prisoner!" shouted the astounded man, as he leaped to his feet; "what are you talking of?"

"I will tell you. Your brother-in-law employed you to discount the note now in my possession. You did so, pretending to be a Mr. Brown, the agent of a Mr. Curtis; but the villainous sequel of the transaction—the charging young Mr. Webster with having stolen the very fifty-pound notes you gave him in the coffee-room of the Bay-tree Tavern—I do not believe, thanks to Master Hutton's success in suppressing the names in the police reports, you can be aware of."

The bewildered man shook as with ague in every limb, and when I ceased speaking, protested earnestly that he had had no evil design in complying with his brother-in-law's wishes.

"I am willing to think so," I replied; "but, at all events, you must go with me to London—quietly were best."

To this he at last, though very reluctantly, consented; and half an hour afterward we were in the train, and on our road to London.

The next morning, Mr. Webster's solicitors applied to Mr. Hutton for the immediate liquidation of the bonds held by their client. This, as we had calculated, rendered him furious; and Edmund Webster was again arrested on the former charge, and taken to the Marlborough-street Police-office, where his father, Captain Bramston, and other friends, impatiently awaited his appearance. Mr. Hutton this time appeared as prosecutor, and deposed to the safe custody of the notes on the morning of the robbery.

"And you swear," said Mr. Webster's solicitor, "that you did not with your own hands give the pretendedly stolen notes to Brown, and request him to take them in Mr. Curtis's name to young Mr. Webster?"

Hutton, greatly startled, glanced keenly in the questioner's face, and did not immediately answer. "No, I did not," he at last replied in a low, shaking voice.

"Let me refresh your memory. Did you not say to Brown, or rather Skinner, your brother-in-law——"

A slight scream escaped the quivering lips of the detected conspirator, and a blaze of frenzied anguish and alarm swept over his countenance, leaving it as white as marble. No further answer could be obtained from him; and as soon as possible he left the office, followed by the groans and hisses of the excited auditory. Skinner was then brought forward; he made a full and ample confession, and Edmund Webster was at once discharged, amid the warm felicitations of the magistrate and the uproarious gratulations of his friends. It was intended to indict Mr. Hutton for perjury; but the unhappy man chose to appear before a higher tribunal than that of the Old Bailey. He was found dead in his bedroom early the next morning. His affairs were found to be in a state of insolvency, though the deficit was not large; fifteen shillings in the pound having been, I understood, ultimately paid to the creditors. Miss Ellen Bramston, I must not in conclusion omit to state, became Mrs. Edmund Webster shortly after the triumphant vindication of her lover's character; and, I believe, Miss Webster was made a wife on the same day.

JOHN HOWARD.

JOHN HOWARD, the father of our hero, kept a shop in London for the sale of upholsterer's goods; and when, by diligently following that line of business, he had obtained enough to enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*," he first retired to Enfield, and then removed to Clapton. About 1790, the Clapton residence was described as a venerable mansion, but much decayed, and lately disfigured. Very soon after it was pulled down. There, in 1739, Mr. Howard must have been living in good circumstances, as in that year he paid the fine for not serving as sheriff of London. He had then a son, about thirteen years old, who was probably born in the Clapton house; though considerable obscurity rests on the scene as well as the exact date of his birth. This son was *the* John Howard on whose name, by universal acclamation, the title of philanthropist has been bestowed—a title far surpassing any which heralds can record or sovereigns confer. We fancy we see him in his father's garden—a lad not tall of his age, yet thin and spare, and rather fragile in his make and appearance, with large nose, and eyes sparkling with benevolence, and compressed lips, which show that he carries with him a will too strong to be easily broken. Hair cut short in front and curled behind, and costume somewhat like a full court-dress in miniature, complete the portrait. Young Howard went to school for seven years with Mr. Worsley, a good Greek scholar at Hertford; and was then removed to the care of Mr. Eames, who was tutor in a seminary conducted in Tenter-Alley, Moorfields, for the education of both dissenting ministers and laymen. Mr. Eames was of rare attainments, a friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and pronounced by Dr. Watts to be the most learned man he ever knew. But Howard, with these advantages, never turned out a scholar. Strange to say, he not only knew very little of Latin, and less Greek, but he could never write his own language with propriety and correctness. But among his school associations there occurs one of those instances of generosity with which his history abounds. Mr. Densham was assistant to Mr. Eames, and won the respect and gratitude of Howard. The latter, just before setting out on his last and fatal journey, gave his old tutor an unlimited order to draw on his banker for whatever sum he might stand in need of; but the delicate conscientiousness of the poor scholar was as great as the benevolence of his rich friend, for though at the time having only twelve or thirteen pounds a-year, he diminished his little capital rather than accept the discretionary privilege.

Howard's father did what few men in his circumstances are wont to do. Though he could leave his son a fortune, he determined to bring him up to trade, and therefore bound him apprentice to Messrs. Newham & Shipley, wholesale grocers in Watling-street. For that old thoroughfare with a Roman name, we must confess some considerable *penchant*. Memories of the time when the great masters of the world had their provinces in Britain, and Roman manners and Roman hearts covered the banks of the Thames, all about that neighborhood, come thick and fast before the mind's eye, as we sometimes thread that alley-like avenue to London Bridge, in preference to the broader and more crowded highway of Cheapside. Milton's shade, of course, meets us at the corner of Milk-street, and we like to think also of the grocer's apprentice, grown somewhat since we described him at Clapton; who amid hogsheads of sugar and chests of tea, was acquiring habits of application to business of no little use to him in after life. Meditating on this early portion of Howard's history, our thoughts take the shape so well defined by his last biographer:—

"No man can foresee even for an hour the turns of fortune. It is the part of wisdom to be armed and prepared for whatever may befall. Knowledge of a profession is no burden. A gentleman is not the less a gentleman because he is conversant with law, with trade, with medicine; nay, he is then more a gentleman than he otherwise could be, for he is more completely independent. He alone is perfect master of his actions who has a personal means of living—some art or craft, knowledge or skill, of which chance and change cannot divest him; wanting this, his present interest or his fears for the future must often modify his hopes and warp his conscience."

It would seem, however, as if Howard, who had been well schooled in filial obedience, only *submitted* to the drudgery of the grocer's warehouse, without any liking for scales and ledgers, inasmuch as we find that almost immediately upon his

father's death he procured the surrender of his indentures. His apprenticeship obligations were early canceled upon the payment of a sum of money; but the youth, freed from the yoke of servitude, was by no means disposed to riot in his new-found liberty, but with a steadiness and care such as belong to the ripest years of human life, he attended to the preservation, improvement, and proper use of the patrimony he inherited. He personally superintended the repairs of the Clapton House; and as we walk through the main street of that now populous suburb, we think of Howard's visit to the paternal abode, and his recollections amid the scenes of his boyhood, and call to mind how dayly he might be seen by a buttress of the garden wall, at the hour when the baker was passing with his cart, buying a loaf of the man, and flinging it over the wall, and then, with a laugh, saying to his father's gardener, the playmate probably of his own earlier days, "Harry, see if there is not something for you there among the cabbages." The frolicsomeness of Howard in his youth bore the stamp of true kindness of disposition, and that punctuality in engagements which marked the entire history of Howard in his manhood.

But he did not live in the Clapton House —that was let. His own place of abode was Stoke Newington. He had lodgings there, where he studied and improved his mind. The delicate state of his health required more attentive nursing than he found in the house where he first lodged, so he removed to apartments under the roof of Mrs. Sarah Lowne, a widow of a little property, residing in Church-street, who devoted her time to the care and comfort of the young invalid. He had some rather strange notions, and when they shaped themselves into the form of duty, they always rested upon a very firm substratum of conscientiousness. Though he was only twenty-five, he considered that he could justly repay the lady for her kindness, though she was fifty-two, by nothing less than the offer of his hand in marriage, with the resolution of promoting the happiness of her life who had saved his. The eccentric proposal was at first refused; but being strongly urged, was at length accepted, and Howard amply redeemed his vow. He always expressed himself as having been happy in his choice, though his domestic enjoyment was of a different character from that which he afterward so richly reaped during the ten years of wedded companionship he spent with his second wife—his beloved Henrietta. The first Mrs. Howard died in 1755, between two and three years after her marriage, and lies buried in St. Mary's, Whitechapel. Howard felt lonely when this tie was dissolved, and broke up housekeeping, giving away his furniture to the poor of the village. The old gardener we have mentioned received for his share a bedstead and bedding, a table and half a dozen chairs, together with a new scythe —a dividend of the philanthropist's relics which, at a subsequent period, when the donor's fame had spread far and wide, became mightily enhanced in value. We have no means of ascertaining the house where Howard lived at Stoke Newington, but we know where he worshiped. We have a vivid recollection of the old Independent Chapel there, as it appeared about twenty years ago, then much in the same state it had been in from the beginning. The small pulpit, surmounted with a huge sounding-board, and the tall-backed pews and heavy galleries, spoke of other days, constituting an appropriate background for the figure of young Mr. Howard in earnest prayer, or reverently listening to his pastor, the Rev. Micaiah Townsend. The man of whom we write, it should be remembered, was eminent for his spiritual piety, no less than his active benevolence. He breathed through his letters and journals a devotional fervor which, while they rebuke the languid religious sentiments of frigid professors of Christianity, are calculated to excite a sympathetic ardor in the hearts of all who have any spiritual sensibility. The motto on his monument in Cardington Church, written by himself, was expressive of his evangelical creed, and his tone of humble confidence from first to last: "My hope is in Christ."

Howard removed to lodgings in St. Paul's church-yard, whence he proceeded to the continent, and where, we presume, he afterward returned. That visit to the continent was a very eventful one. He was taken prisoner, and barbarously treated, and detained for some months a captive in France. There he saw and felt what entered into his soul, and afterward helped to impel him onward in his astonishing career of prison visitation and reform.

He was permitted to return to England, so strong was the confidence he inspired, to negotiate himself with the government for his liberation. He had pledged his honor to go back to prison if he did not succeed; and when his friends congratulated him on his escape, he desired them to defer their expressions of joy, till he had obtained an honorable discharge of his obligations. So the shadow of Howard passes us in St. Paul's church-yard, out on parole, like another Regulus, prepared to reënter the land of captivity if he cannot obtain liberty upon terms fair and just. A right noble study is that for the men of commerce, and for all sorts of men who pass by St. Paul's every day: *My word is my bond.* This sentiment, embodied in the conduct even of a heathen, ought surely to guide all believers in that book which commends him who "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

In tracing the other London haunts of Howard, we must plunge into the prison-world of the last century. Elsewhere in the metropolis, what we know of him for the rest of his life is next to nothing. It is a wonderful progress we have to make, as we follow this illustrious individual in his circumnavigation of charity, "not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art, not to collect medals or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men." The Augean stable which Hercules undertook to cleanse is no inapt symbol of the dens of corruption, tyranny, cruelty, and vice, which Howard resolved to purify and transform when he entered on his great work of prison reformation. In his book on prisons, he gives the result of his earlier visits to those in London; and from that source, aided by kindred documents, we derive the materials of what for the most part will form the rest of this paper. The following passages have a graphic character about them, and enable us to catch a glimpse of the philanthropist while engaged in his errands of mercy:—"At each visit I entered every room, cell, and dungeon with a memorandum-book in my hand, in which I noted particulars on the spot." "I have been frequently asked what precautions I use to preserve myself from infection in the prisons and hospitals which I visit. I here answer, next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and while thus employed, I fear no evil. I never enter an hospital or prison before breakfast, and in an offensive room I seldom draw my breath deeply."

A general description of the London prisons by Howard, gives a fearful idea of the neglect of discipline which prevailed when he began his researches. The statistics which Howard supplies relative to the prison-world of London, afford terrible insight into the miseries experienced by the captives.

Newgate was rebuilt between 1778 and 1780. As then erected, and as it still remains, it presents a great improvement upon its predecessor; but, as Howard observed, it is far from being a model, and at the commencement of the present century, the jail-fever broke out there, which he predicted would be the result of its defective and faulty arrangements. One shudders on entering the condemned cells which Howard opens for our inspection. There are upon each of the three floors five, all vaulted. The strong stone wall is lined all round with planks studded with broad-headed nails; and such is the aspect of these darksome, solitary abodes, that criminals, before unmoved, have been struck with horror, and have shed tears on entering them. Fifteen condemned cells happily appear to us, now that the criminal law has been reformed, a most unnecessary provision; but alas! when Howard wrote, they seemed not more than to suffice for the demand which was created by the Draconic severity of the judicial code. In twelve years four hundred and sixty-seven executions took place in London, including two by burning, the two culprits being women, one condemned for murder, the other for coining.

The hardened criminal and the juvenile offender were closely associated; and if the latter resisted his initiation into the

mystery of the prison-house, he underwent a mock trial by some impudent offender, who assumed the office of judge, and tied a knotted towel on his head to imitate a wig. Prisoners were requested to pay "garnish," as contributions to riotous entertainments were called, and he who had no money was stripped of his clothes, in discharge of the villainous demand.

A singular relic of the ancient administration of torture is mentioned by Howard as continuing in a form which was observed in his time. When prisoners capitally convicted at the Old Bailey were brought up to receive sentence, and the judge asked, "What have you to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you?" the executioner slipped a whip-cord noose about the thumbs.

The Fleet Prison stood not far off Newgate, and there the philanthropist discloses some startling scenes of disorder:—

"They play in the courtyard at skittles, mississippi, fives, tennis, &c.; and not only the prisoners, for I saw among them several butchers and others from the market, who are admitted here as at another public-house. The same may be seen in many other prisons where the jailer keeps or lets the tap. Besides the inconvenience of this to prisoners, the frequenting a prison lessens the dread of being confined in one. On Monday night there was a wine-club, on Thursday night a beer-club, each lasting usually till one or two in the morning. I need not say how much riot they occasion; how the sober prisoners and those that are sick are annoyed by them."

We are next conducted to New-Ludgate, in Bishopsgate-street, a prison for debtors, free of the city, and for clergymen, proctors, and attorneys. The common side debtors are in two large garrets, the *forest* and *dock*, which have no fireplaces. The prison is out of repair, the walls and ceilings very black, being never white-washed. There is no infirmary, no bath. It was in reference to this debtors' prison that the Spectator says:—

"Passing under Ludgate the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the gate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box."

Happily it is all now swept away, and so is the Poultry Counter, with regard to which Howard remarks:—

"At the roof of the prison are spacious leads, on which the master's-side debtors are sometimes allowed to walk; but then the keeper is with them, for the leads communicate with the adjoining houses, one of which affords a ready escape from so close a prison in case of fire."

From this specimen of heedlessness about the security of the prisoners, Howard next takes us to the Wood-street Counter, where all are kept secure enough; there we are shown a room about thirty-five feet by eighteen, with twenty-three beds ranged round the walls, on three tiers of shelves. At one of his visits, he informs us, there were in this room thirty-nine debtors, seven of them with their wives and children. The room was swarming with bugs. There was a chapel in the court, and under it a tap-room. Within the unwholesome precincts of this place, eleven prisoners died in 1773.

We pass on next to Bridewell, where there was no court, and fresh air could be obtained only by means of a hand ventilator, with a tube to each room of the women's ward. It enjoyed a privilege peculiar to itself, that of having an allowance of *rye straw once a month*. "No other prison in London," says Howard, "has any straw or bedding." In the new prison, Clerkenwell, our reformer notices some commendable arrangements, but condemned certain cabins or cupboards, five in number, only ten feet by five in measurement, each with a barrack-bed for two prisoners: miserably close and unwholesome cells, having no air but from grates over the doors into the gallery. On visiting the Clerkenwell Bridewell in 1777, he found thirty convicts, committed for a term of years. Some of these, and others besides, were sick, and complained of their feet, which were actually turned black. In 1783 five were ill, one was dying with little or no covering on, and in another room one was laid out dead. In the women's sick ward, twelve were lying in their clothes on the barrack-bedstead and on the floor without any bedding whatever. In this strange tour about London, which, in proportion as the scenes described shock our sensibilities, must have been to our philanthropist a series of tortures, we arrive next at Whitechapel prison, which presents nothing noteworthy, except the fact of the debtors hanging out a begging-box from a little closet in the front of the house, and attending to it each in turn. It brought in only a few pence dayly, of which pittance none partook but those who on entrance paid the keeper

half a crown, and treated the prisoners with half a gallon of beer. We hasten by the Tower Hamlets' Jail, in Wellclose Square, and St. Catharine's, which Howard, though he had visited them repeatedly, only briefly notices; nor can we tarry at the Savoy, with its military guard-rooms, where the philanthropist had seen many sick of the jail distemper, but where he afterward found a decided improvement in health, owing to better sanitary regulations. We must, however, relate a striking incident which will ever associate, with the history of the Savoy, the remembrance of Howard's amazing personal courage and influence over prisoners. During an alarming riot there, the men confined had killed two of their keepers, and no person dared to approach them until the intrepid philanthropist undertook to do so. Jailers and friends endeavored to dissuade him; but in he went among two horrid ruffians, whose savage spirits he so completely subdued by his persuasions, that they allowed themselves to be quietly conducted back to their cells.

STATUE OF HOWARD, IN ST. PAUL'S.

At Tothill Fields' Bridewell, he informs us, the prisoners washed their hands and faces every morning before they came for their allowance, a practice that must have been very grateful to him, for he ever enforced the strictest cleanliness on those over whom he had any control; and we remember hearing from an old man, who lived at Cardington, how he would notice and reward the children whose hands were clean; and that he once said to a cottager who was not over fond of self-ablution, "John Bassett, go home and wash your hands, or no dinner." Howard describes Westminster Gatehouse as empty, but the King's Bench, Southwark, as full to overflowing. It was so crowded in the summer of 1776, that a prisoner paid five shillings a-week for half a bed, and many lay in the chapel. The debtors, with their families, two-thirds of whom were within the prison walls, amounted to a population of one thousand.

But, perhaps, of all the London prisons, the Marshalsea was the worst, where debtors and pirates were huddled together in dark narrow rooms, four men in each, sleeping in two beds. The tap-room was let to a prisoner, and there the inmates of the place, at times, slept on the floor; and to show the habits of drinking which prevailed, it is sufficient to repeat a statement by Howard, that one Sunday six hundred pots of beer were brought in from a neighboring public-house, because the prisoners did not like the beverage supplied by the tapster within the walls. The spot where we close this melancholy ramble, amid the scenes of prison-life three-quarters of a century since, is the Borough Counter, the last place of confinement of the whole number in London which Howard describes. It was out of repair and ruinous, had no infirmary and no bedding, while

most of the inmates were poor creatures from the court of conscience, who lay there till their debts were paid.

It is dreary enough to pursue this pilgrimage from prison to prison; but it is instructive as an illustration of the fallen state of humanity. Where but in a world where things are sadly out of order, and the relations of the creature to the Creator are disturbed, could such flagrant abuses prevail under the color of political justice? Nor can we help congratulating our country, and blessing the God of nations, for the improved state of things existing in our prisons at the present day, mainly through the instrumentality of him whose shadow we have been following. It was a tremendous strong-hold of iniquity that he dared to assault, enough to make the courage quail in even a braver heart by nature than his own; but sustained by help from Heaven, he nobly carried through his mission, and crowned it with a success which, if not complete, was signal. His life was a truly earnest one, a battle with wrong, and an errand of richest mercy. 'T is pleasant to follow poets and painters through their career of elegant literature and art; but we feel ourselves to be in a far different presence, one that gives us inspiring and solemn views of human duty, as we track the footsteps of John Howard. He has something more serious to do than to gather flowers and echo back nature's sweet music; he has to trample on serpents, to rend asunder chains, and to let rays of light and love into the cells of the captive. Appropriate is the statue to him in St. Paul's, with huge iron manacles and fetters under-foot, and a great key in his hand. But, after all, Howard only walked at an humble distance in the footsteps of Him whom the Hebrew seer described as binding up the broken-hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that were bound. Howard's benevolence was but a reflected beam of His who gave himself for the redemption of our race out of a bondage worse than that of English or even Algerine jails. His beneficent course was only an outgrowth of the gospel he embraced.

The story of Howard's personal exploits almost exhausts our store of London associations in connection with his name. We remember only one more, of a very different character from the foregoing. While residing in London, in a house left him by his sister, a female of rather forbidding appearance made repeated ineffectual attempts to see the philanthropist. At last she succeeded, and gained admittance to the library. He thought, from the visitor's look, that one of the other sex was come to him disguised, with some evil intent. So he rung the bell, and intimated a wish that the servant should remain in the room. But it was needless, for the stranger turned out to be a real woman, but a rather enthusiastic worshiper; for she first poured forth a flood of extravagant compliments, and then took her leave, declaring that, after having seen the man she so much admired, she could go home and die in peace.

DISCOVERY OF SILVER BY AN AMERICAN INDIAN.

A VISIT TO THE TREASURY OF PERU.

ON the great table-land of Pasco, in the Peruvian Andes, at an elevation above the sea of nearly fourteen thousand feet, lies the mountain lake of Lauricocha, the source of the great river Amazon, though the little rivulet that trickles from the lake, and ripples slowly through the lofty plain, bears little likeness to the mighty stream that rolls its floods across the eastern forests, and, gathering power from its numerous tributaries, spreads at length into a shoreless sea vast as the ocean, across whose waves it pours its muddy billows.

More than two centuries ago there lived upon the borders of this lake a wealthy Spaniard, named Don Jose Ugarto. Like many mountain settlers in the present day, he derived his wealth chiefly from the produce of his flocks of sheep and llamas, that fed in the sheltered valleys, tended by Indian shepherds. The scarcity of pasture often led the flocks far from the shepherds' huts, and then, as now, it was common for the Indians to wander with their woolly charges among the mountains for many successive days. On one of these occa-

sions a shepherd, whose name, Huari Capcha, is still preserved in the sierra, made his little encampment in the hollow of a great rocky basin, and, having seen to the safety of his flock, lighted his fire of withered cactus and dry grass, and then lay down to sleep beside it. When he awoke in the morning the fire had burned out, and the stone beneath it, melted by the heat, was *transformed into a lump of solid silver*. Delighted with his discovery, the Indian hurried home to report it to his master. A slight examination of the locality disclosed the existence of a rich vein of silver; and the news of this valuable discovery soon spreading to the neighboring villages, attracted to the barren and secluded spot a numerous and rapidly increasing population, eager to share in the new source of wealth thus opened. Such is the story of the foundation of the city of Cerro Pasco—the Treasury of Peru—the highest city in the world, and perhaps also the most remarkable in its situation, in its general appearance, and in the extraordinary variety of its inhabitants.

The outskirts of this city, as of almost all the Peruvian towns, are a collection of miserable huts, built of mud and reeds, and inhabited only by the lowest class of Indian *cholos;* but the middle of the city contains many good houses, the property of mine-owners and shopkeepers, though in the best streets the conical Indian hut stands pertly forward among its more lofty neighbors. Within many of these huts are the mouths of silver-mines—for nearly all the mining operations are conducted within the city itself—and the mine-owner can, not unfrequently, pass at once from dining-room or chamber into the pit that leads to his hidden treasure. Even in some of the streets these pits are opened, and the foundations of the whole city are so thoroughly honey-combed, that it may easily be at any moment buried among the glittering ores that have alone caused its erection. The mines are generally shallow, rarely exceeding a hundred feet in depth, while many of them are mere openings of thirty or forty feet. The mode of working them is the simplest and most original that can well be conceived. The descent into the smaller mines is usually by steps cut in the perpendicular side of the shaft, or built up with loose stones, that occasionally give way beneath the tread, and clatter down the dark opening, to the dismay of the unpracticed stranger. In the deeper mines a common winch is used, or sometimes a gin worked by mules; but the machine is usually of such a fragile construction, and in such a decayed condition, that every safe descent by the half-rotten rope and rusty chain seems to be one of a continually-occurring series of miracles. The scarcity of timber prevents the miners from placing the necessary supports in the galleries, and men are consequently often killed by a fall of earth; but it is a melancholy fact, that very little notice is taken of such accidents, under the feeling that Indians are tolerably plentiful, and that, when killed, they can easily be replaced. Nearly all the work is performed by Indians, who are paid generally by the day, earning from two to three shillings.

The ore obtained in the smaller mines is carried up the dangerous ladders by the miners in hide bags; and it is then conveyed to the smelting-houses, most of which are situated beyond the city. Here it is amalgamated with quicksilver in a most primitive fashion, by throwing the two metals together, and then driving mules or horses over them until the trampling has caused a thorough union to take place. The quicksilver is then separated by heat; but the whole operation is generally conducted in the rudest and most inefficient manner, though the recent improvements introduced by the enterprise of an English firm promise to effect a complete revolution in the present wasteful system.

The silver is all cast into large flat oblong bars, weighing one hundred pounds each, and in this shape it is conveyed to the coast and shipped for Europe. On its passage down the mountains the metal is intrusted to the mule-drivers, and is rarely guarded by soldiers; for the bandit monteneros do not choose to encumber themselves with the heavy stamped bullion, but prefer rather to wait for the remittances of coin that are returned from Lima. These are always sent under a strong escort, but are, nevertheless, often attacked by the robbers, who occasionally succeed in obtaining a valuable booty. After its arrival in the low country the silver is rarely removed without a guard, and on the road between Lima and its sea-port Callao a picturesque group frequently attracts the attention of the passing stranger. In the midst of the cloud of white dust, that always accompanies the traveler on the dry Peruvian

roads, a light cart is seen proceeding at a rapid pace from the city toward the port. One or two well-mounted civilians usually ride by its side, and it is guarded by a troop of Indian lancers—a corps which forms the chief, and by far the most soldierlike, portion of the army of the republic. The cart contains a load of *plata* on its way from the cellars of some Lima merchant to the ship which is to convey it to Europe, in return, perhaps, for a cargo of that far more valuable though less costly metal, iron, of which this land of gold and silver is almost destitute. The strange accouterments of the escort attract the notice of the foreigner in an almost equal degree with the treasure that they guard. Their patched and tarnished uniforms, rough-coated horses, and rusty spurs and scabbards, give them, in spite of their martial bearing, far more the air of robbers than of soldiers; and, indeed, the history of the revolutionary wars of Peru, stained as it is with cruel massacres, cold-blooded murders, and wholesale plunder, conveys rather the idea of conflicts between savage banditti than between the disciplined armies of civilized nations.

The towns and villages scattered over the silver districts receive their chief supplies of food from the fertile valleys that are buried deep among the mountains. Reached by a route which passes through the most desolate country in the world—a succession of burning sands, frightful gorges, and terrible ravines; of narrow footpaths cut in the face of steep precipices, and crossing slight, trembliug bridges, suspended over chasms of unknown depths—these valleys offer a strange contrast to the savage scenery around them. Clothed with rich vegetation, they abound in tropical productions, and in many of them fruits of a more temperate climate are successfully cultivated; for perhaps no other country possesses so many climates within so limited a range of latitude. Commencing with the vineyards and olive-gardens that skirt the rivers on the desert coasts, the traveler passes in a few days through every degree of vegetation, until he reaches the barren table-lands that rest upon the summits of the great Cordillera. It is hardly possible to imagine a more dreary and desolate scene than that presented by this inhospitable region. The broom and stunted herbage growing in scattered patches on the banks of the mountain-lakes seem unable to extract sufficient nourishment from the ungenial soil. Stretching away into the sierra are the bleak mountain plains, broken only by vast masses of rock, and surrounded by the rugged peaks of the Andes crowned with eternal snow. The usually pure blue sky of the tropics assumes, in this portion of them, a dark leaden hue, and the vertical sun vainly pours upon the green, unyielding glaciers the same fierce rays that scorch the dwellers in the plains. The stranger, unaccustomed to the rarefied atmosphere, breathes with difficulty, and generally suffers from the Puna malady—the *soroche*. The sight becomes dim and misty; the hearing fails; a heavy weight oppresses the chest; the lips swell and crack; blood flows from the mouth, nose, and eyes; and, occasionally, the traveler sinks under the attack.

More than a thousand mines are opened in and around Cerro Pasco. Two great veins of silver traverse it, intersecting each other, it is said, beneath the market-place. One of these lies nearly due north and south, extending to an ascertained length of about two English miles, and having an average breadth of upward of a hundred and thirty yards. The other crosses it at an angle of seventy degrees, running about west-north-west to a distance of more than two thousand yards. Besides these principal arteries, numberless small veins traverse the earth in every direction; and as upon all these lines small shafts are sunk, and horizontal tunnels driven at various levels, the condition of the foundations of the city may be imagined.

I have often remarked with astonishment the small quantity of food consumed by those Indians who work in the mines throughout the year, and who consequently lead a life of unremitting and most arduous toil, far different from the monotonous existence of their indolent countrymen, the inhabitants of the sierra valleys and the coast towns. In Cerro Pasco the miners never take more than two slight meals a day, and not unfrequently make one suffice them. These are nearly always procured at the fondas or eating-houses, as the Indians seldom possess the most commonplace conveniences for cooking. The first meal is usually taken about eleven o'clock, and consists of a roasted banana with a few grains of boiled maize, or a handful of quinua—a small seed resembling millet, which is extensively cultivated in the montaña, and forms the chief subsistence of

thousands of its inhabitants. To this scanty repast is added a cup of chocolate or a draught of chicha. At three or four o'clock dinner appears, commonly in the shape of a puchero, a dish peculiar to Spanish America. It is a mixture of *charqui* (dried beef, or llama flesh chopped small) with crushed maize, camotes or sweet potatoes, a species of bean called frijoles, bananas and various other fruits and roots, the whole being highly seasoned with tomatos and capsicums, and sometimes served up swimming in olive oil. A huge glass of chicha, and perhaps a smaller one of pisco or guarapo, (a fiery sort of rum,) serves to wash down the mess. Chicha is a pleasant slightly acid beverage, of a dark yellow color, made from fermented maize or frijoles. It is in universal demand thoughout the west coast of South America, and is consumed in vast quantities by the Indians, scarcely a single hut in the interior being without a jar of the favorite liquid. In the valleys of the sierra, the most highly-prized chicha is prepared in a manner that would hardly be appreciated by European epicures. It is called *chicha mascada*, or chewed chicha, and is brewed in the following nauseous style. All the members of the family, including such strangers as choose to assist in the operation, seat themselves on the floor in a circle, in the center of which is a large calabash surrounded by a heap of dried maize. Each person then takes up a handful of the grain and thoroughly masticates it. This is deposited in the calabash, and another handful is immediately subjected to the same process; the jaws of the company being kept continually busy until, by their agency, the whole heap of corn is reduced to a mass of pulp. This is boiled with some minor ingredients in water, and the liquid is then poured into earthen jars, where it is left to ferment. In a short time it is ready for use, though, occasionally, the jars are buried in the ground, and allowed to remain there until the liquor acquires from age considerable strength and potent intoxicating qualities. Chewed chicha is considered far superior to that prepared from maize crushed in the usual manner, and the serrano believes that he cannot offer to his guest a greater luxury than a draught of old "chicha mascado," the ingredients of which have been ground between his own teeth.

The majority of the mine-owners are scarcely one degree above the Indians, either in intellect or morality. With a few great exceptions, they are rarely wealthy; and they are usually so deeply indebted to the Lima merchants, for advances given to work the mines when the vein is not yielding sufficient to pay expenses, that when they are so fortunate as to discover a rich boya, its produce is often already mortgaged to its full value. As deeply imbued with the love of gambling as the miners themselves, and with more time at their disposal, these men spend their days between the card-table and the cock-pit, varying these amusements occasionally with a game at billiards or dominoes. The latter is a favorite pastime with the priests; but the good fathers are equally at home at the monté table, and apparently relish the Sunday afternoon cock-fight far better than the morning mass.

Such is the condition of "The Treasury of Peru"—a city situated in the center of a country which has been inhabited and governed by Europeans during a period of three hundred years, and which was already half civilized when discovered and invaded by the great Spanish conqueror Pizarro. Possessing, perhaps, more sources of wealth than any other country on the face of the earth, and containing within herself every physical essential fitted to render her a great nation, yet, in all that is really good and great, Peru is immeasurably behind far younger and less favored countries. Her commerce and her manufactures are almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners, and her people are sunk in that apathetic indolence and ignorance which seem to be the unfailing fruits of a long reign of Papist superstition. Arts, science, literature—the mighty giants that are ever lifting other nations higher and yet higher in the great social scale, and urging them still onward in the glorious race of progress—here creep in puny infancy, or number as their followers only those whom they have known in other lands.

It is a singular anomaly. A country rich in the most valuable products, yet with an empty treasury, and possessed by people powerless to defend her; a people, too, destitute of that knowledge which itself is power, and, above all, of that better wisdom which "cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof."

THE PREACHING REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE do not like serial articles, or our essays on the "Christianity required by the Times" would have been continued longer. The subjects of those essays were really distinct, their arrangement and title being most that was serial about them; but, even with this qualification, the serial form becomes, at a certain point, disadvantageous. There are many important topics which, otherwise, might have been presented under that general title, but which have been reserved for separate discussion at our leisure—topics that we deem not a little relevant to the times. That which we now present is one of them.

We must further premise that while we cannot, of course, pretend to anything very original on the subject, we should not deem it proper to waste our pages with its conceded commonplaces; we expect to say many things that will not be conceded, and to say them outrightly. We bespeak, therefore, the indulgence of our readers, especially of our clerical readers, of whom we have many hundreds, and who, we trust, would rather read our honest dissent from the current views of the subject, than the hackneyed arguments for them.

What is the character of our actual preaching? Why is it such? And what should it be? Allow us to answer these questions as frankly as we can; the first two at least, as the answer of these will imply their converse—the answer of the third.

And let not the reader suppose, from this methodical "division of the subject," that we are about to inflict on him a homily on "Homiletics." Far from it. We shall say some very hard things against that sham-art, as we deem it—one that might properly be defined the art of making preaching artificial. Preaching an art! As well might we have an art of rejoicing with those who rejoice, and of weeping with those who weep; of exercising the holiest charities; of communing with God himself. Even prayer has been defined into an art by "Homiletics." There are some shams yet in science, and more in art; but we know of no science fuller of them than "Dogmatic Theology," (if we except the kindred one of Speculative Philosophy,) and no art more disfigured by them than "Homiletics."

We use this term, of course, in its modern technicalized sense. It is marvelous how it has become thus technicalized. Its etymology and its first use are directly against its modern application. Homily, in old sensible Greek, meant a sociable discourse—a discourse in company. It had a very humble meaning down to the day of the Reformation even; and the "Book of Homilies," that sterling old standard of the Anglican Church, was a collection of simple, easy discourses, got out at the period of the Reformation, to be read in the county parishes, by such of the clergy of the times (of whom there were not a few) as were incapable of preparing sermons themselves. Now we have "*Homiletics*"—the art of making a homily! We endow even departments in learned institutions for the express purpose of teaching this art.

These remarks will, doubtless, be pronounced inconsiderate, if not quite "radical." Are there not, it will be asked, certain proprieties of pulpit discourse? and if so, why not put them into scientific form, and *teach* them? There are, undeniably, such proprieties; but they are the proprieties which are intuitive, instinctive, we were about to say, to sincere commonsense. There are proprieties about the conversation of your hearth, your intercourse with your children, or your sorrow over their coffins; but would you study them as an art?

We believe, in fine, that the overweening and fastidious elaborateness with which theology and its ministration in the pulpit have been wrought—the one into a science, the other into an art—are illegitimate to their original purity and popular character, and are detractions—the chief detractions, we are inclined to think—from their popular acceptance and power. And this we say at any risk of imputations of "radicalism."

We believe, further, that a change, not much short of a revolution, is to occur in these respects before the world is much older; that dogmatic standards are to give way generally before the supremacy of the one only infallible standard—"the oracles of God"—and that the ministration of these oracles from the pulpit is to be reformed from many of its factitious pe-

culiarities, and made again what it was among the apostles and their immediate successors—earnest, simple, powerful address—hortative talk, if we may so call it—modeled after no school, and without technical forms. There has been a slow, but sure progress toward these reforms ever since the Reformation. For a thousand years before that epoch, the higher mind of Christendom was absorbed in metaphysical theology—the "Schoolmen" were about the only thinkers of the "Dark Ages;" and what thinking was theirs! Whether most profound or most absurd, who will say? But how has the good common-sense of the emancipated mind of the Protestant world leaped out of this maelstrom! How has time swept away the "Scholastic" speculations as with a besom, and what theologian could now, without exciting a smile, quote the authority of Lanfranc or Anselm, Duns Scotus or Abelard, Thomas Aquinas or William of Ockham! What has theology now to do, or will it ever again have to do, with the doctrines of Plato, or the dialectics of Aristotle?* This reform in scientific Divinity is still slowly advancing, and will go on, we believe and pray. Dogmatic speculation and bigotry in theology will decline, but not real learning. There is vastly more genuine learning now among theologians than there *ever* was before; but it is showing the superior good sense which accompanies it by avoiding the old dialectics, and, to a good degree, the old metaphysics; and by confining itself mostly to Biblical criticism—the *exposition* of *revealed* truth by learned *research*, rather than by original *speculation*.

The improvement we speak of is characteristic of our age, and one of those characteristics which belong not merely to its actual state, but to its *tendency*. It is, we repeat, to be further developed. So be it. Christianity will gain in purity and in power by it. If nine-tenths of all the dogmatic writings in theology, now extant, were to be at once burned up, it would be an *auto da fe* around which the Church might well sing a doxology. The pure, simple truth of the Bible could be read better in the light of that conflagration (and conflagration it would assuredly be) than in the "light which is darkness" that comes from their pages.

This improvement in the subject-matter of preaching has not been without effect on preaching itself. Technical or "Homiletic" as the latter still is in its mannerisms, and dogmatic as it still is in its matter, who does not perceive its rapid improvement? Why, the sermonic forms and style common among even the Puritans, would not be tolerated in this day. Testy as the reader may suppose our present criticism to be, we nevertheless write more in hope than in despondence. We believe that, divested of the factitious peculiarities which still trammel it, the pulpit will yet become what the common sense of all men see, abstractly, that it ought to be, the very throne of moral power in our world; and that its voice, like the trumpet which Moses describes so sublimely as echoing above the thunderings of Sinai, shall "wax louder and louder" through the world.

The reform of preaching, like that of theology, consists in a return (whether designed or not) to the earnest simplicity and directness of the early Church.

What was the primitive preaching? The ecclesiastical historians all agree in describing it as in the language of Mosheim: "Exhortation to the people, neither eloquent [oratorical] nor long, but full of warmth and love,"—that is, full of genuine eloquence. This was the first form of the "Homily" as it was delivered, after the reading of the Scriptures, in the Christian assemblies, and was doubtless copied from the example of the synagogue, where our Lord, after reading, closed the book, sat down, and *talked* to the people. Mosheim notices the declension of preaching in the third century, and lays the blame partly at the door of Origen, that unfortunate metaphysical father, who was not only "the first, so far as we know, that made long discourses," but whose originalities, in other respects, seem destined ever to be recurring to vex the theological world.* The "Homily," in

* We do not forget the influence of Plato on Schleiermacher, Neander, and a few similar German minds; but such cases are rare and anomalous. It need not be said to the classic student that we do not deny the permanent literary rank of his noble writings; we affirm only that the special relation which they sustained to Christian theology for ages has ceased, and ceased forever.

* See Rev. Mr. Beecher's new work, "The Conflict of Ages."

its more regular form, followed; but it was, in the preaching of the best of the fathers, a simple home-directed address to the people, generally in exposition of the lesson of the day. During the middle ages there was little real preaching. Ritualism took the place of most else in religion, not excepting morals themselves. After the Reformation preaching revived, and the Anglican "Homilies" were provided, as we have said, for the unlearned clergy and the rustic congregations. The Puritan outbreak was the great era of preaching, so called; the stout-hearted iconoclasts of that movement left scarcely anything else in the public service of religion: almost all ritual services being thrown away, the preachers had to supply their places by long prayers and long lectures. Splendid thinkers were those old Puritan Divines, but what preachers! They abound in riches of thought, but their sermons are mosaics of gems in slate, or rather in burned clay, dry as the old burned bricks of Nineveh. How ludicrous, almost, are the descriptions which remain of their tireless pulpit strains! We are lost in admiration at their determined persistence, and the equally determined patience of their hearers: both seemed resolute to weary out Satan if they could not otherwise make him fly. Burnet refers to a fast-day service, "in which there were six sermons preached without intermission." Philip Henry "used to begin at nine in the morning, and never leave the pulpit until about four in the afternoon; spending all that time in praying and expounding, and singing and preaching, to the admiration of all that heard him." John Howe "usually began at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, read and expounded Scripture for about three-quarters of an hour, then prayed half an hour. The people then sung a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took some refreshment; he then went into the pulpit again, preached another hour, prayed an hour, the people then sung a quarter of an hour, and a prayer of a quarter of an hour concluded the service."

Herculean, heroic was that in its way! —working indeed—if it was not even after the apostolic prescription in 2 Tim. ii, 15.

Sturtevant (who, as we shall show directly, should have been the last man to throw stones at these sturdy old sermonizers) can hardly restrain a smile at them, even in the midst of his own amazing labyrinth of Homiletic "divisions" and "subdivisions." He says, rather *naively*, "in application they were very extensive;" and then adds, "they often appropriate an entire sermon to this purpose; they give what they called uses of *information*, *examination*, *exhortation*, *reproof*, *encouragement*, and many other heads. Sometimes, previously to the exposition, they would invite their audience to follow them into certain prior considerations, to clear the way to the text. One of them favored the people with sixty or seventy previous considerations, and then said he was about to open the text! Thus, with all their excellences, they had great faults; they were too much addicted to the silly logic of their times; they shredded their text into the greatest possible number of parts, and sometimes ran out into great lengths of reasoning. It will be your task to avail yourself of their excellencies without copying their faults." And yet he acknowledges their unquestionable intellectual richness, and, in dismissing them, drops a significant hint: "Many who are extolled as original preachers and men of genius, have obtained much of their reputation by modernizing our old authors." Yes; and in so doing they have, as usual, stolen not only the gems, but also the faults of these old divines. We owe what straight-jacket trammels still mar the naturalness and power of the pulpit mostly to the mannerisms of these strong-headed but saintly old "sermonizers."

In spite of the freer tendencies of the times, our text-books on Homiletics still contend as lustily for the technicalities of the Sermon as the old French critics used to for the "unities" of the Drama. Sturtevant himself is one of the latest authorities; his huge volume* lies before us now, an appalling octavo of between six and seven hundred mortal pages, much of it small type, "*solid*." Now, though it is hard to keep a sober countenance over this sight, we do soberly declare that had we a young mind—of any strong common-sense on the one hand, or fineness of faculty and sensibility on the other—to train for the pulpit, we should

* "Preacher's Manual," an extraordinary misnomer.

be expecting dayly, as we conducted him through this monstrous text-book—this perverse abuse of a simple and sublime subject—to see him retreat from his purpose with irremediable disgust.

These more than six hundred pages are devoted exclusively to the technicalities of sermonizing. We almost perspire as we trace down the tables of contents. Our eye is arrested by the "Divisions" of a subject—and here we have no less than "nine kinds of divisions:" the "Exegetical Division," the "Accommodational Division," the "Regular Division," the "Interrogative Division," (pshaw!) the "Observational Division," the "Propositional Division," &c.; and then come the "Rise from Species to Genus," the "Descent from Genus to Species." And then again we have exordiums: "Narrative Exordiums," "Expository Exordiums," "Argumentative Exordiums," "Observational Exordiums," "Applicatory Exordiums," "Topical Exordiums," and, alas for us! even "Extra-Topical Exordiums." One's thoughts turn away from a scene like this spontaneously to the Litany, and query if there should not be a new prayer there.

But this is not all. Here are about thirty stubborn pages to tell you how to make a *comment* on your text, and we have the "Eulogistic Comment" and the "Dislogistic Comment," (turn to your dictionary, reader; we cannot stop in the race to define,) the "Argumentative Comment" and the "Contemplative Comment," the "Hyperbolical Comment," the "Interrogative Comment," and the list tapers off at last with what it ought to have begun and ended with, the "Expository Comment."

And even this is not all. Here is a section on the "Different kinds of Address," and behold the astute analysis:—"The Appellatory, The Entreating, The Expostulatory, The Remedial, The Directive, The Encouraging, The Consoling, The Elevating, The Alarming, The Tender, The Indignant, and The Abrupt." This is the way that the art "Homiletic" would teach us when and how to be "Tender," "Indignant," "Consoling," and even "Abrupt!" Nonsense!

Yes, "nonsense!" says any man of good sense in looking at this folly—a folly which would be less lamentable if it could only be kept to the homiletic professor's chair, but which has still an almost characteristic effect on pulpit eloquence—not only on the *form* of the sermon, but as a natural consequence on its very animus. This tireless author gives all these outlines as *practical* prescriptions. He even presents them in a precise formula. We must yield to the temptation to quote it. "There are," he says, "certain technical signs employed to distinguish the several parts of a discourse. The first class consists of the *principal divisions*, marked in Roman letters, thus:—I., II., III., IV., &c. Next, the *subdivisions of the first class*, in figures, 1, 2, 3, &c. Under these, *subdivisions of the second class*, marked with a curve on the right, as 1,) 2,) 3,) &c. Then, *subdivisions of the third class*, marked with two curves, as (1,) (2,) (3,) &c.; and under these, *subdivisions of the fourth class*, in crotchets, thus:—[1,] [2,] [3.] As—

"I. Principal division.
1. Subdivision of first class.
1.) " " second class.
(1.) " " third class.
[1.] " " fourth class."

Mathematical this, certainly; some of Euclid's problems are plainer. As a "demonstration" is obviously necessary, the author proceeds to give the outline of a sermon on "*The Diversity of Ministerial Gifts*," from the text "*Now there are Diversities of Gifts*," &c. He has but two "General Divisions," but makes up for their paucity by a generous allowance of "Subdivisions." His "General Divisions" are, 1. *Exemplify the Truth of the Text.* 2. *Derive some Lessons of Instruction*, &c. Under the first he has two "subdivisions," the first of which is reduced to *thirteen* sub-subdivisions, and one of these thirteen again to *seven* sub-sub-subdivisions! The second of his subdivisions is again divided into *eight* sub-subdivisions, while the "homily" (save the name!) is completed by a merciless slashing of the second "general division" into no less than *eight* subdivisions. The honest author, when he takes breath at the end, seems to have some compunctious misgivings about this infinitesimal mincing of a noble theme, and reminds the amazed student that though the plan should be followed "in the composition of a sermon," the "minor divisions" can be concealed from view in preaching; and he concludes the medley of nonsense

with one sensible and very timely admonition:—"If a discourse contain a considerable number of divisions and subdivisions, care should be taken to fill up the respective parts with suitable matter, or it will be, indeed, a mere *skeleton*—bones strung together, 'very many and very dry.'"

We acknowledge that we ought to ask the pardon of the reader for obtruding upon him these minute follies; but we have wished to treat the subject in its matter-of-fact details, and to contribute, in the most practical way we could, to the progress of what we hope is a permanent reform, now going on, in our pulpits. We have quoted for the purpose, from one of the most common works on Homiletics,* an author who, amid this egregious mass of nonsense, says, and with some truth, that he "passes over a great many" things discussed by one of his most noted predecessors, because the omitted matters, "treating of the manner of discussing different kinds of texts, are strictly learned and *critical*, and such *nice points* may be waived for the present!"

We cannot drop the allusion to these "Homiletic" books without admonishing the young theological student to obstinately eschew them. Try not to masticate their dry husks. Turn to the rich mines of the great theological writers for intellectual resources; turn to the standard works on common oratory for the few simple principles of the art; for these alone are what you need, besides your common sense. If you have not common sense enough to guide you, with such simple aids, to a manly, befitting address,—if your natural faculties are not good enough to enable you to make a rational "comment" on your text without this drilling in the "eulogistic" and "dislogistic comments,"—then turn away from the altar—you have no right there. But, at all events, turn away from these "Homiletic" text-books; turn to your own heart if you have nothing else, and evoke its common sympathies and common sense—these will be better infinitely than the Homiletic manuals; turn to ordinary books of taste and style—they are even better. You had better, like Chrysostom, "the golden-mouthed," go to sleep with old Aristophanes under your pillow than with these huge Homiletic phantoms haunting your dreams. Aristophanes gave the Byzantine bishop the purest example of the Attic dialect at least; these Homiletic authors will give you neither rhetoric nor logic.

We have thus indicated our view, in part, of the actual character of the sermon; its *critical form*, as a mode of discourse, as well as much of its *subject-matter*, needs, we think, no little reform. That reform is in progress, as we have said. It has advanced greatly in our day—so much, indeed, that the extreme use of the critical peculiarities, which were deemed by the Puritan divines almost essential to the sermon, would not now be tolerated by our congregations. Even the technical peculiarities which have been tolerated in the modern sermon are beginning gradually to disappear from the discourses of the first class of pulpit intellects, and it is to be hoped that before many years the "firstly," "secondly," and "thirdly"—the whole technical herd of "divisions" and "subdivisions"—will, like the swine before the simple, powerful word of Christ, "run violently down a steep place into the sea" of oblivion, and "perish in its waters."

The usual plea that minute dissections help the popular mind to remember the discourse, is unfounded in fact. The clerical hearers—if any such be present—will remember them, so admirable a thing is "sermonizing" clerically considered; but these technical niceties are irksome to the people. Ask your common hearers what they remember of any given sermon; you will scarcely find a recollection of "firstly," "secondly," or "thirdly;" and as for the subtechnics, they have escaped into the air. The people remember the main subject—the most natural and vivid illustrations of it, and the most powerful hortative points in the enforcement of it—but seldom or never its technical method.

* And it is, we believe, considered one of the best also. Bridge's Christian Ministry is another favorite, but formidable work — an octavo of about five hundred pages—somewhat less technical, but stuffed with useless commonplaces, which have the advantage, however, of being relieved by incessant and very choice quotations from the best writers—passages that sparkle like gems in a heap of dry scoriæ. This pious writer reminds us, by his talent at quotation, of old Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." There would be some danger of that malady in reading the book, were it not for its refreshing extracts.

Equally fallacious is the supposition that, by affording the preacher something definite to stand upon—a structure of thought—they secure to him that self-possession, that "liberty," so dear to the public speaker. If these technicalities constituted the real *preparation* of the discourse, there would be some truth in the supposition; but are they not usually only trammels upon it, curbing the freedom of the mind? "Liberty," as it is called, in speaking, depends upon other and many conditions; no preparation can always secure it. He that is forever anxious for it will be likely the less to possess it; the sensibility that oftenest secures powerful eloquence is often, also, the cause of agitation and failure; and he that would be powerful in the pulpit must be resigned to occasional defeats. But let him not care for that; one untrammeled, thrilling, sweeping discourse, is worth half-a-dozen dry, respectable Homilies, and a man of genuine eloquence will soon come to be recognized as such, notwithstanding his failures; nay, the latter will come to be considered by his hearers—whether by their favoritism or their criticism—as the enhancing contrasts of his successful efforts—the shades of the picture.

There are, unquestionably, as we have said, proprieties of pulpit discourse as of any other discourse; but there are none, that we can conceive of, peculiar to it except the peculiarly religious spirit, and the warmer, higher eloquence which that should insure. The few general principles of eloquence applicable to all oratory are all that need be sought for the pulpit. The sermon should be relieved of useless technical peculiarities — of everything peculiar to it, in fine, except its higher moral tone, and, placed upon the same platform with all other sound popular eloquence, be allowed there untrammeled play. When thus emancipated it will have its legitimate power.

What would be the fate of any popular, or forensic, or senatorial orator, who should adopt the stringent artificialities of the sermonizer?

Clergymen, elevated though they truly are, as a class, cling closely to class opinions, and it is perhaps inevitable under their circumstances. Their own estimate of pulpit ability tends to perpetuate the defects of the pulpit. The man that stirs the soul, that moves the multitude, that speaks in the desk as he would in the vestry or on the platform—naturally and powerfully—he is not usually considered by his clerical brethren the really *great preacher;* he is the "poet," the "elocutionist," the "revivalist,"&c. He *is* "the great preacher" nevertheless; let him be content; for God, and the good common-sense which God has put into the common mind, will always recognize him as such. There are two classes which we apprehend usually pass clerical criticism as "great preachers," viz.: the great "sermonizers,"—men who most effectually *mechanize* a discourse, shackling it with strict distinctions; and, on the other hand, those who can most elaborately speculate out a dogmatic subject—men of powerful thought, but who display that power more in the handling of a difficult topic than in the control of the popular mind—the sweeping, renovating sway over the conscience and life of the multitude, which is really the highest power on earth—the power which the Holy Ghost itself comes down from heaven to exert. In both these respects the pulpit will be revolutionized in less than a hundred years from to-day. "That which metaphysical preaching teaches," says Dwight, "may be true, and the arguments used to support it may be sound; but the distinctions are so subtile, and the reasoning so abstruse and difficult, that the hearer's attention to the truth is lost in his attention to the preacher's ingenuity; his mind prevented from feeling what is intended by the absorption of his thoughts in the difficulties of the argument, and his heart chilled by the cold manner in which all such discussions are conducted. The metaphysician, whether aware of it or not, is employed in displaying his own ingenuity, and not in disclosing and confirming the truth of God."

"This plain and easy way of preaching," says Robinson in his notes on Claude, "is wonderfully adapted to the capacities, and inclinations, too, of a multitude of hearers; and such a method, purged of artificial logic, will one day or other, it is hoped, universally prevail."

We have more remarks to make on the subject, some of which, we must remind the reader, will be an essential continuance and qualification of what we have here said.

The National Magazine.

JANUARY, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

We give as a sort of title-page ornament to this, the first number of our new volume, a very fine engraving from one of the old masters. Its execution is exceedingly fine, and does much credit to Felter, our artist, whose superior work, presented in our columns from month to month, is attracting general commendation. The original of this beautiful picture is a painting by Annibal Carrache, in the gallery of the Louvre, Paris.

The original article on *Coins and Medals*, which we begin in the present number, will be found interesting, especially to Biblical and historical students, for the critical illustrations it affords. Do n't pass it by.

Jonathan Honestus's odd career is concluded in our present number. He is a most interesting character, and the facile English of the writer's style, as well as his shy, quiet humor, reminds us of the sterling old periodical writers of Queen Anne's times. We do not, editorially, indorse all the sentiments of the writer; but it will, we think, be generally acknowledged that he has conducted his hero through his feats and vagaries with the least possible offense to readers of whatever party. If any of his allusions are deemed too direct, they will be pardoned, in consideration of the interesting and difficult character which he has exemplified.

Eloquence boiled down.—A writer in the *Christian Herald* cites the following, which he heard delivered by a slave in a religious lecture-room, Montgomery, Alabama. It is not a bad illustration in the way of an admonition:—

"My bredren, God bless your souls! 'ligion is like the Alabama ribber! In spring comes fresh, and bring in all de ole logs, sleds, an' sticks dat hab been lyin' on de bank, and carry dem down in de current. Bymeby de water go down—den a log cotch on dis island, den a stab get cotched on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes, and dare dey lie, witherin' an' divin' till come 'nother fresh. Jus' so dar come 'vival of 'ligion—dis ole sinner bro't in, dat ole backslider bro't back, an' all de folks seem comin', an' mighty good times. But bredren, God bless your souls! bymeby 'vivals gone—den dis ole sinner is stuck on his own sin afore on jus' such a rock; den one arter 'noder, dat had got 'ligion, lie all along de shore, and dey lie till 'noder 'vival. Belubed bredren, God bless your souls! keep in de current."

Spirit-Rapping.—The spirit-rapping mania prevails in England. Faraday's explanation of the table-turning was apparently decisive of that one mystery, but not of the "table-talking," and other phenomena of the new "spiritualism." Faraday's demonstration, therefore, seems to have little, if any, effect on the popular interest for the subject in England. The higher literary periodicals of the country have taken it in hand with no little elaborateness. The last issues of both the *Quarterly Review* and the *London Quarterly Review* contain articles upon it, the former a profoundly scientific essay, in which the writer, while he does not admit the hypothesis of the *odic force*, as contended for in our own pages, solves the problem by a very similar hypothesis—the physical influence of "*Dominant Ideas.*" The mysteries of "Mesmerism," "Biology," "Clairvoyance," and kindred marvels, are explained, by the same theory, through nearly sixty pages of very learned and able discussion.

The subject is producing in England, as here, an abundant popular literature of its own. We notice, among several other works, no less than three publications, from clergymen, maintaining the "demoniacal" theory, first expounded, we believe, by our countryman, Rev. Mr. Beecher. One of these books is entitled "*Table-Turning Tested, and proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency;*" another is entitled "*Table Turning the Devil's Modern Masterpiece: being the result of a Course of Experiments;*" the title of the third is "*Table-Talking: Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs: a Word for the Wise.*" So far as we can ascertain, these works are from the pens of two clergymen of the "Establishment." They contain some surprising marvels, which, we think, cannot be rationally explained on any other theory than that heretofore advanced in our columns—the theory so largely elaborated in Dr. Rogers's book, and assumed in the able article which we recently copied from the *Christian Review*.

The Rev. Mr. Godfrey, one of these English writers, made his experiments with the table in company with only his wife and his curate, and therefore admits no suspicion of deception. The motions soon owned and obeyed his commands—the table standing on one leg, moving on three legs, inclining to and fro, &c., precisely as he ordered it. Of course the little company were taken by surprise.

"I spoke," says Mr. Godfrey, "to the table, and said, 'If you move by electricity, stop.' It stopped instantly! I commanded it to go on again, and said, while it was moving, 'If an evil spirit cause you to move, stop.' It moved round without stopping! I again said, 'If there be any evil agency in this, stop.' It went on as before."

Believing that the devil was present, Mr. Godfrey was pugnaciously determined to test his power:—

"I was now prepared for an experiment of a far more solemn character. I whispered to the schoolmaster to bring a small Bible, and to lay it on the table when I should tell him. I then caused the table to revolve rapidly, and gave the signal. *The Bible was gently laid on the table, and it instantly stopped!* We were horror-struck. However, I determined to persevere. I had other books in succession laid on the table, to see whether the fact of a book lying on it altered any of the conditions under which it revolved—it went round with them without making any difference! I then tried with the Bible four different times, and each time with the same result; it would *not move so long as that precious volume lay upon it.* I now said, 'If there be a hell, I command you to knock on the floor with this leg twice;' it was motionless. 'If there be no hell, knock twice;' no answer. 'If there be a devil, knock twice;' no motion. 'If there be not a devil, knock twice;' *lo our horror, the leg slowly rose and knocked twice!* I then said, 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if there be *no* devil, knock twice;' it was motionless. This I tried four several times, and each time with the same result. I then asked other questions: 'If there be a heaven, knock twice.' 'If there be not a heaven.' 'If there be not an eternity.' 'If the soul live after death.' To not one of these questions could I get an answer."

The reverend gentleman being a sound theologian, of course, on our theory, the answers of the "spirits" must all be orthodox, at least

as orthodox as his own opinions. He evokes one spirit whom, it seems, he had known "in the flesh," or in "the form," as the rappists have it, and proceeded to catechise him as follows:—

"Are you sorry now for the sins you committed when alive?—Yes, (very emphatically.)
"Are you suffering now from those immoral desires, without the power of satisfying them?—Yes, (very decidedly.)
"Do we increase your suffering by keeping you here?—No answer.
"Do you want to be released?—No answer.
"Had you rather stay?—Yes.
"Does the devil send you here?—Yes, (very emphatically.)
"Does he send you here for the purpose of deceiving us?—Yes, (very decidedly.)
"Does God compel you to answer questions?—Yes.
"Do you like to answer me?—Yes, (very emphatically.)
"Shall you be sorry when you leave here?—Yes.
"Are you happier in the presence of God's people?—Yes, (decidedly.)
"Must you come again if told by Satan?—Yes.
"Are you compelled by God to come to tell us that table-turning is of the devil?—Yes.
"Could you answer with the Bible on you?—No."

Another of these English writers, Rev. Mr. Gillson, gives equally orthodox reports from the "spirit-world." He says:—

"I placed my hand upon the table, and put a variety of questions, all of which were instantly and correctly answered. Various ages were asked, and all correctly told. In reply to trifling questions, possessing no particular interest, the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg, and rapping. But, in answer to questions of a more exciting character, it would become violently agitated, and sometimes to such a degree that I can only describe the motion by the word *frantic*.
"I inquired, Are you a departed spirit?—The answer was, Yes, indicated by a rap.
"Are you unhappy?—The table answered by a sort of writhing motion, which no natural power over it could imitate.
"It was then asked, Shall you be forever unhappy?—The same kind of writhing motion was returned.
"Do you know Satan?—Yes.
"Is he the prince of devils?—Yes.
"Will he be bound?—Yes.
"Will he be cast into the abyss?—Yes.
"Will you be cast in with him?—Yes.
"How long will it be before he is cast out?—He rapped ten.
"Will wars and commotions intervene?—The table rocked and reeled backward and forward for a length of time, as if it intended a pantomimic acting of the prophet's predictions:—The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again. Isa. xxiv, 20.
"I then asked, Where are Satan's head-quarters? Are they in England?—There was a slight movement.
"Are they in France?—A violent movement.
"Are they in Spain?—Similar agitation.
"Are they at Rome?—The table literally seemed frantic.
"At the close of these experiments, which occupied about two hours, the invisible agent, in answer to some questions about himself, did not agree with what had been said before. I therefore asked, Are you the same spirit that was in the table when we began?—No.
"How many spirits have been in the table this evening?—Four.
"This spirit informed us that he had been an infidel, and that he embraced Popery about five years before his death. Among other questions he was asked, Do you know the Pope?—The table was violently agitated.
"I asked, How long will Popery continue?—He rapped ten: exactly coinciding with the other spirit's account of the binding of Satan.
"Many questions were asked, and experiments tried, in order to ascertain whether the results would agree with Mr. Godfrey's, and on every occasion they did, especially that of stopping the movement of the table with the Bible. The table was engaged in rapping out a number, but the instant the divine volume was laid upon it the movement ceased. When the Bible was removed it went on. This was repeatedly tried, and invariably with the same result. Other books were laid upon the table, similar in size and shape to the Bible, but without any effect.
"As we proceeded with our questions, we found an indescribable facility in the conversation, from the extraordinary intelligence and ingenuity displayed in the table; *e. g.*, I inquired if many devils were posted in Bath.
"He replied by the most extraordinary and rapid knocking of the three feet in succession, round and round for some time, as if to intimate that they were innumerable.
"I asked, Can you give me your name?—Yes.
"Give me the first letter by rapping the number from the beginning of the alphabet. It was instantly done.
"The second letter. It was given.
"I would not allow him to proceed, because he had told us that his relations lived in Bath, and I thought it might lead to very painful feelings if the name were given."

This downright orthodoxy will hardly be acceptable to the rappists of this country; it looks Judge Edmonds's book out of all countenance. In that book a case is related by Governor Talmadge, in which the "spirit" actually asked for the Bible. It was put in contact with the table without interfering with the "communications," and was made to confirm them. The Parisian priests affirm that the Rosary, laid on the table, stops the motion, a striking instance of which has been recently reported to the Archbishop of Paris, and announced in the papers. The fact is obvious, that as "a man thinketh, so" are his "raps" in these cases—that, in other words, the action of some one mind, present, gives character to the responses, on the principles of some yet obscure, though partially indicated law. And this automatic mental action is the explanation of all the physical demonstrations which attend this new wonder—demonstrations which we admit to be astonishing, but not more so than were once many of the phenomena of electricity and magnetism.

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THE MAINE LAW.—We "go in" for the Maine Law, of course; what other disposition could a Magazine like this take on the subject?

We "go for it" because we believe it *practicable*. This we should never have supposed *a priori*, for we are very strongly inclined to the old orthodox doctrine of total depravity, and find ourselves every year more and more disposed to believe the existence not only of a devil, but of many legions of them, and that they have pretty much their "own way of it" in this world, for the time being at least. Such a statute as the Maine Law is a miracle of legislation, a downright defiance of the devil and all his angels, and with such odds against it we feared for its fate; but we are convinced at last that it is practicable.

We have been twice in Maine during the past year, and have kept our eyes open to see the working of the law. Any man who travels over that State, and does not see the practical demonstration of the statute, ought to suspect himself of amaurosis, and go quickly to an ophthalmic hospital. Our first visit afforded us some observations in the rural districts of the State. We saw not one drunkard in our travels; we had not, on our return, been in Massachusetts three hours before we saw a battalion of them. Mayor Seaver's administration is amply enough demonstrated in Boston. On our second visit to Maine, we arrived in Portland the very day that an indignant

remonstrance, signed by hundreds of leading citizens against John Neal's misrepresentations of the effects of the law, appeared in the city papers. It bore the signatures of the very first men of Portland, including magistrates, the clergy, &c., &c. John Neal is well known for his eccentricities. How far these have anything to do with his gyrations about the Maine Law we cannot pretend to say. He was once a supporter of the law, and a member, it is said, of a "Watchman's Club" for its enforcement. One of the papers attributes his late rancorous opposition to a personal quarrel with Neal Dow, the author of the law. The *Portland Advertiser* says:—

"The statement of Mr. Neal is a very erroneous one, and one which will not be sustained by the judgment of one out of every hundred of the intelligent citizens of the State, aside from those immediately engaged in selling or strongly attached to the habit of drinking rum."

The *Gardiner Journal* says:—

"No reply was needed where John Neal is personally known, but his name might have had some weight abroad. He is notoriously a man of ungovernable passions, and vacillating as the winds."

The principal passage in Mr. Neal's statement is as follows:—

"At this moment (and it has been growing worse and worse every day, since the first three months were over, when people were blinded by its presumption or frightened by its rashness) there is more intemperance and more drinking in this city and neighborhood, and probably throughout the whole State of Maine, with here and there a doubtful exception, than there has been at any other time for twenty years. Young men have banded together to evade the law. Travelers have brought liquors with them to our public houses. Children carry liquor-flasks about with them; and bottles are made in the shape of Bibles, so bound as to deceive the eye."

There are two things very noticeable about this statement. One is that, according to Mr. Neal's own showing, the law has really suppressed grog-shops, and secret means of obtaining liquors have to be used by the poor thirsty sufferers. The other point to be observed is that Mr. Neal must necessarily *assume* what he says, for, according to his own showing, the violations of the law are private. How, then, does he know them? His statement asserts that intemperance is rife in the State, more so than for the preceding twenty years, and yet all is in secret. The very statement bears on the face of it the evidence of its uncertainty and presumption. Has Mr. Neal been into all the retired scenes of these orgies? how else can he know they exist? But, further, matter-of-fact is against him on all hands. Could such demoralization exist without becoming open vice? But precisely the contrary is the fact. Drunkenness is rarely, if ever, seen in Maine any more. A public man in Portland, indignant at John Neal's statement, told us that he never sees, now-a-days, an intoxicated person in the streets of the city. Of what other city in Christendom can this be affirmed?

Mr. Neal Dow, (on whom be God's blessing!) the founder of this great reform, has come out with a counter-statement against John Neal. He denies the whole purport of Mr. Neal's statement. He says:—

"The facts in relation to the working of the Maine Liquor Law in Portland, and through Maine, have been published often for the last two years in most of the papers of the State, and never has any attempt been made by any responsible person to disprove them. At the time of the enactment of the law, rum-selling was carried on openly in all parts of the State. In Portland there were between three and four hundred open rum-shops, and immediately after the enactment of the law not one. The wholesale trade in liquors was at once annihilated throughout the State, and the retail trade, so far as it existed at all, was carried on with great secrecy and caution. In Portland, intemperance almost entirely disappeared, and a large number of men were reformed. So thoroughly did the law accomplish its object, that temptations to intemperance were in a great measure removed out of the path of the young and inexperienced. In proof of this I cite a fact:—A Mr. Carleton came to Portland to attend a law-suit, and brought a witness who was a very intemperate man. Mr. C. feared his witness would become intoxicated, and be of no use to him. They arrived in town at seven o'clock P. M., and from that time until twelve at night, Mr. C. saw nothing of him. At that hour the witness came to the hotel, perfectly sober, and said to Mr. C. that he had 'traveled more than five miles and *could n't find a drop*.' And the reformation of more or less intemperate men of Portland is within the knowledge of almost every citizen. It was the unanimous declaration of all the watchmen and police that the city was like an entirely new place, so quiet and free from all indications of intemperance were the streets, both by day and night. Many shops, which before were rum-shops, were converted to other branches of trade, and almost every indication of intemperance was banished from the city."

He quotes largely from the city-government returns of crime, pauperism, &c., showing a marvelous reduction of vice, suffering, and expense, and maintaining fully his own testimony. He had recently been over the State, and says:—

"Such were the actual effects of the 'Liquor Law' in Portland, and generally throughout the State, where it was enforced. In many parts of the State, rum-selling is entirely unknown at the present time, so thorough has been the effect of the law. During my late tour through the eastern and northern parts of the State, I could not learn that there was an open grog-shop. Rum-selling, where it exists at all, is carried on secretly, and in large districts of country it is extinguished; and everywhere a marked improvement is seen in the condition of the people, as acknowledged by all unprejudiced persons whom I met."

The public statement recently made by hundreds of citizens of Portland need not be quoted by us; it has been published largely in the newspapers, and must effectually upset John Neal's whimsical proclamation on the subject.

We go for the Maine Law then, for we believe it is practicable. And is it not desirable? What would it do for this State? We have recently noticed some facts respecting intemperance among us. The annual cost of pauperism in this State is more than $700,000. Of this sum upward of $600,000 are set down to the account of intemperance. Our average number of paupers is over ninety thousand. More than three-fourths of all the crime committed in the State can be traced directly to intemperance. More than nine-tenths of all the murders in the State are committed under the influence of intoxication. Fifteen thousand persons die every year in the State by intemperance. Most of the business of grand juries, sheriffs, constables, and the police system in all the cities, is chargeable to intemperance. Of one hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and forty-six persons committed in six and a half years in the city of New-York, one hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and eighty-three were for offenses resulting almost entirely from the use of liquor in dram-shops.

Give us the Maine Law, and it will give us the blessings which it is conferring on Maine.

It is authentically stated that there were in the city of Portland, during the nine months before the passage of the law, committed to the alms-house two hundred and fifty-two; to the house of correction for intemperance, forty-six; to the jail for drunkenness, larceny, &c., two hundred and seventy-nine; to the watch-house, four hundred and thirty-one. In nine months subsequent to the passage of the law, the number of commitments to the alms-house were one hundred and forty-six; to the house of correction thirteen; to the jail one hundred and thirty-five; to the watch-house one hundred and eighty. Many persons, formerly drunkards, have been saved by the passage of the law in the State. In many parts of the State the houses of correction, which teemed with depraved persons before the passage of the law, are now almost without an occupant. In the city of Lowell, Mass., the late mayor reports a diminution of drunkenness, since the passage of the Maine Law, of two-thirds. The city marshal also reports a diminution in the criminal business of the police court of thirty-eight per cent. In the city of Springfield, the judge of the police court reports a diminution of seventy-one per cent. both in intemperance and crime.

We are shouting in this city for reform in the city finances. It is ascertained that the Controller's Reports, if analyzed, will show that intemperance adds to our taxes more than $3,000 every day, or $125 each hour! Shut up the dram-shops, the great cause of intemperance, and a million of dollars, at least, would be stricken from each future tax-bill at one blow!

Let every good citizen contend, then, for the Maine Law! The battle for it may be a hard one, but it is worth fighting for through a century. Never was any reform sustained by more overwhelming facts and appeals to the personal interests of citizens. The victory cannot be long deferred if the friends of the reform persevere manfully. Let them give no quarter; when overthrown, let them rise again with renewed determination; and when once it is seen that they cannot be driven from the field, the field will be yielded them.

—

THE POET MOORE'S Memoirs abound in anecdote and fine sayings. He was an industrious gatherer of such treasures. Here are a few:—

Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious, as showing that a mine is near.

One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made.

Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them.

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence of mind, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner.

A poor author, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, 'Cellarage, £3 10s. 6d.' He thought it was a charge for the trouble of selling the seven hundred copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but, on inquiry, found it was for the cellar-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence.

Talleyrand.—Bobus Smith, one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, Talleyrand said: "*O'etait donc votre pere qui n'etait pas bien.*" (It was your father, then, that was not good-looking.)

An Old Acquaintance.—"Is your master at home?" "No, sir; he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, sir; she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith, sir, that's out too."

"Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice. She said once, "*Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi; c'est la mienne.*" (I have but one voice against me, and that is my own.)

Talleyrand.—One day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a "Pekin," who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. "*Nous appellons Pekin,*" says Davoust, "*tout ce qui n'est pas militaire.*" (We call Pekin everything not military.) "*O oui, c'est comme chez nous,*" replied Talleyrand, "*nous appellons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil.*" (O yes, as we call everything military which is not civil.)

Lord John Russell told of a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputationers) always differed with him, and at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, 'You really are too bad. I cannot bear to listen to such things. I will not stay in the same coach with you,' and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson bellowing out triumphantly after him, 'Ah! you're beat, you're beat.' Nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch, to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching."

—

THE POET BURNS.—Chambers, in his life of this poet, says:—

"It is a remarkable fact, that the mass of the poetry which has given this extraordinary man his principal fame, burst from him in a comparatively small space of time—certainly not exceeding fifteen months. It began to flow of a sudden, and it ran in one impetuous, brilliant stream, till it seemed to have become, comparatively speaking, exhausted."

—

Some right-minded wag plays off the following "spiritual" *bon-mots*:—

"That whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and alms-houses.

"That brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

"That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

"That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

"That ale causes many ailings, while beer brings many to the bier.

"That champagne is the source of many a real side pain.

"That gin-slings have 'slewed' more than the slings of old.

"That the reputation of being fond of cocktails is not a feather in any man's cap.

"That money spent for port that is supplied by portly gents would support a poor family.

"That porter is a weak supporter for those who are weak in body."

—

THE FIVE POINTS.—We lately referred to the unfavorable, though indirect, reflections made upon each other by the parties now conducting the moral reforms at the Five Points, and said that the public have a right to more explicit information on the matters in controversy. A committee of four very respectable citizens have published, in behalf of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, a "Review of the Report of the Directors of the Five Points' House of Industry, under the charge of Rev. L. M. Pease." This report, as we said, made some statements disparaging to the management of the Mission by the ladies. The "Review" presents counter statements, verified by facts. We give a single paragraph:—

"Again, the report says:—'The separation between Mr. Pease and the society under whose patronage he had thus far carried on his work was altogether friendly. The seventh annual report of that society, rendered in April, 1851, and the eighth *a year later*, each contain testimonials of the self-denying labors, great usefulness, and eminent fitness of Mr. Pease.' Now, it is well known that the ladies had so withdrawn their confidence from Mr. Pease that before the publication of the above-mentioned 'eighth' report, they had asked for his removal, and that the Rev. Mr. Luckey had been appointed. They would, therefore, have stultified themselves had they bestowed those high commendations upon him so long after he had ceased to be their missionary at their own request. But the fact is his name is not mentioned in the eighth report of the mission at all, notwithstanding the assertion of the directors of the House of Industry, except that he is charged in the treasurer's account with money paid him on account of salary. Thus have the directors suffered themselves to be imposed upon by those from whom they have gathered their information."

—

CALIFORNIA is certainly the greatest marvel in the civil history of our race. It is fast consolidating into a prosperous, thoroughly provided State. It has already its Universities. The "commencement exercises" of one of them —the Pacific University of Santa Clara—are reported in the *California Christian Advocate*. It is under the care of Professor Bannister, and includes eighty-seven students, (in a preparatory department.) A writer, in referring to the exhibition, says:—

"Really this reminded us of the commencement exercises and periodic exhibitions of other days, when we were an honored performer in the scene. The exercises consisted of the declamation of pieces original and selected, the audience being left to judge which was which. Many of the pieces, as well as the manner in which they were declaimed, were highly satisfactory, calling forth great applause from the audience—which was larger than the house could contain. Upon the whole, we were agreeably disappointed in our educational prospects, at so early a period in our advancement as a State. When I remembered that we were but on the commencement of things, how cheering seemed the prospect of the future. The new college edifice is just being completed, and will be ready for service at the reassembling of the school. The present building, which is large and commodious, will be occupied as a seminary for young ladies. The new building is of brick, and is sufficiently commodious to accommodate two hundred pupils. It will be the object to train those who may attend this school for a regular college course, should it be desired. And now, though we come away enthusiastic on the subject of education, which such occasions never fail to inspire, we have given you, reader, a truthful and sober *expose* of what we saw at the examination of this infant University. It is not yet a great University, such as we find in the East, which have been years and centuries in acquiring their character, and which, by their endowments, have secured the most learned teachers found in the great REPUBLIC OF LETTERS. Yet, under Providence, it is to be most surely and speedily what others are. Not a quarter of a century will pass until it shall have taken its rank, become a mighty agent of civilization, an ornament and honor to the State, and a magnificent lighthouse on the shores of the greatest oceans, and most important country of the world."

Success to you, men of California; take good care of your schools, and you will find them worth more to you in due time than your gold mines.

—

The *Daily Times* (Eng.) thus sketches Lord Aberdeen, the English Premier:—

"His lordship is an honest, well-meaning man, who has from his youth upward been fond of a quiet life, and rather timid when responsibility is to be incurred. 'The classic Thane, Athenian Aberdeen,' has all along been better fitted for the pursuits of lettered ease, than the rude bustle of politics in a stormy age like ours. He is, moreover, by nature and habit, an aristocrat—a kind and liberal, but still a somewhat ultra aristocrat. He disapproves, doubtless, of much that has been done by the aristocratic party in Europe; but with all its faults he loves it still; and he has a sneaking kindness for Russia as the 'sheet-anchor' of that party. All these peculiarities of temperament, and all these idiosyncrasies of opinion, have been strengthened in him by years. He has outlived the limited 'threescore and ten' that make up the statutory life of man, and is not disposed in his old age to buckle on his armor against old friends, or, indeed, to encounter the responsibility of wars and broils on any consideration. In the event of a serious crisis between this country and Russia, the resignation of Lord Aberdeen seems certain."

Punch thus irreverently salutes "The Noble Airl:"—

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye wakin' yet,
And are our drums a beatin' yet?
The journals lee,
Or fra' all we see,
The Russians are no retreatin' yet.

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye writin' yet,
In hollow phrases delightin' yet,
While on Danube's banks
Thae hostile ranks
Are makin' ready for fightin' yet?

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye prosin' yet,
On your council sofas a dozin' yet,
To the old world's sneers,
And the new world's jeers,
Your country's honor exposin' yet?

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye twaddlin' yet,
An ower yer red tape dawdlin' yet
About Nick's good faith,
And his power, and baith,
To your weary colleagues a maudlin' yet?

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye Premier yet?
We must have some cleverer schemer yet,
Or the Russian cat,
Whom ye love to pat,
Will be ower to lick up her cream here yet."

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A PEN-AND-INK GALLOPADE.—We seize the pen editorial, howbeit not with the editor's hand, to recount for our personal satisfaction (we are much of a dweller in the past) a petit trip in chase of the setting sun, in which chase, we may as well confess at once, we were distanced, although his sunship fell at least once in the rear during the twenty-four hours of our journey. But, as story-teller's "remark," this is anticipating.

Who does not enjoy a sail up the Hudson? Two, and to be pitied too: he who takes none, and he who never saw a trace of beauty in earth, sea, or sky in all his life. They only. But to describe it, this Hudson,—the Rhine of America,—to panoramatize it with black ink on blue paper, let no rational soul essay, unless ambitious to follow America's Irving, *non passibus æquis*—decidedly *non*. We think we shall not be guilty of that folly during the term of our natural life. Aboard of the handsome steamer A——, (and commend us to a steamer, if we chance to have an hour's leisure on our hands,) we are already a score miles from the metropolis, when on-rushing, loud-roaring, past-flying, the "express" salutes the eye and ear, demonstrating almost painfully to the gazer the power of its two engines, and seeming to exult and triumph a land "fox" over our water "tortoise." We thought there was pride somewhere, and afterward remembered that "pride goeth before a fall." The headlong, dread-naught train was doomed to the fate of those fleet coursers which fall dead at the goals they have won. The thunder of its passage still played in echoes among the hills and along the

water, when we discovered that it had been arrested, and that a dense crowd was collecting in the neighborhood of the engines. A few provident ones hastened to a convenient dock, and by violent gesticulations, and by converting white handkerchiefs into signals of distress, and, for the nonce, flags of truce withal, brought us alongside the landing. The extent of the catastrophe was presently apparent. The wreck was appalling to behold, but happily no lives had been sacrificed. The seemingly small act of misplacing a switch had launched one train upon another, and wrought what narrowly failed of being a fatal as well as frightful disaster. The joy of the multitude at their escape was very manifest in their smiles and *bon mots*. But how far they deemed their deliverance providential did not appear. Doubtless many silent prayers were offered up to the Father of Mercies; but we heard no expression of thanksgiving, no ascriptions of praise. We cannot but think it would have been altogether appropriate, and profitable to many, had some Christian citizen mounted one of those overthrown vehicles, and briefly but earnestly, in the name of all present, given thanks to their common Father for a deliverance so signal.

It is due to the company which operates this road to say, that it is in the main well managed, and has won a high reputation as well for safety as for speed.

Our arrival at the landing was timely, and hundreds chose to continue their journey on board the steamer. As they poured in upon our deck, we confess our fancy began to let out its sounding line, and explore the bed of the river, notwithstanding all that we had read of the specific gravity of water. Baths are excellent, but there is a choice of time and modes.

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On the cars, and "Westward, ho," we had measured off the weary leagues as a draper tells his yards of tape, and were upon the borders of Western New-York, "the garden of the Empire State." But the "garden" was dismantled, the year was in the sear and yellow leaf, and what with cold winds and close windows we had but a dull day of it, poor in materials for our editorial hodge-podge. A dull day, we said, but with a sharp feature or two nevertheless. There is a certain keenness in the first approaches of autumnal cold, more penetrating than the settled rigor of mid-winter. The latter we expect, and are prepared for by suitable apparel, and the process of a few months' toughening. The other is an unbidden intruder, who, though we may shrug our shoulders and turn our back upon him, insinuates himself into our acquaintance with the greatest ease. Nor is his familiarity at all of the conciliatory kind. Our blandest suavity is met with a chilling rebuff at every turn, until our poor bronchials hoarsely declare that they have taken sore offense. We are in excellent voice for exercises in German, Hebrew, and Arabic gutturals. Coughing, hemming, and sneezing, (which latter the ancients strangely held to be an auspicious omen,) proclaim, in doleful dissonance, that war has been made upon our American constitution. Our friend, abstemious M——, thin and wiry as an anchorite, bears about at the tip of his nasal protuberance an amount of blue and violet which could hardly be thought a reputable "sign," if "hung out" on a warmer day. His neighbor, of aldermanic proportions, and habits to suit, displays a sudden sprightly nimbleness of step, and bustles about with a galvanic vehemence of muscle, which, under the dog-star, would astonish himself and alarm his friends; while humanity at large, aping its apers, chatters lustily. The poor woman, who ekes out a scanty livelihood by selling apples, has moved her stand around a corner less exposed to the piercing north wind, and *tries* to feel warm and contented in her patched cloak. The children play "cold frosty morning" more to keep up their spirits and sanguineous circulation than for the "fun of it," or seek the shelter of the fire-side to vex the newly-lighted coals with the poker and their mammas with wise questions. Flocks of wild geese, admonished by the slant sunbeams, wedge their way from polar skies to warmer zones, clamoring as they go. The squirrel busily replenishes his store-house, in the hollow of an ancient oak, with acorns and beech-nuts. Flora has long since deserted her faded gardens, and Ceres has securely garnered her grains and fruits. Bacchus, considerably modernized, may still be seen upon a bleak hill-side, gathering cider apples with numb fingers, and a visage more long than rubicund. Troops of withered leaves play "hide and seek" along the fields of stubble; and Nature dons again her russet gown, more ancient and durable than John Fox's perennial goat-skin suit,—a queer old dame she, pleased for a life-time with one Fall-fashion. And Hymen—but what should he have to do with the changeful Seasons and the circling Hours? Nothing, perhaps, though he now seems wantonly to extend the record of his exploits in the columns of the weekly paper.

But here we are, at the G—— station, (*depot* we utterly eschew, and spew out of our mouth *vehementer*,) and must exchange our rail-a-way reflections on Notus and Jack Frost for a serious land-carriage encounter with them. A bracing of the nerves, a drawing on of overcoats, a shrill cracking of the lash, and our Bucephali display their fine points as well as the darkness will allow. Without believing in ghosts, we take great comfort under such circumstances in closing our eyes; we so easily dream of a genial fireside and pleasant faces, and fancy ourselves in the midst of them. If told that this is acting very like the silly ostrich, which, hotly pursued by the hunter, hides its head in the sand, and imagines its whole body is concealed, we stoutly insist that this ostrich is a very wise biped for making the best of a disagreeable business, and considering it discreet to be blind where fate is inevitable.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise,"

was truly said or sung.

A light glimmers in the distance. On yonder hill the old ancestral mansion faintly displays its outlines against the western sky. The well-remembered threshold is gained—is crossed—and, as our *voyageur* stands in the presence of a father's silvered locks, and beholds once more the smile of his benignant eye, he bows down his face, and his heart becomes as the heart of a little child.

And his mother? All radiant and holy, through "the mellow light of long ago," shone down her sweet and saintly face upon her son's full heart and faithful memory, a star that never sets; and, as he knelt where years agone she conquered death with the calm strength of Christian faith, he thought of her as among the angels, and thanked God for a hope which could encircle the dark cloud of orphanage with a silver-lining of light from above. The old Family Bible, time-soiled, thumb-worn, with "our family tree," he opened it once more, and, lo, its truths and promises beamed forth the same, undimmed, still new; speaking, O evermore speaking to the thirsty heart with primal freshness and beauty.

O life! if thou *art* a book, as the solemn poets so often call thee, thou art a very strange one, with many leaves and a very changeful story. . . . .

It was cloudy above and dark around, but very pleasant at the Colonel's that evening. How many "eyes looked love to eyes" we know not, but many "hearts beat happily," and "all went merry as a marriage——" ("bell" we omit, though, as many eyes saw, and many tongues could testify, there *was* a belle in the affair—the center of fond eyes and loving hearts, and, peradventure, the idol of one devoted one.) And thou, Sir Benedict, according to all accounts a fortunate and happy man, we give thee joy now. *Then* our heart was too full for utterance. For wast thou not our bosom friend? Wast thou not, in younger days, our fellow-truant from school-tasks and the penance-bench, when we wandered the live-long day through field, wood, and stream, chasing bees, butterflies, and our own shadows; or rolling together, with infinite toil and glee, the bounding bowlder down the headlong steep? Heaven bless thee and thine, my brother! One hath come between us, nearer to thy generous breast. So be it. It is well—and evermore may good be with you both. . . . .

At our post again, gentle reader, and at our pen, too, as you may sorrow to see. But, pray, repine not at this editorial duality. Where there is a vigorous, wide-sweeping right hand, tireless and full, may there not lawfully be a *left*, even though more willing than skillful to strike, do, and dare?

RURAL CEMETERIES.—We see, by the *Poughkeepsie Telegraph*, that the enterprising inhabitants of that large and thriving village have added to its attractions a *new* "*Rural Cemetery.*" The grounds were dedicated in November last with impressive ceremonies, and the attendance of a vast concourse of citizens and townsmen. This is a movement worthy of notice, and of imitation also, in very many places, and we rejoice to chronicle it. Some travel and observation in rural districts has convinced us that too little attention has been devoted to the establishment and suitable decoration of burying-grounds. In many parts of the country the last generation was one of pioneers and backwoodsmen. Not foreseeing, amid their struggles and privations, the course of subsequent events, the location of our towns and churches, and the rapid march of civilization, they have left their descendants and successors a sacred duty in the selection and consecration of proper sites for cemeteries. And this duty has become not less urgent than sacred. Who has not seen hundreds of grave-yards in city and country which were pictures of desolation, or acres of almost undistinguishable heaps? And how seldom is the eye of the traveler greeted with the sight of rural cemeteries laid out with taste and judgment, and divided into numerous distinct plots, sacred to single family circles? There is manifestly room and reason for reform here—room, too, for the exhibition of more faith, more affection, and all the best instincts and sentiments of the human heart. These, it seems to us, should prompt everywhere to the establishment of Rural or Union Cemeteries, to be divided, like the one we have noticed, into family plots, which might descend, as inalienable possessions, from generation to generation. The simple mention of such inclosures doubtless strikes a responsive chord in the reader's heart. The family! How comprehensive is that one word! It embraces the conjugal, the parental, the filial, and the fraternal ties and duties. The family is the most ancient of all forms of society, and ought also to be the most lasting. Its ties are the most tender and sacred. Its beautiful charities and gentle offices are the most obligatory. All others are comparatively loose and incidental. These are fixed and abiding, founded in the constitution of things, independent of all contingencies, and lasting as eternity. How becoming, then, that they should erect, even within the domain of death and over the ashes of mortality, memorials of their former sacredness and symbols of their perpetuity. How fit that those who have hung upon one maternal breast, and grown up together like olive-plants around the same board and beneath the same roof, should at length rest beneath one family stone.

There is something beautiful in the thought, and soothing in the hope, that we may at last sleep side by side with those who are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. An identity of interest and of happiness has bound us together in life, and we feel that in death we ought not to be divided, or buried asunder in seeming estrangement. We have slept in the same cradle, have bowed at the same altar, and we feel that our ashes should mingle in one urn.

Now this is no manufactured feeling or factitious taste, but one of the strongest instincts and most elevating sentiments of our common humanity; and we hope the time is fast approaching when it shall be more potent, more influential, more manifest—when even the smallest country grave-yards shall abound in distinct family inclosures, hedged about with shrubberies and dressed in verdure and bloom, where the birds shall love to nestle, and the live-long summer sing their early matins, and chant their evening requiem. We long to see a general triumph of friendship and consanguinity over death. We would behold in families such attachments and affiliation as shall survive the stroke of dissolution, and bear the loved and loving to one and the same spot of dreamless repose, fall where they may.

Should these few thoughts possess no other value, they may at least remind the reader of

what, haply, he remembers dayly—the universal sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." This fair handiwork of God, the human frame, though so fearfully and wonderfully made, must at length cease to perform its wonted functions. There is nowhere, in all the vast laboratory of nature, an *elixir vitæ* that can sustain it in untiring play. There is no clime so genial as to nurse the vital spark forever, no sky so benignant that it will not distill the dew of death, no shore so inhospitable that it will refuse a grave. But seeing we are endowed with reason, and capable of reflection, it behooves us to exercise a prudent forecast and anticipation, not only in securing a spiritual preparation for the event of death, but also in providing for ourselves places where our friends may bestow our ashes with respectful obsequies, there to rest until the morning of the resurrection. If we shall have discharged these duties to ourselves, it will be a source of satisfaction to us when the hour of *our* exit shall approach, and, straightening ourselves for the last deep sleep, we

"May bid earth roll, nor heed its idle whirl."

To Contributors.—We hope this class of our friends will not think us neglectful or discourteous should their communications fail to receive a prompt reply or immediate insertion, or, indeed, any reply or insertion at all. The examination of MSS. sent us is not the least laborious, nor selection from them the least delicate, of our duties. To publish all is impossible, and to return them to their respective authors would involve very considerable inconvenience. We tender to all our correspondents our sincere thanks, and assure them that we gratefully appreciate their interest in the Magazine; and, while they shall accord us full discretionary power in disposing of their favors, we hope to unite all possible *suaviter in modo* with the necessary *fortiter in re*.

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By some means or other an error crept into our Boston correspondence published in November. The mainmast of the "Great Republic" was said to be forty-six feet in circumference. It should have read forty-eight inches in diameter.

Literary Record.

We give the following from our Boston correspondent:—

LITERARY LETTER.

"The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation"—Its Author—Harris's Works—Wayland's Judson—The "Conflict of the Ages"—Dr. Adams—Dr. Payson—Boston City Library—The Lecture Campaign—Colleges—Popular Education.

It is a grateful fact to the Christian patriot and moralist, that while an immense circulation is secured, in our country, for indifferent and even corrupting literature, no really valuable religious work fails of obtaining a large and intelligent audience. It is, at once, a sublime and solemn position, which is held by a thoughtful writer, whose suggestions are stirring so many thousand hearts, and giving direction and character to so many lives. The influence of an error once current cannot be limited, and the results of a truth will be gathering volume long after its author "rests from his labors." You will recollect the lively impression produced upon the publication of that original and vigorous little volume, entitled "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," although it came from the press unchristened with an author's name. Up to the present time, about twenty thousand copies have been sold, and the demand for the book has in no degree abated. It has taken its place among the "permanent documents" of Christianity, and will preach down the generations the logic of the Cross. It is understood to have been written by Rev. James B. Walker, of Cincinnati, who, previously to his entrance upon the sacred profession, had been a lawyer, and skeptical in his religious views. His volume develops the line of argument by which he was led into the faith and peace of the gospel.

The works of Dr. Harris have also enjoyed a well-deserved success in this country. Twenty thousand of his "Great Teacher" have been circulated, and nearly an equal popularity has welcomed his successive volumes. It is impossible to divine how extensive will be the sale of the interesting memoir of Dr. Judson; twenty-five thousand copies having already left the press of the publishers, and the "market still remaining lively." How wholesome and effectual must its subduing records be in the thousand Christian homes where it will be read! upon how many young hearts will the mantle of the Burman apostle fall! Of the memoir of his second wife, Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, eighty thousand copies have been published, and undoubtedly many more than this large number of Mrs. Ann H. Judson's life. Opposition, as well as commendation, gives a spur to the sale of an author's literary wares. Four or five editions of the "Conflict of the Ages" have been printed. As everybody hears it talked about, everybody must buy a copy, and many will read it. So far from settling the long controversy, and rearing a column of peace on the battle-ground of the Ages, it has become a new "casus belli," and champions innumerable are galloping upon the field to have a tilt with this bold knight, who has thus daringly thrown down his glove before the eyes of all Christendom. The doctor, however, is evidently serious, and confident in his theory. He has responded to some of the notices of his philosophy in a public print, exhibiting, in the best of temper, the most profound and devout conviction of the truth of his positions, and announcing a new volume hereafter, in which the reviews of his present volume will be considered and answered.

This reference to the wide circulation of religious literature reminds me of a very happy device to enlarge the distribution of such works. A generous donor, resident in this State, has placed at the disposal of the Home Missionary Society a sufficient number of copies of Rev. Dr. Adams's Sermon on "The Friends of Christ," to bestow gratuitously a copy upon each missionary employed by the Board. A gentleman in New-Hampshire, also, has lately left a legacy of one hundred dollars, to distribute the writings of Dr. Payson among the same beneficiaries. It would be very easy to conceive of many less judicious applications of money, and somewhat difficult to devise a more praiseworthy or useful. While upon the subject of books, I am naturally enough reminded of our City Library, which has just reached the close of the first year of its history. About ten thousand volumes have thus early been purchased or donated. Through the liberality of Mr. Bates, the American partner in the banking firm of the Barings, in England, and of Mr. Phillips, a wealthy citizen, the library is already endowed with a fund of sixty thousand dollars, the income of which will annually be applied to its enlargement. It is intended to be a library for the people—accessible, popular, and instructive in its literature. An admirable site has been purchased at the foot of the Common for an edifice, and the preliminary measures are now in progress to secure the erection of a building worthy of its site and of its contents. The winter campaign among the lecturers and musicians has fairly commenced, but the former quite monopolize the popular ear and time. We have in our city a great

People's University, with an immense faculty, holding its sessions during the winter months. The double series of the Mercantile Library opened grandly: Judge Thomas, of Worcester, pronouncing one of the most finished and instructive discourses that we have heard, on the effect of the *material* upon the *spiritual* progress of the age, on Monday evening; and Rev. Mr. Chapin, of New-York, an original and eloquent address upon "Implements," physical, mental, and moral, on Wednesday evening. The poets on these occasions were James T. Fields and John G. Saxe, Esqrs., and we doubt not the Muses were satisfied with their representations on these occasions; evidently their patrons were.

The Lowell Institute, in its second course, provides free lectures upon Natural History, by the learned and polished Agassiz. A new series of scientific and practical lectures have been instituted by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, to be inaugurated by an address from Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. Two series of moral and religious discourses are weekly delivered, under the auspices of the Evangelical and Union Young Men's Christian Associations. The appellation "self-made men" will soon be obsolete, for the college is coming to the doors of the people, and popular education is becoming "liberal." The allusion to the college reminds me of an item I have lately seen in print. From it, it appears that there are thirteen of these institutions in New-England; their students, however, being gathered from nearly every State in the Union. About five hundred are annually graduated, and twenty-five thousand students have received their education in these colleges since their origin. Last year, upon the education of each child in the State between the ages of five and fifteen years, Massachusetts expended the sum of four dollars fifty-four cents; Vermont, two dollars twenty-two cents; Rhode Island, one dollar forty-six cents; Connecticut, one dollar thirty-five cents; and Maine, one dollar thirty-four cents.

Association for mutual improvement is the feature of the times. In several of the city and suburban churches, an experiment has been tried with marked success. A society for social and intellectual culture has been instituted, open to all the members of the congregation, with certain moral restrictions. Its office is to secure the development of the social affections, to encourage thoughtfulness, to provide for the sick and poor, and to gather children into the Sabbath school. Lectures, discussions, conversations, and music, varied to save from monotony, and previously arranged by appointed officers, render one evening in a fortnight a means of peculiar profit and of unalloyed pleasure. A very lively, social feeling is secured throughout the society; successful enterprises for doing good are originated; valuable mental discipline is attained, while the expense and small talk that are the almost indispensable attendants upon an ordinary church benevolent society, is avoided.

You will recollect, in your rambles over our city, the unsightly appearance of the flooded marshes west of the public garden. A fine project is on foot, with a good prospect of its execution, to lay the vacant space out in wide streets, with central squares for the first class of dwelling-houses. We shall then have a *West-end* in our municipality worthy of its title. The preliminary measures are now in progress to secure the union of Roxbury, the adjoining city, with Boston; and the probabilities are, at the present moment, quite favorable for the accomplishment of the plan.

B. K. P.

We add a few general literary items. For New-York publications, see our Book Notices.

We stated in our November number that Dr. Newell, of Massachusetts, had in his possession a Bible printed in 1583. Our learned friend, Rev. R. M. Greenbank, of Philadelphia, writes us that among numerous old Bibles in his library are an English and a Vulgate, both in *black-letter*, the former printed in 1537, and the latter in 1521.

The Catalogue of the *Wesleyan University*, Middletown, Connecticut, shows a "summary" of thirty seniors, twenty-nine juniors, twenty-seven sophomores, and thirty-one freshmen: total, one hundred and seventeen. This number, we believe, is quite equal to the average attendance, but is much too small for an institution of so high a grade, with such an able corps of professors, and such a delightful location as this University possesses. We hear but one opinion of President Smith's administration. We have long and anxiously looked for the announcement that this institution had been fully endowed. When shall we see it? When shall the Methodist Church see it and be glad, knowing that one of her most sacred duties has been at length done?

Bohn, of London, is said to have committed a gross literary fraud, by publishing an edition of "Worcester's Universal and Critical Dictionary," with a mutilated and altered, and therefore false title and preface, giving the impression that the work is substantially that of the late Noah Webster, being compiled from materials collected by that lexicographer.

The celebrated dramatic writer, *Sheridan Knowles*, has delivered a course of lectures in Edinburgh against Popery, with especial reference to the welfare of Ireland, and the evangelization of the Irish living in Scotland.

The colored people of Cincinnati have succeeded in establishing a reading-room, and are about to start a paper devoted to their interests, to be edited by a young colored man.

Lamartine has sold a new work of his, "The History of the Medicis," in advance, for the round sum of 150,000 francs, ($28,150.) It is to consist of four volumes.

In the late New-Jersey Educational State Convention, a series of resolutions was adopted, declaring it to be the duty of the State to make liberal provision for general education, and that the laws should be so far amended as to make education not only universal but free.

In Russia, one person in two hundred and twenty receives instruction at a school of some kind; while in the United States, the proportion is one in five.

The Catalogue of the *Genesee College and Genesee Wesleyan Seminary* is a fine *exposé* of educational enterprise and prosperity. These institutions are located at Lima, New-York. The college, now in the third or fourth year of its existence, numbers ninety-three undergraduates, while five hundred and eighty-three gentlemen and four hundred and seventy-five ladies have attended the seminary during the past year: total, one thousand one hundred and fifty one. We never read the like of any other institution in the land. Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., LL. D., is president of the college, and Rev. Moses Crow, D. D., is principal of the seminary. Both are assisted by able faculties.

Poets in France get splendid perquisites in the shape of presents. Béranger receives every week more sugar, more coffee, more pots of jelly, than would stock a grocer's shop; he gets the rarest fruits and the best game; casks of wine and cases of brandy arrive at his house dayly; "while," says the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, "more nightcaps and more socks are knitted for him than a regiment of soldiers could wear out in a year."

Book Notices.

Mr. Richards, the editor of the official catalogue of the Crystal Palace, has issued a small work for which the visitors to that grand collection owe him great obligations. It is entitled "*A Day in the New-York Crystal Palace, and how to make the most of it.*" We have tried it, and found it "experimentally" an excellent guide. It conducts you through the Palace, and shows you what is most worthy of notice in each section. The plan of the book is admirably simple and convenient. (*Putnam, New-York.*)

We mentioned in our last the receipt of the first volume of Hickie's translation of *Aristophanes*. The second volume has since come to hand. The version is literal, and after the revised text of Dindorf. Mr. Hickie's notes are numerous, but not very satisfactory; they seldom afford you the necessary criticism, but refer you to other sources for it—an intolerable vexation to an interested reader. Three of the comedies are given, for the first time, in our language. The translation is universally allowed to be admirable. (*Bangs & Co., New-York.*)

We are indebted also to *Messrs. Bangs & Co.* for a copy of Gautier's "*Wanderings in Spain*," a delightful volume from a spirited French writer, who in 1840 made the tour of most of the Peninsula, a section of Europe which has hardly changed since that date. There is less sacrifice of facts to fancy in this work than in most similar productions of Frenchmen. The style of the narrative is nevertheless brilliant, and its descriptions and incidents very entertaining. The interest of the volume is much enhanced by its excellent engravings. It is one of Ingram's series, for which, as also most other London illustrated works, *Bangs & Co.* are the American agents.

Our "California Literature" is abundant, and becoming rather trite; a new example of it, however, has appeared from the press of *Putnam & Co.*, and with the very best pretensions. It is entitled "*Golden Dreams and Leaden Realities, by Ralph Raven, with an introductory chapter by Francis Fogie, scn., Esq.*" It is full of "life" and raciness, and will afford a new treat to even such readers as are familiar with the numerous similar works now before the public.

The prize treatise of Dr. Carpenter, of the London University, on *Alcoholic Liquors*, is among the best temperance works extant. It has been enlarged and reissued by Bohn, London, under the title of "*The Physiology of Temperance and Total Abstinence*," and can be obtained at *Bangs & Co.'s, New-York.*

The *People's Journal* is a new monthly published by *Beach, No. 86 Nassau-st.*, at only fifty cents per volume. It is devoted chiefly to the industrial arts, is abundantly illustrated by engravings, and edited with both taste and talent —the right sort of a work for "the people."

One of the very best illustrated juvenile publications of this country, and we may in fact say of the world, is the *Sunday-School Advocate*, edited by Dr. Kidder, and published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.* The December number, now before us, is beautiful enough to make one's eyes sparkle. Its paper and typography are the very best, and its engravings as good as our artists can turn out from wood. One large picture in this number, giving a bird's eye view of the excavations of Pompeii, is quite superb, though from wood. This policy of presenting the very best workmanship to the eyes of children is wise; it is an essential idea in the means of their right education. The *Advocate* has an immense circulation, and deserves it all. It is a semi-monthly at only fifty cents per annum.

Finley's Autobiography is for sale at *Carlton & Phillips's, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York.* It is a volume of extraordinary interest—one of the most striking and entertaining pictures of western pioneer life that American literature presents. Get it, and see if our verdict is not correct. We could say much in detail about the book, but this broad declaration of its merits will suffice.

Homer's Odyssey, according to the text of Wolfe, with notes, for the use of Schools and Colleges, by John J. Owen, D. D. Leavitt & Allen, New-York. Dr. Owen is well known as an experienced professor of the Latin and Greek languages, and as the able editor of many of the best classics. Several of his works we have heretofore commended for their careful and skillful preparation, and for the excellent style in which they were issued. The edition of the Odyssey is got up in the same style, and appears to possess the same intrinsic merits.

The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina, by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. New and revised edition. Redfield, New-York. This story—"a romance and not a novel," as the author claims—was first published nearly twenty years ago, and is well known and appreciated. Indian romance we confess we cannot well relish, even prepared with Mr. Simms's fine skill. Many of our readers doubtless dissent from our taste; to such the Yemassee will prove a treat. The volume is got up in excellent style.

Minnesota and its Resources: to which are appended Camp-fire Sketches, or Notes of a Trip from St. Paul to Pembina and Selkirk Settlement on the Red River of the North, by J. Wesley Bond. This is a timely book, and will be eagerly read by thousands who are meditating emigration to the Great West. It contains much information respecting the soil, climate, and geography of that interesting territory, which will prove valuable to farmers, mechanics, and capitalists. The book is withal very readable, and is illustrated with a fine map of Minnesota Territory, and a view of St. Paul's and the Falls of St. Anthony.

Pure Gold; or, Truth in its Native Loveliness, by Rev. D. Holmes, A. M. Derby & Miller, Auburn. This is a concise treatise on nearly all the great moral questions which concern our fallen race. Man's history, the moral govern-

ment of the world, religion, true and false, nature, revelation, reason, moral agency, the soul, depravity, necessity of a mediator, &c., are severally taken up and summarily disposed of. A small work with so wide a range is, of necessity, compendious in form, but may, nevertheless, illustrate the old adage, *multum in parvo*. The author is one of our best writers and theologians.

God with Men; or, Foot-prints of Providential Leaders, is the imposing title of a small volume just issued from the press of *Crosby, Nichols & Co., New-York*—the product of the mind and pen of Rev. Samuel Osgood, a well known and popular clergyman of the Unitarian body in this city. The reverend author wields a graceful pen, clothes his fresh and original thoughts often in a very attractive and captivating diction, and evinces a thorough amiability and kindness of temper, which cannot fail to please and win upon the reader. His characters are well chosen, and in the main well drawn, evincing insight and discrimination. The book is, however, notwithstanding its many excellencies—and they are many—burdened with those disastrous blemishes which must forever result from a failure to understand the true character and mission of Jesus. Here his views essentially agree with the great Dr. Channing. He is eulogistic — reverent. Jesus is all that is great and good, and in a sense divine—his work the most sacred and august ever committed to man, or angel, or any creature—his religion regenerating and saving; but, after all, his view, in our judgment, falls infinitely below the truth. His picture is vivid—beautiful, but is not of *Jesus, the Saviour*. His religion of the life is graphically drawn—sublime; but he fails utterly to apprehend its only source, and *it* he values not too highly; in his glowing pages at the close of the volume it is not overwrought; but its source he does not perceive. The spirit which can produce such a book must awaken love. The book itself has some excellences, but blemishes so great that its utility on the whole must remain a question.

Meyer's Monatshefte is the title of a new monthly in the German language, issued by *B. J. Meyer, New-York*, at $3 per annum, or 25 cents per number. It is not designed for Germans only, but especially for American students of the German language. Its contents are a very entertaining miscellany. Each number is to be illustrated with a steel engraving and wood-cuts. At the end of the year each subscriber is to receive a premium plate.

A very delightful little book, entitled "*A Christian Gift; or, Pastoral Letters*," by Rev. F. De W. Ward, has been laid upon our table. It is written with life and point, and is the very kind of manual for the young Christian. The spirit of the book is excellent—such as the "Great Teacher" himself would approve. (*Darrow, Rochester, N. Y.*)

Dr. Trall, the indefatigable Hydropathic author, has begun "*A new Illustrated Quarterly Hydropathic Review*." The first number is abundantly illustrated, and contains able articles from various pens—some of them merciless onslaughts on "Allopathy" and its legions. We have nothing to say, at present, of the merits of the conflicting modes of treatment; but can assure the reader that there is no lack of spirit or talent in this new work. $2 per annum. (*Fowlers & Wells, New-York.*)

A very interesting biographical sketch of *Pierre Toussaint* has been issued by *Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston*. It is from the pen of the author of "Three Experiments in Living," a vivacious and most entertaining writer. Pierre Toussaint was an extraordinary example of nobleness of character in lowly life. He was well known in our city.

Putnam has published a series of beautiful lyrics, with music, founded upon scenes and passages in "*The Wide, Wide World*"—the words by W. H. Bellamy, the music by C. W. Glover.

The Young Minister is the title of a new volume from the press of *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. It comprises memoirs and literary remains of the late Rev. Stephen B. Bangs, edited by Rev. W. H. N. Magruder, with a preface by Prof. E. O. Haven. The portrait presents an exceedingly expressive and manly countenance, and the sketch and literary fragments attest the truthfulness of its expression. While these articles must prove affectingly interesting to the personal friends of the young preacher, they will also be acceptable to the general reader, and should especially be placed in the hands of the young.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued, in a stout octavo, Pearson's prize essay on "*Infidelity: its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies.*" It was written for the British section of the Evangelical Alliance. It is an elaborate, thorough, masterly production—such a work as every clergyman should have at hand, and every doubter carefully read. This is saying much, but not too much. We commend it as a timely publication.

Jaqueline Pascal, the sister of Blaise Pascal, is celebrated as one of the Port Royal nuns—martyrs we were about to say. Cousin, Trougen, and Vinet have written respecting her. A work, including their sketches, and entitled "*Jaqueline Pascal, or a Glimpse at Convent Life at Port Royal*," has been published (from the French) by *Carter & Brothers, New-York*, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Williams. The introduction is vigorously written, and the volume presents a most interesting sketch of the most interesting example of convent life, perhaps, on record.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Methodist Ministers is one of the finest issues of the New-York press for the season. It is really a splendid specimen of typography, binding, and engraving, and many good Methodists will be surprised to find such an unwonted commemoration of their "fathers"—agreeably surprised, we trust. We have no doubt this work will have a "run." It comprises some twelve or more characteristic sketches, and some twenty-five engraved illustrations. We could say much respecting its merits, but it has come to hand just as we are going to press.

We are compelled to defer other works till our next number.

Arts and Sciences.

A FRENCH paper gives an account of the remarkable invention by which it is proposed to use *electricity in the process of weaving.* We have not space to detail the *modus operandi*, but will briefly state the results expected to be attained. In the Jacquard loom, as is well known, the regulation of that particular order of the threads which determines the distinctive character of the fabric, and which was formerly effected by children crouched under the loom pulling cords, is at present produced by the movement which the weaver gives himself to a treadle. This invention, however admirable, is not without difficulties and certain defects, which it would be satisfactory to overcome by still simpler means. The loom, as a whole, is very complex and costly. There are other objections, of more or less importance; such as the noise which it makes in working, the space which it occupies, and its constant liability to derangements. All these inconveniences are about to disappear by the introduction of electricity, the action of which is so powerful, so easy to be directed, and so prompt in its various operations. By means of this agent, as great a simplicity will be effected in the weaving of fabrics, of the most complicated nature, as in that of common cloth. There will also be a saving in the most complicated designs of very nearly three-fourths of the expense, and in others certainly more than half.

A monument, commemorative of the peaceful triumphs of 1851, is to be erected upon the site of the Hyde Park Palace, and dedicated to Prince Albert.

The Washington Monument stands exactly in the middle of what was the "ten miles square."

A bronze statue of Webster, to be made by Powers, is to be placed in front of the State House, Boston.

The Prussians have just resolved to make glass serve for public monuments. A column consisting entirely of glass, placed on a pedestal of Carrara marble, and surmounted by a statue of Peace six feet high, by the celebrated sculptor Rauch, is about to be erected in the Garden of Peace at Potsdam. The shaft will be ornamented with spiral lines of blue and white.

The block of marble prepared by the Sultan for the Washington Monument is ready for transportation to this country. It has this inscription:—"To aid in the perpetuation of the friendship existing between the two countries, Abdul Medjid Khan's name is written on the Monument of Washington."

Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, gives as his opinion that monster steamships of ten thousand tons burden will yet cross the Atlantic, and easily breast its most terrific surges. He also confidently expects the entire success of Mr. Norris's fleet steamer, with an iron back-bone reaching from kelson to deck, but thinks that we have about attained the maximum size—four thousand tons—at which it will be safe to construct clipper ships.

The swan-flower of Venezuela, when in full bloom, resembles, in one position, a swan with closed wings, and in another, with outstretched wings. The interior of the flower is exceedingly beautiful. Venezuela also produces a flower called the pigeon-flower. It is like a bird's nest in shape, while its stamens and petals resemble a pigeon at rest.

A surgeon at St. Petersburgh, after a series of experiments upon dead or rather frozen corpses, has introduced a new method of amputation, by which the operation is relieved of the danger and pain usually attending it. His method is simply to congeal the blood by artificial means.

Mr. George Hughes, of London, has invented a portable running-hand apparatus, which enables a blind person to join letters together, and to write with clearness, straightness, and uniformity, without needing the aid of others.

The *London Journal* gives an interesting account of a new use of the leaf of the *pinus sylvestris*, or wild pine. M. de Pannewitz, a German, has discovered a chemical process by means of which, from the long and slim leaves of the pine, is procured a very fine filamentous substance, which has been called *wood-wool*, (*laine de bois*,) because it curls, felts, and may be spun like common wool. The first use which was made of this substance, was to substitute it for cotton wadding in quilted coverlets. In the year 1842, the hospital of Vienna bought five hundred of these coverlets, and, after using them for several years, renewed its orders. It was remarked, among other things, that, under the influence of the pine-wool, no kind of parasitic insect harbored in the bed, and the aromatic odor which it emitted was considered to be agreeable and beneficial. Experience has shown that the wood-wool is well fitted for use in coverlets and for wadded goods, and is very durable. Furniture, in the construction of which this material was used, was preserved from the attacks of moths. It cost three times less than hair, and the most skillful upholsterer could not distinguish an article of furniture in which it was used from a similar one stuffed with hair. When spun, woven, and finished like cloth, it furnishes a product which may be employed for carpets, horse-furniture, &c.; when interwoven with a warp of linen, it may be used as bed coverings. The tree whence this new product is procured, is already much esteemed in Germany for the crops of resin, building material, &c., which it affords; and, in place of abandoning it to its natural growth, extensive plantations of it have been formed. The employment which M. de Pannewitz has proposed to give to its leaves will, without doubt, contribute to spread still more the culture of a tree already so useful, and will, perhaps, give it some favor in other countries where it is scarcely known.

It is calculated the use and manufacture of every thousand tons of white lead causes, on an average, one hundred and twenty-five patients and five deaths.

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WESTERN LIFE—REV. J. B. FINLEY.

THERE, honest reader, is a face as honest as your own—a good "intellectual development," an eye full of kindness, a mouth, nose, chin, a whole contour of chiseled beauty rare in an old man's face. But this old man has been kept in "good condition" by temperate habits, by the robust gymnastics of "backwoods" life, and by a generous, trustful theology—and the last is not always least among the "dietetics" of a wholesome humanity.

JAMES B. FINLEY is an "old-fashioned Methodist preacher," an old Kentucky hunter, an old Ohio settler, an old "Indian brave," (for he has been made a "chief" we believe,) an old saint, who will most certainly get into heaven if any of us get there, and lastly, the old friend of the present scribbler, who wishes to do his own heart good by saying some few good things of the good old man.

His father was a Pennsylvanian, his mother of Delaware, and he himself was born, by a sort of accident, in North Carolina, July, 1781. He came into the world amid stirring times in our history, and has always since himself been stirring. There is some occult relation sometimes between such events and such a character. His father, a staunch-hearted Calvinistic clergyman, shared that "yearning for Kentucky," which soon after prevailed, like a mania, in the central slave states, and after several transitions toward that *El Dorado* of wilderness romance, as it then was, he at last, in 1788, fairly broke into the canebrakes.

Mr. Finley is a "walking library" of the romance of those times—we doubt whether

any other man can relate better illustrations of early Western life. Having introduced him to the reader, we must allow him his favorite indulgence of talking about his adventures. His new home was at Stockton's station, near the present Fleminsburg, and was the frontier house of the settlement, none being between it and the Ohio. "The house," he says, "was built of round logs from the forest trees: the first story made of the largest we were able to put up; the second story of smaller ones, which jutted over two or three feet, to prevent any one from climbing to the top of the house. The chimneys were built on the inside. The door was made of puncheon slabs, six inches thick, and was barred on the inside by strong iron staples driven into the logs on both sides, into which were placed strong bars. In the upper part of the house there were port-holes, out of which we could shoot as occasion might require; and, as no windows were allowed, they also answered for the purposes of light and ventilation. The house for our colored people was built in the same way, and immediately adjoining the one in which the family lived. Our houses being thus strongly constructed, and all of us armed with a gun and plenty of ammunition, we were always prepared for war."

Of the Western cabins in general, he says, "The chimneys were built on the inside of the house, by throwing on an extra log, three feet and a half from the wall, on which to build the chimney; from this it was carried up with sticks and clay, to the roof of the house, and some two feet above it. The whole width of the house was occupied for a fireplace, and wood ten or twelve feet long could be laid on; when burned in two in the middle, the ends could be pushed up, so as to keep a good fire through a long winter's night. When there was but one bed in the cabin, it was no sign that you would not have a good night's rest; for, after supper was over, and the feats of the day about hunting were all talked over, the skins were brought forth—bear, buffalo, or deer—and spread down before a sparkling fire, and a blanket or buffalo robe to cover with; and you could sleep sweetly as the visions of the night roll over the senses, till the morning dawn announced the approach of day. There were no windows, and but one opening for a door; this was generally narrow, and the shutter made of two slabs, or a tree split in two, then hewed off to the thickness say of six or eight inches, then set up endwise, and made with a bevel to lap over. The fastenings consisted of three large bars, fastened to staples in the walls. The floor, if not of the earth, was of hewn slabs, and covered with clapboards. These cabins, if there were some care taken in putting down the logs close together, and they were scutched down, would make the sweetest and healthiest habitations that man can live in. They are much healthier than either stone or brick houses; and I have no doubt but that there is a greater amount of health and happiness enjoyed by the inmates of the former than the latter." To be sure, every man who has tried them likes them, and when the money comes along and the young people grow proud, gives them up for "better buildings" with a sigh, like that with which Adam left paradise. We have snored away many a comfortable night on the floor, as above described, in the midst of wolf-infested woods, and would gladly throw down the pen now and "be off" for like scenes again. But let us hear the old pioneer. "We all," he says, "lived in constant danger, and exposed to death; and although there were spies constantly ranging between the settlements and the Ohio River, from Limestone to Big Sandy, yet the Indians would come in undiscovered, and kill our friends, and steal the horses. We had to depend, for our dayly living, on the hunters, and what we could kill ourselves of the wild game. This gave me an early love for the chase, which grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength, till I had almost, at the age of sixteen, become an Indian in my habits and feelings. In those days of blood and carnage all were warriors. Our mothers, like the women of Amazonia, were trained to war, and could handle the rifle with great dexterity, and the children were trained up to be soldiers from childhood. A boy ten years old was counted able to carry arms, and fight; and at sixteen would enter the regular service."

But let us ply him a little closer, and learn more minutely about this primeval life. What was its diet, its dress, its furniture? how did they court and get married there? &c. "The first settlers," replies the veteran, "could not have sustained themselves, had it not been for the

wild game that was in the country. This was their principal subsistence; and this they took at the peril of their lives, and often many of them came near starving to death. Wild meat, without bread or salt, was often their food for weeks together. If they obtained bread, the meal was pounded in a mortar, or ground in a hand-mill. Hominy was a good substitute for bread, or parched corn pounded and sifted, then mixed with a little sugar and eaten dry; or mixed with water was a good beverage. On this coarse fare the people were remarkably healthy and cheerful. No complaints were heard of dyspepsia: I never heard of this fashionable complaint till I was more than thirty years old; and if the emigrants had come to these backwoods with dyspepsia, they would not have been troubled long with it; for a few months' living on buffalo, venison, and good fat bear-meat, with the oil of the raccoon and opossum mixed up with plenty of hominy, would soon have effected a cure. Their children were fat and hearty, not having been fed with plum-pudding, sweetmeats, and pound-cake. A more hardy race of men and women grew up in this wilderness than has ever been produced since; with more common-sense and enterprise than is common to those who sleep on beds of down, and feast on jellies and preserves."

Respecting their "fashions," he writes in a manner that doubtless would be exceedingly delectable to the fops of Broadway, and the fair occupants of the boudoirs of the Fifth Avenue. "The men's apparel was mostly made of the deer's skin. This, well dressed, was made into hunting-shirts, pantaloons, coats, waistcoats, leggings, and moccasins. The women sometimes wore petticoats made of this most common and useful article; and it supplied, almost universally, the place of shoes and boots. If a man was blessed with a linsey hunting-shirt, and the ladies with linsey dresses, and the children with the same, it was counted of the first order, even if the linsey was made of the wool of the buffalo. On some occasions, the men could purchase a calico shirt; this was thought to be extra; for which they paid one dollar and fifty cents or two dollars in skins or furs. And if a woman had one calico dress to go abroad in, she was considered a finely-dressed lady. Deer's hair or oak leaves was generally put into the moccasin, and worn in place of stockings or socks."

Their furniture corresponded; there certainly ought to be specimens, and in fact a whole log-cabin with its appurtenances, in the Crystal Palace. We pledge the managers of that exhibition, that if they will introduce one yet, it will attract more attention than their own splendid edifice itself. "The household furniture," continues our pioneer friend, "consisted of stools and bedsteads, made with forks driven into the ground, and poles laid on these, with the bark of the trees, and on this beds made of oak leaves, or cattail stripped off and dried in the sun. They rocked their children in a sugar trough or pack saddle. The cooking utensils consisted of a pot, Dutch oven, skillet, frying pan, wooden trays and trenchers, and boards made smooth and clean. The table was made of a broad slab; and with these fixtures, there never was a heartier, happier, more hospitable or cheerful people. Their interests were one, and their dependence on each other was indispensable, and all things were common. Thus united, they lived as one family."

The old man (look again at his good face if you would know the reason) waxes almost sentimental, when he writes of "courtship and marriage" in those good old times. He speaks "experimentally." "They generally married early in life—the men from eighteen to twenty-one, and the girls from sixteen to twenty. As both parties were contented to begin with nothing, there was no looking out for fortunes. Their affections were personal and sincere, which constituted a chief part of their domestic happiness, and endeared them to home. The sparkling log-fire in the backwoods cabin, the gambols of half a dozen cheerful, healthy children, and the smiles of the happy wife and mother, made an earthly paradise. Nothing could excite more hilarity than a backwoods wedding. Most generally, all the neighborhood, for miles around, were invited; and if it was in the winter, there would be a log-heap or two somewhere near the cabin. Around these fires the men assembled with their rifles; the women in the cabin; and if there was a fiddler in the neighborhood, he must be present at an hour stated. The parson, if one could be had, if not, the justice of

the peace, called the assembly together, then the couple to be married. After the ceremony was over, and all had wished the happy pair much joy, then, if it could be had, the bottle passed around; the men then went some to shooting at a mark, some to throwing the tomahawk, others to hopping and jumping, throwing the rail or shoulder-stone, others to running foot-races: the women were employed in cooking. When dinner was ready, the guests all partook of the very best venison, bear-meat, roast turkeys, &c. This being over, the dance commences, and, if there is no room in the cabin, the company repair to or near one of the log-fires; there they dance till night, and then they mostly return home; yet many of the young people stay, and perhaps dance all night on a rough puncheon floor, till the moccasins are worn through. The next day is the infair; the same scenes are again enacted, when the newly-married pair single off to a cabin built for themselves, without twenty dollars' worth of property to begin the world with, and live more happily than those who roll in wealth and fortune."

Undoubtedly; for the greatest farce the "old adversary" is playing off in this world is that by which he leads money-making worldlings by the nose through all the hard-run race of "speculation," fraud, avarice, &c., and at last into high-walled prisons, called palaces, from whose windows the blessed light is almost curtained out, among whose lugubrious outlines the swallow would die of *ennui*, were he witless enough to build his nest there, and in whose stately parlors, crowded with bizarre upholstery and elaborate furniture, the victimized prisoner, like Mr. Potiphar, in the "Potiphar Papers," stands in dumb and dreary soliloquy, hardly knowing how to seat himself. Young men, now "counter jumping," with sickly fancies of these things, if there is yet any "pluck" in you, shoulder the ax, take the betrothed of your youth to your heart, and away over the mountains! There, with health and manly independence, stand in your log-cabin door and whistle at fortune! Rhetoric! is it? Yes, but millions of noble men and women —hundreds of the great men of your land have made it practical logic.

But let us not forget our old friend; he has some amazing adventures to relate; we shall give him an opportunity to tell them in our next.

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A BEAR rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and then let him go with this inscription:—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.—*London L. Hour.*

A THOUGHT FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.—When you look through a red glass the whole heavens seem bloody; but through pure uncolored glass you receive the clear light that is so refreshing and comfortable to behold. When sin unpardoned is between, and we look on God through that, we can perceive nothing but anger and enmity in his countenance; but make Christ the *medium*, our pure Redeemer, and through him, as clear transparent glass, the beams of God's favorable countenance shine in upon the soul. The Father cannot look upon his well-beloved Son but graciously and pleasingly. Take Christ out, all is terrible; interpose him, all is full of peace.—*Leighton.*

EDMUND BURKE.*

EDMUND BURKE was born on Arran Quay, Dublin, January the 1st, 1730; his father was an attorney: the name, we believe, was originally spelt Bourke.

An old schoolmaster, of the name of O'Halloran, was his first teacher; he "played at learning" at the school, long since in ruins; and the Dominie used to boast that "no matter how great Master Edmund (God bless him) was, HE was the first who ever put a Latin grammar into his hands."

In 1743 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a pensioner. He gained fair honors during his residence there, but, like Johnson, Swift, Goldsmith, and other eminent men, he did not distinguish himself so as to lead to any speculation as to his after greatness, although his elders said he was more anxious to acquire knowledge than to display it;—a valuable testimony. His domestic life was so pure, his friendships were so firm, his habits so completely those of a well-bred, well-born IRISH GENTLEMAN — mingling, as only Irish gentlemen can do, the suavity of the French with the dignity of English manners—that there is little to write about, or speculate upon, beyond his public words and deeds.

Like most young men of his time, his first oratory was exercised at a club, and his first efforts as a politician were made in 1749, previous to his quitting the Dublin University, in some letters against Mr. Henry Brooke, the author of "Gustavus Vasa." His determination was the bar, and his entry at the Middle Temple bears date April 23, 1747.

The future orator found the law, as a profession, alien to his habits and feelings, for at the expiration of the usual term he was not even called to the bar. Some say he desired the professorship of logic at the University of Glasgow, and even stood the contest; but this has been disputed, and if he was rejected, it is matter of congratulation that his talents and time were not confined to so narrow a sphere. At that period his mind was occupied by his theories on the Sublime and Beautiful,

* We have given heretofore a sketch of Burke; the above "pilgrimage" to the places made sacred by the associations of his history, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, will follow appropriately our former article.

which were finally condensed and published in the shape of that essay which roused the world to admiration.

Mr. Prior says, and with every show of reason, "that Mr. Burke's ambition of being distinguished in literature, seems to have been one of his earliest, as it was one of his latest passions." His first avowed work was "The Vindication of Natural Society;" but he wrote a great deal anonymously; and the essay on "The Sublime and Beautiful," triumphant as it was, must have caused him great anxiety; he began it before he was nineteen, and kept it by him for seven years before it was published—a valuable lesson to those who rush into print, and mistake the desire for celebrity for the power which bestows immortality.

The genius and noble mind of Burke constituted him a high-priest of literature; the lighter, and it might be the more pleasurable enjoyments of existence, could not be tasted without interfering with his pursuits; but he knew his duty to his God, to the world, and to himself, and the responsibility alone was sufficiently weighty to bend a delicate frame, even when there was no necessity for laboring to live—but where an object is to be attained, principles put forth or combated, God or man to be served, the necessity for exertion always exists, and the great soul must go forth on its mission.

That sooner or later this strife, or love, or duty—pursued bravely—must tell upon all who even covet and enjoy their labor, the experience of the past has recorded; and Edmund Burke, even at that early period of life, was ordered to try the effects of a visit to Bath and Bristol, then the principal resort of the invalids of the United Kingdom.

At Bath he exchanged one malady for another, for he became attached to Miss Nugent, the daughter of his physician, and in a very little time formed what, in a worldly point of view, would be considered an imprudent marriage, but which secured the happiness of his future life: she was a Roman Catholic; but, however unfortunate dissenting creeds are in many instances, in this it never disturbed the harmony of their affection.

She was a woman exactly calculated to create happiness; possessing accomplishments, goodness of heart, sweetness of disposition and manners, veneration for talent, a hopeful spirit to allay her husband's anxieties, wisdom and love to meet his ruffled temper, and tenderness to subdue it—qualities which made him frequently declare "that every care vanished the moment he sheltered beneath his own roof."

For a considerable time after his marriage Burke toiled as a literary man, living at Battersea or in town, now writing, it is believed, jointly with his brother Richard and his cousin William a work, on the "European Settlements in America," in two volumes, which, according to tradition, brought him, or them, only fifty pounds! then planning and commencing an abridgment of the "History of England."

Struggling, it may be with difficulties brought on by his generous nature, and which his father's allowance of two hundred a year, and his own industry and perseverance could hardly overcome, the birth of a son was an additional stimulant to exertion, and, in conjunction with Dodsley, he established the *Annual Register*. This work he never acknowledged, but his best biographers have no doubt of his having brought forth and matured this useful publication. A hundred pounds a volume seems to have been the sum paid for this labor; and Burke's receipts for the money were at one time in the possession of Mr. Upcott.

Long before he obtained a seat in Parliament he won the esteem of Dr. Johnson, who bore noble testimony to his virtue and talent, and what he especially admired, and called his "affluence of conversation."

For a time he went to Ireland as private secretary to Mr. Hamilton, distinguished from all others of his name as "single-speech Hamilton;" but disagreeing with this person, he nobly threw up a pension of three hundred a year, because of the unreasonable and derogatory claims made upon his gratitude by Hamilton, who had procured it for him.

While in Dublin he made acquaintance with the genius of the painter Barry, and though his own means were limited, he persuaded him to come to England, and received him in his house in Queen Anne-street, where he soon procured him employment; he already numbered Mr., afterwards Sir Joshua Reynolds among his friends; and his correspondence with Barry might almost be considered a young

painter's manual, so full is it of the better parts of taste, wisdóm, and knowledge.

Mr. Burke was then on the threshold of Parliament, Lord Verney arranging for his *début* as member for Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, under the Rockingham administration; another star was added to the galaxy of that brilliant assembly, and if we had space it could not be devoted to a better purpose than to trace his glorious career in the senate; but that is before all who read the history of the period, and we prefer to follow his footsteps in the under current of private life.

He was too successful to escape the poisoned arrows of envy, or the misrepresentations of the disappointed. Certain persons exclaimed against his want of consistency, and gave as a reason that at one period he commended the spirit of liberty with which the French Revolution commenced, and after a time turned away in horror and disgust from a people who made murder a pastime, and converted Paris into a shambles for human flesh.

But nothing could permanently obscure the fame of the eloquent Irishman. He continued to act with such worthiness, that, despite his schism with Charles James Fox, "the people" did him the justice to believe, that in his public conduct he had no one view but the public good.

He outlived calumny, uniting unto genius diligence, and unto diligence patience, and unto patience deep-hearted enthusiasm, with a knowledge, not only, it would seem, of all things, but of such ready application, that in illustration or argument his resources were boundless; the wisdom of

GREGORIES.

the ancients was as familiar to him as the improved state of modern politics, science, and laws; the metaphysics and logic of the schools were to him as household words, and his memory was gemmed with whatever was most valuable in poetry, history, and the arts.

After much toil, and the lapse of some time, he purchased a domain in Buckinghamshire, called "Gregories;" there, whenever his public duties gave him leisure, he enjoyed the repose so necessary to an overtaxed brain; and from Gregories some of his most interesting letters are dated. Those addressed to the painter Barry, *whom his liberality sent to and supported in Rome*, are, as we have said, replete with art and wisdom; and the delicacy of both him and his excellent brother Richard, while entreating the rough-hewn genius to prosecute his studies and give them pleasure by his improvement, are additional proofs of the beautiful union of the brothers, and of their *oneness* of purpose and determination that Barry should never be cramped by want of means.

Barry was not the only artist who profited by Edmund Burke's liberality. Barret, the landscape-painter, had fallen into difficulties, and the fact coming to the orator's ears during his short tenure in power, he bestowed upon him a place in Chelsea Hospital, which he enjoyed during the remainder of his life.

Indeed, this great man's noble love of Art was part and parcel of himself; it was no affectation, and it led to genuine sympathy with, not only the artist's triumphs, but his difficulties. He found time, amid all his occupations, to write

letters to the irritable Barry, and if the painter had followed their counsel, he would have secured his peace and prosperity; but it was far otherwise: his conduct, both in Rome and after his return to England, gave his friend just cause of offense; though, like all others who offended the magnanimous Burke, he was soon forgiven.

He never forgot his Irish friends, or the necessities of those who lived on the family estate; the expansive generosity of his nature did not prevent his attending to the minor comforts of his dependants, and his letters "home" frequently breathe a most loving and careful spirit, that the sorrows of the poor might be ameliorated, and their wants relieved.

We ought to have mentioned before that Mr. and Mrs. Burke's marriage was only blessed by two sons; one died in childhood, the eldest grew up a young man of the warmest affections, and blessed with a considerable share of talent; to his parents he was everything they could desire; toward his mother he exhibited the tenderness and devotion of a daughter, and his demeanor to his father was that of an obedient son and most faithful friend; at intervals he enjoyed with them the pleasure they experienced in receiving guests of the highest consideration; among them the eccentric Madame de Genlis, who put their politeness to the test by the exercise of her peculiarities, and horrified the meek and amiable Sir Joshua Reynolds by the assumption of talents she did not possess.

The publication of his reflections on the French Revolution, which, perhaps, never would have seen the light but for the rupture with Mr. Sheridan, which caused his opinions to be misunderstood, brought down the applause of Europe on a head then wearying of public life.

But, perhaps, a tribute Burke valued more than any, remembering the adage—an adage which, unhappily, especially applies to Ireland—"no man is a prophet in his own country," was, that on a motion of the provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1790, the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him in full convocation, and an address afterward presented in a gold box, to express the University's sense of his services. When he replied to this distinguished compliment, his town residence was in "Duke-street, St. James."

His term of life—over-tasked as it was—might have been extended to a much longer period, but that his deeply affectionate nature, as time passed on, experienced several of those shocks inseparable from even moderate length of days; many of his friends died; among others, his sister and his brother; but still the wife of his bosom and his son were with him—that son whose talents he rated as superior to his own, whom he had consulted for some years on almost every subject, whether of a public or a private nature, that occurred, and very frequently preferred his judgment to his own. This beloved son had attained the age of thirty-four, when he was seized with rapid consumption. When the malady was recognized and acknowledged, his father took him to Brompton, then, as now, considered the best air for those affected with this cruel malady. "Cromwell House," chosen as their temporary residence, is standing still, though there is little doubt the rage for extending London through this once sequestered and rural suburb will soon raze it to the ground, as it has done others of equal interest.

We have always regarded "Cromwell House," as it is called, with veneration. In our earliest acquaintance with a neighborhood, in which we lived so long and still love so well, this giant dwelling, staring with its whited walls and balconied roof over the tangled gardens which seemed to cut it off from all communication with the world, was associated with our "Hero Worship" of Oliver Cromwell. We were told he had lived there; that the ghastly old place had private staircases and subterranean passages—some underground communication with Kensington—that there were doors in the walls and out of the walls; and that if not careful you might be precipitated through trap-doors into some unfathomable abyss, and encounter the ghost of old Oliver himself. These tales operated upon our imagination in the usual way; and many and many a moonlight evening, while wandering in those green lanes—now obliterated by Onslow and Thurloe squares—and listening to the nightingales, have we watched the huge shadows cast by that solitary and melancholy-looking house, and, as we have said, associated it with the stern and grand Protector of England. Upon closer investigation, how grieved we have often been to discover the truth, for it destroyed not only

CROMWELL HOUSE.

our castles in the air, but their inhabitants; we found that Oliver never resided there, but that his son Richard had, and was a rate-payer to the parish of Kensington for some time. To this lonely somber house Mr. and Mrs. Burke and their son removed, in the hope that the soft mild air of this salubrious neighborhood might restore his failing strength; the consciousness of his being in danger was something too terrible for them to think of. He had just received a new appointment—an appointment suited to his tastes and expectations; he must take possession of it in a little time. He was their child, their friend, their treasure, their all! Surely God would spare him to close their eyes. How could death and he meet together? They entreated him of God, by prayer, and supplication, and tears that flowed until their eyes were dry and their eyelids parched—but all in vain. The man in his prime of manhood was stricken down: we transcribe from an article in the *Quarterly Review*, on "Fontenelle's Signs of Death," the brief account of his last moments:—

"Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. 'I am under no terror,' he said; 'I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray, talk to me, sir! talk of religion; talk of morality; talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects.' Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, 'Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees.' The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:

'His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave!'

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sank into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips."

The account which all the biographies of Burke give of the effect this bereavement produced upon his parents is most fearful even to read; what must it have been to witness? His mother seems to have regained her self-possession sooner than his father. In one of his letters to the late Baron Smith, he writes:—"So heavy a calamity has fallen upon me as to disable me from business, and disqualifies me for repose. The existence I have—*I do not know that I can call life.* * * Good nights to you—I never have any." And again—"The life which has been so imbittered cannot long endure. The

grave will soon close over me and my dejections." To Lord Auckland he writes —"For myself, or for my family, (alas! I have none,) I have nothing to hope or to fear in this world." And again, in another letter:—"The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors, I lie prostrate on the earth; I am alone, I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season of life, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world."

There is something in the "wail" and character of these laments that recalls the mournful Psalms of David; like the Psalmist he endeavored to be comforted, but it was by an effort. His political career was shrouded forever—the *motive* to his great exertions was destroyed—but his mind, wrecked as it had been, could not remain inactive. In 1795 his *private* reply to Mr. Smith's letter, requesting his opinion of the expediency of and necessity for Catholic Emancipation, got into public circulation; and in that singular document, though he did not enter into the details of the question with as much minuteness as he would previously have done, he pleaded for the removal of the whole of the disabilities of the Roman Catholic body. From time to time he put forth a small work on some popular question. He originated several plans for benefiting the poor in his own neighborhood. He had a windmill in his park for the purpose of supplying the poor with cheap bread, which bread was served at his own table; and, as if clinging to the memory of the youth of his son, he formed a plan for the establishment of an emigrant school at Penn, where the children of those who had perished by the guillotine or the sword amid the French convulsions, could be received, supported, and educated. He made a generous appeal to government for the benefit of these children, which was as generously responded to. The house appropriated to this humane purpose had been inhabited by Burke's old friend, General Haviland; and after his death several emigré French priests sheltered within its walls. Until his last fatal illness, Mr. Burke watched over the establishment with the solicitude of a friend and the tenderness of a father.

It has frequently struck us as strange, the morbid avidity with which the world seizes upon the slightest evidence of abstraction in great men, to declare that their minds are fading, or impoverished: the public gapes for every trifle calculated to prove that the palsied fingers can no longer grasp the intellectual scepter, and that the well-worn and hard-earned bays are as a crown of thorns to the pulseless brow. It was in those days whispered in London that the great orator had become imbecile immediately after the publication of his "*Letter to a Noble Lord*;" and that he wandered about his park kissing his cows and horses.

A noble friend went immediately to Beaconsfield to ascertain the truth, and was delighted to find Mr. Burke anxious to read him passages from "A Regicide Peace," which he was then writing; after a little delicate maneuvering on his part, to ascertain the truth, Mr. Burke told him a touching incident which proved the origin of this calumny on his intellectual powers.

An old horse, a great favorite of his son's, and his constant companion, when both were full of life and health, had been turned out at the death of his master, to take his run of the park for the remainder of his life at ease, with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden nor molested by any one. While musing one day, loitering along, Mr. Burke perceived this worn-out old servant come close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing his person, followed by seeming recollection and confidence, he deliberately rested his head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself, the remembrance of his dead son, its late master, who occupied so much of his thoughts at all times, and the apparent attachment, tenderness and intelligence of the creature toward him—as if it could sympathize with his inward sorrow —rushing at once into his mind, totally overpowered his firmness, and throwing his arms over its neck, he wept long and loudly.

But though his lucid and beautiful mind, however agonized, remained unclouded to the last, and his affections glowed toward his old friends as warmly as ever, his bodily health was failing fast. One of the last letters he ever dictated was to Mary Leadbeater, the daughter of his old friend and master, Shackleton; this lady was

subsequently well known in Ireland as the author of "Cottage Dialogues." The first literary attempt, we believe, made toward the improvement of the lower order of Irish, was by her faithful and earnest pen; to this letter, congratulating her on the birth of a son, is a PS., where the invalid says:—"I have been at Bath these four months to no purpose, and am therefore to be removed to my own house at Beaconsfield to-morrow, *to be nearer to a habitation more permanent, humbly* and fearfully hoping that my better part may find a better mansion!"

It would seem as if he anticipated the hour of his passing away. He sent sweet messages of loving kindness to all his friends, entreating and exchanging pardons; recapitulated his motives of action on various political emergencies; gave directions as to his funeral, and then listened with attention to some serious papers of Addison on religious subjects and on the immortality of the soul. His attendants after this were in the act of removing him to his bed, when, indistinctly invoking a blessing on all around him, he sunk down and expired on the 9th of July, 1797, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

BURKE'S TOMB.°

"His end," said his friend Doctor Lawrence, "was suited to the simple greatness of mind which he displayed through life; every way unaffected, without levity, without ostentation, full of natural grace and dignity, he appeared neither to wish nor to dread, but patiently and placidly to await the appointed hour of his dissolution."

It was almost impossible to people, in fancy, the tattered and neglected churchyard of Beaconsfield as it now is—with those who swelled the funeral pomp of the greatest ornament of the British senate; to imagine the titled pall-bearers, where the swine were tumbling over graves, and rooting at headstones. Seldom, perhaps never, in England, had we seen a churchyard so little cared for as that, where the tomb of Waller renders the surrounding disorder "in a sacred place" more conspicuous by its lofty pretension, and where the church is regarded as the mausoleum of Edmund Burke. Surely the "decency of church-yards" ought to be enforced, if those to whom they should be sacred trusts, neglect or forget their duty. That the church-yard of Beaconsfield, which has long been considered "a shrine," should be suffered to remain in the state in which we saw it, is a disgrace not only to the town, but to England; it was differently cared for during Burke's lifetime, and though his Will expressed a disinclination to posthumous honors, and unnecessary expense, never were mourners more sincere—never did there arise to the blue vault of heaven the incense of greater, and more deep-felt sorrow, than from the multitude who assembled in and around the church, while the mortal remains of Edmund Burke were placed in the same vault with his son and brother.

The tablet to his memory, placed on the wall of the south aisle of the church, records his last resting-place with the relatives just named; as well as the fact of the same grave containing the body of his "entirely beloved and incomparable wife," who died in 1812, at the age of 76.

° Our engraving exhibits his simple tablet, as seen from the central aisle of the church, immediately in front of the pew in which Burke and his family always sat.

THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

THE Jews are no longer a nation; but they have not lost their nationality. They still preserve the distinctive characteristics of their race, and, in whatever country or in whatever station, exhibit the same deep, earnest love of their old home. While all that remain of other nations are a few lettered pages, or a few moldered stones; while their greatness and their glory have been swallowed up, so that wolves howl where monarchs feasted, and wild flocks pasture where towered palaces arose—the Jew preserves his old identity, and lives in the present a thing of the past. Encounter one of the Jewish people in one of the crowded thoroughfares of London, meet him in a Parisian square, on the Venetian Rialto, or in one of the quarters of the Eternal City; on the sunburnt coast of Africa, or amid the toil and traffic of New-York; or in the busier scenes of Australian gold regions; and his peculiar countenance, his sharp piercing glance, tell unmistakably his origin, and you know him for a Jew as well as though you saw him mourning over the relics of his people's bygone glory—as well as though you saw him weep over the ruins of Zion.

In whatever light we view the Jewish people we cannot fail to be penetrated with feelings of intense interest on their behalf. They have ever stood forth conspicuously in the very center of the world—a pharos, the light of which was reflected on the gloom of surrounding polytheism, superstition, and idolatry. While the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Romans, the Carthaginians, the Egyptians, the Goths, have each in turn played their part in the world's drama, and disappeared from the theater of the world, the Jews still remain a people dwelling alone among the nations. For eighteen hundred years they have been in a state of oppression and exile, the objects, in many instances, of execration and scorn.

A wondrous history is that of the Jews. Far away in the past you recognize the father of the nation in old Abraham. The nomade condition of the people at that period is briefly told. It is more the history of a family than the history of a nation. Those men who are busy in rearing huge Egyptian structures, and are themselves cast down and held in brutal slavery, are the Jewish people. The wondrous doings of that wondrous time, the marching host that quitted a land of bondage to found a nation on another shore, are recorded with an eloquence almost as wondrous as the theme—wandering after wandering, journey after journey, battle after battle, victory after victory, till the land of Palestine became their home. The land was a holy land, the government a theocracy. But they grew weary of this government, and sought a king like the other nations. King means cunning — cunning man. Their roll of kings betrays no great sagacity—

> "Some good, some bad,
> Of bad the largest scroll."

Every false step brought fresh disasters in its train; the people became weak before their enemies, and in the Babylonian captivity they hung their harps upon the willows, for how could they sing the Lord's song in a strange land? Our engraving represents a scene connected with that captivity. It is from a German picture by Bendemann; and German genius has exhibited itself in the bold outline, in the picturesque grouping, and in the characteristic features of the Jewish mourners. The old man leans forward, and holds the harp which once was sounded in the land of promise, the manacles upon his hands betray how severe is the bondage by which he is confined, and there is a shadow of the deepest melancholy on his aged features. Three female figures are about him. One with mournful glance clasps to her bosom a little child; another, with head bent forward on the old man's knee, seems weeping bitterly; there is an air of patient sorrow with the third which is more touching than any outburst of grief, and over the whole there is something of deep sadness which awakens a feeling of compassion for the Hebrew captives in that foreign land. We need not tell the story of captivity. Every Bible reader knows it. But the grief which marked the people then was only a specimen of what was to come. We read of the wanderer's return; of the ruined temple reërected; the story of the Maccabees, of Antiochus Epiphanes; of the marvels which stirred the hearts of the people when Christianity appeared among them; of the revolt against the Romans;

THE HEBREW CAPTIVES.

the fierce siege; the struggle without and the struggle within; the final overthrow of Jerusalem and the destruction of the temple; and then again comes the dark, melancholy cloud, and Zion's song is hushed, except that here and there a plaintive strain arises from some Jewish home—homes of the wanderers scattered far and wide.

A story of glory and shame, of joy and sorrow, of sunshine as well as darkness, is that of ancient Judaism; but all glory, and joy, and sunshine are taken away from their modern history. There is still at Rome a triumphal arch, erected when the captive Jews were brought thither by Titus—an arch, on which is sculptured the Roman soldiers, carrying the golden candlestick, table of shew-bread, and other vessels of the Tabernacle. The Jews were the builders of the Colosseum, and the first victims slain within its walls. Held in detestation of all nations, persecuted on groundless charges, victims of popular fury, as well as of legal injustice, hanged, burned, and tortured to death: the history of the Jews is a martyrology, and their preservation a miracle.

In England, but a few centuries ago, the most extraordinary notions were entertained respecting the practices of the Jews. Old Chaucer appears to have believed that the Jews were capable of any cruelty, and we must remember that he only represented in this matter the popular opinion. In his time it was thought a good Christian thing to spit on a Jewish gaberdine. In the "Canterbury Tales," he makes the prioress relate that in an Asiatic city, where there was a "Jewerie," a place where Jews dwelt, a child having to pass this place on his way to school, gave high offense by singing

"O Alma Mater Redemptoris;"

for which they fell upon him and put him to death; but the words of the song were still continued from the pit where his mangled body was hidden. Search was made, the murder was discovered, and then—

"With torment, and with shameful death, each one
The provost doon lete the Jewes do arrye,
That of the murder wiste.
Therefore with wild horses he did them drawe,
And after that he hang'd them by the lawe."

When the Crusades of European chivalry left these wild lands and started forth to do battle for the Lord, the Jew-

saders' swords grew red with Jewish blood. The knights commenced their labors for the Cross by massacreing the Jews in every city through which they passed. Conversion or death were the alternatives proposed. Cologne, Worms, Treves, saw the fearful work begun. A band of Jewish women at Treves went to the banks of the blue Moselle, and having loaded their clothes with stones, threw themselves into the river and perished. While the crusading mania lasted many similar scenes occurred.

At the coronation of Richard I., orders had been given that none of the Jewish race should approach his palace. Ignorant of the order, some of the leading men went to the spot with presents for the king. A riot ensued. A rumor spread that the king had sanctioned a massacre of the Jews throughout his dominions. The imaginary order was put into operation. From city to city the blood-news went. The most deplorable scene of all took place at York. There the Jews shut themselves up in a tower, and were besieged by the populace. Finding no means of escape, they resolved to fall by their own hands. Each head of a family took a razor, with which he slew first his wife and children, then his domestics, and finally himself. Either in this fearful manner, or by the hands of the populace, every Jew in York perished. Still later, seven hundred were slain in London because a Jew had demanded exorbitant interest. In 1274 every Jew who lent money on usury was compelled to wear a plate upon his breast signifying that he was a usurer, or to quit the realm. In 1277 two hundred and sixty-seven Jews were hanged and quartered on a charge of clipping the coin; the same year, upon a pretence that a Christian child had been crucified at Norwich, fifty Jews were hanged, and every synagogue destroyed. In 1287 all the Jews in England were apprehended in one day, their goods and chattels confiscated to the king, and they, to the number of fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty, banished the realm. They remained banished three hundred and sixty-four years. England is in this matter a fair sample of other countries. In 1394 they were driven out of France; in 1492 were banished from Spain—against them the Inquisition was first established. Recent times have seen the grossest cruelties enacted against them in the face of all reason and justice. The old prejudice still to some extent influences the public mind, though no fire or sword is employed.

A by-word among the nations, the Jewish people have been preserved amid all the agitation and tumult of the world. There is something very striking and impressive in the idea. The legend of the wandering Jew seems but a type of the nation:—

"And eighteen centuries now have sped
On the dark wrecks of Rome and Greece;
They have seen the ashes scatter'd
Of thousand shifting dynasties;
Seen good, unfruitful good, and ill
Prolific, while the tempest roll'd;
Seen two new worlds the circle fill,
Which one world occupied of old.
Ever, ever
Earth revolves—they rest them never."

Jews have been compelled to turn their attention to the accumulation of money. In every age they have been celebrated for their wealth. Rich as a Jew has become a proverb. Their supposed wealth has brought upon them cruelty and persecution. Their real wealth is a known fact. But modern Jews can do something more than make money. The melting music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the melancholy strains of "Elijah," the solemn music of "Paul," owe their origin to Felix Mendelssohn—a Jew. Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies of Heine? The pictures of Bendemann, the Jew—from one of whose masterpieces our illustration is taken—are described by connoisseurs as worthy of all praise. Liberty has found a free spoken apostle in the Jew, Boerne. Rossini was a Jew, Meyerbeer a Jew. There is an earnestness, a spirit of poetry and melody in the outcast people that will still do greater and mightier things.

The world owes much to the Jews. They were the librarians of its revelation. In their laws we recognize the grand outline of moral obligation; in their poetry we find the highest excellence; and in their ethical aphorisms a body of the soundest practical wisdom. There are deeper obligations which we owe to the Jews. Christianity was originally founded, professed, and propagated by them. There are glories yet in store for that

people. Their history is yet to be eventful. There is a bright light resting on the future—a haven across the melancholy seas—a haven they must reach at last. All history is something more than a record of facts. The facts of history are connected, and to trace and expound the principles of this connexion, to exhibit history as one organic whole, is the highest office of the historian. Nowhere is this connexion better seen than in the annals of Judaism.

According to the most recent and exact statistics, the Jews number at this moment very nearly the same as when they left Egypt under Moses — somewhere about three millions and a half. They have used every dialect, have wandered on the banks of the Nile, by the waters of Babylon, the Jordan, the Tiber, the Thames, the Mississippi. They have mingled, but never united, with other nations. Arms, climate, genius, politics, cannot explain it. We turn to their own records to find out the cause. Their history is prospective, as well as retrospective, and leads us forward to a time when their wanderings shall be over, and they shall recognize in Him whom they now reject the brightness and glory of their race.

There is evident purpose in the preservation of the Jews. We disregard the idle curl of the wave; but when every wave is moving in the same direction—when the tide is clearly seen at work—we find a law of nature, we seek a cause and find it in the skies. So it is with all history; but more especially in Jewish records, old and new. There is design in them all; every circumstance is connected. It is no chapter of accidents, but the development of a great and glorious plan.

ANCIENT SONG OF THE COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When day departs, and darkness reigns on earth,
The scene reminds us of the gloomy grave!
Then let thy light, O Lord, before us shine
While to the silent tomb our steps we bend,
And grant a blessed immortality!

NINE O'CLOCK.

The day glides by, and sable night appears—
For Jesus' sake, O God, our sins forgive!
Preserve the royal family;
And guard the people which this land contains
From danger of the enemy!

TEN O'CLOCK.

Master, maid, and boy, would you the hour know?
It is the time that you to rest should go.
Trust in the Lord with faith—and careful be
Of fire and light; for ten o'clock has struck!

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Almighty God protects both great and small;
His holy angels guard us like a wall:
The Lord himself our city watches o'er,
And keeps our bodies and our souls from harm.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

At th' hour of midnight was our Saviour born—
Great blessing to a world which else were lost!
Then, with unfeigned lips, in prayer and praise
Commend yourselves to God. Past twelve o'clock!

ONE O'CLOCK.

O Jesu Christ, we pray thee, send us help
To bear our cross with patience in the world,
For thou art God alone!
And thou, O Comforter, thine hand stretch forth:
Then will the burthen light and easy be!
The clock has stricken one!

TWO O'CLOCK.

O gracious Lord, whose love for us was such
That thou shouldst deign in darkness to be born:
All glory 's due to thee!
Come, Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts
Thy heav'nly light, that we may see thee now
And in eternity!

THREE O'CLOCK.

Black night departs, and day begins to dawn—
Keep them far off, O God, who wish us harm!
The clock has stricken three!
Father, thine aid we seek!—and of thy grace
Give us abundantly!

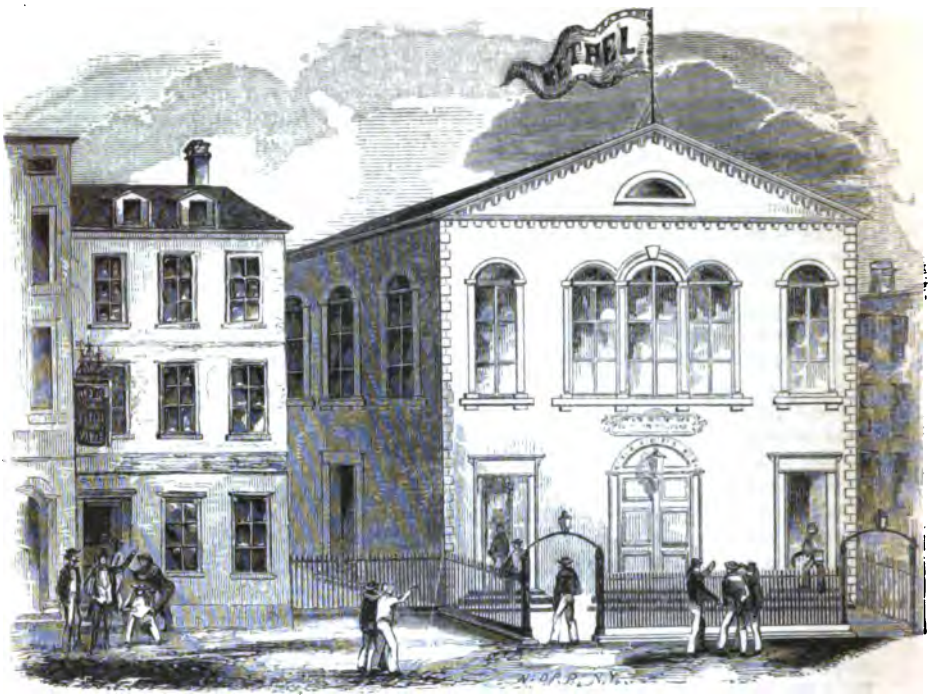
FOUR O'CLOCK.

Eternal God! who wouldst the keeper be
Of us who dwell below—
To thee, surrounded by the heavenly host,
Honor and praise are due!
For this good night give thanks unto the Lord!
Remember "four!"—we 're summoned from our guard.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

Jesu, thou morning star! we now resign
To thy protection, cheerfully, our king;
Be thou his sun and shield!
And thou, bright orb of day, begin thy course,
And, rising from the mercy-seat of God,
Thy radiant luster yield!

EXTERNALS AND INTERNALS.—As the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapter; even so does the outer habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) gives us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) *all the quality of the soul.*



THE MARINER'S CHURCH, ROOSEVELT-STREET, NEW-YORK.

WE give our readers an exterior view of the above edifice, with a brief outline of the history of the society which there sustains the preaching of the gospel, as also other missionary labors among seamen.

The efforts for the moral and religious improvement of seamen in this country, now so extensive and diversified, had their origin in the city of New-York, in the year 1816. Near the close of that year, the first religious meeting ever held in America for the special benefit of sailors was convened at No. 37 Cherry-street. Rev. Ward Stafford preached on the occasion.

We next notice a meeting "to take into consideration the expediency and importance of adopting measures for erecting a building for the gratuitous preaching of the gospel to seamen." The aid of the press was invoked by requesting editors to prepare and insert in their respective papers short pieces stating the deplorable condition of our seamen. A constitution was adopted, and a board of officers and directors elected. They were incorporated under the name of the "Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen in the port of New-York."

They have not only sustained the preaching of the gospel, but, as Providence has opened the way, have published good books, aided in establishing temperance houses and savings banks for seamen.

The Mariner's Church was completed and dedicated June 4th, 1820; the first edifice of the kind in the world. Early the ensuing year the services of the Rev. Henry Chase were secured, who, with a short interruption, continued in the service of the Society, as missionary to seamen and as pastor of the church, till his death in July last, a period of more than thirty-two years; a fact in itself significant in regard to the character and qualifications that so eminently fitted him for the laborious and self-denying duties of his post.

We had a conversation with him the day before he was seized with the fatal disease (paralysis) which terminated his life. His errand from home that morning was to minister to the necessities of a worthy but afflicted sailor. He dwelt with delight on the brightening prospects of seamen, and expressed much satisfaction

at the recent measures of the Port Society to increase the usefulness of the Mariner's Church, and secure the services of more pious seamen and others to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the multitudes of sailors who neglect the sanctuary.

During the last twenty years we were a constant attendant on the ministry of Brother Chase, and listened to his last sermon from these words: "I would not live alway," which left an impression never to be effaced. As he pointed the tempest-tossed sailor for the last time to the haven of eternal blessedness, his countenance beaming with benevolence, his manly form, the musical tones of his voice, and the stillness of the hour, made the place seem indeed "the house of God and the gate of heaven."

We have not space to speak in detail of the Marine Temperance Society of the port of New-York, which was organized in this Church twenty years ago, and still holds its meetings here every Tuesday evening, numbering more than twenty-seven thousand members. Neither can we dwell upon the good influences of the Thursday evening lecture and the Friday evening prayer and conference meetings.

We close with a brief extract from the last report of Mr. Chase to the Board of Directors, written just before his death:—

"The Sunday School attached to the Mariner's Church is in a prosperous condition. It includes many children of seamen, and numbers twenty-two teachers and one hundred and thirty-five scholars. Here, those children, elsewhere neglected, are taught the principles of our holy religion, and trained to virtue and usefulness. The library consists of five hundred and seven volumes, adapted to the age and capacity of those for whose benefit they were collected. On each Sabbath, proper distribution of books is made to the scholars, who read them during the week with much interest. In this way light is conveyed to many benighted families, where other means of religious instruction would have been unavailing. Clothing and shoes are also liberally dealt out to the needy and destitute. A Bible class is taught in the school by the missionary of the ward, with hope of increase of numbers and usefulness. A gentleman who is well acquainted with all our operations lately remarked, that if no other benefit resulted from the Church than this school, it would abundantly repay all the labor and expenditure of the Port Society."

This institution is under no sectarian influence, but is supported by the contributions of the friends of seamen of all denominations.

THE CRUSADES.

EVERY age has its peculiar folly; some scheme, project, or phantasy into which it plunges, spurred on either by the love of gain, the necessity of excitement, or the mere force of imitation. Failing in these, it has some madness, to which it is goaded by political or religious causes, or both combined. Every one of these causes influenced the Crusades, and conspired to render them the most extraordinary instance upon record of the extent to which popular enthusiasm can be carried. History in her solemn page informs us, that the Crusaders were but ignorant and savage men, that their motives were those of bigotry unmitigated, and that their pathway was one of blood and tears. Romance, on the other hand, dilates upon their piety and heroism, and portrays, in her most glowing and impassioned hues, their virtue and magnanimity, the imperishable honor they acquired for themselves, and the great services they rendered to Christianity. We propose to ransack the stores of both, and discover the true spirit that animated the motley multitude who took up arms in the service of the cross, leaving history to vouch for facts, but not disdaining the aid of cotemporary poetry and romance, to throw light upon feelings, motives, and opinions.

In order to understand thoroughly the state of public feeling in Europe at the time when Peter the Hermit preached the holy war, it will be necessary to go back for many years anterior to that event. We must make acquaintance with the pilgrims of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, and learn the tales they told of the dangers they had passed and the wonders they had seen. Pilgrimages to the Holy Land seem at first to have been undertaken by converted Jews, and by Christian devotees of lively imagination, pining with a natural curiosity to visit the scenes which of all others were most interesting in their eyes. The pious and the impious alike flocked to Jerusalem,—the one class to feast their sight on the scenes hallowed by the life and sufferings of their Lord; and the other, because it soon became a generally received opinion, that such a pilgrimage was sufficient to rub off the long score of sins, however atrocious. Another and very numerous class of pil-

grims were the idle and roving, who visited Palestine then as the moderns visit Italy or Switzerland now, because it was the fashion, and because they might please their vanity by retailing, on their return, the adventures they had met with. But the really pious formed the great majority.

Every year their numbers increased, until at last they became so numerous as to be called the "armies of the Lord." Full of enthusiasm, they set the dangers and difficulties of the way at defiance, and lingered with holy rapture on every scene described by the evangelists. To them it was bliss indeed to drink the clear waters of the Jordan, or to be baptized in the same stream where John had baptized the Saviour. They wandered with awe and pleasure in the purlieus of the Temple, on the solemn Mount of Olives, or the awful Calvary, where a God had bled for sinful men. To these pilgrims every object was precious. Relics were eagerly sought after; flagons of water from Jordan, or panniers of mold from the hill of the Crucifixion, were brought home, and sold at extravagant prices to churches and monasteries. More apocryphal relics—such as the wood of the true cross, the tears of the Virgin Mary, the hems of her garments, the toe-nails and hair of the apostles, and even the tents that Paul had helped to manufacture—were exhibited for sale by the knavish in Palestine, and brought back to Europe "with wondrous cost and care." A grove of a hundred oaks would not have furnished all the wood sold in little morsels as remnants of the true cross; and the tears of Mary, if collected together, would have filled a cistern.

For upward of two hundred years the pilgrims met, it may be said, with no impediment in Palestine. At length, however, a tax of a bezant for each pilgrim was imposed, and rigorously exacted. The sums drawn from this source were a mine of wealth to the Moslem governors of Palestine, imposed as the tax had been at a time when pilgrimages had become more numerous than ever. A strange idea had taken possession of the popular mind at the close of the tenth and commencement of the eleventh century. It was universally believed that the end of the world was at hand; that the thousand years of the Apocalypse were near completion, and that Jesus Christ would descend upon Jerusalem to judge mankind. All Christendom was in commotion. A panic terror seized upon the weak, the credulous, and the guilty, who in those days formed more than nineteen-twentieths of the whole population. Forsaking their homes, kindred, and occupation, they crowded to Jerusalem to await the coming of the Lord, lightened, as they imagined, of a load of sin by their weary pilgrimage. To increase the panic, the stars were observed to fall from heaven, earthquakes to shake the land, and violent hurricanes to blow down the forests. All these, and more especially the meteoric phenomena, were looked upon as the forerunners of the approaching judgments. This extraordinary delusion, while it augmented the numbers, increased also the hardships of the pilgrims. Beggars thronged all the highways between the west of Europe and Constantinople.

On their arrival in Jerusalem they found that a sterner race had obtained possession of the Holy Land. The califs of Bagdad had been succeeded by the harsh Turks of the race of Seljook, who looked upon the pilgrims with contempt and aversion. The Turks of the eleventh century were more ferocious and less scrupulous than the Saracens of the tenth. They were annoyed at the immense number of pilgrims who overran the country, and still more so because they showed no intention of quitting it. The hourly expectation of the last judgment kept them waiting; and the Turks, apprehensive of being at last driven from the soil by the swarms that were still arriving, heaped up difficulties in their way. Persecution of every kind awaited them. They were plundered, and beaten with stripes, and kept in suspense for months at the gates of Jerusalem, unable to pay the golden bezant that was to procure them admission.

When the first epidemic terror of the day of judgment began to subside, a few pilgrims ventured to return to Europe, their hearts big with indignation at the insults they had suffered. Everywhere as they passed they related to a sympathizing auditory the wrongs of Christendom. Strange to say, even these recitals increased the mania for pilgrimage. Thus did things continue during the whole of the eleventh century.

The train that was to explode so fearfully was now laid, and there wanted but

the hand to apply the torch. At last the man appeared upon the scene. Like all who have ever achieved so great an end, Peter the Hermit was exactly suited to the age; neither behind it nor in advance of it; but acute enough to penetrate its mystery ere it was discovered by any other. Enthusiastic, chivalrous, bigoted, and, if not insane, not far removed from insanity, he was the very prototype of the time. True enthusiasm is always persevering and always eloquent, and these two qualities were united in no common degree in the person of this extraordinary preacher. He was a monk of Amiens, and ere he assumed the hood had served as a soldier. He is represented as having been ill-favored and low in stature, but with an eye of surpassing brightness and intelligence. Having been seized with the mania of the age, he visited Jerusalem, and remained there till his blood boiled to see the cruel persecution heaped upon the devotees. On his return home he shook the world by the eloquent story of their wrongs.

Before entering into any further details of the marvelous results of his preaching, it will be advisable to cast a glance at the state of the mind of Europe, that we may understand all the better the causes of his success. First of all, there was the priesthood, which, exercising as it did the most conspicuous influence upon the fortunes of society, claims the largest share of attention. Religion was the ruling idea of that day, and the only civilizer capable of taming such wolves as then constituted the flock of the faithful. The clergy were all in all; and though they kept the popular mind in the most slavish subjection with regard to religious matters, they furnished it with the means of defense against all other oppression except their own.

But while religion inspired the masses, another agent was at work upon the nobility. These were fierce and lawless; tainted with every vice, endowed with no virtue, and redeemed by one good quality alone, that of courage. The only religion they felt was the religion of fear. That and their overboiling turbulence alike combined to guide them to the Holy Land. Most of them had sins enough to answer for. They lived with their hand against every man, and with no law but their own passions. They set at defiance the secular power of the clergy; but their hearts quailed at the awful denunciations of the pulpit with regard to the life to come. War was the business and the delight of their existence; and when they were promised remission of all their sins upon the easy condition of following their favorite bent, it is not to be wondered at that they rushed with enthusiasm to the onslaught, and became as zealous in the service of the cross as the great majority of the people, who were swayed by more purely religious motives.

It was in Palestine itself that Peter the Hermit first conceived the grand idea of rousing the powers of Christendom to rescue the Christians of the East from the thraldom of the Mussulmans, and the sepulcher of Jesus from the rude hands of the infidel. After he had performed all the penances and duties of his pilgrimage, he demanded an interview with Simeon, the Patriarch of the Greek Church at Jerusalem. Though the latter was a heretic in Peter's eyes, yet he was still a Christian, and felt as acutely as himself for the persecutions heaped by the Turks upon the followers of Jesus. The good prelate entered fully into his views, and, at his suggestion, wrote letters to the Pope, and to the most influential monarchs of Christendom, detailing the sorrows of the faithful, and urging them to take up arms in their defense. Peter was not a laggard in the work. Taking an affectionate farewell of the Patriarch, he returned in all haste to Italy. Pope Urban II. occupied the apostolic chair. It was at that time far from being an easy seat. His predecessor Gregory had bequeathed him a host of disputes with the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany, and he had converted Philip I. of France into an enemy by his strenuous opposition to an adulterous connection formed by that monarch. So many dangers encompassed him, that the Vatican was no secure abode, and he had taken refuge in Apulia, under the protection of the renowned Robert Guiscard. Thither Peter appears to have followed him, though in what spot their meeting took place is not stated with any precision by ancient chroniclers or modern historians. Urban received him most kindly; read, with tears in his eyes, the epistle from the Patriarch Simeon, and listened to the eloquent story of the Hermit with an attention which showed how deeply he sympathized with

PETER THE HERMIT PREACHING THE CRUSADES.

the woes of the Christian Church. Enthusiasm is contagious; and the Pope appears to have caught it instantly from one whose zeal was so unbounded. Giving the Hermit full powers, he sent him abroad to preach the holy war to all the nations and potentates of Christendom. The Hermit preached, and countless thousands answered to his call. France, Germany, and Italy, started at his voice, and prepared for the deliverance of Zion. The people so highly reverenced him, that they plucked hairs from the mane of his mule that they might keep them as relics. While preaching, he wore in general a woolen tunic, with a dark-colored mantle, which fell down to his heels. His arms and feet were bare; and he ate neither flesh nor bread, supporting himself chiefly upon fish and wine.

While the Hermit was appealing with such signal success to the people, the Pope appealed with as much success to those who were to become the chiefs and leaders of the expedition. His first step was to call a council at Placentia, in the autumn of the year 1095. Here, in the assembly of the clergy, the Pope debated the grand scheme, and gave audience to emissaries who had been sent from Constantinople by the Emperor of the East, to detail the progress made by the Turks in their design of establishing themselves in Europe. The clergy were of course unanimous in support of the Crusade; and the council separated, each individual member of it being empowered to preach it to his people.

But Italy could not be expected to furnish all the aid required; and the Pope crossed the Alps to inspire the fierce and powerful nobility and chivalrous population of Gaul. His boldness in entering the territory, and placing himself in the power of his foe, King Philip of France, is not the least surprising feature of his mission. Some have imagined that cool policy alone actuated him; while others assert that it was mere zeal, as warm and as blind as that of Peter the Hermit. The latter opinion seems to be the true one. Society did not calculate the consequences of what it was doing. Every man seemed to act from impulse only; and the Pope, in throwing himself into the heart of France, acted as much from impulse as the thousands who responded to his call. A council was eventually summoned to meet him at Clermont, in Auvergne, to consider the state of the Church, reform abuses, and, above all, make preparations for the war. It was in the midst of an extremely cold winter, and the ground was covered with snow. During seven days the council sat

with closed doors, while immense crowds from all parts of France flocked into the town, in expectation that the Pope himself would address the people. All the towns and villages for miles around were filled with the multitude; even the fields were encumbered with people, who, unable to procure lodging, pitched their tents under the trees, and by the way-side. All the neighborhood presented the appearance of a vast camp.

During the seven days' deliberation, a sentence of excommunication was passed upon King Philip for adultery with Bertrade de Montfort, Countess of Anjou, and for disobedience to the supreme authority of the apostolic see. This bold step impressed the people with reverence for so stern a Church, which in the discharge of its duty showed itself no respecter of persons. Their love and their fear were alike increased, and they were prepared to listen with more intense devotion to the preaching of so righteous and inflexible a pastor. The great square before the cathedral church of Clermont became every instant more densely crowded as the hour drew nigh when the Pope was to address the populace. Issuing from the church in his full canonicals, surrounded by his cardinals and bishops in all the splendor of Romish ecclesiastical costume, the Pope stood before the populace on a high scaffolding erected for the occasion, and covered with scarlet cloth. A brilliant array of bishops and cardinals surrounded him; and among them, humbler in rank, but more important in the world's eye, the Hermit Peter, dressed in his simple and austere habiliments. Historians differ as to whether or not Peter addressed the crowd, but as all agree that he was present, it seems reasonable to suppose that he spoke. But it was the oration of the Pope that was most important. As he lifted up his hands to insure attention, every voice immediately became still. He began by detailing the miseries endured by their brethren in the Holy Land; how the plains of Palestine were desolated by the outrageous heathen, who with the sword and the firebrand carried wailing into the dwellings and flames into the possessions of the faithful; how Christian wives and daughters were defiled by pagan lust; how the altars of the true God were desecrated, and the relics of the saints trodden under foot. "You," continued the eloquent pontiff, (and Urban II. was one of the most eloquent men of the day,) "you, who hear me, and who have received the true faith, and been endowed by God with power, and strength, and greatness of soul,—whose ancestors have been the prop of Christendom, and whose kings have put a barrier against the progress of the infidel,—I call upon you to wipe off these impurities from the face of the earth, and lift your oppressed fellow-Christians from the depths into which they have been trampled. The sepulcher of Christ is possessed by the heathen, the sacred places dishonored by their vileness. O, brave knights and faithful people! offspring of invincible fathers! ye will not degenerate from your ancient renown. Ye will not be restrained from embarking in this great cause by the tender ties of wife or little ones, but will remember the words of the Saviour of the world himself, 'Whosoever loves father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me. Whosoever shall abandon for my name's sake his house, or his brethren, or his sisters, or his father, or his mother, or his wife, or his children, or his lands, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit eternal life.'"

The warmth of the pontiff communicated itself to the crowd, and the enthusiasm of the people broke out several times ere he concluded his address. He went on to portray, not only the spiritual but the temporal advantages that would accrue to those who took up arms in the service of the cross. Palestine was, he said, a land flowing with milk and honey, and precious in the sight of God, as the scene of the grand events which had saved mankind. That land, he promised, should be divided among them. Moreover, they should have full pardon for all their offenses, either against God or man. "Go, then," he added, "in expiation of your sins; and go assured, that after this world shall have passed away, imperishable glory shall be yours in the world which is to come." The enthusiasm was no longer to be restrained, and loud shouts interrupted the speaker; the people exclaiming as with one voice, "*Dieu le veult! Dieu le veult!*" God wills it! God wills it!

For several months after the Council of Clermont, France and Germany presented a singular spectacle. The pious, the fanatic, the needy, the dissolute, the young

POPE URBAN PREACHING THE CRUSADES.

and the old, even women and children, and the halt and lame, enrolled themselves by hundreds. In every village the clergy were busied in keeping up the excitement, promising eternal rewards to those who assumed the red cross, and fulminating the most awful denunciations against all the worldly-minded who refused or even hesitated. Every debtor who joined the Crusade was freed by the papal edict from the claims of his creditors; outlaws of every grade were made equal with the honest upon the same conditions. The property of those who went was placed under the protection of the Church, and St. Paul and St. Peter themselves were believed to descend from their high abode, to watch over the chattels of the absent pilgrims. Signs and portents were seen in the air, to increase the fervor of the multitude. An aurora-borealis of unusual brilliancy appeared, and thousands of the Crusaders came out to gaze upon it, prostrating themselves upon the earth in adoration. It was thought to be a sure prognostic of the interposition of the Most High; and a representation of his armies fighting with and overthrowing the infidels. Reports of wonders were everywhere rife. A monk had seen two gigan-

tic warriors on horseback, the one representing a Christian and the other a Turk, fighting in the sky with flaming swords, the Christian of course overcoming the Paynim. Myriads of stars were said to have fallen from heaven, each representing the fall of a Pagan foe. It was believed at the same time that the Emperor Charlemagne would rise from the grave, and lead on to victory the embattled armies of the Lord. A singular feature of the popular madness was the enthusiasm of the women. Everywhere they encouraged their lovers and husbands to forsake all things for the holy war. Many of them burned the sign of the cross upon their breasts and arms, and colored the wound with a red dye, as a lasting memorial of their zeal. Others, still more zealous, impressed the mark by the same means upon the tender limbs of young children and infants at the breast.

Guibert de Nogent tells of a monk who made a large incision upon his forehead in the form of a cross, which he colored with some powerful ingredient, telling the people that an angel had done it when he was asleep. This monk appears to have been more of a rogue than a fool, for he contrived to fare more sumptuously than any of his brother pilgrims, upon the strength of his sanctity. The Crusaders everywhere gave him presents of food and money, and he became quite fat ere he arrived at Jerusalem, notwithstanding the fatigues of the way. If he had acknowledged in the first place that he had made the wound, he would not have been thought more holy than his fellows; but the story of the angel was a clincher.

All those who had property of any description rushed to the mart to change it into hard cash. Lands and houses could be had for a quarter of their value, while arms and accoutrements of war rose in the same proportion. The nobles mortgaged their estates for mere trifles to Jews and unbelievers, or conferred charters of immunity upon the towns and communes within their fiefs, for sums which, a few years previously, they would have rejected with disdain. The farmer endeavored to sell his plow, and the artisan his tools, to purchase a sword for the deliverance of Jerusalem. Women disposed of their trinkets for the same purpose. Those who had not determined upon the journey joked and laughed at those who were thus disposing of their goods at such ruinous prices, prophesying that the expedition would be miserable and their return worse. But they held this language only for a day; the next they were suddenly seized with the same frenzy as the rest. Those who had been loudest in their jeers gave up all their property for a few crowns, and set out with those they had so laughed at a few hours before. During the spring and summer of this year (1096) the roads teemed with crusaders, all hastening to the towns and villages appointed as the rendezvous of the district. Some were on horseback, some in carts, and some came down the rivers in boats and rafts, bringing their wives and children, all eager to go to Jerusalem. Very few knew where Jerusalem was. Some thought it fifty thousand miles away, and others imagined that it was but a month's journey; while at sight of every town or castle the children exclaimed, "Is that Jerusalem? Is that the city?" Parties of knights and nobles might be seen traveling eastward, and amusing themselves as they went with the knightly diversions of hawking, to lighten the fatigues of the way.

The encampments of these heterogeneous multitudes offered a singular aspect. Those vassals who ranged themselves under the banners of their lord, erected tents around his castle; while those who undertook the war on their own account constructed booths and huts in the neighborhood of the towns or villages, preparatory to their joining some popular leader of the expedition. The meadows of France were covered with tents. As the belligerents were to have remission of all their sins on their arrival in Palestine, hundreds of them gave themselves up to the most unbounded licentiousness. The courtezan, with the red cross upon her shoulders, plied her shameless trade with sensual pilgrims without scruple on either side; the lover of good cheer gave loose rein to his appetite, and drunkenness and debauchery flourished. Their zeal in the service of the Lord was to wipe out all faults and follies, and they had the same surety of salvation as the rigid anchorite. This reasoning had charms for the ignorant, and the sounds of lewd revelry and the voice of prayer rose at the same instant from the camp.

(To be continued.)

DANGERS OF THE POLAR SEAS.

THE following narrative, readable for its thrilling incidents and vivid descriptions, will possess additional interest for the intelligent reader in the relation it bears to the mysterious history of Sir John Franklin. It will be remembered that the *Terror*, here mentioned, is the same ship in which that distinguished commander, at a subsequent period, sailed on the voyage from which he has never returned:—

In the year 1836, the Royal Geographical Society recommended a voyage of discovery in search of the North-West Passage, and the Admiralty supplied a ship, the *Terror*, under the command of Captain Back, with instructions to proceed to Wager River or Repulse Bay, where, leaving the ship under the care of an officer, he was to proceed with a large party across the intervening land to the eastern shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, sending one party to the north as far as the Fury and Hecla strait, and the other to pursue the continental coast line to the mouth or estuary of Back's River, and its continuation as far as the point Turnagain of Franklin. In the instructions it was stated to be their lordships' full belief that all the service detailed might be fully and faithfully performed in the course of one season, and "that this Arctic expedition may be distinguished from all others by the promptitude of its execution, and by escaping from the gloomy and unprofitable waste of eight months' detention: it is therefore our distinct orders that every effort shall be made to return to England in the fall of this year." It will be seen in the course of the following details how true is the old proverb—"Man proposes, God disposes."

On the 14th June, 1836, the *Terror* left Chatham, and on the 28th July crossed Davies' Strait. Having passed Resolution Island, with its dense fogs and its whirlpools, tossing about masses of ice, sweeping the ship among them, and rendering her unmanageable, they came to the Savage Islands, and here their difficulties may be said fairly to have commenced. The navigation of Hudson's Strait was difficult on account of contrary winds and ice; the

drift ice was very heavy, and difficult to steer clear of; and often, in spite of all their care, the ship would drive on the immense masses with a concussion that made all the bells ring, and almost threw those below from their chairs.

On the 14th August they arrived close upon Salisbury Island, the place where Back's instructions pointed out the two routes for his choice; and he decided upon that which led in a north-west direction through the Frozen Strait. On the 18th the ice became so close that there was no room to work the ship. Some experienced seamen, who had been in the Greenland trade, declared they had never beheld such heavy ice. It seemed to consist of numerous floes wedged together, the whole surface so ragged and piled up, that the height of the ridges frequently exceeded fifteen feet; and no human being could have traveled far over it. To those unaccustomed to polar navigation, the prospect was most discouraging, all progress in this direction being apparently stopped; but the more experienced looked forward to a change of wind, tide, or current, or some of those unaccountable circumstances which in a few hours, even of entire calm, create so sudden and marvelous a change in an icy sea. Accordingly, about midnight, some large pieces of ice were observed to be drifting away, and in the course of a few hours a path was opened through what seemed to be an impenetrable barrier. They made, however, but slow progress, constantly struggling with the ice, tacking continually to weather, or to avoid the floes, and longing for a favorable breeze. The land shone blue from the distance, and beautifully soft, as contrasted with the white cold glare of the intermediate ice around, reflecting, by the setting sun, the tints of the intervening masses thrown into the most picturesque groups and forms; spires, turrets, and pyramids, many in deep shape, presented, altogether, a scene sufficient for a time to cheat the imagination, and withdraw the mind from the cheerless reality of the actual situation.

The ship lay becalmed during several days, but, at length, a wind arose which broke up the cemented masses of ice, and disentangled the ship. It now became evident that the great body of ice of the previous winter had not been broken up, and that season with the accumulations of the following having been detached from its bonds by the storms of spring, it had been driven, probably, by the combined action of wind and current, from the bays and harbors of the north, to the place where the ship was so impeded by it. On the evening of the 13th September, the Cape Comfort of Baffin was seen. The next day the wind came, but it was from the adverse quarter, and had a direful effect on the shore ice, in which the ship was imbedded, the force being so great that what was not crushed was raised up to various heights; one ponderous mass, with several peaks, being lifted upward of twenty feet. The ship, severely nipped, went on drifting with the ice to the shore, the soft blue tint of which had now exchanged, on a near approach, to black frowning masses of inaccessible rock. "At this time," says Captain Back, "we appeared to be not more than four miles from the land, which was broken into exposed bays, utterly without shelter from the north, and blocked up with close packed ice. Not a pool of water was visible in any direction: to the mercy of Providence alone could we look for rescue from our perilous situation. None but those who have experienced it can judge of the weariness of heart, the blank of feeling, the feverish sickliness of taste, which gets the better of the whole man under circumstances such as these. Not an incident occurred to relieve, for a moment, the dull monotony of our unprofitable detention."

Thus delayed almost within sight of port, the season for active operations slipping away, the ship was held still within sight of the same land, "as if it were in the grasp of a giant;" and thus it was destined to be held from this time for eight or ten months to come. Well might Back speak of the name of this cape as being "most inappropriate;" for, instead of "Comfort," it inspired dayly, nay hourly, dread that the ship would be forced ashore. During the whole of September the ship was whirled about, backward and forward, as the wind, or the current, or the tide directed, all command over her being lost. Under these circumstances, it was the opinion of all the officers that any attempt to reach Repulse Bay would be hopeless, and they suggested certain precautions, in the event of the ship breaking up under the enormous pressure to which she was

subjected. Some idea of this pressure may be formed from the fact, that in the walls of ice on either side of her, her mold was stamped as perfectly as in a die.

As there was now no chance of escape for eight or nine months to come, it was determined to cut a dock in a large floe of ice, so that the ship might be protected by it, as long as the floe held together. Just as this plan was about to be carried into execution, a commotion took place which separated the whole body of ice into single masses, tossed into heaps, or ground to powder, whatever interrupted its course, and finally drove the whole up the Frozen Strait. Other masses, however, succeeded, which hemmed the ship in, and thus both she and they drifted about, often with secure bays and harbors apparently within reach, and still obliged to be prepared for being wrecked. Of course, every attempt to cut a channel through the ice into some bay or harbor would have been vain, on account of the ice not presenting a flat surface, but heaped masses, which filled up every opening as fast as it was made. To add to the discomfort of their situation, the warming apparatus, which ought to have raised the interior of the ship to a comfortable temperature, miserably failed, so that they were reduced to two or three common fires.

The ice continued to be in motion up to the 20th November, but the floe, into which the ship was frozen, remained tolerably secure. Snow walls and galleries were built in different directions from the ship, which, being destined for the comfort of all, were cheerfully undertaken.

On the 22d December a furious storm arose, such that no man could face it. Several, who endeavored to perform some duty outside the ship, were instantly frostbitten and obliged to return. The officer of the watch in merely going from the housing to the taffrail to register the thermometers, had the whole of his face frozen. Not that the temperature was so low as it had been a few days before—for it was then 53° below zero, and on this occasion only 30° below zero—but the wind extracted the heat with a rapidity beyond endurance, so that a short exposure to it would have been fatal to the hardiest. The storm raged like a hurricane, and covered the ship with snow-drift. The topmasts shook like wands, and the lee-rigging was forced out like a bow. As the wind blew directly off shore, there was great cause for apprehension as to the holding together of the floe. On the 24th the storm abated, and they then discovered that they had actually been driven out toward Frozen Strait, twelve or fourteen miles to the east of Cape Comfort.

As the sailors had abundance of spare time on their hands, an evening school was instituted under the superintendence of Lieut. Smyth, and occasionally visited by Capt. Back. The example of Parry was also not forgotten in contriving amusements for the men; plays were occasionally acted by the officers; foot-ball was played upon the level surface of the floe when the weather permitted; and a swing was hung from the bowsprit. The festivities of Christmas-day were not forgotten; and New-year's-day was duly ushered in by sound of bell. Still, however, the situation of the ship caused much anxiety, and anxiety fosters disease. The scurvy made its appearance, and this was thought to be aggravated by the fetid and impure atmosphere that lurked in the lower parts of the deck; and the difference of temperature, which frequently amounted to 110°, between the outside and the inside of the ship.

The floe, which had hitherto served to give some security to the ship, as well as a place of exercise for the men, at length began to crack and to open rents, thereby giving freedom to large masses of ice, yellow and brown with age, which darted to the surface, looking like unsightly blotches on the pale features of the general scene. On the 17th February, an alarm was given that the floe was breaking up alongside, and, in fact, a rent opened from the stern of the ship to the edge of the floe, and another from the bow to the east brink. Gaping rents were made in the snow walls about the ship; a crashing, grinding, and rushing noise was heard beneath, as well as at the borders of the floe, and fresh cracks opened in it. The ship creaked in her beams and timbers, and at daylight, to the dismay of all, an advancing rampart of ice, about thirty feet in height, of a semicircular form, was seen rolling to seaward, in one vast body. All around, enormous calves of ice escaped from confinement, and, being tossed up in irregular positions, looked like so many engines of destruction. But, just when the danger seemed greatest, the tumult

suddenly ceased; and it was fortunate that it did so, for the ice was so splintered and jagged, that to put a boat upon it was out of the question; nor could it be made, even for an hour, a depository of provisions, full as it was of cracks and small holes opening every instant: nothing could have been conveyed to land, now about seven miles distant, and no one, probably, could have reached it, even without incumbrance.

The broken arches of the snow galleries, the shattered snow walls, the cracks in the floe, and the vast mounds of ice and snow, called to mind the scene which must follow upon an earthquake; and when the ice actually separated, some of the galleries floating in the water looked like tunnels. To be at freedom to move would, two months later, have been the summit of their wishes, but it now only mocked them with hopes that could not be realized, while it involved immediate peril. The ice returned with accumulated force, making the ship crack fore and aft, with a hideous noise. Capt. Back says that his cabin-door could not be forced open without difficulty, and was split in the pressure. The people, in alarm, crowded upon deck, and even the poor sick came tottering aft, in an agony of terror. Providentially the ship, instead of yielding to the pressure and cracking like a walnut, was forced up, so that the opposing ice either passed under her, or was wedged against the large masses at either extremity. Capt. Back remarks that, though he had seen vast bodies of ice from Spitzbergen, to 150° W. long., under various aspects, some beautiful, and all more or less awe-imposing, he had never witnessed, nor even imagined, anything so fearfully magnificent as the moving towers and ramparts that now frowned on every side. The innermost fragments of the floe, every now and then, closed upon the defenseless vessel with a force that made every plank complain. The night was fine; but the vapor which arose from the numerous cracks, quickly became converted into small spiculæ of snow, rendering the cold intolerably keen to those who had to face the wind.

Under these trying circumstances, the crew were exhorted to implicit obedience to orders, as well as kind and compassionate help to the sick. Fresh articles of warm clothing were distributed, and, as the moment of the destruction of the ship was uncertain, the bags in which those articles were contained were placed on deck with the provisions, to be ready on the instant. Bales of blankets, bear-skins, and pyroligneous ether for fuel, were got out, together with whatever might be necessary if the ship should suddenly break up.

The ship thus continued to be assailed by ponderous waves of ice, and the intervals of repose were but short. At ten o'clock, P. M., on the first of March, several sudden jerks were heard, and an hour after a general rumbling, after which all became still. The conflict was apparently ended, when, suddenly, the vast bodies in contact with, and immediately surrounding, the ship, became fearfully agitated, rising up in grinding conflict, piece thrown over piece, until the ponderous walls tumbled over with a hideous compound of such sounds as are expressed by the words screeching, howling, and whining. Such was the violence of the pressure that the ship was lifted up abaft, and both hull and rigging trembled violently. Another pause ensued; the mist cleared away, and revealed the magnificence of a polar sky; a faint gleam of aurora was playing near the zenith, and so beautiful and hushed was everything, that nature seemed, as it were, in a trance. But scarcely had the idea flitted across the mind when the war burst out again with redoubled fury, and huge fragments and masses seemed to be rolling down upon the ship with an impetuosity that threatened immediate destruction. Repose was impossible; many started from their beds, preferring to see, as well as hear, the danger. The current rushed irresistibly to the stern, and, taking the hull fore and aft, forced a complete stream of ice under the bottom, lifting the after part still higher up than before. At length, the ship became so completely hampered by ice underneath, that the remainder of the floe, on either side, moved about eight or ten feet ahead, leaving the ship fixed in the midst, and wedged up in every direction. As daylight broke, the havoc was more clearly perceived, and a wild scene of confusion it was. The men were employed in making small sledges, and arrangements were made for whatever might happen.

These attacks were now continued almost every night. On the 7th of March

there commenced a series of strange and unaccountable convulsions, which must have proved fatal to any less strongly fortified ship. The northerly breezes, which had brought the ice down for more than three hundred and sixty miles, had fallen calm: a light westerly wind now prevailed, but some ominous rushing sounds were heard which gradually drew nearer as the flood made its way, either under the compact bodies that withstood the shock, or along the cracks and openings, where it gained a furious velocity, to which everything seemed to yield. It happened that there were several of these around the ship, and, when they opened on it like so many conduits pouring their contents to a common center, the concussion was absolutely appalling, rending the lining and bulk-heads in every part, loosening some wooden props so that the slightest effort would have thrown them down, and compressing others with such force as to make the turpentine ooze out of them. At the same time the pressure was going on from the larboard side, where the three heaviest parts of the ruin of the floe remained, and after much splitting and cracking, accompanied by sounds like the explosion of cannon, the ship rose fore and aft, and heeled over about 10° to starboard, partly drawing the ship's bolts, and loosening the trenails.

So repeated were these assaults, that on examining the ship, considerable doubt existed whether she would be sea-worthy when the ice should slacken off to let her down to her bearings. The carpenter did what he could in stopping leaks, and otherwise repairing and strengthening the ship; and the officers agreed that, in the event of a wreck, a light boat with provisions should be landed to serve as a last resource, to communicate with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The advancing season, however, was beginning to work a favorable change; many of the huge hummocks which had kept company with the ship during the whole of the winter, and had weathered out every gale, had floated away, taking with them large portions of the surrounding ice. Birds began to be seen about the ship, and, on the 1st of April, it was gratifying to observe such decided symptoms of returning warmth as were afforded by water dripping and running along the decks.

Still, however, the ship was subject to the heavy and repeated assaults of the ice, one of the most fearful of which occurred on the 10th of April. At seven o'clock, P. M., a noise was heard along the ice, about a mile to the west of the ship, and soon the breeze brought down the whole western body with irresistible force, suddenly assailing the floe pieces, grinding and plowing up the edges. There were frequent pauses, not unlike the silence which succeeds a heavy crash of thunder; but, suddenly, on it came again, with a deafening roar, destroying everything in its furious course.

"Wherever our eyes were turned, they were met by rising waves of ice rolling their burdens toward the ship. One in particular, not more than thirty paces away, had reared itself at least thirty feet on our inner floe-piece, which, strong as it was, gave way under the accumulated weight, and a mass of several tons being thus upturned, and added to the original bulk, the whole bore down slowly upon our quarter. The ship herself was high out of the water on the ice, but this overtopped her like a tower." The ship, unable to right herself, began to complain, and the scene became every moment more dark and threatening. Again preparations were made for a wreck, but circumstances were now even more discouraging than on former occasions. The large pieces of ice around, any one of which would have held the boats, provisions, &c., now no longer remained; the ship was surrounded by crushed and broken ice, presenting a multitude of angular and irregular surfaces, but none fit to trust a boat on, still less a human being; at the same time, every piece being in motion, it would have been impossible to have reached the land. "Knowing this, and feeling acutely for the many beings intrusted to my charge, it may be conceived with what intense anxiety I listened to the crashing and grinding around. The strength of the ship, tried and shaken as it had already been, could hardly be expected to withstand the overwhelming power opposed to it, and what the result of that night might have been it is impossible to say, and painful to contemplate, had not an overruling Providence mercifully averted the crisis, by suddenly, and at the moment of greatest peril, arresting the tumult. In less time than it could be spoken, there was

the stillness of death, and we were saved. The watch was called, the crew dismissed; and I trust that none that night laid his head on his pillow without offering up a devout thanksgiving for the mercy which had been vouchsafed him."

This was, happily, the last attack of this kind; the months of May and June rolled away with tedious uniformity, and still the ship was unable to move. Ice-saws had hitherto been useless on account of the thickness of the masses they had to contend with, varying often from thirty to fifty feet: but in July an attempt was made to cut away the remaining portion of the floe by joining two ice-saws so as to make one of the length of thirty feet. The work was continued with vigor during several days, when, on the 11th, a loud rumbling sound announced that the ship had broken her icy bonds, and was sliding gently down into her own element. "I ran instantly on deck, and joined in the cheers of the officers and men, who, dispersed on different pieces of ice, took this significant mode of expressing their feelings. It was a sight not to be forgotten. Standing on the taffrail, I saw the dark bubbling water below, and enormous masses of ice gently vibrating, and springing to the surface; the first lieutenant was just climbing over the stern, while other groups were standing apart, separated by this new gulf, and the spars, together with the working implements, were resting half in the water, half in the ice, while the saw, the instrument whereby this sudden effect had been produced, was bent double, and in that position forcibly detained by the body it had severed."

But the poor *Terror* was not yet free; her keel and the lower parts of the hull were still firmly imbedded in solid ice on both sides, though chiefly on the starboard, where a heavy fragment of the old floe still adhered. By means of ice-anchors and the capstan the mass was splintered and separated into three pieces, two of which fell away, when, to the astonishment of all, the ship turned over on her side: "Then it was we beheld the strange and appalling spectacle of what may be fitly termed a submerged berg fixed low down, with one end to the ship's side, while the other, with the purchase of a long lever, advantageously placed at a right angle with the keel, was slowly rising toward the surface. Meanwhile, those who happened to be below, finding everything falling, rushed or clambered on deck, where they saw the ship on her beam ends, with the lee boats touching the water, and felt that a few moments only trembled between them and eternity." Yet, in that awful crisis, there was no confusion; "the sails were clewed up and lowered; fresh men from former crews were stationed in the boats, which again were rather unhooked than lowered; and with a promptitude and presence of mind which I shall ever remember with admiration, the whole were provisioned and filled with arms, ammunition, and clothing, and veered astern clear of all danger. The pumps were never quitted, and though expecting that the ship might capsize, yet the question of, 'Does the leak gain on us?' was asked, and when answered in the negative, there was still a manifestation of hope. Our fate, however, yet hung in suspense, for not in the smallest degree did the ship right; happily for us there was a dead calm, which permitted us to examine the berg." This proved to be four fathoms thick in the part where it could be got at, and along this it was determined to cut, if, providentially, time should be spared for the operation. The men, assisted by the officers, worked night and day, with such success, that at length the ponderous mass broke off, and the good ship was once more in her own element, and subject to the will of man."

Captain Back still hoped to be able to attain the objects of the expedition; but the enfeebled health of the crew, and the crazy, broken, and leaky condition of the ship, left him no choice; therefore, after consulting the officers, he assembled the crew on the quarter-deck, and told them they were about to proceed home. "It may well be pardoned, then, that their countenances brightened at the intelligence, and their feelings were manifested by three hearty cheers."

Food of the Whale.—The number of small medusæ in some parts of the Greenland seas is so great, that in a cubic inch, taken up at random, there are no less than sixty-four. At this rate, the number in a cubic mile would be such that it would have required eighty thousand persons from the creation to complete the enumeration. The medusæ form the chief food of whales.

A CHAPTER ON MEDALS AND COINS.

IN our notice of some ancient classical coins, we left off with a beautiful one of *Roma*. We resume the subject this month with the cut of *Italia*.

1. Italia, S. C. Reverse, *Marcus Antoninus*. She has a cornucopia in one hand, denoting fruitfulness, with a crown of towers on her head, emblematic of the many cities and towns that stand upon her. Sitting upon a globe of the heavens and its stars, she holds a scepter in her

other, showing her sovereignty over the nations. Ovid makes this compliment to Rome:—

"*Jupiter arce sua totum dum spectat in orbem,*
Nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet."
Ov. DE FAST., lib. 1.

"*Jove* finds no realm when he the globe surveys,
But what to *Rome* submissive homage pays."

2. Roma, S. C. Reverse, *Nero*. The city of Rome was deified. Temples, sacrifices, and religious festivals, were all employed to honor her. She is the most common figure on Roman medals, and is represented sitting upon a rock, her head covered with a helmet, arms bare, and the wolf on her shield, reminding us of Romulus and Remus.

3. Æternitas Avgvsti, S. C. Reverse, *Adrian*. Strange delusion of idolatry! Refined as Rome was, her citizens even made Eternity one of their divinities. She has the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, which, to adopt the beautiful language of sacred poetry, is *as long as sun and moon endureth*. Contrary to all sublunary beings, the brilliant orbs, though they seem to perish every night, still renew themselves each morning, and hence the heathens selected them as fit symbols of eternity.

"*Soles occidere et redire possunt;*
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda."
CATULLUS.

"The suns shall often fall and rise;
But when the short-lived mortal dies
A night eternal seals his eyes."

Eternity has a covering on her head, because we can never find out its beginning.

4. Honos et Virtvs. Reverse, *Sabina*. Honor and Virtue had their temples next to each other. Cicero remarks that it was impossible to reach that of the former without passing through the latter, and to teach men how true honor could only be obtained by the practice of virtue. The two deified virtues are sometimes both

found on the same coin, as is the case in the present instance. Honor is crowned with a wreath of laurel, and both figures bear a cornucopia.

5. Pax orbis terrarum. Reverse, *Otho*. Peace, Concord, and Tranquillity each had a temple at Rome, and the former a most magnificent one. Josephus states that the rich and precious spoils from the temple of Jerusalem were deposited in this Roman sanctuary. She has always a cornucopia, denoting plenty, the fruit of peace—also an olive branch. Her apron also, it will be noticed, is gathered up, and

may well be supposed to be filled with fruits. Tibullus alludes to this part of her dress:

"*At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamque teneto,*
Perfluat et pomis candidus ante sinus."

"Kind *Peace* appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear;
From thy white lap the' o'erflowing fruits shall fall."

6. Pietas Avg., S. C. Reverse, *Faustina senior.* Piety here appears in the dress of the vestal virgins, who were the most shining examples of it. She is standing before an altar, holding in her left hand a little vessel called *acerra.* It was the pot so often mentioned by the

poets, which contained the frankincense, and such as is still used by the Romish Church, in the form of a boat. Piety is supposed to be strewing incense upon the altar. The Decemvir M. Acilius Glabrio erected a temple to this divinity on the place where the Roman woman dwelt who nourished her father with the milk of her own breast, when he was condemned to starve in prison. He dedicated the sacred edifice to

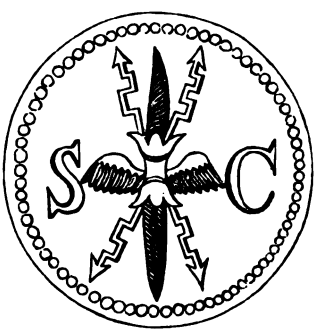
PIETY TOWARD PARENTS.

7. Fides Pvblica. Reverse, *Titus.* Here are emblems of *Fidelity*—two hands joining each other; but the inscription proves that the medal represents the public fidelity. The caduceus between the hands signifies peace, and the blades of corn plenty, both the fruits of this great virtue. Faith at one time was so revered among the Romans, as to have more force than oaths or witnesses in their courts.

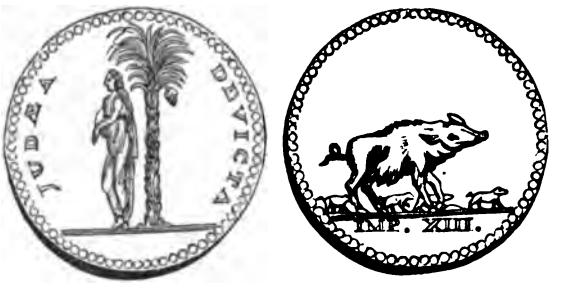
8. S. C. Reverse, *Augustus.* This medal is metaphorical—*The Thunderbolt,* and is used by Virgil to express a terrible force in battle. Æn., lib. 6. In the 8th, the same great poet admirably describes the coin itself; and his thunderbolt, to the scholar, has in its composition such noise and tumult as no pencil or engraver can express:—

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ,
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri,
Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque,
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras."
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID, lib. 8.

"Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more;
Of wingèd southern winds, and cloudy store,
As many parts, the dreadful mixture flame,
And fears are added, and avenging flame."
DRYDEN.



What a standing and striking proof the following medals present to the truth of Scripture! According to the predictions of Christ, the city and the temple of Jerusalem were utterly destroyed;



Roman medal, struck to commemorate the conquest of Judea.

nothing was left but a mere heap of ruins, and one million three hundred and thirty nine thousand Jews perished during this awful and calamitous war!

Titus was the instrument used to carry out the terrible judgments. He made his first assault on Sunday, April 22, A. D. 70, in the Paschal week—made his first breach Sunday, May, 6—burnt the temple, Sunday, August 5—and destroyed the upper city on Sunday, September 2. In this respect he followed the example of Pompey, employing the Sabbath days for warlike preparations and attacks. Inhuman, horrid, bloody war has continued the practice more or less ever since.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! *Behold, your house is left unto you* DESOLATE." Desolate indeed! Here is the medal of Titus.

Judea Capta. Reverse, *Vespasian.* This is a well known and beautiful medal. We find Judea on several coins of Vespasian and Titus, in a posture of sorrow and captivity, sitting on the ground to represent extreme affliction. The Psalmist describes the Jews lamenting their captivity in the same mournful posture:—"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." Here is the palm, too, and it is a remarkable fact that many pieces of ancient painting and sculpture that represent the conquest of Judea have this tree on them.

Is it not astonishing how much knowledge and wisdom the ancients must have possessed to have couched such correct information and such excellent precepts of morality in the objects upon their coins and medals? A cabinet of medals is, in fact, a collection

of pictures in miniature. It exhibits the faces of all the great persons of antiquity. Where else can we find them? We give, on the following page, Cleopatra and Mark Antony, about whose history so much has been written.

There are known to exist medals of not less than one hundred and seventy-eight illustrious Roman families. Nothing, it is thought by some writers, contributed more to the fall of the Roman empire than the scandalous depreciation of their specie. Infinitely more good faith in the system of coinage was found at Athens than at Rome. To secure the armies the Roman emperors promised large sums, which they paid in such bad or adulterated metal that the legions did not receive, in reality, more than a tenth part of their dues. There were forgeries then, as now, only augmented almost without end, until it became nearly impossible to distinguish false money from that of the emperor:

Cleopatra.

Mark Antony.

both were alike alloyed. Commerce disappeared, the public faith and credit decayed, and the commonwealth had no longer strength to resist the slightest attacks of barbarians.

We now propose to say something about our own medals and coins, and begin with such as commemorate the triumph of American Independence. 1. A beautiful head of Liberty: on the right shoulder she bears a Liberty cap, as is seen on old Roman medals. The hair is blown back, as if the goddess were hastening to announce her triumph to the world. Legend, *Libertas Americana*, 4 *Juil.*, 1776. Reverse, Pallas is about to plunge her javelin into the breast of a springing leopard, (England.) On the shield in her left hand are three *fleur de lis*, the arms of France, then our ally. Sheltered by the shield is an infant, strangling with one hand a serpent, which he is holding up; while he stoops to choke with the other a second found at his feet. Legend, *Non sine diis animosus infans*. Date, *October* 17, 1777, and *October* 19, 1781.

This bronze medal is a fine specimen of art, was struck by France, and belongs to the well known "Worden Collection" in the New-York State Library, Albany, which we have often examined. Its design is highly classic. Hercules, when in his cradle, is said to have strangled two serpents, assailing him, and was protected at the moment by the goddess Pallas, or Minerva. AMERICA, an infant, like Hercules in his cradle, had destroyed two British armies as marked—Burgoyne's surrender, October 17, 1777; and Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 19, 1781. The motto is from Horace, (*Ode* 4, *book iii*, *ver.* 20,) and its allusion highly appropriate:—

"*Non sine dis animosus infans.*"

"Not so strong without divine help."

The ode was dedicated to CALLIOPE; and the theme of the poet, that all things go well with those who have the protection of the gods.

2. A copper cent, which is very rare, and struck soon after the treaty of peace. Its device is a laureled head of Washington. Inscription, *Washington and Independence*, 1783; the reverse, a wreath, encircling "One Cent," and legend *United States of America*. This is a copy belonging to the Albany Institute. Some think that it is an original; but others be-

lieve that it is a token, manufactured at the period by some speculator in England. There is no mention of such a coin in the journals of Congress.

We shall complete our subject by some reference to the *Great Seals of New-Netherland and New-York*, commencing with the province in 1623, and ending at the Revolution, 1776, a period of one hundred and fifty-three years. There are eight in the series:—Seal of New-Netherlands, 1623; Duke of York, 1684; William and Mary, 1691; first of Queen Anne, 1705; second of Queen Anne, 1710; George I., 1718; George II. and George III., 1767. Having copied three of them, the reader can form a correct idea of the others, as there is a very general resemblance.

In the year 1623 the Dutch West India Company named their settlement in North America New-Amsterdam, and "their Honors" adopted the motto "*Eerrd racht maakt macht*"—Union constitutes strength. This is the first public seal of the province: Argent, a beaver; crest, a coronet; and legend, *Sigillum Novi Belgii*. In the Hol. Doc., iv, 39, it is stated that New-Netherland was called a province because it was invested by their high mightinesses with the arms of an earl. This seal was used for more than half a century, and is copied from an impression to Land-Papers in the office of the Secretary of State, Albany.

Seal of the Duke of York.

When the war broke out between the English Crown and the United Netherlands, the latter, after ten years' possession, surrendered to the former, and New-Amsterdam took the name of New-York.

The above is a copy of the royal arms of the House of Stuart. France, England, Scotland, and Ireland are represented on it. Motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Legend, *Sigill. Provinc. Novi Eborac.*; crest, a coronet, composed of crosses and *fleur de lis*, with one arch, which the Duke of York was directed to use by a royal warrant dated February 9, 1662. There are several impressions of this seal in the first volume of Land-Papers, and among them one to the Patent of Rensselaerwick, 1686, another to that of Albany, 1686. It was in use until 1687

Seal of New-Netherland.

tic warriors on horseback, the one representing a Christian and the other a Turk, fighting in the sky with flaming swords, the Christian of course overcoming the Paynim. Myriads of stars were said to have fallen from heaven, each representing the fall of a Pagan foe. It was believed at the same time that the Emperor Charlemagne would rise from the grave, and lead on to victory the embattled armies of the Lord. A singular feature of the popular madness was the enthusiasm of the women. Everywhere they encouraged their lovers and husbands to forsake all things for the holy war. Many of them burned the sign of the cross upon their breasts and arms, and colored the wound with a red dye, as a lasting memorial of their zeal. Others, still more zealous, impressed the mark by the same means upon the tender limbs of young children and infants at the breast.

Guibert de Nogent tells of a monk who made a large incision upon his forehead in the form of a cross, which he colored with some powerful ingredient, telling the people that an angel had done it when he was asleep. This monk appears to have been more of a rogue than a fool, for he contrived to fare more sumptuously than any of his brother pilgrims, upon the strength of his sanctity. The Crusaders everywhere gave him presents of food and money, and he became quite fat ere he arrived at Jerusalem, notwithstanding the fatigues of the way. If he had acknowledged in the first place that he had made the wound, he would not have been thought more holy than his fellows; but the story of the angel was a clincher.

All those who had property of any description rushed to the mart to change it into hard cash. Lands and houses could be had for a quarter of their value, while arms and accoutrements of war rose in the same proportion. The nobles mortgaged their estates for mere trifles to Jews and unbelievers, or conferred charters of immunity upon the towns and communes within their fiefs, for sums which, a few years previously, they would have rejected with disdain. The farmer endeavored to sell his plow, and the artisan his tools, to purchase a sword for the deliverance of Jerusalem. Women disposed of their trinkets for the same purpose. Those who had not determined upon the journey joked and laughed at those who were thus disposing of their goods at such ruinous prices, prophesying that the expedition would be miserable and their return worse. But they held this language only for a day; the next they were suddenly seized with the same frenzy as the rest. Those who had been loudest in their jeers gave up all their property for a few crowns, and set out with those they had so laughed at a few hours before. During the spring and summer of this year (1096) the roads teemed with crusaders, all hastening to the towns and villages appointed as the rendezvous of the district. Some were on horseback, some in carts, and some came down the rivers in boats and rafts, bringing their wives and children, all eager to go to Jerusalem. Very few knew where Jerusalem was. Some thought it fifty thousand miles away, and others imagined that it was but a month's journey; while at sight of every town or castle the children exclaimed, "Is that Jerusalem? Is that the city?" Parties of knights and nobles might be seen traveling eastward, and amusing themselves as they went with the knightly diversions of hawking, to lighten the fatigues of the way.

The encampments of these heterogeneous multitudes offered a singular aspect. Those vassals who ranged themselves under the banners of their lord, erected tents around his castle; while those who undertook the war on their own account constructed booths and huts in the neighborhood of the towns or villages, preparatory to their joining some popular leader of the expedition. The meadows of France were covered with tents. As the belligerents were to have remission of all their sins on their arrival in Palestine, hundreds of them gave themselves up to the most unbounded licentiousness. The courtezan, with the red cross upon her shoulders, plied her shameless trade with sensual pilgrims without scruple on either side; the lover of good cheer gave loose rein to his appetite, and drunkenness and debauchery flourished. Their zeal in the service of the Lord was to wipe out all faults and follies, and they had the same surety of salvation as the rigid anchorite. This reasoning had charms for the ignorant, and the sounds of lewd revelry and the voice of prayer rose at the same instant from the camp.

(To be continued.)

almost perfect. Impressions of this great seal may be seen in the State Library, at Albany.

The warrant for the seal of George III. was dated 9th July, 1767, and received in the Colony on the 3d October following—seven years after the death of George II. Its predecessor was returned to the Colonial office. On its principal side the Indians are offering to the king their gifts, and it bears the inscription —*Sigillum Provinciæ Nostræ, Novi Eboraci in America.* The reverse has the royal arms, as before described, with the royal titles, *Georgius III., D. G. Mag. Bri., Fr. et Hib., Rex, F. D., Brun. et Lun. Dux*, &c.

Upon all these Colonial seals the beaver has a conspicuous place; and from an early "Description of New-Netherland, 1671," published in Amsterdam, we find this curious animal thus described:—

"But in addition to other wild animals, New-Netherland furnishes, according to the ocular evidence of Adrien Van der Donk, full eighty thousand beavers a year. Moreover, they live in the water and on the land, together, in troops, in houses built of timber, over a running stream. The houses rise ingeniously to the height of five stories; they are smeared above with clay to protect them from the rain; in the middle is a convenient aperture through which to dive into the water as soon as they perceive any person. Wherefore, one of the troop keeps watch by turns, and in the winter a second keeps the water open by constant beating of the tail. The tail is flattish, without hair, and most dainty food, which, in some places, is served up as a rare delicacy."

The seal of George III. was used down to the period of the American Revolution, when our country had no further need of British sovereigns, or their great royal seals of State.

drift ice was very heavy, and difficult to steer clear of; and often, in spite of all their care, the ship would drive on the immense masses with a concussion that made all the bells ring, and almost threw those below from their chairs.

On the 14th August they arrived close upon Salisbury Island, the place where Back's instructions pointed out the two routes for his choice; and he decided upon that which led in a north-west direction through the Frozen Strait. On the 18th the ice became so close that there was no room to work the ship. Some experienced seamen, who had been in the Greenland trade, declared they had never beheld such heavy ice. It seemed to consist of numerous floes wedged together, the whole surface so ragged and piled up, that the height of the ridges frequently exceeded fifteen feet; and no human being could have traveled far over it. To those unaccustomed to polar navigation, the prospect was most discouraging, all progress in this direction being apparently stopped; but the more experienced looked forward to a change of wind, tide, or current, or some of those unaccountable circumstances which in a few hours, even of entire calm, create so sudden and marvelous a change in an icy sea. Accordingly, about midnight, some large pieces of ice were observed to be drifting away, and in the course of a few hours a path was opened through what seemed to be an impenetrable barrier. They made, however, but slow progress, constantly struggling with the ice, tacking continually to weather, or to avoid the floes, and longing for a favorable breeze. The land shone blue from the distance, and beautifully soft, as contrasted with the white cold glare of the intermediate ice around, reflecting, by the setting sun, the tints of the intervening masses thrown into the most picturesque groups and forms; spires, turrets, and pyramids, many in deep shape, presented, altogether, a scene sufficient for a time to cheat the imagination, and withdraw the mind from the cheerless reality of the actual situation.

The ship lay becalmed during several days, but, at length, a wind arose which broke up the cemented masses of ice, and disentangled the ship. It now became evident that the great body of ice of the previous winter had not been broken up, and that season with the accumulations of the following having been detached from its bonds by the storms of spring, it had been driven, probably, by the combined action of wind and current, from the bays and harbors of the north, to the place where the ship was so impeded by it. On the evening of the 13th September, the Cape Comfort of Baffin was seen. The next day the wind came, but it was from the adverse quarter, and had a direful effect on the shore ice, in which the ship was imbedded, the force being so great that what was not crushed was raised up to various heights; one ponderous mass, with several peaks, being lifted upward of twenty feet. The ship, severely nipped, went on drifting with the ice to the shore, the soft blue tint of which had now exchanged, on a near approach, to black frowning masses of inaccessible rock. "At this time," says Captain Back, "we appeared to be not more than four miles from the land, which was broken into exposed bays, utterly without shelter from the north, and blocked up with close packed ice. Not a pool of water was visible in any direction: to the mercy of Providence alone could we look for rescue from our perilous situation. None but those who have experienced it can judge of the weariness of heart, the blank of feeling, the feverish sickliness of taste, which gets the better of the whole man under circumstances such as these. Not an incident occurred to relieve, for a moment, the dull monotony of our unprofitable detention."

Thus delayed almost within sight of port, the season for active operations slipping away, the ship was held still within sight of the same land, "as if it were in the grasp of a giant;" and thus it was destined to be held from this time for eight or ten months to come. Well might Back speak of the name of this cape as being "most inappropriate;" for, instead of "Comfort," it inspired dayly, nay hourly, dread that the ship would be forced ashore. During the whole of September the ship was whirled about, backward and forward, as the wind, or the current, or the tide directed, all command over her being lost. Under these circumstances, it was the opinion of all the officers that any attempt to reach Repulse Bay would be hopeless, and they suggested certain precautions, in the event of the ship breaking up under the enormous pressure to which she was

dusty corner, but less and less commonly even there. In public libraries they form the most undisturbed resting-places for venerable spiders and book-worms.

And this fact is certainly not altogether owing to a lack of interest in the subjects proper to sermon literature; it is owing to the critical peculiarities of the sermon. The people read extensively on these subjects; they are a moral, a constitutional demand of human nature. There are but few others that engage equally their attention, but they require them in a different form. They read them in religious biographies, in manuals of practical religion, in essays even, in any shape rather than the sermon. And if a volume of sermons has any considerable popular circulation now-a-days, it is because either of some characteristic deviation from the old sermonic form and style, giving it the title of a special book, like Jay's "Exercises," or his "Christian Contemplated," Beecher on "Intemperance," or Cheever's "Windings of the River of Life," or else by reason of some special provocatives of ability or heresy, like the discourses of Channing or Parker.

Kindred to this view of the subject is another, viz.: *the comparatively little popular interest which is felt in the sermon as delivered from the pulpit.* Dr. Johnson ascribes the lack of success, among the writers of religious poetry, to the sacredness, the spiritual elevation of their themes, which our sentiments of religious reverence will not allow to be treated like other subjects. There may be some truth in the remark, and it may have some pertinency to the subject before us. There is also, we imagine, a still more profound reason for this lack of interest in both religious poetry and religious discourse, viz.: the natural repugnance of depraved human nature to whatever is holy—that is, whatever is unlike itself. This, we think, a truer solution of the problem than that assigned by Johnson. But, allowing for the influence of these considerations, is not the comparatively slight interest which accompanies preaching still an amazing fact? And is it not manifestly owing, in a great measure, to the peculiar style and mannerisms of the pulpit? The preacher, many of whose hearers, on the Sabbath, are asleep, and the greater proportion at least half asleep, finds no difficulty on the week-day night in keeping them thoroughly awake by the less technical discussion of an infinitely less important subject, in the town lyceum. Why is this difference between the religious congregation and any other popular assembly so marked? The inattention, the vacant faces, the drowsiness almost habitually seen in the Sabbath assembly would be quite anomalous in the scientific or literary lecture-room, the theater, the concert, the legislature, or the court-room. However dull the subject in the latter, still it will command more interest; the manner of its presentation, its style, all its accompaniments, seem more natural and more readily take up the attention. This, we repeat, is the main secret of the difference. The mannerisms of the pulpit have a pervading influence through all its ministrations; they subtly affect the very utterance of most preachers, and even men of culture and manly sense often have in the sacred desk tones which, if used in a literary lecture, would produce either a general titter, or a general stupor. It is quite fallacious to say that these tones and other mannerisms are the effect of the greater solemnity of the pulpit. We must be excused from stopping to answer any such plea; the less said about it the better.

Of course we do not affirm that these defects and this consequent lack of popular interest in the preached sermon are universal. But are they not general? Do they not to a great extent give character to the performances of the pulpit? The late Professor Ware, jr., (in the best treatise we have in favor of extemporaneous preaching,) has much to say on this dry, rigid, stupefying oratory, if such it can be called. "When a young man" (he remarks) "leaves the seclusion of a student's life to preach to his fellow-men, he is likely to speak to them as if they were scholars. He imagines them to be capable of appreciating the niceties of method and style, and of being affected by the same sort of sentiment, illustration, and cool remark, which affects those who have been accustomed to be guided by the dumb and lifeless pages of a book. He therefore talks to them calmly, is more anxious for correctness than impression, fears to make more noise or to have more motion than the very letters on his manuscript; addressing himself, as he thinks, to the intellectual part of man; but he

suddenly ceased; and it was fortunate that it did so, for the ice was so splintered and jagged, that to put a boat upon it was out of the question; nor could it be made, even for an hour, a depository of provisions, full as it was of cracks and small holes opening every instant: nothing could have been conveyed to land, now about seven miles distant, and no one, probably, could have reached it, even without incumbrance.

The broken arches of the snow galleries, the shattered snow walls, the cracks in the floe, and the vast mounds of ice and snow, called to mind the scene which must follow upon an earthquake; and when the ice actually separated, some of the galleries floating in the water looked like tunnels. To be at freedom to move would, two months later, have been the summit of their wishes, but it now only mocked them with hopes that could not be realized, while it involved immediate peril. The ice returned with accumulated force, making the ship crack fore and aft, with a hideous noise. Capt. Back says that his cabin-door could not be forced open without difficulty, and was split in the pressure. The people, in alarm, crowded upon deck, and even the poor sick came tottering aft, in an agony of terror. Providentially the ship, instead of yielding to the pressure and cracking like a walnut, was forced up, so that the opposing ice either passed under her, or was wedged against the large masses at either extremity. Capt. Back remarks that, though he had seen vast bodies of ice from Spitzbergen, to 150° W. long., under various aspects, some beautiful, and all more or less awe-imposing, he had never witnessed, nor even imagined, anything so fearfully magnificent as the moving towers and ramparts that now frowned on every side. The innermost fragments of the floe, every now and then, closed upon the defenseless vessel with a force that made every plank complain. The night was fine; but the vapor which arose from the numerous cracks, quickly became converted into small spiculæ of snow, rendering the cold intolerably keen to those who had to face the wind.

Under these trying circumstances, the crew were exhorted to implicit obedience to orders, as well as kind and compassionate help to the sick. Fresh articles of warm clothing were distributed, and, as the moment of the destruction of the ship was uncertain, the bags in which those articles were contained were placed on deck with the provisions, to be ready on the instant. Bales of blankets, bear-skins, and pyroligneous ether for fuel, were got out, together with whatever might be necessary if the ship should suddenly break up.

The ship thus continued to be assailed by ponderous waves of ice, and the intervals of repose were but short. At ten o'clock, P. M., on the first of March, several sudden jerks were heard, and an hour after a general rumbling, after which all became still. The conflict was apparently ended, when, suddenly, the vast bodies in contact with, and immediately surrounding, the ship, became fearfully agitated, rising up in grinding conflict, piece thrown over piece, until the ponderous walls tumbled over with a hideous compound of such sounds as are expressed by the words screeching, howling, and whining. Such was the violence of the pressure that the ship was lifted up abaft, and both hull and rigging trembled violently. Another pause ensued; the mist cleared away, and revealed the magnificence of a polar sky; a faint gleam of aurora was playing near the zenith, and so beautiful and hushed was everything, that nature seemed, as it were, in a trance. But scarcely had the idea flitted across the mind when the war burst out again with redoubled fury, and huge fragments and masses seemed to be rolling down upon the ship with an impetuosity that threatened immediate destruction. Repose was impossible; many started from their beds, preferring to see, as well as hear, the danger. The current rushed irresistibly to the stern, and, taking the hull fore and aft, forced a complete stream of ice under the bottom, lifting the after part still higher up than before. At length, the ship became so completely hampered by ice underneath, that the remainder of the floe, on either side, moved about eight or ten feet ahead, leaving the ship fixed in the midst, and wedged up in every direction. As daylight broke, the havoc was more clearly perceived, and a wild scene of confusion it was. The men were employed in making small sledges, and arrangements were made for whatever might happen.

These attacks were now continued almost every night. On the 7th of March

to the present point we would not speak unguardedly; we believe the Christian ministry has exerted, and is exerting, a salutary and incalculable influence on the mind of all Protestant countries, and especially of our own. Without political support, it has covered the land with religious institutions. If at any one time it can be said that religion makes but little relative progress among us, still it is a mighty service to maintain it in its wonted status, and this is done, officially, at least, by the Christian ministry. No professional men, actually in service, receive a less average salary.* None do harder work—none wield a more positive and salutary influence. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the candid observer cannot deny that they give impulse and guidance to most, if not all, the charities and beneficent enterprises of the people. Still, is it not the case that most of this invaluable influence flows from extra pulpit labors? Does the pulpit, in itself considered, exert the power which its commanding position justifies? We reply with an unhesitating and emphatic negative.

What is that position? The pulpit is omnipresent among the people. Its batteries cover with their evangelic fire almost every point of the moral field of the land. They stand on a basis of divine authority. They are manned by men who are mostly trained expressly for their position, and who avowedly enter upon it with the spirit of self-sacrifice—of moral heroism—and, if need be, of martyrdom. They have one-seventh, and generally more, of the time of the people in which to utter to them their appeals. These appeals take hold upon all the great solicitudes of life, death, and eternity. The moral constitution of human nature instinctively recognizes them. Under such circumstances what ought to be the power, the sublime demonstrations of the pulpit? If such a theater of eloquence and influence had been hypothetically described to Cicero or Demosthenes, what would have been his judgment of its capacity for popular effect? Would he not suppose that its sublime, its universal, and ever reiterated appeals would resound like trumpets from heaven through a nation; that it would dominate over and cast down all public evil influences; that it would exhibit an heroic example of self-conscious strength and independence of public prejudices; that its verdict uttered on any public question which involved moral relations would be irresistibly decisive, and that its thunders would beat down and dispel everywhere oppression, war, intemperance, the rife corruptions of business, of fashionable, and even of political life? that it would, in fine, do what its great founder expressly designed it should do—morally renovate mankind?

Does it do so?

Will it ever do so without being first renovated itself?

We have thus answered somewhat our first question respecting the actual character of the pulpit. It does not wield its legitimate moral power; it is deficient in popular interest; it contributes little of intrinsic value to literature; it needs improvement in much of the subject-matter, and in the critical form of its discussions.

Why is it so? is a question which remains to be considered.

*The average salary of clergymen in the United States is estimated at $350.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

"I NOTICED," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among others, at work in a house erected near my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied; 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and she is sure to be ready, and she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkind to anybody.' What influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

ARTHUR SUTHERLAND'S TWO JOURNEYS.

"WE shall have a moist night of it, sir," said the coachman of the Emerald to a young man who shared the coach-box with him; "will you be kind enough to hold the reins while I slip on my coat?"—"And a stormy night, too," he added, when that operation was performed. "*There* was a flash! We shall soon be in the thick of it."

"With all my heart," said Arthur Sutherland; "I don't mind a little damp. But cannot you give the poor woman a place inside? There are no inside passengers, I think."

The words were kindly spoken, and the "poor woman" looked thanks to the young man, who, for his part, seemed rather to enjoy the pelting rain, which succeeding a hot July day, was laying the dust of the broad turnpike road, and stirring up a refreshing scent from the meadows and hedges which lined it.

Our story is of the by-gone days, when railroads, as traveling roads, were only beginning to be talked of, and were the standing joke of travelers, reviewers, and theoretical philosophers.

"Beautiful! grand!" exclaimed the young man, suddenly, before the driver had time to reply to his question, as a vivid flash of forked lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, caused the high-bred horses to plunge in their traces, and proved the coachman's anticipations to be correct and in course of speedy fulfillment. The same flash and peal which startled the horses and excited the admiration of the young traveler, drew from the poor woman just behind him a faint cry of alarm; and on turning his head, Arthur saw that she was pale and trembling, and that the infant she carried was convulsively clasped to her bosom. He saw, too, that the slight summer cloak she wore, and the additional shawl which she had drawn over her bonnet and spread around her baby, were an insufficient protection from the rain, which was now coming down in right earnest.

"Surely you will let her get inside," he said compassionately; "poor thing! she and her child will be wet through in another five minutes."

"We shall change horses directly," replied the coachman; "and then I will see what I can do; but our governors are very particular. If they were to know of my doing such a thing, I should get a dressing. But on such a night as this is like to be——"

The coach drew up to the inn door, even as the coachman was speaking; and while the four panting, steaming horses were exchanged for a team fresh from the stable, the young woman and her infant were, much to their comfort, transferred from the outside to the inside of the coach.

The storm increased in its fury as the evening drew on. The lightning was fearfully brilliant and almost incessant, the thunder was terrific, and the rain poured down in torrents. The three or four outer passengers, wrapping themselves up in comfortable waterproof coats and cloaks, and pulling their hats over their eyes, silently wondered when it would be over, only now and then expressing a fear, which seemed not without foundation, that the horses would not stand it much longer, and that the off-leader, especially, would bolt "before one could say Jack Robinson."

But there was no such catastrophe; and another stage was accomplished. The thunder-storm had partially abated; but the rain still poured down heavily as the coachman threw "the ribbons" to the horsekeeper, and a waiter from the inn ventured out upon the now muddy road to announce that the coach would remain there half an hour, and that a supper was on the table, if the passengers would please to alight.

"Glad to change his position, and not unmindful of the demands of a youthful and sharp appetite, Arthur Sutherland had accepted the invitation, and was entering the supper-room, when a loud and angry altercation at the inn-door arrested his attention and his steps.

"Is she an inside passenger, I ask? that 's all I want to know:" the voice was domineering and fierce.

"No, sir, she is not"—this was the coachman: "but she has got an infant, and is going all the way to Birmingham, and is n't over and above well clothed for the journey, night traveling and all; and as there was n't any one inside, and the storm came on, I thought there was n't any harm——"

The coachman was interrupted in his apology and explanation by a coarse oath, and a declaration that if he did n't mind what he was about, the Emerald should

soon have another driver, with an insinuation that there was some understanding between him and the woman about an extra fee, but that he (the angry speaker) would be one too many for him (the accommodating coachman) this time.

"There is n't anything of the sort," replied the coachman bluntly; "and here's a gentleman," pointing to Arthur, who had come forward a few steps, "that can tell you so. He knows when and why I put the woman inside."

The young gentleman, thus appealed to, briefly explained that at his earnest solicitation the poor woman was accommodated with an inside place when the storm came on. "She would have been drenched to the skin by this time," he added, "if she had retained her former seat on the top of the coach."

"That does n't signify," retorted the other, who was evidently one of the coach proprietors, upon whom the Emerald had lighted somewhat unexpectedly, and upon whose overbearing and defiant address the outward costume of a gentleman sat misfittingly, while his temper was probably roughened by the light load of the Emerald that night; "it does n't signify; if the woman goes inside, she must pay inside fare, that 's all;" and returning to the coach door, he in a few words placed the alternative before the traveler.*

Without any further reply than that she was unable to accede to the demand, the young mother was about to step out into the soaking rain, when the youth—for Arthur Sutherland could by no means have lawfully claimed to be considered a man—gently interfered. "You surely do not mean to turn the poor woman and her baby out into the rain, sir? It may cause her death to be exposed to it through the whole night. I dare say she is not much used to traveling; and she has nothing to wrap round her but a thin shawl."

"I ca n't help that," said the proprietor, sharply; for he seemed to think the interference of the young traveler a piece of gratuitous impertinence to be resented; "the young woman should have taken care of that herself."

"I did not think of its being such a night when the coach started," the woman said, in a soft gentle voice; "and if I had known it, I had nothing warmer to put on; but I dare say I shall do very well," she added, resignedly; "at least, if it was n't for the poor baby." And, wrapping this object of her solicitude as warmly as she could in her shawl, she was stepping from the coach, when the young man again interfered.

"It is a great shame," he said, indignantly; "and I should n't have expected ——"

"I should like to know what business you have to interfere, sir," said the proprietor, hotly: "you had better pay the inside fare for her yourself, if you think so much about it."

"Very well, I *will* then," returned the young man: "please to keep your seat, my good woman, and I 'll make it all right."

"I could n't think of it, sir," she said; but before she could frame a remonstrance in suitable words, the proprietor and her young champion had both disappeared; and while she was hesitating what to do next, the coachman came forward and informed her that she was to keep her inside place the rest of the way. This settled the matter.

"Come, Mr. Sutherland," shouted a voice from the supper-room; "you are going to help us, arn't you? Here's some good stowage; but you must make haste about it; nothing like time present; it will soon be 'Time's up, gentlemen.'"

"Thank you," replied Arthur; "but I am not going to take supper this evening." The extra fare had dipped deeply into a purse not very well lined. If the "poor woman" had known the penance to which her young champion doomed himself as the price of his generosity, and how, in the drenching rain, which lasted all the remainder of the journey, he was fain to content himself with munching and mumbling a dry biscuit, just to amuse his internal economy with the hope of something better to follow, she would not, I think, have passed the night so comfortably as, in her ignorance, she did. But however this might be, in due time, or within half an hour of it, the Emerald drove up to the office of the "Hen and Chickens," where, in the early morning, a pleasant-looking, manly young mechanic was, among others,

* As the reader may reasonably doubt whether any person in such circumstances could act so brutally, the writer has to say that he was on the coach-top that night, and witnessed the scene described, and has given a mild version of the "gentleman's" behavior.

waiting the arrival. A gleam of satisfaction passed over his countenance as he scrutinized the roof of the coach.

"I am glad she did n't come through such a night as this has been," he said to a fellow-workman by his side. "She is delicate and timid, and was n't well provided with cloakings, either; and the poor baby——"

"Here, Alex——:" the voice of his wife from the open coach window stopped short the young man's colloquy; and he hastened to open the door.

"Bless you, Edith! you *here?* I thought you would n't have come in such weather, and I did n't think to look for you inside, anyhow."

"O, I wanted to get home so badly," said the young traveler, putting her infant into its father's arms; whereupon it began to kick and crow "a good-un," as he said afterward; "and beside," she added, "it did n't seem like rain when we left London, or perhaps I might n't have come."

"Well, I am glad you were able to get an inside place."

"I should n't, though," said Edith, "if it had n't been for a young gentleman ——;" and she looked round to thank her friend afresh, just in time to see him turn the corner of New-street. "There! I am vexed," she said; and on her way home, like a dutiful wife, she gave her husband a true and full account of her incidents of travel, from the Bull and Mouth in London to the office in Birmingham.

A few weeks afterward, one Sunday morning, as Arthur Sutherland, with his sister, was walking toward church, he passed a respectable young couple, in one of whom he recognized the "poor woman" his traveling companion. It was plain that he too was remembered, for in another minute the man had turned and was at Arthur's elbow.

"Excuse my freedom, sir," he said; "but I wish to thank you for your kindness to my Edith—my wife, I mean—that terrible night she came down from London."

"Do n't speak a word about it," replied the youth; "I am glad I was able to give a little assistance; but it is n't worth mentioning. I hope your wife did n't get any harm; for she had some of the storm as it was."

"Not the least in the world, sir; but she might have got a good deal if she had come all the way outside of the coach. She had been to London to see her friends, and had n't more than enough left to pay her fare down. I think you was money out of pocket, sir," the man added, after a little hesitation; "and if you would n't be offended at my offering to pay back again ——"

"Not a word about it, my good fellow; I could n't think of it——"

"Then, sir, I must thank you for it, and hope to be able to return the kindness some other way;" and the man rejoined his young wife.

"That 's young Sutherland," he said. "His father 's a regular screw, they say; but this one has got a good name, as far as he can do anything. If the old gentleman had been on the coach that night instead of the young one you might have been wet through fifty times before he would have said a word for you, Edith."

"What new friend have you picked up now, Arthur?" asked his sister when the short conference was ended; "and what is that about the coach? I guess now why you had to borrow of me the day after your journey, to make up your book, as you said?"

"Well, never mind now, Jessy; I 'll tell you all about it another day," said Arthur.

o o o o o o

Years passed away, and Arthur Sutherland, now a man in his own right, was again a traveler from London to Birmingham, but by a different mode of conveyance. It was on a dark afternoon in winter that he entered a second-class carriage at Euston-square, and, wrapping around him a railway blanket, and exchanging his hat for a fur cap which he took from his pocket, he leaned back in a comfortable corner, and, half closing his eyes, waited patiently the signal for starting.

Arthur was in that kind of dreamy mood in which little note is taken of surrounding objects. He had that same day landed in England, after a long and stormy voyage, and an absence from home of two or three years. Physically, he was well-inclined to sleep through the five hours of monotonous dullness which were, for that time at any rate, to wind up his journeying experiences; but, mentally, he was never more wakeful. It might be sufficient to account for this that images of home rose up before him, one after an-

other, as he drew near to it, and mingled rather distractingly with the reminiscences of his travels in another hemisphere, and his calculations of profit and loss which might accrue from it; for his had been a commercial enterprise. But there were other thoughts and images, which jostled all the rest into a corner, and then combined with them to tantalize his body with the vain hope of needed and refreshing oblivion in sleep. A partnership in his father's business was in immediate prospect, and a home of his own, and a wife. Such a wife, too, as his would be! and so long as he had waited, and so hard as he had striven to overcome one obstacle after another which had arisen to postpone the union, if not absolutely to forbid it, but which had been overcome at last! No wonder that Arthur Sutherland was in a dreamy mood, yet sleepless.

So dreamy indeed was he that he had scarcely noticed, before the train started, two other travelers, who were sharing with him the compartment he had entered; and when he did perceive that he was not alone, the dim light from the oil lamp in the carriage roof told him little more than that the person opposite to him was a man of respectable exterior and middle age, and that by his side was a stout something in a bear-skin coat, with breath not free from a strong suspicion of ardent spirits, which made close contact anything but pleasant, and moreover with a voice rough, grating, and loud. Our friend had traveled too far and long to be very fastidious; but, nevertheless, coming to a speedy conclusion that it would be more agreeable to himself to indulge in his own particular reveries than to hold communication with his fellow-travelers, he settled himself more firmly in his corner, and started off his imagination afresh into the cloud-land of the happy future.

Miles and miles the train sped along the iron road, and many stations were passed. Meanwhile the dreamy traveler became gradually aware that a conversation, apparently of some interest to his companions, was passing between them; and, as his ears were not altogether closed against earthly sounds, he caught up insensibly some scraps of intelligence relating to events which, though commonplace enough at that particular time, had to him a tone of novelty. He heard, for instance, of princely fortunes which had been run up in an inconceivably short space of time in the railway share market; of the mad excitement which had attended the blowing up of the big bubble; of the tricks and schemes of knowing ones in buying in and selling out, in starting illusory schemes and making profitable merchandise of human folly; of the bursting of the bubble at last, and the ruin of hundreds, who, in making haste to be rich, had lost the substance for the shadow, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows: and of the distrust which recent disclosures had spread through every commercial circle.

"I do n't like it—I never did like this sort of wholesale gambling," said the gentleman in the opposite corner; "and they are scarcely to be pitied who have got their fingers well bitten by putting them into the trap. Their families, to be sure, will have to suffer—that 's the worst of it."

"Ah, well, Mr. Smith," retorted the man with the loud voice and bear-skin coat, who sat by Arthur's side, "I can't say but what there has been a good deal of knavery at the bottom of it all; but if people will be cheated, let 'em, I say. But I should n't have thought of hearing you run down railroads, however."

"I do n't run down railroads," said the gentleman, in a quiet tone; "and I can only say that I am thankful I have had so much to do with their practical working, as you know, as to leave me neither time nor inclination to play at pitch and toss upon them."

"I say," said the wearer of the bear-skin coat, in a confidential tone, nudging Arthur's side to attract his attention, when the train was stopping at a station at which their fellow-traveler had for a minute or two alighted—"I say, do you know that gent?"

"No, sir," replied Arthur Sutherland, sleepily.

"Ah!" resumed bear-skin, drawing a long breath, "a lucky fellow that. Why, you must have heard of Smith—Alexander Smith—the great railway man?"

"No, I have n't," said Arthur; "I have been abroad a good while, and have not been a day in England."

"O, that accounts for it. You will hear about him then. Well, that 's he. Ten or a dozen years ago he was nothing but a Birmingham mechanic; but some

lucky hit he made about railroads gave him a lift, and now they say he 's worth no end of money. You should just go and look at his factory—that 's all."

"O!" said Arthur Sutherland; and at the same moment Mr. Alexander Smith reëntered the carriage.

"After all, Mr. Smith," said the bear-skinned traveler, resuming the conversation, "there is some excitement, though, in this gambling, as you call it. There was some fun in it while it lasted, at any rate. And if some lost, others won, and so 't is about square."

"How many losers to one winner, sir?" replied Mr. Smith, rather sharply; "no, sir, it is n't square, nor anything like it; and so it will turn out in the long-run. Look at the bankrupt list in every gazette, and say what you think of that, sir."

"Ah!" responded the other; "things are out of square there, at all events. By the way, another of your nobs is gone, I see—What 's-his-name, in —— street, I mean."

"Yes, sir; I am sorry for it. Fifty thousand pounds, they say, and not five shillings in the pound, nor anything like it; and all gone in this mad, wild-goose chase after railway scrip. And yet, it was done so secretly, and the party had such a reputation for wealth, and shrewdness too, that a week ago it was looked upon as one of the firmest houses in Birmingham."

There was something in the tone the conversation had taken which arrested the young traveler's attention. The street mentioned was that in which his father's business was carried on; and he felt some curiosity to know which of his neighbors was spoken of as Mr. What 's-his-name. Meanwhile the conversation went on.

"Perhaps you have got let in there, Mr. Smith?"

"No, sir, not a penny," was the answer.

"O, I fancied you might," said bear-skin; "you said you were sorry."

"Well, sir, I suppose it is possible to be sorry for others as well as for one's self. I am sorry, too, for these shocks that are given to commercial confidence; it seems to be coming to that now, that everybody will be suspected, and as much mischief will be done that way as has already been done in another. Besides, I am sorry for Mr. Sutherland and his family—for——"

In a moment Arthur was effectually recalled from his land of dreams; and before Mr. Smith could finish the sentence he had begun, he was interrupted by the voice of the hitherto silent traveler.

"Excuse me, sir; but did you say that Mr. Sutherland ——". Arthur stopped short there; he could not frame the question that trembled on his lips to his own satisfaction.

"It is of Mr. Sutherland I was speaking, sir," replied Mr. Smith, mildly.

"But not of ——, that is, you do not mean that there is a——, that there is anything wrong in Mr. Sutherland's affairs?"

"It is too well known by this time to be doubted. You have heard that his name was in yesterday's gazette, and his place is closed. The common report is that Mr. Sutherland has ruined himself by railway transactions, and that he is involved to the amount I have stated."

"But not Mr. Everard Sutherland?" said Arthur, with increasing agitation, which all his efforts could not subdue. "Some other person of the same name, perhaps; not Mr. Everard Sutherland of —— street? There must be some mistake."

But no: the reply he received precluded all possibility of mistake; and thankful now for the dull light of the railway lamp, the young man, stunned and bewildered by the sudden and unexpected intelligence of his father's ruin, sank back again into his corner, his pleasant day-dreams all dispersed, and in their stead a confused and tangled web of gloomy forebodings. Shortly afterward, the rough-coated man left the train, and Arthur became aware that he was undergoing the scrutinizing gaze of his only remaining companion. Before he could screen himself from this disagreeable examination, the silence was broken.

"I am not wrong, I think," said the gentleman whom we have introduced as Mr. Smith, "in believing that I address Mr. Arthur Sutherland?"

"I am Arthur Sutherland, certainly," replied the young man; "but you have the advantage of me, sir. I have never before had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith, I believe."

"Once before, sir, under different cir-

cumstances rather; but that is of no consequence now. I have to apologize, very sincerely I assure you, for the pain I have unintentionally given. I was not at all aware who was my traveling companion when I spoke of ——"

"It is of no consequence, sir," said Arthur; "if what you say is true, I must have known it to-night; and a few hours sooner or later makes no difference;" and he again relapsed into a silence from which his fellow-traveler did not attempt to rouse him, until the shrill scream of the engine gave note that the end of the journey was reached. Then Mr. Smith again spoke.

"One word with you, Mr. Sutherland," he said, respectfully; "I am afraid you will find matters in a sad state; it seems strange to me that you knew nothing of this before; but, at all events, I have been thinking I may be of some little use to you; and if so, here is my card; come and see me."

Arthur mechanically took the offered card, and muttered an acknowledgment of thanks for the proffered kindness; in a few minutes a car was conveying him and his luggage from the railway station to his father's house.

"Tell me, Jessy," were almost the first words he uttered, as his sister, in tears of mingled sorrow and gladness, welcomed his arrival, "is what I have heard this night true?"

"Dear Arthur, you have heard nothing too sorrowful to be true. We are ruined."

"And our father—what of him, Jessy?"

She shook her head mournfully. The mad excitement of a few months, and its results, had brought about an imbecility of both mind and body, painful to witness. "You are our only hope now, Arthur. O! how glad I am you are come back at last."

Arthur Sutherland slept little that night. In the news which his sister had confirmed he foresaw the downfall of all the hopes which had so recently shed such a bright halo round the future. The partnership would be a partnership in poverty and disgrace, and the matrimonial engagement must end in bitter disappointment.

"I am sorry for you, Arthur," said the father of the young lady the next day, when the young man called on him at his counting-house; "and I must say you have behaved honorably in coming to me first; but your own good sense will tell you that the connection ought to be dropped altogether. You know I did not give my consent to it very willingly at first; and *now*——"

There needed nothing more than that emphatic "*now*," and Arthur returned home agitated and cast down.

The arrival of Arthur Sutherland, however, was very opportune. He had a good report among his father's creditors; and it was known that he had had no share in the errors which had brought about the failure. His assistance was valuable in winding up the heavy affairs of the bankruptcy; and, with straightforward and honorable frankness, he made his services available to the utmost.

One evening, while the business was yet uncompleted, and after the harassing duties of the day were over, as he was slowly returning from the counting-house to his father's residence, he was accosted by a gentleman whom he dimly recognized as the companion of his railway journey.

"I have been expecting and hoping you would take me at my word, Mr. Sutherland, and would have called on me before now. But as you have not, I was just going to find you. Are you disengaged? If you are, and will allow me I will walk homewards with you."

Arthur took the offered arm.

"And now, what are you doing? how are you getting on? But I need scarcely ask you this; for everybody I meet speaks in praise of your disinterested efforts to make the best of this disastrous affair; and, now I think of what I am saying, I am not sorry you have not been to see me before now."

"What is the meaning of this?" thought Arthur; but he did not speak, and presently his home was reached.

"And now, Mr. Sutherland," said Mr. Smith, when they were alone, "may I ask what you intend doing when these affairs are finally settled?"

Arthur replied that he had formed no plans for the future. He supposed, however, that a mercantile situation might be obtained.

"Your father's business was a good one, I believe, Mr. Sutherland; why not take it into your own hands?"

We shall not report further of the con-

versation of that evening. Arthur found that, by some means, he had obtained the good-will of a sympathizing and able friend; and after the interview—which was prolonged to a late hour—the young man entered the room in which his sister was waiting for him, in a more hopeful frame of mind than he had enjoyed since his return home.

A few weeks passed away; and then it became known that Arthur Sutherland had entered on the business which his father had been compelled to relinquish, with all the advantages of an enlarged and profitable foreign trade which he had been the means of opening. He made no mystery of the fact that the unsolicited assistance of Mr. Smith had enabled him to take this step; and when this was explained, all wonder ceased; for the large-hearted, open-handed, but sometimes eccentric liberality of that gentleman was no secret. Nevertheless, there was a mystery which for months afterward remained uncleared; and we hasten on to its disclosure, leaving it to the imagination of those of our readers who think that a story of ups and downs is by no means complete if it does not end with a wedding, to guess for themselves how Arthur Sutherland again wooed, and finally won the lady of his choice.

"There *was* a wedding then?"

Yes, a very quiet, modest affair indeed, ma'am; not at all such a one as you would approve, if you are in any way given to romantic musings. But there was a wedding, and that is something; and a few wedding visits were paid, and in due time returned.

"You never saw Mrs. Smith before, do you say, Mr. Sutherland?" It was in Mr. Smith's drawing-room that this fragment of a conversation passed.

"Never before she did us the honor to call the other day. Never, at least, that I can remember."

"Look again, Mr. Sutherland; are you quite sure? And this girl"—laying his hand on his eldest daughter, "have you never seen her before?"

Arthur was puzzled by the tone of the speaker; but he repeated the assurance that if he had ever had that pleasure his memory played him falsely.

"Perhaps *you* will refresh our friend's memory, Edith," said Mr. Smith to his wife.

"Do you not remember," asked the lady, in a soft, gentle voice, "a dreadful storm, on a July night, many years ago; and traveling from London on the coach, and a poor young woman, lightly clad, with an infant in her arms, a fellow-passenger?"

"Yes, yes, I certainly remember that—all that," said Arthur, eagerly, for the truth at once flashed on his mind.

"And the poor woman's foolish alarm? and the harshness of the coach proprietor, who would have turned her out of the coach? and how it was he did not do it?"

"And that young woman's husband, Mr. Sutherland," continued Mr. Smith, "who told you that he would find means of repaying the kindness which was shown without expectation of reward or thanks? Have you never happened to meet with him since in your travels? Tell him, Edith, what you know about it?"

"*I* am that poor woman," said Edith.

It was even so; the seed of a little kindness, sown years before, had sprung up and borne this goodly fruit. The bread cast upon the waters had returned after many days.

TRADES OF ANIMALS.

BEES are geometricians; the cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the nine-killer is an arithmetician; as also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator; he raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchors, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and wood-cutter; he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The ants have regular day-laborers. The monkey is a rope-dancer.

NARRATIVE OF AN ESCAPE FROM ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

THE memorable morning of the 24th of August, 1572, had dawned upon Paris, when a maid-servant, who had just returned from the city, rushed into the bedroom of her mistress—the youthful widow of a brave soldier—and in accents of terror made known to her that a general massacre of the Huguenots had commenced. The lady hastily arose, exclaiming, "The will of God be done—let us look to him for protection;" and having partially dressed, she stepped hurriedly to the window. The street was a troubled scene: for the whole population was in commotion; and many companies of soldiers were there, and all had white crosses in their hats. "I will send to my mother to learn what is going forward," said she; and accordingly a messenger was dispatched for this purpose. The bishop of Senlis, who was the lady's uncle, directed her to remove her valuables, and promised to send some one to protect her; but in the mean while he was informed that his brother, M. Charles Chevalier, lord of Eprunes, had fallen a victim, and he forgot his niece. Indeed, he was arrested himself; but on making the sign of the cross he escaped. After waiting for about half an hour, and seeing that the tumult was increasing, our heroine sent her daughter in the arms of a female servant to the house of a relative, and shortly afterward she proceeded there herself. "Where is the cursed Huguenot?" shouted the foremost of a band of the servants of the duke of Guise to the landlord of the lodgings which she had just quitted. "Yes," yelled another, "to-day we are weeding out the heretics; so be quick, for we have much to do!" After a fruitless search, they sent to the house of the lady's mother, offering to preserve both the life and property of her daughter for a hundred crowns—an offer which was, however, declined. The lodgings were pillaged. In her place of concealment this heroic woman remained till Tuesday, with more than forty others, their protector sending for provisions to another part of the town, and her husband, M. de Pereure, remaining at the door of the house to say a passing word to the chief actors in the massacre who passed that way.

"A glorious festival this, M. de Pereure," said a lord of the court, as he went by with a band of infuriated followers; "how is it that you are not helping to celebrate it?" "Such zealous Catholics as yourself, my lord, render my feeble service unnecessary." But M. de Pereure was suspected, and his house was ordered to be searched. This order dispersed the concealed Huguenots; our heroine was then placed in an empty loft with a female attendant. "Mercy! for the love of God, mercy!" shrieked a tender maiden from an adjoining street; and mingled with this piercing cry arose the confused voices of men, women, and children, and the brutal shoutings of their murderers. How harrowing were the feelings of that concealed mother, who was now separated from her child, and was trembling lest she should fall into the hands of those ruthless ruffians who were deluging the streets with blood!

It soon became necessary to seek another asylum, and our heroine went to the house of a blacksmith who had married a maid-servant of her mother's, in the hope that if the wife pitied, the husband would not molest her. Here she spent a night. "Come, madame, give up your cursed notions, and go to mass without any more ado," said the blacksmith. "But I cannot—I dare not." "O, but a walk in the streets will convert you, madame, in quick time." "No; I have seen some of the dreadful sights, and I am unaltered; I must either escape or die, for I cannot recant." "What a stupid, pig-headed set of curs these Huguenots are!" observed the man to his wife, as he turned over several articles from a pile of booty plundered from the houses of the sufferers, which was lying on the floor.

On the following day she was conducted to the house of M. Tambonneau, and concealed in his study. "Alas! madame," said he, the day after her arrival, "a search is ordered, and you are not safe here." Accordingly, at midnight she removed to the house of a corn-merchant. Here she stayed five days. In this place of concealment a new trial befell her, a cousin being employed to prevail upon her to go to mass. "But, Charlotte, your brothers have gone," said she; "and surely their example and your mother's advice should outweigh your own opinion." "I know, Marie, that it is my duty to comply with my mother's

wishes whenever I can; but in this case I cannot; my mind is made up, and, by the grace of God, I will never go to mass." "But, Charlotte, consider; your child requires your care, and for its sake you might give way in this trifling matter." "Marie, do not tear my heart by speaking about my child. It is no trifling matter; heaven and hell are not trifles; and I cannot comply." Thus ended their conversation on this subject. In this retreat, too, she encountered a new danger; for beneath her was an apartment occupied by a Roman Catholic lady, so that she dared not to walk about for fear of being heard, nor could she light a candle. Her food was brought in small quantities concealed under an apron. Her mother sent to inform her that she should be compelled to return her daughter to her. "Then, with her in my arms, we will perish together!" was the heroic reply.

From this place of concealment she procured a passage in a boat that was going to Sens. In it she had as fellow-passengers two monks, a priest, two merchants, and their wives. At Tournelles their passports were demanded, and she had none. "She is a Huguenot, and must be drowned!"—"Come out of the boat!"—were the sounds which greeted her ears. "Take me to the house of M. de Voysenon—he will answer for me," she replied; and accordingly two soldiers were dispatched with her to the house of the person she had named. Fortunately, they remained below while she went up-stairs. "Ah, madame," exclaimed M. de Voysenon, "have you come to take refuge under my roof?" "Hasten down, monsieur, I beseech you, and may God enable you to deliver me from the soldiers below, who suspect me of being a Huguenot." M. de Voysenon descended. "I assure you," said he to the soldiers, "that I have often seen this lady at the house of Madame d'Eprunes, a good Catholic." "That may be, monsieur; but it is the lady herself, and not Madame d'Eprunes, that we are inquiring about." A respectable woman who was passing, learning what was going forward, inquired what they wished to do with the lady. "By heaven!" they replied, "this is a Huguenot, and must be drowned; for we see how terrified she is." "You know me," quickly answered the female; "I am no Huguenot; I go every day to mass; but I am so frightened, that for these eight days past I have been in a fever." "And I, yea, all of us, have been no little agitated," replied one of the soldiers, with an oath. They took her back to the boat, observing, "Had you been a man, you would not have escaped so easily." At the time of this arrest the lodging which she had quitted was ransacked, so that her escape was most providentially timed. When they arrived at their place of sleeping, the monks and the merchants chuckled over the massacre of the Protestants. "What a happy riddance!" observed one of the monks; "the heretic Huguenots have received their death-blow at last." "Yes," replies one of the merchants; "we shall have but little trouble from them for the future, I hope." "Hope! there can be no doubt that the cursed heresy will be exterminated," said the monk. "By St. Denis, this lady's voice smacks like that of a Huguenot," observed another.

On quitting the river, she lodged in disguise in a country village, where she narrowly escaped the soldiers, who hunted their victims like bloodhounds. She then went to the estate of her grandmother, and from thence to the house of her eldest brother, who had consented to go to mass. His conscience, however, was ill at ease, and his sister's arrival increased his anxiety; she resolved, however, to relieve him of her presence as soon as possible. Scantily provided with money and clothing, she proceeded to Sedan, which she reached on the first of November. Here, at last, she found numerous friends, who received her with kindness, and supplied her with every comfort.

The substance of this narrative is strictly true; some of the conversations are taken from the account of the lady herself, while others are the substance of that account, merely put into the form of a dialogue. The heroine of the story was Madame de Fouquères, who subsequently became the wife of Philip de Mornay, lord of Plessis Marly, a distinguished Huguenot, who himself happily escaped to England on this occasion. He was a statesman, an author, and a soldier, and he took a prominent part in the council chamber and the camp of Henry IV. of France. In 1605, he proposed the formation of a general synod of all the reformed Churches of Europe, having been employed in a similar union in 1583. An embassy was sent to

James I. to gain his adherence to this project; but the machinations of the Jesuits prejudiced him against it.

Let us learn from the record of this lady's sufferings to be grateful that we are not under the iron grasp of papal despotism, and to detest the spirit of persecution. In our favored land, the sword and the fagot can no longer be employed, but the tongue and the pen are still often made use of to injure those who dare to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience. May we never be numbered among those who act thus, for all such are essentially *persecutors*.

DREAMLAND.

CHARLES LAMB regarded a bed as a very regal domain, where a man might toss and tumble at his pleasure, and, with the curtains drawn close around, be monarch of all he surveyed.

And somebody has told us that balmy sleep is kind nature's sweet restorer, and the great dramatist has taught us that gentle sleep is nature's soft nurse that comes to weigh the eyelids down and steep the senses in forgetfulness. Sleep is a common blessing, none the worse for being common; for when the solemn night comes on, birds roost in the trees, fishes sleep in the brooks, cattle rest in the pastures, and man forgetting, and willingly forgetting, the noise, and strife, and struggle of his life of perpendicularity and motion, lies down to horizontal sleep—

"to sleep, perchance to dream."

What a wonderful place is Dreamland! It is more mysterious than all the wonders of the thousand and one nights. Time and space are there annihilated; the mind wanders whithersoever it will, and in that fairy domain where Queen Mab reigns, the thinking faculty, released from common drudgery, goes onward, onward, knowing no barrier, and never halting in its course.

In Dreamland, our mental ship has no pilot and no chart, our mind is governed by no rules; and though all the day long it has been as quiet a jade as ever worked in harness, it becomes at night Pegasus for the nonce, and scampers where it will, or upward flies to brighter scenes in the world above, or carries us away, like another Mazeppa, into strange and dismal forests, which make the heart grow cold. We lose our present self, and play fantastic tricks until the morning. No story of witchcraft and of aged dames riding on broomsticks through the air could be more wonderful than this. We are at the gold diggings, picking up gold and silver; but we came over in no emigrant ship. We are in the East, amid dark faces and picturesque turbans; but we did not come by the Oriental Steam Packet Company. We are in the frigid regions of the north, huge ice islands are about us riding triumphant on the deep, deep sea; but we came there by no regular method, we flew there like a bird. We are in mines, such as were disclosed to the man in the northern legend—trees effulgent with diamond fruits, pillars of gold and precious stones, fountains with water of a million hues, and over all a floating and delicious music instead of air. Well, we did not descend any shaft, we sank through the ground like a trick in a pantomime.

And it is not only space that is destroyed, but time is overleaped at a bound. We live in all ages as well as in all countries; backward or forward, this way or that way, it is all the same to us. And not only so, but the manner in which we compress in our dreams is the most marvelous of all. A few seconds make up a lifetime. A sound suggests a train of thought, and ere the sound has died away the train is all complete.

Strange old stories there are of dreams that have come true, that have been fulfilled to the very letter. Some, indeed, interpret dreams in a variety of ways, in which every object is rendered typical, and the whole thing resembles the picture-page of an hieroglyphic almanac; and Lover tells us that

"Dreams always go by contraries, my dear."

However it may be, and without hazarding a word about it, we must all admit that dreams are very mysterious; that the mind, at liberty to wander where it will, plays wondrous tricks with us all. Strange it is when regal Mab rides forth, drawn with a team of little atomies across men's noses as they lie asleep, galloping through lovers' brains, and over courtiers' knees, and lawyers' fingers, and soldiers' necks, and ladies' lips; strange how she rides:—

"Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshopper;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket bone; the lash of film."

FOOD IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

UNDER this head we offer our readers some interesting historical facts, culled chiefly from Mr. Soyer's Panthropeon, respecting the viands which omnivorous man in all ages of the world has been accustomed to eat. The general subject is a spicy one, though some of the bits are not exactly to our taste.

"Tell me what thou eatest and I will tell thee who thou art," said the gastronomic Frenchman. M. Soyer is evidently gifted with the like penetration, and he holds it as a maxim, that the manners of individuals, their idiosyncrasies, inclinations, and intellectual habits, are modified to a certain extent by the nature of their food. According to him, mankind before the flood lived innocently upon fruit, vegetables, and milk—and not till the deluge came "to modify this state of things," did the art of cookery, which he calls the "magiric science," begin to enlighten the world. The origin of the art is, however, involved in much obscurity, and we do not see that any of the legends which are cited in this volume are a whit more worthy of credence, or throw any more valuable light on the matter, than Charles Lamb's famous "Dissertation on Roast Pig," which must have been suggested by the mythic tale of the Goddess Ceres and a trespassing hog who met with a similar fate to that recorded in the famous Dissertation. Pig, however, once tasted, could never hope for a reprieve from the butcher's knife. Though forbidden to the Jews by the Mosaic law, the Greeks ate him in the heroic ages, and before the advance of luxury had given birth to professional butchers, the warriors of Homer killed their own pork, as well as dressed and devoured it. With the advance of refinement came the butchers, who spared their patrons the disagreeable task of slaughter, and sold meat by the pound in the markets of Athens, weighed in the scale as now. At one period the Roman butchers sold meat by *mication* in the following way:—The buyer shut one of his hands; the seller did the same; each of them suddenly opened the whole, or a few of his fingers. If the fingers were even on each side, the seller had the price he asked; if they were odd, the buyer gave the price he offered. This was the old Roman way of "splitting the difference," but it was suppressed in the year 300 by a decree of Apronianus. Knickerbocker notices a plan still more simple among the early Dutch settlers in America. A Dutchman weighed everything by his fist, when dealing with the aborigines; with this marvelous regulation, that when he was a buyer his fist weighed a few ounces, but when he was a seller it invariably passed for a pound.

The Romans were especially a pig-eating race, and retained their fondness for pork from the foundation to the decline of their empire. The Cretans abstained from it in order to offer it to Venus; the Egyptians fled from the sight of pigs as unclean beings whose presence defiled them. Neither the Phœnicians, the Indians, nor the Mohammedans would eat them. On the other hand, the Greek and Roman sages maintained that nature had created the pig for man's palate—that he is good only to be eaten, and that life was given him only as a sort of salt to prevent his corrupting—an opinion which seems to have been practically followed down to our own day. The Romans discovered fifty different flavors in pork, and under the hands of their skillful cooks, swine's flesh was often transformed into delicate fish, ducks, turtle-doves, or capons. With them the Trojan hog was a favorite dish—it was a gastronomic imitation of the horse of Troy, its inside being stuffed with myriads of small game.

For a long time it was thought by the ancients a sin to eat the flesh of the ox, the friend of the husbandman. Homer's heroes however were not very scrupulous. Menelaus offered roast beef to Telemachus, and Agamemnon presented it to Nestor; and an ox was frequently roasted whole for a feast of Grecian heroes. Before their time Abraham cooked a calf and served it to angels in the valley of Mamre. Moses places the ox in the first rank of animals whose flesh is allowed to be eaten. Hippocrates praises ox-flesh as nutritious, but thinks it indigestible; among the ancients it appears to have been generally roasted, but was sometimes boiled and eaten with sauce. Among the early Romans the ox was so precious that a citizen was banished for killing one that was his own property.

The lamb was one of the first animals offered in sacrifice, and was slain by most ancient nations for that purpose. The Greeks were so fond of its flesh that the

magistrates of Athens were obliged to forbid the eating of lamb which had not been shorn. The Romans were equally so, and the flocks of the Campana hardly sufficed for the exigences of the capital. In patriarchal times the kid was as much a favorite, and Moses ordained that either might serve for the feast of the Passover. The Egyptians, whose god was represented with the legs of a goat, abstained from killing a kid or eating its flesh. Among the Greeks it was considered a dainty, and the kids of Attica brought a high price. At Rome too they were highly prized, and the most delicate were fattened at Tivoli.

The Roman peasants found the flesh of the ass palatable, and the celebrated Mæcenas having tasted it, introduced it to the tables of the great and rich, but the fashion of eating it lasted no longer than his life. Galen compares the flesh of the ass to that of the stag. It is said to be eaten plentifully in the *guinguettes* of Paris, under the denomination of veal. Many nations consider the flesh of the dog excellent. The Greek ate it, and Hippocrates was convinced that it was a light and wholesome food. The common people of Rome also ate it. The Hottentots in Africa feast on the flesh of the elephant; and Le Vaillant the traveler resolved, the first time he partook of an elephant's trunk, that it should not be the last, but he prefered even to that the foot of the colossal quadruped. The Greeks devoured the hedgehog, and the Roman peasants made a good meal of the fox. The camel was eaten both by Greeks and Persians, and the Arabs consider the flesh of the young dromedary equal to veal. The Roman ladies fed on the flesh of the stag from a notion that it was conducive to longevity.

In the early ages of the Church, poultry was regarded as a food for fast days, the rule of St. Benedict interdicting only the flesh of quadrupeds, and that of St. Columbanus permitting the consumption of poultry in default of fish. The cock was an object of worship in Syria; among the Greeks and Romans he figured more as a warrior than an esculent, but was gladly eaten by the lower orders. The hen was reckoned a bird of ill omen among the ancients, who sought to diminish their number by eating them. In Rome the art of fattening them and of imparting a peculiar flavor to their flesh was perfected by M. L. Strabo, a Roman knight. The rage for fat hens grew at length so great that C. Fannius, the consul, passed a decree forbidding the fattening process, fearing that not a living hen would be left in the empire. In old times the Egyptians hatched chickens in ovens: in the last century Reaumur recovered this art, which was thought to be lost, and it is practiced at the present day with the most satisfactory results. As for ducks, Plutarch (and yet he was a wise man!) always gave them to his family when any of them were ill! and Mithridates, we are told, was accustomed to "mix the flesh of ducks with all he ate, as an antidote against poisons, which he feared." The duck, being such a good swimmer, was sacrificed in compliment to Neptune. Ducks were always served at the tables of the rich Greeks, but the more wealthy Romans only offered to their guests the breast and head, returning the remainder to the kitchen. The goose had its praises sung by Homer, and it was the favorite dish of the Egyptian monarchs. A sentiment of gratitude endeared them to the Romans, as by their noisy clamor they had formerly saved the capitol, and they were reared both in town and country to guard the house. At the anniversary of the deliverance of the capitol from the Gauls, the Roman people regaled themselves with boiled dog. At this solemnity a goose, laid on a soft cushion, was carried in triumph, followed by an unhappy dog nailed to a cross, whose loud cries amused the populace; thus they commemorated the signal service rendered by one animal, and the fatal negligence of the other. But time effaces the impression of gratitude, and for a century at least before the time of Pliny the Romans had learned to eat goose; and by a perfidious art, they fattened them delicately in darkness in preparation for the spit. The most luxurious eaters, however, valued only the liver, and this they contrived to increase to such a size that it often weighed two pounds. Pliny says that Apicius found means to increase the livers to a size almost equaling in weight the whole body of the bird. This African feat was paralleled by a queen of France who, according to Parmentier, spent sixty pounds sterling in fattening three geese, whose livers she wished to render more than usually delicate. The taste for this fare

was illustrated by the epicure who prayed that he might have a throat as long as the stork's, in order the better to enjoy such dainty food! This is a poor wish when compared with the majestic conception of Quin, who, with respect to his favorite dishes, grandly asked that he might have "a swallow as long as from here to Botany Bay, and palate the whole way." The devotion of the old actor to exquisite living is further exemplified by the story of what used to take place between himself and his servant, when the latter appeared at his master's bed-side to awake him. "John," said Quin, "is there any mullet in the market this morning?" "No, sir," said John. "Then, John," replied Quin, addressing himself again to sleep, "you may call me at nine to-morrow!" Goose is eaten in England on Michaelmas-day, because, says report, Queen Elizabeth was dining on goose when the news was brought her of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The turkey was long unknown to the Greeks, there being no turkey in Europe during their palmy days. Sophocles is the first who mentions it. In Egypt it was still more rare. It was first introduced into Rome in the year 115 before our era, where it was regarded as an object of uncommon curiosity. In a century later they had greatly multiplied, but afterward declined again. Two were exhibited as curiosities at Athens about the middle of the sixth century. The peacock had prodigious success among the Romans. Quintus Hortensius was the first who had them served in a banquet; and the novelty made an extraordinary sensation at Rome, becoming so much the fashion that no feast was thought complete without them. Horace preferred them to the finest poultry. Tiberius reared them, and put to death a soldier who had the misfortune to kill one. Ultimately they were voted indigestible, and were served up in their skin and feathers to be looked at, but not eaten. Among their feathered game the ancients numbered the flamingo, of which they ate only the root of the tongue—the ostrich, of which Heliogabalus had six hundred slain for a single supper, the brains being the only edible part—the stork—and the crow, which last was thought by the Alexandrians a dish unequaled in delicacy.

With the Romans the love of fish became a real mania: turbots excited a furor of admiration—the *muræna Helena* was worshiped. Hortensius the orator actually wept over the death of one he had fed with his own hands; the daughter of Drusus ornamented hers with golden rings; each had a name, and would come with speed when it heard the voice of the master. Sometimes in a moment of tenderness for his dear muræna Helena, Vedius Pollio, a Roman knight of the highest distinction, and one of the friends of the Emperor Augustus, could find nothing better to do than to feed them with the flesh of his slaves, who were thrown to them alive. There was, indeed, a barbarous refinement, if one may employ such a compound term, in all the Romans did at table. The mullet will furnish us with one instance. This fish, alive, but with its scales removed, was placed on the table in a glass vessel, beneath which a spirit-flame was kindled. The object was to allow the guests to regale themselves with observing the gradations of pink colors through which the fish passed until it was at once dead and cooked.

According to Dio, the early inhabitants of Britain did not eat fish. Under the reign of Edward II. certain fish, especially the sturgeon, were forbidden at all tables save that of the king. King Stephen desired to modify the prohibition, but after his death the royal prerogative was resumed. In France any one might eat fish, but none could sell it without permission from the king. Louis XII. appointed six fishmongers to supply his table. Francis I. had twenty-two, and Henry the Great twenty-four. Under Louis XIV. fish came much in vogue, owing to the marvelous talent of that prince's cook, who imparted to the flesh of fish the flavor of the most exquisite game. It was Vatel, the major-domo of Louis, who slew himself in desperation, because the supply of fish for his master's dinner was delayed. Among the Greeks and Romans the sturgeon ranked as a royal dish. Martial honors it with a pompous eulogium. It is caught in Siberia of enormous size, and is found still larger in Norway. M. Soyer informs us that the Russians make caviare from the spawn of this fish—and he might have added that the Russian nobility devour the roe raw mingled with the creature's blood.

The tunny was sacrificed by the Romans to Neptune, and but sparingly eaten by

them. The Greeks praised it, but good-livers ate only the belly of the fish. It abounds in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and it is a favorite amusement of sailors to harpoon them. They are sometimes caught of immense size, and weighing no less than a thousand pounds. The Greeks are supposed to have been strangers to the merits of the trout, but the Romans assigned it the foremost rank—next to the sturgeon, red mullet, and sea-eel. The cod supplied the ancients with an exquisite dish, and the only fault they found with it was its cheapness. Galen pronounced it excellent for digestion: the Greek cooks sprinkled it with grated cheese. Salmon was not known to the Greeks, and not to the Romans before the time of Pliny, who extols those of the Rhine, and still more those from the waters of Aquitaine. The Scotch peasants of two centuries back were less enthusiastic in its praise, if we are to judge from the fact of their stipulating, when hired, that they should not be compelled to eat it too often.

Among shell-fish, oysters appear to have been the greatest favorites both with Greeks and Romans. The Athenians called them the gastronomic prelude to the supper; they were served at every repast, and generally uncooked. The Romans, as a matter of course, improved upon their natural state, and one Fulvius Hirpinus made a fortune by fattening them with a paste made of honey and wine. De Blainville considers raw oysters easy of digestion, but tough and indigestible when cooked. The crab and the lobster found the favor they merited among ancient gastronomists, and had the honor of being eaten by those who knew how to eat. The ancients had not the sense to appreciate frogs; in England they are disdainfully shunned; but in France there is a great consumption of them, especially in the spring. In Germany they eat the whole frog, except the skin and intestine; but in France they are satisfied with the hind legs, which when tender and properly done is a most delicate dish. We may close our account with the fish by stating that in Greece and Italy the polypus was eaten, a frightful monster from which modern stomachs would recoil with disgust.

It was a settled maxim with Dr. Johnson that everything was "grass." He was not the original inventor of the maxim. The ancient people, the Jews, traced to the same source (the earth, of whose bosom it was the graceful veil) the fountains whence sprung many of their enjoyments. Romulus made priests of the twelve sons of his nurse, who had the grass, or in other words the advancement of agriculture, for their peculiar care. In those times, horses at the plow had their mouths rinsed with wine; and then, and down to a later period, the plow itself was looked upon with as much superatitious affection by its driver, as a Mahratta gun is considered by its peculiar artillerymen. "Speed the Plow" has indeed long been the prayer of all nations; but ancient institutions are disappearing, and Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Farm, threatens to put down even the plow.

The bean appears to have been held in various degrees of estimation at various epochs. The Flamen of Jupiter could neither eat it nor pronounce its name, for the reason that the black spot in it was the type of death! The priests of Apollo, on the other hand, held it in honor and ate it with grateful appetites. No doubt, each party denounced the other as unorthodox. The haricot had fashion given to it by Alexander, who introduced it from Asia. Green peas were, what Brummel vainly strove to make them, universally vulgar. So were lentils with the Romans. The Egyptians, on the contrary, considered that children were well educated who were fed upon them. A predilection for peculiar production was undoubtedly common enough, though we are puzzled now to account for it. Thus Hippocrates held boiled cabbage and salt to be a specific for the colic! Cato declared the former to bo a panacea; and some looked upon the horse-radish in the same light; while young Athenian mothers, when nursing their infants, ate of it largely, for the supposed benefit of their luckless progeny. Perhaps this was the cow-cabbage. At all events, monster productions were the favorites of the day; and asparagus, which was accounted hurtful to the eyesight and was the forerunner of spectacles, grew in Libya to a hight of forty feet! So in Java, bantam-cocks stand a yard high, but in Europe they strut ridiculously at something like twelve inches. How the colossal asparagus was grown is a lost secret. Perhaps it was moistened with wine, as Aristoxenes did with his lettuces! It was eaten for pleasure, as onions and honey were for duty's

sake. The latter compound, swallowed fasting, was accounted the best possible preserver of health! There were giants among onions too in those days; but in respect of size we know of nothing that can compare with what is asserted of Judæan radishes, namely, that foxes could litter in the hollow of them, and that they were of a hundred pounds' weight. They were used as projectiles by the mob when the latter desired to pelt some ex-favorite of the previous day. The people knocked down their victims, and when the fray was over, boiled their weapons and ate them with vinegar. So Tartars not only rode but also ate their horses; and when the Egyptians had worshiped their leeks and garlic, nothing was pleasanter to the free-thinkers than to swallow their gods! There is nothing to supprise us in this. We may believe anything of a people who made of assafœtida the chief ingredient in the seasoning of their dishes.

The ancients showed better taste in their love for peaches; but the enjoyment of them was a dear delight, for they cost about a pound a piece. The sight of them alone afforded pleasure to some, though of their country cousin, the apple, many persons have been mysteriously afraid. Vladislaus of Poland, for example, never saw a golden pippin without taking to his heels and roaring with affright. German kaisers, on the other hand, have been known to kill themselves voluntarily by over-eating of melons. Tiberius ate of that fruit at dessert like a hungry schoolboy, and yet he reproached poor Drusus for devouring too much brocoli at his dinner. Pelasgus had altars erected to him for telling primitive mankind that beech-nuts were better eating than acorns.

The Persian kings kept all the walnuts in Persia for their own eating; and we think it is Mungo Park who states that eggs are very scarce in a certain district of Africa, and that the priests there, who are excessively fond of them, have persuaded the laity that it would be sinful in the latter to swallow what Heaven designed only for the clergy! The magistrates of Attica were almost as particular about their celebrated figs, which they religiously protected from exportation. A little smuggling went on, nevertheless, and the informers who worked themselves into the confidence of the contrabandists and then betrayed them, were known by a name which posterity has, in another sense, adopted. They were the "sycophants," or "*fig-declarers!*" Had the Romans allowed free trade with regard to the exportation of figs, the Gauls would have had one reason the less for invading Italy. Neither royal nor priestly prohibition appears to have been long effectual in restraining men from an indulgence in good things. The Persians learned to eat walnuts in spite of the thundering ordinances of the great king.

"Bread and milk" gives us now but a simple idea of a simple yet salubrious diet. It was used, however, for other purposes than food in the ancient Roman days. Roman "exquisites" of either sex rubbed their faces with a mixture of bread and milk; nay, sometimes wore a poultice of the same on the face, in order to make their complexions fair: milk baths, too, were more common with the Romans than with the French in the days of Louis XV. Five hundred female asses supplied the dayly bath of the Empress Poppœia. As an article of medical diet this milk became fashionable in France in the reign of Francis I. It had been successfully prescribed for the enervated king, and forthwith all the nobility took to imbibing asses' milk as a symbol of their loyalty. Eggs were as fashionable in Rome when Livia kept one in her bosom till it was hatched; then, a "cock-chick" appearing, she and the augurs divined that she was about to present her husband with a male heir. The birth of Tiberius proved their excellence as diviners. But the singularity of incubation in an imperial bosom is surpassed by an old Egyptian method of cooking eggs without fire. "The shepherds of Egypt placed them in a sling, which they turned so rapidly that the friction of the air heated them to the exact point required for use!" They must have had a curious taste; but after all they were better than the *ragout* of hedgehogs which was so greedily eaten by the Greek rustics. The "ragout à la Sardanaple," for which the King of Prussia thanked his cook Noel in verse, was not a more refined dish.

On the subject of pastry, M. Soyer informs us that the Oriental nations were acquainted with the art of making it at a very early period. The Egyptians and the Jews served different sorts at their tables. The enlightened gluttony of the Greeks and Romans inspired them with

a host of combinations more or less ingenious. The pastry-cooks of Attica prepared some very excellent kinds, made chiefly of honey, sesame flour, and cheese or oil. The Athenians moreover made admirable dumplings by inclosing delicious fruit with a light perfumed paste. When conquered by Rome, Greece had the glory of dictating the laws of cookery to her haughty enemy. Gingerbread was not unknown to the ancients—the whole of Europe being supplied with it from the island of Rhodes. Rome borrowed from Greece the *artocreas*, a pie of hashed or minced meat mixed with bread, which, with some slight modifications, has reached to our own day. Cato, the wise philosopher, has left to posterity the following receipt for a cake:—"Crush," says he, "two pounds of cheese; mix it with a pound of rye flour, or, in order to render it lighter, throw in merely half-a-pound of wheat flour and an egg. Stir, mix, and work this paste; form of it a cake, which you will place on leaves, and cook in a tart-dish on the hot hearth." Our lady readers can experiment with this confection if they choose. For five centuries after the foundation of Rome, the art of making bread as we now make it was unknown. The lack of civilization which this indicates was hardly compensated for at the luxurious table of Lentulus, where the first course consisted of sea-hedgehogs. It is difficult to believe that the early Romans beat their enemies upon nothing better than gruel and a little vinegar. Numa neither improved their digestion nor their morals when he invented cakes, and put the bake-houses under the care of a goddess called *Fornax*, whose worship has lasted although her altars have been removed. The son of a baker was compelled to follow his father's calling, and he who married a baker's daughter had to take to the trade too.

The early Greeks ate but twice a day, taking a full meal but once. The Romans for a long time did the same, and even so late as the days of Cicero it was accounted a monstrous thing to be "*bis die satum.*" Tiberius relaxed this restraint and allowed greater indulgence; and subsequently the gluttonous emperors, so far from repressing the luxury of the table, sanctioned it by the authority of their example.

In France in the 14th century, in "well-regulated houses," people partook of five meals a day, and at dinner had commonly five courses or dishes. They dined at ten in the morning, and the meal was called, from the hour, *decimer*, whence the word *diner* (dinner.) One or two centuries later they dined at eleven; and in the 16th and at the beginning of the 17th century at noon. Louis XIV. always sat down to table at that hour. The English dined equally early, and it was not till the 18th century that the present late hours came gradually into fashion. The great heroes of antiquity were all accomplished carvers, but then they were professional butchers. The people seem to have had appetite for all they could carve, if we may judge from the distributions made dayly by would-be-popular potentates to the mob.

M. Soyer thinks that the Homeric age was distinguished by its simplicity; and, by way of example, he refers to the "facts" that "Patroclus peeled onions! Achilles washed cabbages! and the wise Ulysses roasted with his own hands a sirloin of beef!" This sort of simplicity, however, was by no means confined to the heroic periods of the human race. Charlemagne made a pretty annual profit by the sale of his own vegetables, and the queen consort of Gustavus Vasa not only made milk but sold it also. Poor Marie Antoinette, too, played at "dairy-maid;" but simplicity was not to be found in a dairy where the swains wore swords and the milk-maids flitted about, like Sir George Etherege's nymphs, in "silks and satins and rose-colored taffetas."

BURIAL-PLACE OF THE TURKS.—The principal place of sepulture for the Moslem population of Constantinople and its environs is at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, where there is a city of tombs that almosts contests the palm with the catacombs of Rome. The Turks, it appears, never forget that they are but "camped in Europe;" so that what was merely a *bon mot* for the Frank author of the saying, is to them a serious and every-day truth. Accordingly, almost all the more serious and patriotic Moslems who can afford it, order in their wills that their remains should find burial in Asia, where, when the race of Othman again gives place in Europe to the Giaour, the hoof of no infidel's charger will spurn their resting-place.

BURMAH.

THE country of Burmah is bounded on the west by the British provinces of Arakhan, Chittagong, and Cachar; on the north by Assam, another British province; on the east by the river Thaleain or Talien; and on the south by the Gulf of Martaban. Its form is a rude quadrilateral, the east and west sides being considerably longer than the others, the north side being also longer than the south. The Anaupectaumeaw (pronounced Anupectu-mew) Mountains separate Arakhan from Burmah on the west, and the Langtan Mountains from Assam on the north. The Langtan Mountains attain to a considerable elevation, and immediately south of these spread out the group called the Patkoi or Poapuo Mountains; from these latter to the sea a vast inclined table-land extends. One noble river, and several others not greatly inferior, rise in the great northern mountain region just described—the principal one being the Irawadi. The exact position of the source of this magnificent river is not known, but it is believed to be very near that of the Burramputer. Most of the large rivers in the peninsula of Further India would seem to originate very nearly in the same part of the country. After leaving the upper mountain region, it enters the country of the Bor Khamti, a tribe in the north-western extremity of Burmah, where it is only about sixty yards wide; then, flowing in a meandering course about mid-way between the eastern and western boundaries of the country, it arrives at a point about a hundred miles from the sea, and divides into several branches, separated from each other by extensive swampy deltas. The westerly branch enters the sea near the south-west corner of the country, and is called the Bassein river; the most easterly falls into the Gulf of Martaban, near the middle of the southern boundary, and is called the Rangoon river—the city of Rangoon standing upon it, about thirty miles from its mouth. Other rivers of note are, the Thaleain—before referred to as the eastern boundary of the country, called also the Saluen or Martaban river, which falls into the Gulf of Poolooghoon—and the Kyan Duayn, a confluent of the Irawadi, which it enters about four hundred miles from the sea. It will thus be seen that the whole of the southern part of the country is low and swampy; and from this, again, it will be easily inferred that it is unhealthy. Unhealthy, too, it will continue to be, unless other than Burmese hands get to work upon it; for they have such fixed and unimprovable habits ingrafted on their character, that they are very little more advanced in civilization, and in the arts which elevate a people, than they were a thousand years ago.

Perhaps no country in the world furnishes more enchanting scenery than that which spreads out on each side, and forms the basin, of the Irawadi. Stupendous mountain gorges, magnificent forests, richly carpeted plateaus, and beautiful champaigns, all combine to render this land one of the most delightful the imagination can conceive. Even the unhealthy swamps in the extreme south are rich and prolific in a high degree; and, like the delta of the Nile, they furnish crops of rice in the greatest abundance. Pity that such natural facilities should only be used as an incentive to inactivity and dissipation; but so it is.

Among the various vegetable productions of this favored land, one of the most famous is the teak-tree, or Indian oak. Most of the ships launched at the port of Rangoon are built of it. Nor is it less adapted for the construction of houses, although for that purpose the bamboo, another natural production, is chiefly used. Cotton of a fine silky nature, though of a short staple, is raised with ease in the northern part of the kingdom; where also silk is produced in large quantities. Many women and children are employed in spinning and weaving the raw material into fabrics for home consumption, or for exportation. Tobacco is cultivated in every part of the country. The fruit-trees of Burmah are decidedly inferior to those of India and China; nor is Burman tea by any means equal to that grown in Assam, much less will it bear comparison with that raised in China. Gamboge, the yellow color so much used in painting and staining, is the inspissated juice of a tree which grows in this country and those adjoining.

Equally rich are its mineral resources. Near the sources of the Irawadi and several other rivers, gold is found in a sandy matrix; and yet such is the want of energy and enterprise, that most of the gold with which their temples are so pro-

fusely adorned is drawn from China. Silver also is abundant in many parts, but it is only in the eastern province called Laos that the mines are worked; and these not by Burmans, but by the natives of Laos and China. Rubies and sapphires, of the largest size and clearest crystal, abound; as do also topazes, and various other gems. There is, too, a great quantity of fine compact marble, which a competent judge has declared equal to the celebrated Carrara. Amber is plentifully distributed about the margins of most of the large rivers. Coal, iron, tin, lead, and other minerals, which elsewhere constitute the wealth of the nation in which they are found, here lie in immense beds, almost unsought for, and unworked. With such treasures as these at their hand, the Burmese ought to become one of the richest and most powerful people on the face of the earth.

But the most remarkable of all the mineral productions of Burmah is its petroleum — literally, rock-oil. Above four hundred thousand hogsheads are annually brought up from more than five hundred pits near Re-nau-Khaung, a village about four miles from the Irawadi, and some distance north of the town of Prome. This curious substance is found in a liquid state, and appears to be a kind of half-formed bitumen, with the chemical composition of which it is almost identical. Mixed with earth or ashes, it forms a good fuel; but it is chiefly used in lamps; custom rendering the strong smell which it emits tolerable. A substance similar to petroleum is found in Derbyshire and in the United States; but not in such abundance as in Burmah.

The animals of Burmah, though numerous, exhibit but few peculiarities. Wolves, jackals, foxes, and hyenas, are not found in the country, nor is the camel; although, from its nature, it is well suited to the northern parts of the kingdom. Several other animals much prized by Europeans are not taken any account of here; such are hogs, dogs, cats, sheep, asses, and goats. The principal domestic animals are the ox, buffalo, horse, and elephant. The ox is the chief beast of burden; but, as their religion forbids the use of its flesh for food, it is an expensive animal to keep; a circumstance which has led to the taming of the buffalo. The buffalo, not being under the same restrictions, can be used for purposes similar to those of the ox, and when disabled can be used as an article of diet. It is also stronger than the ox, but cannot endure such long-continued exertion. In all countries east of Bengal, the horse never attains to its full size, and in Burmah is said to resemble the Canadian pony: in many parts it is quite unknown, and where it is known, is only used for the saddle.

Except in the eastern province of Laos, the elephant is rarely used for anything but state purposes, in which it figures largely. There is also a rare kind of elephant found occasionally in the Burman forests, requiring particular notice on account of the part it plays in the history of the kingdom. It is the white elephant. When one of these is caught, it becomes the property of the king. The care and attention bestowed on such an animal exceed that lavished on almost any subject, however high his position. Its house, food, and decorations, are extravagantly luxurious. Formerly, it was a point of ambition for a king to possess himself of four; but, latterly, that number has not been kept up, on account of the difficulty of procuring them.

At the commencement of the present century there was not one white elephant in the royal stables, and the king used every effort to obtain one. This was very natural, for it was not merely an ornamental appendage to the Burman state in his eyes, inasmuch as the superstitions of the country taught him to believe that the existence of such an animal in the neighborhood of the palace, and in the enjoyment of suitable honors, was a kind of protection against external enemies, and a guarantee of general good fortune. In the year 1805, a female was caught at Laire in the forests of Pegu. Immediately on being captured, it was bound with cords, and covered with scarlet, a color which symbolized its superiority over all other animals; and several of the chief mandarins were deputed to attend it. A house, equal to those occupied by the highest ministers of state, was built for its reception, and numerous servants were appointed to watch over it, to carry to it dayly the freshest herbs, which had first been washed with water; and to provide it with everything that could contribute to its comfort. As the place where it was taken was infested with mosquetoes, a

beautiful net of silk was made to protect it from them, it being a precaution instinctively taken by those insects to avoid anything which bears a resemblance to the meshes of the large spiders' webs in which they are sometimes caught: and to secure the animal from all harm, mandarins and guards watched it day and night. No sooner was the news spread abroad that a white elephant had been taken, than immense multitudes, of every age, sex, and condition, flocked to behold it, not only from the neighboring parts, but even from the remotest provinces. At length the king gave orders for its transportation to the capital; and immediately two boats of teak-wood were fastened together, and upon them was erected a superb pavilion, with a roof similar to that which covers the royal palaces. It was made perfectly impervious to the sun or rain; and draperies of silk, embroidered in gold, adorned it on every side. This splendid pavilion was towed up the river by three large and beautifully gilded vessels full of rowers. Messengers were frequently dispatched from the king and other members of the royal family, during its progress, sometimes to bring tidings of its health, at others to convey to it rich presents. In honor of its arrival, a splendid festival was ordered, which lasted three days, and was accompanied with music, dancing, and fireworks. Costly presents were brought to it by all the mandarins of the kingdom, and one is said to have offered a vase of gold, weighing four hundred and eighty ounces. But it is well known that these presents, and the eagerness shown in bestowing them, were owing more to the avaricious policy of the king, than to the veneration of his subjects for the elephant, since all these golden utensils and costly ornaments found their way at last into the royal treasury. At the death of this elephant, which took place shortly after, it was publicly forbidden, as at the death of an emperor, under heavy penalties, to assert that it was dead. That it was departed, or had disappeared, might be said of it, but nothing more. As this was a female, its funeral was conducted with all the pomp and ceremony used at that of a principal queen. A funeral pile of sassafras, sandal, and other aromatic woods, was constructed, and the body placed upon it; after which it was covered with similar materials. The pyre being lighted, the flames were urged by the aid of gilt bellows, one at each corner. After three days, its ashes were inclosed in a gilt urn, and deposited in the royal cemetery. In the case of a male elephant, the ceremony used is similar to that which accompanies the interment of the sovereign.

The towns of chief importance in Burmah may be briefly described. Ava (formerly the capital, from which the king is often called the King of Ava) is situated very nearly in the center of the country, and stands on the river Irawadi. It is now in a ruinous condition, but was at one time strongly fortified. The new capital is Ummerapoora, about four miles eastward of Ava, on the same river, and about five hundred miles from its mouth. Prome is a very ancient town, also on the Irawadi, and is intimately connected with the history of the country. Speaking in round numbers, its distance from Ava is three hundred miles, and from the southern boundary two hundred. We have already mentioned Rangoon on the Rangoon river, and Bassein or Persaim on the Bassein river, both of which are only mouths of the Irawadi. Rangoon is nearly thirty miles from the sea, and is celebrated for its magnificent Buddhist temple, and for its fortifications. All the country round about the deltas of the Irawadi is comprehended in the kingdom of Pegu; the city of Pegu standing about midway between that river and the Thaleain, near one hundred miles from the sea.

We now direct our attention to a more important part of our subject—an account of the people. From the king to the peasant, the people of Burmah are distinguished from other nations by striking characteristics. In no country of the world is the sovereign more absolute and despotic than in Burmah. The lives, property, and persons of his subjects are all at his disposal. Every man, woman, and child, considers it an honor to be called his slave. A royal nod will raise a beggar to the court, or reduce a courtier to beggary. The ruthlessness with which the royal prerogative is exercised is made no secret of; but is rather published, in order to impress surrounding nations with an idea of the king's authority and power. If a merchant or any other subject becomes distinguished for his wealth, and the king is in want of funds, he is charged with some crime, is summoned before the royal tri-

bunal, his property is unceremoniously confiscated, and he is never heard of more. Such practices excite no astonishment in the Burman mind; they are of too common occurrence. The only way, therefore, in which a prosperous man finds he can enjoy the fruits of successful labor, is to take an extra wife or two, and spend his money as fast as he gets it. This art the officers of government have acquired to perfection; so that the danger of possessing riches deters none of them from extortion, oppression, or embezzlement in the discharge of their various functions. An illustration of this fact is presented by an examination of the revenue returns, relating to the petroleum trade. The amount of revenue from this trade alone, which is exacted with the greatest rigor, is about twenty-five thousand ticals (a tical being equal to about sixty cents) per annum, and yet only one-fifth of it reaches the coffers of the state, the rest being appropriated by the collectors and public officers. All the government officers appear to be actuated by the same spirit as their royal master, and to regard the mass of the people as victims from whom to acquire the means of gratifying their cupidity and lust. Notwithstanding the violence and heartlessness with which the people are despoiled of their hard earnings, the regular income of the state is only about twenty-five thousand pounds per annum; an income greatly exceeded by that of many British subjects in India. This, however, would seem to be of little consequence, when we recollect the many irregular supplies of which the king can avail himself. Offices may be bought, and the crimes of the wealthy may be expiated, by presents; so that, in a nation where almost every subject has been guilty of offenses more or less heinous, there can be little difficulty in obtaining a few thousand ticals, by simply accusing as many officers of corruption. There can be no doubt that the royal purse is generally replenished from these sources. The police arrangements are exceedingly defective. The execution of a royal mandate is shifted from one person to another, and that so systematically, that at a distance of five miles from the capital it fails to inspire awe, or to receive any attention whatsoever; and at Rangoon, five hundred miles from the seat of government, the officers of the crown perpetrate their enormities almost without the slightest notice from the authorities. But, should information reach the capital respecting such offenses, the perpetrator is immediately recalled, and made to pay the penalty with his life; or what is more common, by ample presents to the wives or other members of the royal family; in which case he is allowed to return to the scene of his former misdeeds, there to heap up new treasures, till his royal master shall think proper to inflict another confiscation. And yet, in the face of all this, the king is called the father of his court; and each member of the court the father of those next below him, and so on; the fiction of paternity being kept up through all the gradations of society to the very lowest.

In Burmah there is no officer corresponding to our prime minister. Two councils are made to supply the place of prime minister and the houses of parliament. The highest or public council, called Lut-d'hau, consists of four persons, called Wun-kri, together with four assistants. All state questions are discussed by them, and decided by a majority. The second, or secret council, discusses the same questions as the first; and, owing to its proximity to the king, is supposed to exert a good deal of by-influence, although it is regarded as the inferior of the two. The officers are called Alwen-wun. The officers in the next grade are also four in number, and consist of the commanders or surveyors of the northern, southern, eastern, and western departments of the empire respectively; and under these are many subordinate officers. None are regularly paid; the remuneration is obtained by the appropriation of a certain proportion of the products of the soil, and of the labor of the people. The constitution is in fact what we should call feudal; and that in its most rigorous form.

The religion of the Burmese is one mass of superstition. Buddhism is the acknowledged form, and, were its precepts and maxims adhered to, the people would be much happier than they now are. It has been said by those Christians most intimately acquainted with its character, to be one of the best and purest moral codes that man ever prescribed for man. But if, after a careful study of the ethical philosophies of Greece and of Rome, together with the moral condition of the peoples most under their influence, any

further proof of the inefficiency of mere codes and rituals were necessary, the condition of the Burmese under the Badagat of Buddha would furnish it. What the Shasters of India, the Badagat of Buddha, and the Philosophy of Plato, proclaim by their very imbecility, the Bible announces on its own authority—namely, That, to render moral and spiritual truth available to the purposes of man, there must be a pervading effluence from the Deity himself, to give the enunciation of that truth life and vigor, and to render the soul of the recipient capable of acting upon its maxims. Herein consists partially the vast superiority of the Bible over other written codes. All that is excellent, in an ethical point of view, in them, is contained in the Bible, and much more; but, over and above this, it announces the necessity of deriving the only infallible light from the Holy Spirit of which it speaks. The Bible is now introduced into Burmah. The late Dr. Adoniram Judson, an American missionary, spent many years in the country in acquiring a knowledge of its language, and in translating into it the Holy Scriptures. Five years more were devoted to the work of correction, and now the glad tidings of salvation are accessible to all who can read the Burmese tongue. The power of that book will yet be felt there; and not before it is wanted. In a country where the guilt or innocence of an accused person is tested by his power to endure the pain of thrusting his hand into molten lead; where reigns the universal belief that the souls of men, on being released from their bodies, pass into those of all manner of beasts, birds, or insects; where a man may pledge his wife in order to appease his creditor; where a woman, on giving birth to a child, is stretched out before a blazing fire, and kept there for ten or fifteen days, till she is almost roasted, and that for no conceivable reason beyond custom; and where the solemn associations connected with funeral rites are stifled with frivolities which are extremely ludicrous, and often intensely revolting—to such a people, the Bible is an angel visitant, whose presence has been long and greatly needed.

Virtues they have, it is true; but they are almost hidden by the flaws and deformities which mar their moral constitution. Veracity is at a discount among them; not because it is in excess, but because no one looks for it. It would appear that "Burmese faith" was a modern synonym for the classical "Punica fides," which, being done into plain English, means "systematic lying;" nor is this astonishing, when we remember the corrupt example of the upper ranks; for in Burmah, as everywhere else, what the court and nobles do, the lower orders will endeavor to imitate. They are not naturally an indolent people, quite the reverse; and whatever of indolence is imputed to them is fairly chargeable upon the defective political constitution under which they live.

MERCHANT PRINCES.

ALL the world knows of the enormity of London trade, yet few are prepared to appreciate the magnificence of its details. In the narrow byways, where the walls rear themselves so high that, looking up, one might reasonably expect the stars to appear, as it is said they do when viewed from a deep well, many a house contains a community sufficient to make a German State. The ruler enumerates his subjects by hundreds, and maintains a complete machinery of government. Well may it have become trite to speak of merchant princes. It is traditional that some houses "turn over" a million, a million and a half, or two millions a year; and their territories correspond with their revenues.

It is so customary to associate cramped space with town, that visitors are not at all prepared to wander over *acres* in one of these establishments. Like the agriculturist, the princes of London trade tell their ground by acres; only the one metes his rent by the same rate, the other by the *foot*.

If our readers are interested enough to seek one of these houses as a type, they will suffer us to conduct them through many devious streets, that shall be nameless, until Aldermanbury is reached; and, in it, a high, new-fronted edifice will furnish every requisite for a picture of a London house, and at the same time be an exponent of the staple manufacture of the age. Of course we mean cotton. It needs a visit to Manchester to see the loom, and a visit to Manchester or Glasgow to see it printed. How it is disposed of eventually we can learn *here*.

A *coup d'œil* takes in an infinity of

"bales" and "piles" of every description —an intermingled array of bright goods open upon the counters, made brighter by the beams that come through the skylight. A host of gentlemanly-looking individuals, youths and other folk, bustle about, full of animation and business. Talk of the Maze at Hampton Court, or of the Bower at Woodstock, we aver that Eleanor evinced no greater dexterity in winding Fair Rosamond's Labyrinth than we on the more peaceful mission of finding a friend to act as our cicerone. By the aid of one or two scouts, we discover him in distant nether realms, piling up innumerable packages in forms that would exhaust the devices of solid geometry. To the walls of an extensive area are fixed wooden hutches, in which goods are comfortably housed to the depth of about ten feet; and here they remain till wanted. In the adjoining and upper departments we shall learn what these parcels contain.

Leaping through an open trap-door, to test our agility, we proceed, under guidance, on a circumstantial tour. First of all, attention is claimed by the architecture of the interior. Very considerable skill has been exercised by the architect. Where each inch of room has appreciable value it required a thorough knowledge of "space economy" to make the best use of what space there was. Abundance of light, too, was a desideratum, and this in a house locked in on every side by others. A disposition of parts was also requisite, so as to allow of a general view of every department. Each floor forms a spacious rectangular gallery, rather than a room, for the central part is wanting. Elegant iron balustrades are fixed round these openings, and give the appearance, when viewed from the loftiest flight, of the staircase of some noble hall, but of yet more magnificent dimensions. The basement floor has its corresponding central part covered with glass, through which a glimpse may be got of the packers and the supervisors of the linen department beneath. At the further end of this fine area is a double staircase communicating with the various galleries. Everything on *this* side conforms to its like on *that*. The pair of stairs, in their zigzag upward course, exactly correspond. Everything is clean and bright; everything is beautiful. The eye can pierce a vista so far retiring as to produce, where not interfered with by the illimitable mountain ranges, hills, and hillocks of goods, all the pretty effect of the vanishing lines of perspective.

The whole place is divided into distinct compartments, occupying one or two sides or more of each of the floors, according to the magnitude of the transactions in the particular class of goods with which it has to do. Each department is under the sole responsibility of a confidential person, who undertakes purchases and sales to any amount, without reference to the other branches. At "balancing day," every six months, it is the aim of the "buyer," as he is called, to present a good "balance sheet." If the account bear favorable comparison with its antecedents, a step in advance is taken by him who has managed so well; if there be exhibited decrease, which change of fashion or fluctuations in trade will often occasion, he must be prepared with a satisfactory explanation. A "buyer's" office is one that demands, *sine qua non*, trustworthiness, diligence, tact. It is the ultimatum of a youth's ambition, and the incentive to unremitting perseverance during the years of his novitiate. The pride with which the clerks identify themselves with the interests of their house is pleasing and commendable. Ability quickly displays itself with so great opportunity for its development. How services are valued by a good firm may be judged by the fact that the buyers in the sixteen departments of this establishment receive salaries ranging between £300 and £1000 a year. Indeed, there is much to excite interest and pride. Some of the departments think a balance-sheet showing "returns" of £80,000 for the half-year a good one: we think so too.

More anon. We shall find among the first things to catch the eye, manifold "cotton prints" of every imaginable color, and, as far as we individually are concerned, of every *un*imaginable as well as imaginable design. They are the product chiefly of the Manchester loom. Cotton edifices reach from the ground to the floor above, and, in shape like the huge massive pillars of coal left here and there to prevent a pit falling in, impress us with an edifying sense of their magnitude. By a sight of the piles of manufactured cotton, we alone can get the least apprehension

of what is meant when the statistics of cotton wool imports point to *a thousand millions of pounds avoirdupois!* Such was the extent of the trade last year—certainly the largest quantity ever imported, yet a quantity which is sure to be continually and indefinitely increased. A thousand *tons* of raw cotton are worked up in England every day! Pause a moment, and try to think what that can mean.

Cotton goods form the bulk of the valuable stock of a house of this kind, yet very extensive business is carried on in other textile fabrics, both of home and foreign make. One long counter is hidden under the heavy heaps of shawls it bears, while, round about, a few are spread out with a most careful negligence, so as to show their graceful folds and beautiful India borders. It is a sight to repay the reigning belle the exertion of dispelling May Fair lassitude, and the fatigue of an "overland route" from Piccadilly to Aldermanbury. But it is forbidden ground. Wholesale dealers alone are to be enticed by the blandishments of color and pattern.

We dare not pronounce our private opinion upon their excellences, for the terror of the Marlborough House tri-censorship is as a frontlet between our eyes; nor have we the temerity to hazard anything against the "correct principles of taste." Despite us, when we reach a spot checkered with silks of the richest hues and most varied designs, our satisfaction cannot but find an ejaculatory vent. English silks do not stand comparison with French. Bright our own colors are, but they pale beside the produce of our neighbors. Harmony of color, suitability of design, (a bloominess, as the School of Art hath it,) and a certain decisiveness in both pattern and color, give French silks a richness and a glow which please the *savant* in these things as well as the illiterate, and contrast very strikingly with the inelegance of English goods. Not alone in silks is this seen. The *cashmeres* of English make are stiff, and have the colors running into one another. The French, on the contrary, retain the silky softness of the Cashmere goat, and the brightness of color characteristic of their silks.

Another portion of the premises is a *maison de deuil*, the locality of crapes and kindred vestments of woe; styles and textures varied to denote every phase of grief.

While making these rather irregular memoranda we have reached as near as is possible the roof that separates us from the sky, not from daylight. To attain so great an elevation we have perambulated ground enough to make us tired. When, therefore, our pioneer points to two recesses in the wall, and says we can reach the world again by either of those roads, without an effort, we only wait for an assurance of safety to feel thankful. Such assurance is quite requisite; for, peeping into them, we find them to be perpendicular shafts, extending to the ground, and which we should as soon think of trusting ourselves down headlong, as we should over the parapet wall. However much we were perplexed, thanks to our cultivated prudence, neither of these ideas tempted us.

The two shafts are used for the ascent and descent of goods. Their utility will be seen soon. Our friend turns a handle, and immediately a commotion is made amongst a number of ropes which are observed in the opening, and a noise as of some great body struggling to ascend. It proves to be a table, or rather an open box, into which we get, and by dexterous control descend to the bottom. A lad is engaged at frequent intervals with one or other of these machines. He controls the apparatus unassisted; rises, makes a stoppage at each floor to collect the parcels sold in the departments, and descends with them to the "packers," to whose tenderness we have also consigned ourselves. Practice makes the lad in charge expert. If inexpert or forgetful, a sudden, not very gentle bump upon reaching the bottom will restore him to consciousness, and teach him care for the rest of the day.

We find ourselves precipitated among a species of strong and cheap goods, with the euphonious name "Derries." They are of Scotch manufacture, and seem to be in great favor. This one house, in the busy season, disposes of the enormous quantity of £1,000 worth a-day. It is made up into mourning dresses, a piece for which purpose costs about 3s. or 3s. 6d. But here it is only sold in parcels containing many pieces. A small order for a retail customer would be refused, partly from a sense of injustice to the trade, and partly because of the trouble it would give.

Many small wholesale houses do a retail trade, but it is always under a silent protest from the regular retailers, and what one of the princely houses would regard as *infra dig.*, and unbusiness-like.

All the members of the firm seem to revel and delight in business. Generally, before the *rising* race are out of their snug beds, these hearty gentlemen have reached their place of business, and are in full activity. Throughout the day, with scarcely an intermission, they are engaged in the duty of supervision, and of receiving their customers. Such attention is the talisman of success. The house has taken strides apace with the cotton trade. Its early history was that of a respectable small house; now it has hardly a peer, still less a rival. One of the merchant partners rose from the ranks, and traces his present influential position entirely to worth and preëminent ability.

Leaving the Derries, on our route we pass through a space appropriated to the "packers"—a band of thirty or forty men, who are hard at work, "from morn to dewy eve," packing, in canvas or wooden cases, the goods as they come down the shafts. All articles sold are cleared out before the day closes. Packing is quite an art; and excellence often shows itself in one workman, which another dare hardly emulate. Projecting from a tolerably lengthy wall are many low benches, at each of which are two packers, making cubes and parallelopipedons of all dimensions, from the varied stores around. The geniality and considerateness of—"Cheeryble Brothers," we had it upon our lip to say, and should not have been very much out—the princely employers extend to the humblest of their subjects. Length of service, as well as ability, is acknowledged by increased pay. The *patriarch* of the "packers" has been packing for the space of nearly thirty years.

At the back of the building, retired from the commotion of buying and selling, we may peep in and see a designer or two at work. He it is who devises the countless patterns that captivate a purchaser, be his taste however fastidious or fickle. If a dealer have an idea of a new pattern, he seeks to communicate with the designer, who, by his skill, draws it out, and suggests alterations and improvements. A "proof copy" is then struck off; if approved, a *revise* is sent back, and the order executed; if not, the design is destroyed.

The printing of cotton, of course, does not go on here. A small quantity is printed in the neighborhood of London, but the bulk in Manchester and Glasgow. Most people are aware that it is done by means of "blocks," like to the method of staining paper—rather *was* done, for though a large quantity, considered in itself, is even now thus printed, yet it is a very small decimal of the length printed by revolving cylinders. Last year 30,000 miles of cotton cloth were printed in this manner. Another note *that* which will bear rumination.

Were we accompanied by a lady we are sure the sight that next presents itself would excite and justify her ire. A man has a number of beautiful muslins lying by him, which he seizes one by one, and remorselessly shears into strips. A few feet further off we get an explication of this wanton waste. A little mountain of envelopes, addressed to some hundreds or even thousands of customers, will soon be dispatched by post, each containing a variety of these small pieces as samples for an approaching "season." These seasons are, in themselves, worthy of remark. They naturally occur in spring and autumn, when "linseywoolseys" are courted or ungratefully cast aside; when "gossamer" is doffed or donned. During the rush of business, extending from March to the beginning of May, and again at the fall of the leaf, little breathing time is allowed in a "general house." Every one, from the master to the errand-boy, is indefatigably catering for the comfort of his fellow-citizens of the world. It is an established rule, and one that alone could save inextricable confusion, that the business of a day is to be a complete thing in itself. Each department is made *square* before the head of it leaves. The "entering clerks" are still more hard-worked. Whatever be the time those who have to do with the buying and selling may finish their allotted tasks, the entering clerks must of necessity be after them.

A stock so valuable and extensive as that by which we are environed, demands every care to insure its safety from fire. A few years ago the place was burned down. In its reërection every part was made fireproof. If fire did occur the catastrophe could never again be very ca-

lamitous. The various portions of the house are securely divided from each other by double iron doors. The doors roll back on wheels, and are concealed throughout the day. When moved forward into their places at night (a feat easily accomplished, despite their weight,) there is a space of eighteen inches, or two feet, between them; so that, if one were red-hot, the heat could not extend to any injurious degree to the next compartment. The walls also are very thick, being, in fact, the same as the space between the doors; for, when the doors are closed, they appear but as the continuation, on either side, of the wall.

We have portrayed the dayly routine of a hundred houses of business, while sketching the routine of one. The same devotion to work, the same indefatigability, the same preciseness and *system*, may be recognized in any great London house. A type has been presented of a class—a class engaging many thousands; but it is only one phase of city occupation. To complete a knowledge of business life we should have to explore the recesses of a thousand hidden acres—a space that would burst the bounds of an "article." London is great in manufactures; it rules the monetary world; it abounds with government offices, all of which would give a "type" of business. Leaving these things, we conclude with the rest of what we have to say.

A goodly number of the employed dwell in the house. Most houses accommodate a fair proportion of their young men; some, the whole of them. The arrangements for their comfort are as pleasing as any feature in the place. An adjoining house is given up to kitchens, dining-hall, reading-room, and dormitories. The kitchen has a side occupied almost entirely by a huge fire, large as the one before which Sinbad's companions were day by day spitted, or "large enough," as the glossy personification of what a real English cook avouches ought to be, "to scorch a woman's eyes out." From the fire a good part of a bullock, done to a turn, has just been removed. The buxom *cuisiniere* removes the lid from a mighty saucepan, and reveals a companion piece being cooked by steam. "She is n't so sure that steam is best; for her part she likes the old way. They are going to cook with gas soon, and then, at any rate, the fire won't scorch so much." Pardon us, good dame, for culling the flowers of your eloquence!

Above-stairs are arranged tables for dinner. Parties of thirty or forty take in turn their quantum. Every one employed boards in the house, although only the youngest members reside there altogether. It is the hospitable custom to entertain at dinner what customers happen to be in the house at the time.

An adjoining room contains a stock of books for the mental improvement of the young men. When the continued activity of the day and the unlimited hours are thought of, *that* must seem a little bit of a joke. We have heard of quite an original method in vogue at a neighboring house, of getting knowledge from the books into the head. In fact, it is by "chucking" them at one another's heads, when a curator is not by. It is not surprising, for a day of thorough business is enough to cause complete physical prostration—a state not at all disposable to mental exertion. The cry of "mental improvement of the young men of business" has been, and is, a prominent rallying point of the progressionists. Very much good has resulted from their efforts. "Early closing" has become fashionable. Were early closing always synonymous with early leaving-off-work, there is little doubt that innumerable "mental improvement classes" would spring up of natural growth, and need no philanthropic *forcing* upon a hot-bed of subscriptions. But "a good time 's coming, boys—wait a little longer."

The dormitories up-stairs contain each five beds, and a space to squeeze between them. They would be better ventilated if there were fewer beds, or if the rooms were larger. Still they are clean, and comfortable as circumstances will admit. A young clerk resides in the house for three years. That ordeal passed, he becomes identified with his occupation, and is allowed to live out of the house. Around the rooms are hung decorations of various kinds, exemplifying the peculiar tastes of the embryo merchants. Over one bed a pair of fencing foils, over another a small home-manufactured set of book-shelves, and an assortment of books. In one or two of the rooms, a placard, on which is printed a series of characteristics of the man of business, very edifying to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

CAPTAIN TIGHTFITT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST DINNER-PARTY.

MY favorite entertainment is a dinner-party. I have come to the time of life for it. An evening party is all very well for women and young people; but the mature of the robust sex require the solid charms of dinner. When I retired from the army, and set up house with Mrs. Tightfitt in ——, we quickly fell into a nice circle of dinner-giving acquaintance, with whom we have ever since lived on terms of the greatest amity. Times may change—consols may be at 78, and half Manchester at half-time—but it never makes any difference in our nice quiet town. I am afraid some of my friends do not enjoy a well-furnished table the less, when the conversation turns upon (as a prominent newspaper subject) the distresses of the country. My friends, however, like myself, are all moderate men, engaged in the cultivation of the Respectabilities. We deprecate excesses of whatever kind, and always feel extremely sorry when any of our acquaintance begins to show symptoms of want of self-control. So existence goes with us, as with thousands of other well-off people, who have little else to think of than how to live in as pleasant a manner as possible.

We had a very nice party at Sobraon Lodge last Tuesday afternoon, ten guests being present, most of them married couples. The gentlemen being all of them lovers of good wine, and accustomed to the best, I deemed it necessary to set forth the primest qualities my cellar could afford. Besides Sherry and Bucellas on the table at dinner, we had Champagne and Sauterne handed about; and I think the consumpt was three bottles of the former, and two of the latter. At the conclusion of what, I believe, may fairly be described as an elegant dinner, we had ice, *chased* by brandy and other cordials. The whole went off in capital style, and left the company in the finest possible humor. As I looked along the table, my heart rejoiced in the joy depicted on the friendly faces which met my gaze. The cloth being removed, the decanters were brought forward and set in circulation—first that ancient binity, Port and Sherry, in a double slider upon wheels; then Madeira, followed immediately by a small black bottle of Amontillado; finally, the silver-handled jug; being five in all. The ladies took their statutory glass each, and then retired to the drawing-room, to discuss bonnets, the characters of nursery-maids, and the other profound, but to themselves exclusively interesting questions. We gentlemen, seven in number, sat still to have a little quiet chat over our wine.

The conversation proved to be of a curiously mixed character, all owing to two of the company, who chanced to be determined talkers, but who on this occasion were set upon two totally opposite topics. Quartley—an old officer, like myself—would speak of nothing but wine. Dr. Bowtell—a medical man, and a philanthropist—was eloquent on a visit he had lately paid to a large manufacturing town, and some inquiries he had made into the habits of the humbler class of its inhabitants. Each kept up his own strain of talk without much regard to the other, some of the company listening to and joining with the one, and some with the other, according as they severally could command attention, whether by the interest of their topics or the emphasis and vociferation with which they discussed them. The consequence was, the most curious set of cross-readings which it was ever my lot to encounter.

"That's capital Sherry of yours, Tightfitt," said Quartley; "may I ask where you got it?"

"By all means. A friend of mine picked up two gross of it at the sale of the cellar of the Spanish embassador, and he let me have a small share of the spoil."

"Very high?"

"O, enormous; eighty-four shillings. I don't grudge it, however, since it has turned out so fine."

Here the company in general helped themselves to the Embassador—looked critically through their glasses, drank, smacked their lips, and allowed their countenances to settle down into a tone of knowingness, mixed with satisfaction.

"Well, as I was saying, I made a tour of the *wynds*, attended by a policeman. We started at eleven o'clock at night, and spent two hours in making our round. Such scenes we saw! *surface-drainage* everywhere, including the creaking stairs. Rooms of fourteen feet by twelve, strewed with thirty-eight half-naked human beings, of all ages and both sexes. Such an exhibition of what vice and that odious habit

of drinking will reduce humanity to, it is absolutely sickening to think of. If the cholera come, what a harvest he must meet with in that festering mass of misery! Within a few streets, we have the residences of placid well-to-do citizens, who seem totally unaware of there being such a focus of pestilence in their neighborhood."

"I am told, Tightfitt, that Port has rather been coming in again of late. When I was in London, in the spring, I made careful inquiries to see if there was such a thing as a really good old ripe article to be had, and I was told that a kind of vein of it has lately been hit upon in Ireland, owing to the break-up, I suppose, of a few old family-cellars, in the late revolution of property there. I secured a very small parcel, which had come out of Castle Fuddle in County Down, celebrated by Sir Jonah Barrington for its hospitality—a dreadful price though."

"How much?"

"A hundred and five. Perfectly frightful, is n't it?"

"O, why, it may not be too much for a genuine dry Port, as Ports once were. You must let us taste it some day, Quartley."

I asked my guide if there were many thieves among these wretched people. "O," said he, "there is every kind of wickedness here." "And to what do you attribute it," said I, "that there are such hordes of outcast wretches in every British city, while there is no such thing in any other country, at least nowhere to the same extent, and in many countries—for instance, America—nothing of the kind at all?" "Why, sir," says he, "we can easily see how it comes about here. Our city supports a public-house for every fifteen families. All our poor people suck in whisky as they suck in the air. So, while there are some that escape free, many acquire intemperate habits; and where these are, as we well know, there can be neither health, wealth, nor decency. You see before you the dregs of the cup; but all through the homes of the working-classes there are degrees of the same vice, and the same kind of consequences. Drink is the bane of the poor man, sir."

"O yes, Bowtell, there can be no doubt of that. They might all be very well off if they only would keep sober. If they will make beasts of themselves, how can we help it?"

"Tightfitt, the jug is empty. Shall I ring the bell?"

"If you please—thank you."

"By the way, how is your stock of Forty-one? Getting low, I fear."

"Rather. I shall soon be driven up to my Forty-four, I suspect. However, Forty-four is turning out a capital claret, and I have lately been laying in an additional half-pipe of it."

"I hear that Forty-eight is to be the next good claret, and I understand it is beginning to be in request in the metropolis. We must be on the look-out for it, Tightfitt. I should not care if I joined with you for a pipe of it, though I dare say it can't be fit for drinking for two or three years to come."

"Very well; you know I am always disposed to be neighborly in those things. Shall I write to Paris, or shall we deal with your London friend? Perhaps Butler would like to go in the same venture—possibly Wells too. What say you, gentlemen? Shall we have a half-pipe each, making two altogether?"

"The money spent on whisky by these poor people is absolutely astonishing. From five to ten shillings a week may be considered as an average allowance for drink, out of the weekly wages of a very large proportion of our artisans. Glasgow could support the whole civil list of Great Britain out of her own spendings in this way. There need not be a poor man in the country, barring the old and disabled, and scarcely even them, if only drink were taken out of our way."

"Come, Bowtell, pass the decanters; but first help yourself, if you please."

"And just think how little there can be of a noble morality, or of any aspiration toward things out of and above this life of ours, where the only relief from long hours of toil is in the coarse enjoyments of the tavern. It is the opinion of many that an improved class of amusements is necessary, as part of the proper means for elevating the industrious orders; and I heartily wish that something of the kind were set about, while not neglecting direct appeals to the higher sentiments, such as the clergy and others would wish to make. Some think to wean men away from public-houses by the charms of a scientific lecture; but it is all in vain. A tavern-

parlor, with a small band of musicians, and a vocalist or two, carries it hollow from the lecture-room."

"I must say, Tightfitt, I don't like that Port of yours quite so much as what we had from you at your last party a fortnight ago. It is not quite the same, I think." [Careful inspection of color, and an air of strong mental introspection on the countenance of the speaker, as if he were following something down his own throat.]

"Why, what is the difference, think you?"

"I can hardly tell. Quite as good bouquet, I should say, but not just the same *fine farewell flavor* the last had. Is it really the same?"

"Try a bottle of a different lot which I think I have had rather longer." [I give particular orders to an attendant, who *exit*.]

"And to think how poor people are at once drugged and pillaged at those beer-places they frequent—how the stuff for which they lose the world and everything most precious to them, is, after all, a mockery and a cheat! O, I have really no patience with it!"

"Well, here is a specimen of the other lot of Port—tell me, Quartley, how this pleases you."

"Ah, that is very different! That must be the right thing at last." [Decanter circulated under general expressions of satisfaction. I was rather amused to discover afterward, that, by mistake, the wine was precisely the same as the last.]

"Not quite the same *Romeo*, as our friend Jones calls it. By the way, did you hear what that bitter wretch Sharpe said of Jones's last party?"

"No; tell us."

"Why, when asked what sort of affair it had been, he answered in his keen way: 'I haven't much to say of it, sir, but just this—that the wine was all corked, and the company all screwed.'"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Not so bad, after all, as what he said of White's first party."

"What was that?"

"'Strange fare, sir,' said he: 'we had brown soup at dinner; then brown soup again under the name of port-wine after dinner; and, finally, brown soup once more as coffee in the drawing-room.' Deadly, isn't he?"

"Without education, to enable the poor to see their present habits in a proper light, and train them to aim at better things, I don't see how we are permanently to improve their condition. Ragged-schools are merely a remedy, and an imperfect one, for the mischief after it has taken place. What is wanted is a really improving education for the whole community! Men must be brought to set their hearts on higher and purer things than the whisky-bottle and the beer-jug. Thus we shall prevent the mischief from taking place. Some of our friends sneer at the total-abstinence principle; but, for my part, I am a friend to it. I know well there are some people who need no such restriction to keep them within proper bounds; but then there are many who have no chance of keeping right unless they taste not, handle not. For them it is the only safety." [Two guests entirely agree with Dr. Bowtell, that it was highly desirable that the Tee-Total Society should receive all possible encouragement.]

"Hopgood, I was sorry to hear of how poor Cole is going. Quite losing regard for appearances, I am told—has for a long time been indulging in the forenoon—and lately got so far beyond the right point at Brewster's, that Brewster determined never to invite him to dinner again. Railway speculations, I fear, have had a good deal to do with it. It is a sad thing for his wife and family."

"Truly so. I understand that delirium tremens is likely soon to take him off."

"Quartley, will you help yourself, and push the decanters along? We shall get coffee by and by; but, meanwhile, shall I pull my second last bottle of Thirty-four Claret for you? Or will you take a white-wash of the Embassador—or what shall it be?"

"Well, I think we must all come to this, that a strong effort for the reformation of the lower orders is absolutely necessary in this country. We have an eating cancer within, turning a great part of the body politic to corruption. We must get quit of it. If we don't, but on the contrary go on as we have been doing for some years past, the British name will cease to deserve that respect which it has hitherto enjoyed; and when we have lost respect where shall we be?"

A final round of the Embassador having been dispatched, we moved up stairs to the drawing-room, and had coffee, follow-

ed as usual by a cordial. One or two of the gentlemen seemed anxious to enter into conversation with the ladies; but the ladies being, as is customary, placed in such a way on sofas that there was no room for a gentleman among them, these would-be-gallant individuals were obliged to fall back upon their gentlemen friends, who had gravitated into a cluster near the door. Some of them looked rather queer, and no wonder, for there had been fifteen bottles consumed that evening.

Bowtell has since been announced as to preside at the next lemonade and raisin festival of the Dryborough Total Abstinence Society.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS IN THE WEST.

DETROIT—GENERAL CASS—A WESTERN YANKEE—SAGINAW RIVER—HON. J. BIRNEY—NIGHT PASSAGE IN THE WOODS—INDIAN CAMP-MEETING—THE SABBATH—A LOVE-FEAST—PREACHING BY AN INTERPRETER.

WE rested a few days at Detroit, a "goodly" city in many respects. There is a sort of New-Englandish air about it which we had observed in no city more southward, in the West. Its buildings are solid and well placed, its stores thoroughly stocked and the stock well arranged; the streets are clean; the private houses have that neat, if not "nice" aspect, which Yankee housewives glory in—a good position, an abundance of paint, and foliage and flowers in front. A walk up the main street beyond the business center, is, on a fine day, really refreshing; the ample and extended promenade is adorned with lines of trees, with some noble public edifices and with private residences the humblest of which looks snugly comfortable, while some of the more costly are elegant. It is one of the finest streets in the nation. There are many other good, though less extended lines of residences. My *compagnon du voyage* and myself were sauntering along one of them in the "back part" of the city, when we came to a two-story wooden building, whose chief pretension seemed to be its complete aspect of cozy comfort and simple good taste. It was hung about with the foliage of noble trees; grass, shrubs, and flowers relieved the site here and there; on a little inclosed sward hung an arm-chair swing, suggesting pleasant thoughts of childhood and its recreations; the house, though low, extended along considerably among the trees, as if it were the home of some good-natured, ease-loving proprietor, who was too corpulent to like high stories, but wished his accommodations accessibly down among his fruit-trees and flowers. This elongation terminated in a one-story section, which, with its open windows and door, seemed generously to welcome everybody. My friend F., who, as a public man of note, is well-known and well-honored among his fellow citizens, led me in. "General," said he, "allow me to introduce to you, &c." "I am very happy to see you, gentlemen," said the occupant, welcoming us both with outstretched hands; "be seated." And the corpulent old gentleman sunk again into a huge, most comfortable-looking arm-chair, in which he seemed the very impersonation of physical ease and good nature. In fine, we were in the library of Lewis Cass, the last of the great old statesmen of the nation; the man who has figured in the senate and cabinet of his country, and at the court of the Tuileries, and who finds the best enjoyments of his life here in his unpretending Western home. I glanced around the walls: they were covered with books and pictures; prominently among the latter was one of Van Buren—a generous respect to old friendship, notwithstanding the greatest defeat of the veteran senator's life, the loss of the Presidency, is associated with that name. The fact of that picture hanging there is characteristic; it speaks volumes of the nobleness of the old man's young heart.

The General is rapid in conversation, full of vivacity and anecdote, and has a warm-hearted sort of emphasis; and there is in every lineament of his face an expression of manly ingenuousness, that, say what you please of his opinions, has always characterized his private life. He spoke of politics, slavery, religion; of John C. Calhoun, whose moral worth he strongly attested; of old Bishop Asbury, who used to pass, fifty years ago, through his neighborhood, in Ohio, the great evangelical hero of the times; of the prospects of education and religion in the country, &c. General Cass, though living in this unpretending style, is a *millionaire;* the "Cass farm," which is an item in the history of the city, is now divided into numerous building lots, lying in some of the best neighborhoods, and rendering the

old patriot one of the wealthiest men in the North-West.

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Pressing our way through the throngs of men and freight that crowd the grand railroad depots of the city—depots which cover acres—we found ourselves again on board a steamboat bound for Lake Huron. We were hardly on board when my friend introduced me to a passenger, who, I saw at a glance, was a "character." He wore a hat that certainly had not been brushed for six months, and might have been as many years old; it was high, and, falling slightly aback, disclosed as genuine a Yankee contour as ever the London *Punch* or *Yankee Notions* portrayed—that prominence of the nasal region, outpointed if not uppointed, those lines radiating from the eyes and extending to the very ears, those thin but tough integuments, and that indescribable expression of easy self-possession, of mingled "cuteness" and good humor, which have become the moral and physiognomical characteristics of Brother Jonathan the world over. His shoes were rough, heavy clumps of leather, that certainly had never known "blacking;" his coat and pantaloons were black woolen, of the coarsest, strongest texture; his shirt bosom and collar were unstarched coarse cotton, and he wore no stock. He evidently did not relish the delectation of shaving, and his speech was the very perfection of the nasal drawl. He might defy the best Yankee "Shaker" of Enfield to beat him in the last respect. And yet there was something exceedingly interesting about him. He announced himself to me, when introduced, as a "loafer of the seventh distillation;" he seemed to be conscious of his appearance, and to enjoy the practical joke it was playing upon the fashionable dilettanteism of the world. For after all, he stood before us a genuine man—a man who had nobly fought with misfortune and won the day, who was religiously upright, whose energies are expended in doing good in the noblest way, by promoting education and virtue, whose name is on an important literary institution of the West, and who was now actually on his way to the Chippewa camp-meeting, to obtain two or three young Indians whom he wished to educate at his own expense, for the benefit of their race.

We learned that he was in fact a real Connecticut Yankee, from Litchfield County—that, Yankee like, he started in youth to *teach* in the South; that finding it rather poor business for both health and pocket, he returned destitute and sick, not to hang upon the "old folks," but heroically to marry a Yankee girl of like mind with himself, and then, armed with his ax and accompanied by his bride, to march bravely into the western woods. Here he located about twelve miles south of Cleveland, and putting down his stakes rejoiced with his young wife, thanked God, took courage, and "shook his stick" at fortune with manly defiance. In brief, he has formed a village, (the well known Berea of the West,) has given it the buildings and necessary annual income of a flourishing Boarding Academy; has opened a grindstone quarry from which is paid this income, and also $500 a year to the Methodist Missionary Society; has built a railroad (of which he is sole proprietor) connecting the village with the Cleveland and Columbus road; has built cotton and woolen manufactories, in which all his own clothes are manufactured, and, being a genuine Yankee,(that is, a thoroughly practical man,) he has, last of all, erected a large stone edifice for another academy—a sort of manual-labor school, on a plan of his own. In this institution he has placed a steam-engine and apparatus, for the manufacture of cloth and for knitting under-garments and hosiery, by which he is to furnish employment to female pupils; while a farm, from which he hopes to draw full subsistence for the school, is, together with a stone quarry, to afford labor and manly muscles to the male pupils. The design is to afford education to young men and women who are under the necessity of "working their way." No one not dependent upon such efforts is to be admitted. Several students are already there and at work. God bless you, John Baldwin, with your old hat and rough shoes, your big heart and generous deeds!

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The day was beautiful; the sun poured down his smiles upon us as if determined to irradiate us into very gladness; we were gliding away from the fretting land life, and that Sabbath-like quiet and beauty, so peculiar to these lakes, had gathered around us. We walked the deck with an amiable sense of self-satisfaction. There were about two days of this beautiful voyaging before us, and we were

determined to enjoy them. Solitary and quiet as we were out on the waters, there was a little world of our own around us. Every man, honest reader, ought to make himself thoroughly at home on a steamboat, if he would enjoy himself. Unless he is a blockhead, let him not fastidiously stand on his social rank, but make acquaintance right and left; let him drop a good word for the black cook, as he passes the kitchen, query the man at the wheel, (if it is not forbidden,) be "hand and glove with the captain," get on the best terms with at least one of the waiters, have a hearty word for Jack tar even, and as for the passengers, make a common brotherhood with them, not failing to render himself respected by some little generous attentions among the "deck passengers"—the stranger and the exile who wander, it may be with aching hearts, from their father-land, to find bread for their little ones in these distant wilds.

We had a varied company on board. All kinds of immigrants, with their outlandish costumes, on the fore deck, some of whom could speak to us in our own language; a few Canadian French; Southern, Eastern, and Western "natives;" "traveled Americans," ready enough to narrate their travels; several "fugitive blacks," one of whom kept the deck alive with his fiddle and good-humor; a stolid-looking Mr. Drinkaway Boozy, who, with half-opened eyes, insisted on theological discussions with all around him, respecting the probable happiness of Nero and all other rascals in the other world; a clever doctor, who finding land scrip better than calomel, had turned land "locator," and could tell many a tale of forest adventure; and some half-dozen young Indians, bound to the "camp," who stowed themselves away in a small boat on deck, and, (except when our Berean Yankee was ensconced among them,) kept still and listless, with that characteristic stolidity which we never can excuse in their race—nor could in a Bushman or Hottentot: monkeys themselves are above it, and owls would shake it off after sunset at least.

Thus enjoying ourself, as if, like Falstaff, we were in "our own inn," we voyaged along over Lake St. Clair, along St. Clair River, and across Lake Huron to Saginaw Bay. At last, on the second afternoon, we were passing up the Saginaw River, a stream not without landscape beauty, and which (here in what a few years since were the ends of the earth) is now studded with villages. It is the outlet for the great lumber business of Northern Michigan, and the pipes of steam-mills make nearly its whole extent noisy with their puffing. The scene was not a little exciting after the tranquillity of the lake passage. At one of the villages we saw the residence of the Hon. James Birney, formerly the Free Soil presidential candidate. Though not very active in the abolition movement at present, he is said to be as decided as ever in his hostility to slavery—almost a "*Comeouter*" in religion, it is reported—and a successful speculator in business. He lives apparently in humble, but comfortable style. He is suffering under an attack of paralysis, and is about done with active life.

After voyaging up the Saginaw some miles, we took a team for the Titebewasse River. Our young Indians ranged themselves on either side of the wagon in single file, and "footed it." They bend their arms at an acute angle in front of the chest, and fly along with admirable alertness. About candle light we reached the bank of the Titebewasse, away out of the world, as it seemed to us. Scores of canoes were fastened on the opposite shore, showing that many Indians had arrived and passed on. Dismissing our team, and calling for the ferryman, we were soon carried across in canoes. The company now consisted of four Indians, our Connecticut Yankee, our friend F——, and ourself. We had before us yet several miles of travel, which must be walked, through the woods, on a rough path that had been an Indian trail, but had recently been improved somewhat as a route to the camp.

We entered the woods single file, preceded and followed by two of our Indians, who carried our baggage. The darkness increased; the Indians took off their coats that their white shirt-sleeves might be some sort of guide to our eyes; but very soon we were stumbling along unable to see one another at two feet distance. It was a stupendous forest, such as you seldom see in the East—trees two hundred feet high. Once in a while the stars gleamed in an opening line above us; but again they disappeared, and most of the way would have been absolutely

impracticable, indiscernible to us, had it not been for the instinctive aptitude of our front Indian, who seemed to tread it as in broad daylight, while we stumbled after him. At last, in the midst of the woods, we could only guide each other at times by our conversation. Our Yankee friend's nasal twanged away in good earnest, and did no mean service. His good nature and Christian patience never faltered. Finally, we happened to think of a new idea. Ever and anon the beautiful phosphorescence of the punk or decayed wood lay along our path, and seemed like bright flakes among the undergrowth. Sometimes pieces two or three feet long lay like bars of incandescent silver, most beautiful to behold. Our whole company stopped several times to stoop down and examine it. It has no illuminating effect except very near. We could not see our fingers within an inch of it; but we found it would answer to guide our file of stumblers by each carrying a piece in his hand, thus showing to the next behind him which way he curved about in the mighty thicket.

After plodding along two miles in this manner, our Indians gave a rough guttural grunt of surprise; they pointed to a light, and we thought we had reached the outskirts of the camp, but found it a large wagon, aside of the highway, with pine knots burning on poles above it, and its owner sleeping on the top of boxes and barrels within it. He was a camp-meeting sutler, kept, by the law, at two miles distance, so we still urged on our course, wearied if not vexed.

At about midnight we heard indistinct sounds; they became more and more audible; and soon we could distinguish tunes, sweet melodies in an unknown tongue, which, softened by the distance, flowed through the dark solitude of the woods like music from heaven. Our Indians, to whom they were old familiar sounds, showed unwonted interest and pressed on. Soon the lights and fires of the camp gleamed out through the woods, and in a few minutes more we were upon the ground. A grand sight it was—a large circle of nearly one hundred tents—a multitude of some seven hundred Indians in their mongrel costumes—the old woods, solemn in the artificial light, and resounding with midnight hymns and prayers. Great square shallow boxes were placed some twelve feet high, at intervals, about the camp, and filled with earth, upon which were piled pine knots for "chandeliers." The whole area was brilliantly illuminated; the huge forest trees, such as are seen only in the West, stood out, banded with the light far up among their foliage; and the chioscuro of the scene, with its dusky figures and solemn music, had a peculiar and indescribable effect. We were welcomed at the tent of the missionaries. They, their wives, and a few white attendants, (the only white persons present,) were still up. The ladies prepared us supper, which we ate with a grateful appetite. We were struck with the refinement of these devoted women, who living (some of them for years) in the midst of Indian degradation, seem only to gain from its repulsive scenes new delicacy and dignity. How ennobling and sanctifying is self-denial in a good cause!

Soon after midnight the sounds of the camp ceased, my friend F. and myself were assigned half of a tent for the night, and slept sweetly on the earth, among buffalo-skins and blankets. Our Yankee companion had, we suppose, good quarters; but whenever we happened to wake for a moment "to turn over," we heard broken sentences in a benevolent nasal tone, about "education," "manual-labor schools," "Berean grindstones," &c. He had evidently got the ear of some patient philanthropist, and forgot "the stars in their courses." The next morning was the Sabbath. How sweetly the sound of the early music, though in an unknown tongue, fell upon our ears, as opening our eyes we saw the light beaming through the crevices of the tent! The hour was hallowed, there in the far-off primeval woods. We bowed our head and prayed.

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After an humble, but well-relished breakfast, we started with the missionaries and some Indian interpreters to survey the scene more fully. The circle of tents was the largest I had ever seen at a camp-meeting. The tents themselves were of all sorts—many of them bark wigwams, not unbeautiful among the trees; others square canvas booths; and others again large and arbor-like structures composed of poles, planted in the earth, and interlaced with branches and foliage, a quite poetic feature in the picture.

INDIAN CAMP-MEETING.

In the rear of the tents were the cooking fires; they were everywhere kindled, and the Indian women were busy (most of them with children on their backs) in preparing breakfast.

The camp was on the banks of the Swan Creek. Two logs, fastened together, formed a foot-bridge across the stream. We passed over to see the Indian village on the other side. The wigwams were situated rather picturesquely along the shore. Some of them were made of bark in the usual conical style, others were rude log huts, and a few aspired to the pretensions of clapboard buildings of one story. They were nearly all vacant, their tenants having gone, with most of their utensils, to the neighboring camp. We entered a bark one; the center of the roof was open to allow the smoke to escape, chinks were abundant all around, and ashes lay in the center of the floor, (which was the sheer earth,) where the cooking had been conducted. On the right and left extended (the length of the building) bunk-like tables of rough boards for bedsteads. A rude cradle, and a hollow piece of tree, with a long stick (answering as pestle and mortar) for grinding, or rather pounding corn, were all the furniture we saw. Near one of the cabins was a neat white tent, in a sort of garden. The squaw had presented her lord with a papoose, and in such cases they always retire to a separate tent or wigwam. This was a Christian mother, hence she was near her family. The heathen women retire sometimes alone (so a missionary told us) into the woods, and in a few days return in restored health with the young screamers on their backs. Some ideas, like those of the Jews in the same cases, lead to these customs.

Our survey of this little Indian village afforded some hope of the continued improvement of these poor children of the forest. The whole of the small community are, we were told, under Christian influence. Their homes, though usually containing but one apartment, which serves the entire household as sitting room, kitchen, and chamber, were a great improvement on the usual wigwam. Little patches of cultivated ground were attached to each. The clearing and tillage were very imperfect, to be sure, and the crop not very promising, yet here was a step forward. The Indians themselves had mostly changed their aboriginal costume for a sort of semi-civilized attire—a mixture of their own and the English.* The whole spectacle had a singular interest. The philosopher might speculate upon it. It was the first stage in the progress of man—his very emergence from what some sages have called the "natural state," into artificial or civilized life. I walked amid the scene, on that sunny Sabbath morning, with new thoughts, and could not but breathe the prayer that it might please God to save a remnant of this peeled and scattered people as a trophy to the honor of his gospel and civilization. "We want schools," said the missionaries. "A few hundred dollars from your rich men to build cheap school houses and to support the devoted teachers who are willing to live here away from almost all comforts—this is what we want. *This would save the children, and prepare the next generation.*" That is the just idea of the matter—but who will heed it?

They need something more, however, as we learned by further observation and inquiry. They need good *government officers*. The national government seems sincerely disposed to help the remnants of this much-wronged race. It appoints not only Indian Agents to see after them and their financial appropriations, but "Farmers" also to teach them agriculture and provide them with implements of labor. It is, however, notorious that these officers have been often thoroughly corrupt, and have made fortunes by the wrongs of the Indian. The "farmer" especially, instead of residing among them and presenting them a model in his own farm, often lives at a distance, visiting the Indian settlement but occasionally, and then only to oppose the labors of better men. We but allude to a most crying evil that the government should fasten to remedy. The missionaries and teachers among our Indians almost everywhere mourn over this mischief. It is their most formidable obstruction, and the various Christian societies which are attempting to rescue the Indian, should combine to remonstrate with the authori-

* The women cannot be induced to adopt the bonnet, but prefer the white man's hat. The men have an unconquerable repugnance to the dress coat, but adopt the "frock coat."

ties at Washington till the evil is remedied.

By the time we had returned to the camp the "family prayers" had begun. All around the circle the separate tents had become little sanctuaries, and the morning hymn or the voice of prayer was going up. Breakfast followed, the tables being spread in the open air back of the tents. After a brief interval the trumpet was sounded for the Love-Feast, (the Agapæ of the primitive Christians,) and the people assembled —the women on the left, and the men on the right—before the pulpit, which was a large inclosed platform. The latter was filled with the missionaries, the interpreters, (young converted Indians,) and our own company. A hymn was given out by one of the missionaries, and then read by an interpreter. It was sung with enthusiasm, and the music rolled away sublimely through the forest, and up to the heavens. The Indian knows enthusiasm only in war and religion. It deepened every moment on this occasion. The prayer that followed seemed to be the one utterance of all hearts. Then came another hymn while water and broken bread were passed among the multitude.

We shall not attempt to describe the scene that ensued—the "testimonies" of the Indian converts—for the sufficient reason that it cannot be described; but we shall never forget it. They were here from most of their locations. Some had come hundreds of miles, mostly on foot. They were an afflicted people, almost hopeless of this world, but learning the lessons of the gospel, and rejoicing in the hope of the world to come. Their chiefs were before them "sitting at the feet of Jesus." Their "medicine men," the ministers of their superstitions, and the terror of their tribes, were present, (about a score of them,) "clothed, and in their right mind." The last day of their festival had come, too, and they were to part at the morrow's sun, many of them to meet no more. They spoke, therefore, their very souls spoke, in mutual encouragements and admonitions. I could understand their words only as a missionary by my side occasionally interpreted for me; but the whole scene was intelligible—its tears, its sobs, its cheering appeals, its sympathetic warnings, its occasional acclamations of joy, its breathing supplications—all made it one of the most affecting examples of religious feeling I ever saw. The company on the platform sat weeping like children through the hour, and one, a former missionary among them, who could speak a little of their language, and had come once more to see them, rose under irrepressible emotion, and, stretching out his hands to them, made one of the most overwhelming appeals we ever heard. The tears gushed from his eyes, his lips quivered, and he sunk down at last overpowered with his emotions. But the scene, though always to be remembered, can not be described.

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Another brief interval and the horn announced the hour of preaching. As we approached the stand a veteran chief, mounted on a log near it, was summoning and directing the people. He looked like an old hero, and his voice rang, like a commander's, through the forest. "Come! come!" he cried, as a missionary by our side interpreted to us, "come to your places; worship the Great Spirit; stay not in the tents; wander not in the woods! Young men, take your places, and call upon God. Old men, look after the lambs; watch against the wolves, [the white men who were now gathering about the camp.] Come! come! and let us worship." The multitude streamed forth from the tents, and the service began.

All the exercises were performed through interpreters. One of our company had been invited to preach; but as he had never witnessed anything of the kind, he knew not how to attempt it, and insisted upon having an example first. Our friend F. hereupon took the stand, and with the interpreter by his side, addressed them for nearly an hour, concluding with a powerful appeal to the white hearers who had gathered somewhat numerously by this time. Being a man of noble person, of superior talents, and distinguished as a former superintendent of the North-western missions, and the present head of another great public interest, he was considered a sort of chief by the Indians. His discourse had a visible effect. It was repeated almost sentence after sentence by the interpreter, an earnest, devoted young Indian. We were astonished to see how little the process interfered with the flow of the speaker's thoughts and feelings. He waxed eloquent, and the interpreter caught the

BAPTISM AT NIGHT.

same inspiration—they seemed to speak as from one soul—the pauses in the English for the translation into Chippewa became uniform, almost rhythmical, and appeared only to give oratorical effect to the discourse. The two voices thrilled by one inspiration, seemed to "chime in," and to swell through the forest, with a musical correspondence and startling power.

A similar exercise followed in the afternoon. The preachers had to use metaphors, and similes, as much as possible, after the manner of the Indians. One of the texts of the day was, "Enter in at the strait gate," &c.; it was selected because of the figure, and the discourse was an attempt to describe pretty much the whole outline of practical religion by the allegory of a gate and path. The speakers drew illustrations from everything within their reach. One of them brought in our adventures in the woods with the phosphorescent punk. He admonished them against trusting too much to "happy feelings"—the dark hours would come, and then they must not "cast away their confidence," but walk forward in the right path—forward, if they even stumbled sometimes. "Some of us seemed lost," said he, "last night in the forest, but we found light even in the withered wood, and each taking a piece of it in his hand, showed the other how to go, till at last we came out amidst the brightness of your camp; so in our Bibles, even in this poor paper and ink, we have 'precious promises' to guide us—divine light; so in the Christian lives of each other, though we be poor, frail men, there is the light of example to guide us in the dark day. Let each show the way to the other. The brightness is beautiful, though the wood is withered." The discourses were, in this manner, a continual series of illustrations—the only way to instruct these simple minds.

The most impressive scene of the occasion was the baptism by torch-light. The night was dark; but the heaps of pine-knots threw a solemn semi-illumination over the camp and forest. The large congregation was assembled on the log seats, with standing groups at either side of the pulpit. The pulpit itself was thronged with missionaries and visitors, bending over its front, and holding lights in their hands;

immediately below was a rough table—a slab of wood on stakes, covered with a napkin, and bearing a china bowl of water; between this and the congregation was a line of log seats, at which kneeled the candidates—the men on one side, the women, with their infant children in their arms, on the other. The officiating clergyman stood before the table reading the service while an interpreter repeated it after him from an Indian translation. On either side of them were clergymen holding up lights and responding to the prayers. The spectacle was strikingly picturesque; and as the officiating missionary passed along with the interpreter and light bearers, repeating the names of the Holy Trinity, and placing the baptismal water on the heads of the bowed and weeping candidates, and taking the children from the outstretched hands of their mothers to bless and consecrate them, our hearts melted; there was a general sobbing around, and many a half-audible prayer broke upon the ear. Our Connecticut friend's well-known voice was heard, faltering with broken Amens. We wished for an artist to preserve that solemn night scene.* Could it be pictured on canvas with its starry canopy, its old forest, its long lines of alternate light and shadow, its prostrate praying multitude, its rude altar in the torch-light, and its solemn rites, it would be an impressive sight in any gallery.

The Indian children are named at their birth; but on receiving Christian baptism, it is usual to give them "Christian names;" albeit the heathen ones are often decidedly the prettiest in significance, if not in sound. One of the little papooses, a heroic looking little fellow, whose heathen name was "Tuh-puh-suh-guh-um," (the Lord bless him,) that is, "Big Thunder," was saluted in the baptismal rite as Abel Stevens—so Abel Stevens is now extant among the Chippewas—may he yet be "Big Thunder" for the truth among them!

The names of several Christian ladies were given in place of some very fine heathen ones, which we saw abandoned with something like compunction. Mary, for instance, was given to the daughter of Black Elk, little chubby-faced *Moh-ge-goh-bow-we-qua*, (a jaw-breaker is the name, to be sure, but look at its meaning,) *she that moves standing*—as the tree, the willow moves or waves—signifying graceful motion. The same good Christian name was given to the daughter of "Greenbird," *Ba-ma-no-din-no-qua*—that is, the queen of the winds—she that woos and wins the winds—that makes the winds blow. Margaret was given to *Mor-che-no-qua*—the *silver stream*—that is, clearness, purity. The Indians have poetry (not so much eloquence as is usually said) in their stern nature; their language consists of similitudes, and their most ordinary conversation abounds in beautiful figures. They cannot, in fact, speak without them.

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The night that followed this baptismal service was one of the most impressive—one of the most awful in our memory. We shall not attempt to describe it. As it was the last night of the meeting, the Indians, according to custom, watched it through with prayers, hymns, and mutual exhortations. Fatigued by the exercises of the day, we lay down to sleep in our tent; but ever and anon, as we awoke for a few minutes, the voice of prayer, or the melodies of the unknown tongue, resounded through the forest. As we mused and prayed in these frequent and solemn intervals, we could but remind ourselves of the tremendous power of the religious principle in man: how it has bowed the heads of all nations in awe; reclaimed whole lands from barbarism; filled history with the heroism of martyrs, and desolated the world with horrors when perverted! How responsible are they whose office it is to deal with it; how may they abuse it, or exalt it! And cannot this profound instinct, crying out here in the midnight hours with prayers and tears to the unseen God! can it not, under the benign power of the gospel, save even this poor wilted race? Yes, yes; give these self-sacrificing missionaries but the means to work with, and the subdued multitudes now bowing and weeping around them, may yet take their places among our Christian communities and families.

At about dawn, the whole assembly formed a circle, and marched around the camp, singing, weeping, shaking hands

* A young friend who was present has sent us drawings for our cuts; but, however excellent, they cannot convey an idea of the reality.

with the missionaries, and taking leave of each other. After having passed around, they formed a circular line in front of the tents; and one of the preachers, standing on a log, gave them a final address, amidst their sobbings, prayers, and adieus. But more about them in our next.

A LOCUST HUNT.

I WAS quietly at work at Capri one day last August in my study, laboring to breathe as well as the great heat would let me, when a wild-looking youth rushed in to me from Anacapri, with news that the locusts were come. The disease of the vines had already caused great loss, and now there were the locusts eating up the harvest. A great part of Anacapri, said the youth, is as bare as if a fire had swept across it. The invaders had already got over the brow of the mountain, and were in the woods below. Would I go out and see them? Certainly I would.

As we approached their advanced guard under cover of a low wood, we could hear the incessant click-click of the enemy, and every now and then we were fallen upon by locust scouts, that dashed against our faces or clung to our pantaloons. As we proceeded we found them frolicking in legions, like imps let loose for mischief. As the atmosphere was already thicker than I liked, I did not that morning go up to see how things looked at the worst. I went back to pay a visit to the Syndic, and ascertain what could be done to mend them.

Trouble of this kind comes upon Capri once in every three or four years; but there has been no swarm so great as the present since the great plague of locusts twenty years ago. "That, indeed," my informant said, "was awful. They climbed our walls, got into our houses and churches, crawled over the altars, ate up the entire harvest; and who can say what else might have happened if it had not been for Saint Antonio? Some missionary priests were then among us, and they ordained a solemn procession of women; they were all to walk with their hair loose about their shoulders, and the priests in front carrying the image of the saint. Before the procession was over, a strong east wind came and blew the locusts into the sea, just over the Blue Grotto. Ah, Signor, Saint Antonio is very powerful!"

Report having been formally made to the Syndic, his excellency, in true official style, ordered a bag of the devastators to be collected, and sent off to the sub-intendant, who resides at Castellamare, in order that he might ascertain whether indeed they were really locusts. Until that point was officially decided, the Syndic could disburse none of the public money to arrest the plague; which was of course spreading meantime with the steadiness of a prairie-fire over the woods and fields. The grain was being bitten off under the cap as cleanly as though cut by scissors; fig-trees were stripped and barked. Our messenger reached Castellamare after business hours. The deputy was enjoying his evening leisure, and could speak with nobody.

On the next day, however, the Syndic of Anacapri, having obtained the requisite permission, attached a placard to the walls of his house, offering a reward for the capture of locusts, at the rate of about a penny for a pound. All the idle population of the district instantly became busy, and went out locust-hunting in parties of five or six, with sacks and sheets. A sheet held by a man at each corner being lifted up like a wall across the path of the invaders, one or two people with brooms beat the bushes and swept the earth, causing the disturbed locusts to fly on until the sheet was black with them. Then it was quickly doubled up, the insects were scraped from it into a sack, and preparations were made for the taking, in the same way, of another batch. A locust-hunter tells me that he is earning at his work sixteen-pence a day; sixpence a day beyond his usual wages. I am told also, by the parish priest of Anacapri, that in a few days the whole body of hunters in that small district has taken upward of twenty hundred weight; but he remembers one season in which there were as many taken in a single morning.

The reward for captured locusts is not paid until they are dead and buried. Dead and unburied, they soon putrefy under a hot sun, and breed pestilence. There is a point in the island called Monte Solario, about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Thither the locusts are all taken after they have been soaked in boiling water; and having in that way killed them by the sackful, in a deep pit they bury them.

COUNT GERO OF MONTFORT.

BY REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M. A.

It was De Montfort, age-worn knight,
Gazed on the lake's blue deep,
And mark'd the shallops float in light,
On the still wave asleep;
Earth, water, heaven, in dead repose;
And yearn'd to be at peace like those.

And, as he from that trance awoke,
He call'd his followers true,
And words of love and blessing spoke,
And bade a last adieu;
Took leave of lordship, towers, and land,
And rode to the far distant strand.

And lo! while there he listening stood,
Up sprang a freshening breeze;
And straight St. Peter's Abbot good
Upon the beach he sees.
A skiff with swelling sail lay nigh;
O, but his heart beat yearningly!

St. Peter's House, that stilly spot
Kiss'd by the rippling wave,
His soul, the fires of youth forgot,
Desires for home and grave.
All earthly gauds and joys laid by,
There will he serve his God and die.

The Churchman blest that counsel wise;
On board the Count he bore,
And for the cloister, with his prize,
Push'd lightly from the shore.
Now float they on the exulting blue;
O, but the Count exulted too!

Much moved, he spake, "O, couldst thou see,
Lord Abbot, half my joy!
That water gazes up at me,
Like mother on her boy!
For know, by yonder rocky Horn,
On shipboard I myself was born:

"And as I in this shallop lie,
Rock'd on the glittering deep,
I feel once more in infancy
On cradle couch asleep;
My mother's voice is murmuring nigh,
And fills my ear with lullaby."

Meanwhile the bark drives cheerly on;
They see the tall Horn rise;
The Count, with mingling thoughts foredone,
Closes his weary eyes;
And by the rudder's even play,
Stretch'd on the deck he slumbering lay.

And as the light bark sweeps along,
His natal spot they near;
Then fell his mother's cradle song
So softly on his ear!
He oped his eyes, and cried, "How deep,
O mother, was that blessed sleep!"

He droop'd his weary lids once more,
Yet deeper on to rest.
Stay, shallop, stay! thy course is o'er—
In haven is thy guest.
The Abbot kneels before him now,
And signs the death-cross on his brow.

Make in the holy house his grave;
Amid the chantry lay:
By the warbling wave, at first that gave,
And now hath ta'en away:
In gentle peace, secure from harms,
He slumbers in the blue lake's arms.

[For the National Magazine.]

SKETCHES IN EUROPE.

THE VOYAGE.

THE purpose to take the trip was suddenly formed, and the preparation for it hurried; the sooner I left home, the sooner I should be back again in the midst of family and flock. In the bustle and haste of getting ready, I had pretty well kept down the painful thought of the approaching separation. But on the day before leaving, in passing through our kitchen, I saw my little boy, two and a half years old, sitting on the sill of the door, with a tiny napkin spread before him for a table-cloth, at the corners of which were pieces of cake and cracker, and he was enjoying himself in what he called a party. This home scene was a home stroke; nature vindicated herself against both my haste and my philosophy. I thought how long it would be before I should see this play repeated; that in a few days the ocean would stretch its dangerous and uncertain expanse between the master of that feast and me, and that I should try a thousand times to bring that lovely countenance vividly before my mind's eye in the midst of strangers, who would care neither for him nor me. My heart was full—it ran over.

I will not trouble my readers with what passed on the way to New-York, but will slur over the time between the fifth and the seventh of the month and take them at once on board the good ship *Ocean Queen*. The first glance at her inspired me with confidence. I must confess that, before leaving home, a thought of the power and danger of wind and sea did sometimes intrude itself upon me in a form not altogether pleasant; that there were certain vague notions of presentiments and premonitions, and the like phenomena, running at intervals through my head and threatening to awaken my fears; and that my imagination did sometimes even contemplate the possibility of going to the bottom, or of stopping short of it only to satisfy the appetite of the monsters of the sea. But these were thoughts which I kept to myself until I saw the ship, and then every apprehension left me—I felt perfectly assured. Her solid timbers and immense spars, her firm deck beneath my feet, and her beautiful and graceful rigging above my head, in short, everything about her looked so mighty, bore such a wind-and-sea-defiant air, that I felt at home on the spot. And when she moved out of the dock I seemed to myself only about to make a little pleasure trip in the Bay of New-York.

We anchored in the stream, and lay there until morning. In a still ship, a fine large state-room, and a nice clean berth, I spent the night in most refreshing sleep, and in the morning found myself as joyous as the ship and water were smooth and quiet. I found myself so positively comfortable that in writing a letter to my wife, to be sent ashore by the pilot, I felt bound to ask pardon for being so happy. Poor uninitiated landsman, little did I know what was in store for me. Little did I know of the power of the sea to stir and keep stirred the depths of the stomach. This was only a deceitful calm before the coming storm.

The ship casts loose from the little steamer that has tugged her out, and thus all communication with the shore is suspended until we reach the opposite side of the ocean. I lose sight of land without regret, the swell of the sea has taken us, and now begin the internal wars. The stomach rolls with the sea, and must needs imitate it, in casting up its waves and scattering its foam. How, beyond all description, sick, sick to self-loathing and self-disgust! How our watering eyes looked into the eyes of others, to see if the spell of the ocean was working with them as with us! And how we forced ourselves to laugh at each other in the vain effort to keep our spirits up! I hated the sea. To look out and see nothing but sea and sky, no speck of land, was perfectly horrible. I

wondered how far it might be to the nearest shore, and thought how happy, in comparison with myself, were the most miserable and beggarly dwellers upon it. Mother Carey's chickens and the sea-gulls were flying in great numbers about the ship, rising and sinking with the moving surface of the water, bathing with delight in the spray or dashing through the fringe of the billow. The thought of such taste in birds seemed to increase my nausea. "You," thought I, "who could so easily reach the land, and who might sit amid the green branches and twitter or sing to your heart's content, what miserable fools you are to remain here under this murky sky and over this wearisome sea, with its changeless blue and its monotonous murmur! You are a burlesque upon your kind; you are no birds at all, but only disguised fish, come hither to torment us with the thought of land." And I turned away in disgust from these feathered mariners.

In this delightful way several days were spent. In the morning there was no prospect but to eat; and when the scanty breakfast had been taken into a stomach that hesitated at every mouthful, there remained nothing but to throw it over the side of the ship, and then to lie down on the deck with overcoat for a bed until dinner, when the same painful but ludicrous experiments in gastronomy were repeated, and the deck and overcoat again resorted to until darkness and dampness drove us below. When it was night, feeling the nausea all through me, from the hair of my head to the very toe nails, I crept away to my state-room, with clenched teeth and compressed lips, resolutely holding down the last instalment of food, until I could roll into my berth. The only relief I found in sea sickness was a most wonderful drowsiness, so that almost as soon as I was in my berth I was lost in sleep, but a sleep which was uneasy and unrefreshing, and full of dreams of distress.

I tried to dream of home, thinking that if I could be there with my imaginary distress I should find imaginary comfort. But the sea spirit took no delight in the homes of landsmen, or else did not know the way to my parsonage. I dreamed of home but once during the whole voyage, and then I got no further than the yard—I saw my neighbor's children, but neither entered my own house nor saw a single member of my own family.

Our company was small—some twelve or fourteen in the first cabin, and perhaps about the same number in the second. There were Captain Smith and his wife; T. Buchanan Read, the American poet-artist, with his wife and two children, little girls; Mr. Chesney, an English lieutenant of engineers, and his wife; besides several ladies who had no male attendants: these all belonged to the first cabin. In the second I shall only name the surgeon; Mr. N——, a fat Englishman; a German, by name Oswold; and a son of Abraham, name unknown.

Captain Smith has been a sailor from his early youth, and has seen hard service. He has no "rich uncle, but has risen from before the mast" without education, simply by his own merits. He is about thirty years old, short of stature, but firmly put together and very active. He is a regular downeaster in tone and pronunciation, and in spite of the defects of education, evidently feels himself at home in conversation. Some say there is poetry and even romance about the sea; but certainly our captain's intercourse with the ocean has communicated no poetry, no romance to him. On two or three occasions, after tea, in the lady's cabin, he gave us patches of his early history: one of these stories will illustrate the captain's want of sentiment. The theme was his first voyage. He began with the sailor's jacket, which he then donned for the first time, went through his first ascent into the upper rigging under the authority of the rope's end—the ship was a whaler, the voyage lasted two years, they returned with an immense cargo of oil, the narrator's share of which was five hundred dollars. Hard knocks and hair-breadth escapes were by no means rare in the story, and I began to feel in spite of the qualms of sea sickness, the meltings of sentiment, especially as the ship which bore our hero was making the land. It was just then I was looking for the captain to break out in an ardent and glowing description of the joy of his young heart at the sight of land. My mind was filled and softened with the thought of his impatience and that of his relatives on shore—the tears of delight and gratitude which would flow at the approaching meeting. And I ventured to ask, "Well, captain, how did you feel when

you first saw the land?" His answer upset at once our poetry and gravity, and when we had looked for tears threw us into a broad grin. "Why," said the captain, "I thought I should soon get a jolly good dinner; and in three weeks I had spent all my money and was off again to sea without seeing a single relation."

T. Buchanan Read, Esq., is a little man, about five feet four inches high, and as thin as short, with a nice little wife, chosen with due regard to the husband's right to be the larger of the two. Mr. Read has none of the rapidity of motion that characterizes most men of his physical dimensions, but is staid in his appearance, quiet, and self-possessed in his bearing, talks freely without being talkative; and although at first you see nothing striking in his countenance, he soon wins upon you by his modest simplicity, and you begin to measure the breadth of his fine forehead, and to imagine you see the poetic fire darting from his eye He has nothing of what the fashionable world calls dignity—he seems neither to know what it is, nor to care for it; but if true dignity consists in moral worth, in clearness and radiance of intellect, and in force of character, then is Mr. Read, with all his plainness of appearance, a man of true dignity. To him and his amiable wife, and his two lovely little daughters, I consider myself still indebted for beguiling the weary and restless hours of the outward passage. Mr. Read is a painter by profession but a poet at heart; he paints because he must, and writes because he loves it.

Mr. Chesney and his wife improved on acquaintance. The lieutenant was about the medium size, with hair of the color of flax, and a nondescript, but intelligent countenance,—the faithful index of an active, inquiring, and well-stored, though peculiar mind. He was a member of the English Church, and an earnest Christian. The first Sabbath we spent on the ocean I was very sick, and as I lay on deck, I felt it to be very kind in him to read for me the psalms for the day from the English Prayer-Book. He had been many voyages to sea, and was not sick, and seemed to find his greatest satisfaction in relieving and comforting those less fortunate than himself.

The surgeon was a poor unfortunate man, with the manners and feelings of a gentleman, and the lot and appearance almost of a beggar. Poor fellow! with the capacity to be respectable and useful, he was a miserable sot.

Our fat Englishman, N———, was a master shoemaker from London. He had made money at his business at home, and came over to our country expecting to add to his store, but had been unsuccessful, and was mad with the universal Yankee nation. He had looked to find ingots almost as abundant as brickbats, and the achievement of wealth almost as facile as drinking English beer,—a thing in which, according to his own account, he had found the most elevated enjoyment through the greater part of his life. America did not answer his expectations. He found Brother Jonathan had a keen eye, and was good at a bargain; and he left the country after a few months' residence in high dudgeon, determined to spend the rest of his days among honest people. Soon after the packet got under way, he began to tell the story of his losses and wrongs, and to curse Brother Jonathan and all his relations for arrant rogues. Profane words were of repeated occurrence in his narrative, and uttered in the presence of ladies as well as of the other sex.

"But, my friend, you fell into bad hands; surely the people you met with were not all of that description."

"Yes, (still swearing,) all of a piece. There may be honest people in America, but I saw none."

"But would it be fair to judge the whole country by the few with whom you had dealings? Think a moment!"

"All I have to say is, that those I met with were a set of sharpers (cursing again) and thieves."

"I insist upon it, you must not judge all by a few; if you do you will fall into a great error, and commit the grossest injustice against my countrymen. All must not be responsible for one. Suppose I should deal in this way with your country, and judge them all by any one man. Suppose, for instance, I should judge all the English by yourself; I should be forced to the painful conclusion that they are a nation of profane swearers."

"Well, I confess, swearing is an ugly 'abit."

"Yes, and the worst of it is, that it is a very wicked habit."

Mr. N——— was much more modest for the rest of the voyage.

When we had been out four or five days I began to feel better. The sea lost its power over my stomach; I began to shave myself, to brush my hair, dust my clothes, and to observe the decencies of life to which one is accustomed on the land. Still I could not even then feel reconciled to the monotony and isolation of "life on the ocean wave;" nor did my heart move with pleasure at the thought of the "sea, the open sea." No: let the sea-gull, and petrel, and shark, and porpoise, and the men whose tastes are similar to theirs, rejoice in the grandeur of ocean views, and a home on the rolling deep, but give me the land. When I am weary with the confinement of the house, let me walk out and see my friends, or let me saunter along the thronged street watching the varied forms of out-door life in the great city; or let me leave the crowded thoroughfares of business, and find myself in the country enjoying the landscape, watching the farmer turn up the sweet fresh earth, or cut the ripe clover, or toss about the fragrant hay, or gather the golden harvest; or let me see the loose horses in the field enjoying the luxury of free motion unchecked by rein or trace; or the contented cattle roaming and browsing on the hill-side; or the mated and happy birds sitting, where they ought to sit, among the branches of the trees or the flowers of the vale, and singing out their summer joys where one can sympathize with them. To be sure I could walk out while at sea—out of my state-room into the cabin, out of one cabin into another, and out of either upon deck. I could see friends; but they were always the same, and not those whom I *most* wished to see. I could see the cattle, or rather the cow. There she stood all day long with her tail toward the passengers, so that we were seldom permitted to look into her soft and gentle eyes, or to scan her patient and suffering physiognomy. I begged the captain, for our sake and the cow's sake, to turn her head toward us; but he refused, saying, if he did the ladies would tease her out of her life with their caresses. Besides good old Brindle we had pigs, lambs, chickens, and ducks: but they were all cooped, doomed, and daily diminishing in number; and the sight of them was no relief to the soul of one who longed for life on the land.

Among the crew of the packet I noticed a lad of about eighteen, who seemed to have been cast in a softer mold than his comrades: his face wore a soft and gentle expression, and his whole bearing seemed to say that he had not always been clothed so roughly or worked so hard. Upon inquiry I found him to be a relative of some of my friends in Washington City, and that he had formerly been a page in Congress. Quite a difference, thought I, between gliding about among the pillars of the capitol, waiting on the pillars of the state, and climbing this rigging and clinging to these yard-arms in a heavy gale. But the young man seemed to like it, and in this case at least there was no accounting for tastes. I gave him a book and some tracts before leaving him.

I found a very different sort of sailor in another member of the crew. He was a genuine Michigan Yankee, who had been down East to see his relations, and, according to his own account, had come on board the ship without intending to stay; but once there, he was made a sailor in spite of himself. When questioned as to his seamanship, he said he knew nothing about a ship, but that very few could beat him in steering a canal-boat, driving an ox-team, or doing a small job of work.

I was very much afraid, as we drew near the other side of the Atlantic, that we should finish our voyage without a specimen of rough weather. I did not court danger, but was very willing, and even anxious, to see a good blow,—one that would freshen up things a little, both on the sea and on board the ship. I wanted to see the great waves of which wondering landsmen hear so much. I was not disappointed. On a calm and beautiful evening, just before time to "turn in," I remarked to the first mate that I feared we should get across without any rough weather; and I expressed the hope that we might have a gale that night that would split one of the ship's sails, telling him that if it should turn out so, he must not forget to call me. What was thus sportively said was very soon a serious truth. The wind did rise, and one of the sails was split from top to bottom; and when I reached the deck, just as the day was breaking, the blast of mingled wind, and rain, and spray seemed as if it would sweep everything from the deck; and the

good mate seemed really to think that I was to blame for the whole of it, telling me, "You have your wish; I like to see people get what they wish for." The sight was a grand one—almost the only important relief from the eat-drink-and-sleep monotony of the voyage. The sullen old sea had changed her whole aspect, and instead of the drapery of somber blue in which she appeared before, she now moved grandly before us in white and green, her robes bending, and folding, and making a thousand graceful and sublime convolutions in response to the surges of the tempest. And when the sun arose on the troubled waters, he scattered a thousand rainbows among the passing clouds of foam which the great waves flung above their crests. But while most of us enjoyed this sight there was one whose heart sunk within him, and that was our brave, fat, swearing Englishman: he expected every moment to go to the bottom. It employed all our powers of assurance and consolation to keep him at all comfortable.

On the 25th of July we saw the land, after a short run of only sixteen days, and on the 27th we were running, or rather creeping up the British Channel, towed by a miserable little black steamer, whose sorry engine was assisted by a sail. Here comes the pilot, and here are the smugglers of tobacco, who are sure to get what they came for. Indeed, I see them taking a half-keg of the filthy weed down into their boat. Here, too, are the hucksters, with their jugs of beer, their potatoes, and their fresh bread to sell to those of the passengers who had brought their own provisions with them, whose bread, baked at New-York, must by this time be somewhat dry, or, if moist, only made so by sea-water. Our fat, timorous, swearing Englishman has come fairly out of his state of collapse. Richard is himself again. The sight of the land has brought him back to his wonted courage, and the bread and beer, especially the latter, have raised him to the point of absolute valor. We expect something from him yet in the way of knightly achievement before he leaves.

Through the thick English mist we see the chalky cliffs of Albion. We are among the English. Every little boat and every man we see in them remind us that we are entering a strange country; for, although this is the "mother country," we are still strangers in our mother's house. We have now entered the mouth of the Thames, and the landscapes on its banks lie before us in the hazy light like an enchantment.

(To be continued.)

AN ANECDOTE WITH A LESSON.

TWO painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings: but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him. Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty, in mercy, dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of his dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

READING AND THINKING.—Always have a book within your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. If you can give fifteen minutes a day, it will be felt at the end of the year. Thoughts take up no room. When they are right they afford a portable pleasure, which one may travel or labor with without any trouble or incumbrance.

The National Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

We commence this month a brilliant account of the Crusades, compiled chiefly from the researches of Mackay. The series will be handsomely illustrated, and will furnish our readers a capital opportunity to become acquainted with this marvelous story of medieval valor, fanaticism and delusion.

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Dr. Achilli.—Since the legal contest between Mr. Newman and Dr. Achilli, little has been heard of the latter. It was announced at one time that he had arrived in this country. At another he was announced as addressing a meeting in this city in favor of the Baptist translation of the Bible, and as stating in his address that the reason of his retired life among us was the fact that he was quite absorbed in preparing an Italian translation of the Scriptures according to the principles advocated by the meeting. The last announcement we have seen of him is made by Dr. Bush in the *Anglo-American New-Church Repository* (a Swedenborgian journal) in which Dr. Bush says:—"Dr. Achilli is now a resident of this country, in the vicinity of New-York. He is a cordial receiver of the heavenly doctrines. During the past summer he has been one of our constant hearers in Brooklyn, and a few days since he left us, in beautifully written manuscript, a translation into Italian of the 'Doctrine of Life,' by Swedenborg, which we earnestly desire to obtain means to publish for the benefit of the Italian population of this country, as the time has not yet come for the circulation of our writings in the atmosphere of the Papal throne. But Dr. A. anticipates hereafter a grand field for the New Church among his own countrymen, as he is persuaded that they can never, as a people, receive any other system of doctrines. Despotic Popery on the one hand and evangelical Protestantism on the other he thinks equally abhorrent to the true genius of the Italian race, and therefore is assured in his own mind that the platform of the New Jerusalem is that upon which alone they can eventually stand. He is desirous of devoting the remainder of his life to the advancement of the New Church in such a way as the Divine Providence may indicate."

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Mr. M. C. Carey has published a work on "International Copy-right," in which he displays his usual diligence in gathering and collecting statistical facts. His figures and comments respecting American authorship take us by surprise. They result in the conclusion that "Uncle Sam" takes better care of genius, literary genius at least, than any other country. Popular "sovereignty" then takes precedence of royal sovereignty in this highest department of public patronage—a good indication for republicanism!

Mr. Carey's statements seem well authenticated, as many of them are given with arithmetical exactness. He shows that our native literary productions, compared with the reprints, are as three to one. Excepting schoolbooks, Washington Irving's works have had the largest circulation—another good indication. Prior to the publication of the edition recently issued by Putnam, the sale had amounted to some hundreds of thousands; and yet of that edition, selling at $1 25 per volume, it has already amounted to one hundred and forty-four thousand volumes. Of *Uncle Tom* the sale has amounted to two hundred and ninety-five thousand copies, partly in one and partly in two volumes, and the total number of volumes amounts, probably, to about four hundred and fifty thousand.

Let our literary aspirants look at the following table, and, after "inwardly digesting" it, "pluck up courage:"—

	Per vol.	Vols.
Of the two works of Miss Warner, Queechy, and the Wide, Wide World, the price and sale have been	$ 88	104,000
Fern Leaves, by Fanny Fern, in six months	1 25	45,000
Reveries of a Bachelor, and other books, by Ike Marvel	1 25	70,000
Alderbrook, by Fanny Forester, 2 vols.	50	33,000
Northup's Twelve Years a Slave	1 00	20,000
Novels of Mrs. Hentz, in three years	63	93,000
Major Jones's Courtship and Travels	50	31,000
Salad for the Solitary, by a new author, in five months	1 25	5,000
Headley's Napoleon and his Marshals, Washington and his Generals, and other works	1 25	200,000
Stephens's Travels in Egypt and Greece	87	80,000
Stephens's Travels in Yucatan and Central America	2 50	60,000
Kendall's Expedition to Santa Fe	1 25	40,000
Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea, 8vo.	3 00	15,000
Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea, 12mo.	1 25	8,000
Western Scenes	2 50	14,000
Young's Science of Government	1 00	12,000
Seward's Life of John Quincy Adams	1 00	80,000
Frost's Pictorial History of the World, 3 vols.	2 50	60,000
Sparks's American Biography, 25 vols.	75	100,000
Encyclopædia Americana, 14 vols.	2 00	280,000
Griswold's Poets and Prose Writers of America, 3 vols.	75	300,000
Aiken's Christian Minstrel, in two years	62	40,000
Alexander on the Psalms, 3 vols.	1 17	10,000
Buist's Flower Garden Directory	1 25	10,000
Cole on Fruit Trees	50	18,000
Cole on Diseases of Domestic Animals	50	84,000
Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees	1 50	15,000
Downing's Rural Essays	3 50	3,000
Downing's Landscape Gardening	3 50	9,000
Downing's Cottage Residences	2 00	6,250
Downing's Country Homes	4 00	3,500
Mahan's Civil Engineering	3 00	7,500
Leslie's Cookery and Receipt Books	1 00	96,000
Guyot's Lectures on Earth and Man	1 00	6,000
Wood and Bache's Medical Dispensatory	5 00	60,000
Dunglison's Medical Writings, in all 10 vols.	2 50	50,000
Pancoast's Surgery, 4to.	10 00	4,000
Rayer, Ricord, and Moreau's Surgical Works (translations)	15 00	5,500
Webster's Works, 6 vols.	2 00	46,800
Kent's Commentaries, 4 vols.	3 33	84,000

The copy-right of Judge Story's books now yields, and for years past has yielded, more than $8,000 per annum. Of the sale of Mr. Prescott's works little is certainly known, but it cannot have been less than one hundred and sixty thousand volumes. That of Mr. Bancroft's History has already risen certainly to thirty thousand copies, a sale, for such a work, entirely unprecedented.

Of the works of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Willis, Curtis, Sedgwick, Sigourney, and numerous others, the sale is exceedingly

great. Mr. Carey has no facts by which to form an approximate estimate; they must, however, have had a circulation which will compare with the best examples above. In several of these cases beautifully illustrated editions have been published, of which large numbers have been sold. Of Mr. Longfellow's volume there have been no less than ten editions.

He proceeds to show that in the "vital matter" of compensation our native authors fare remarkably well, quite as much so, if not better, than English authors. Mr. Irving stands, he thinks, at the head of living authors for the amount received for his books, at which fact everybody will rejoice. Mitchell, the geographer, has realized a handsome fortune from his school-books. Professor Davies is understood to have received more than $50,000 from the series published by him. Professor Anthon has received more than $60,000 for his series of classics. The French series of Mr. Bolmar has yielded him upwards of $20,000. The school geography of Mr. Morse is stated to have yielded more than $20,000 to the author. A single medical book, of one octavo volume, is understood to have produced its authors $60,000, and a series of medical books has given to its author probably $30,000. The two works of Miss Warner must have already yielded her from $12,000 to $15,000, and perhaps much more. Mr. Headley is stated to have received about $40,000, and the few books of Ike Marvel have yielded him about $20,000; a single one, *The Reveries of a Bachelor*, produced more than $4,000 in the first six months. Miss Leslie's cookery and receipt books have paid her $12,000. Dr. Barnes is stated to have received more than $30,000 for the copy-right of his religious works. Fanny Fern has probably received not less than $6,000 for the 12mo. volume published but a few months since. Mr. Prescott was stated, several years since, to have then received $90,000 from his books. According to the rate of compensation generally understood to be received by Mr. Bancroft, the present sale of each volume of his yields him more than $15,000, and he has the long period of forty-two years for future sale. Judge Story died, as has been stated, in the receipt of more than $8,000 per annum, and the amount has not, as it is understood, diminished. Mr. Webster's works, in three years, can scarcely have paid less than $25,000. Kent's Commentaries are understood to have yielded to their author and his heirs more than $120,000, and if we add to this for the remainder of the period only one-half of this sum, we shall obtain $180,000, or $45,000 as the compensation for a single 8vo. volume, a reward for literary labor which Mr. Carey thinks unexampled in history. The price paid for Webster's 8vo. Dictionary is understood to be fifty cents per copy, and if so, with a sale of two hundred and fifty thousand, it must already have reached $125,000. If now to this we add the quarto at only a dollar a copy, we shall have a sum approaching to, and perhaps exceeding, $180,000; more, probably, than has been paid for all the dictionaries of Europe in the same period of time.

Mr. Carey contends that this great success is owing to what he calls the "decentralizing" tendencies of this country—a respect in which it is quite in contrast with England. In England a few great writers concentrate the public interest while men of almost, if not quite, equal genius starve. Dickens becomes a Crœsus, Hood pants out his life with disease and unrequited labor. But here writers of real talent become immediately recognized and rewarded; a few months usually suffice to make the popularity of a book national. English authors even find larger sales here than at home. The first edition of Captain Marryatt's books were for some time only one thousand five hundred. Of Bulwer's novels the first edition never exceeded two thousand five hundred; and so it has been, and is, with others. With all Mr. Thackeray's popularity, the sale of his books has rarely gone beyond six thousand for the supply of above thirty millions of people. Occasionally a single author is enabled to fix the attention of the public, and he is enabled to make a fortune—not, however, Mr. Carey thinks, from the sale of large quantities at low prices, but of moderate quantities at high prices. Dickens sells for twenty shillings a book that costs about four shillings and sixpence to make. The *Household Words* produces an income of about $20,000, though Dickens, having put it entirely in the hands of an assistant editor, has nothing to do with it beyond furnishing a weekly article.

Mr. Carey contrasts the limited sale of English books at home with their great extent of sale here, as shown in the following facts:—Of the octavo edition of the Modern British Essayists there have been sold in America in five years no less than eighty thousand volumes. Of Macaulay's Miscellanies, three volumes, 12mo., the sale has amounted to sixty thousand volumes. Of Miss Aguilar's writings the sale, in two years, has been one hundred thousand volumes. Of Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography more than fifty thousand volumes have been sold, and of M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary ten thousand volumes. Of Alexander Smith's poems the sale, in a few months, reached ten thousand copies. The sale of Mr. Thackeray's works has been quadruple that of England, and that of the works of Mr. Dickens counts almost by millions of volumes. Of *Bleak House* in all its various forms—in newspapers, magazines, and volumes—it has already amounted to several hundred thousands of copies. Of Bulwer's last novel, since it was completed, the sale has exceeded thirty-five thousand. Of Thiers's French Revolution and Consulate there have been sold thirty-two thousand, and of Montagu's edition of Lord Bacon's works four thousand copies.

The fact is, Brother Jonathan is "going ahead" in this respect as in all others, and is bound to "beat all creation" in book-selling as in everything else. Let the pale-faced literary brotherhood then hold up their heads, and drive the quill with hope. For more than a hundred years a revolution has been going on in the patronage of literature. Genius used to whine and whimper at the feet of royal and political blockheads with dedicatory flatteries for patronage, and could hardly expect its dayly bread without the countenance of at least a duke or duchess. All this is done with now;

the people have become its patrons. Literature from sheer self-love, if nothing else, should vindicate their "sovereignty." Take good care of the people, and they will take care of everything good.

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WEARING JEWELRY.—Willis, in the *Home Journal*, descants on the extravagance of our female fashions. "Rings," he says, "from one to four on each finger—ear-rings, large and showy—necklaces, two or three in number, with hearts and crosses dependent from the same—bracelets, many and huge, casing the arms half-way to the elbow—a minute watch affixed to the waist, and moored to the neck with a golden cable, four times as long and thick as need be—a world of little knick-knacks called 'charms,' heavy, inelegant, and stupid—a bouquet handle, worn at the side like a huntsman's horn—pins, brooches, miniatures—*and all worn at once!* Does the unsophisticated reader doubt it? Let him hie to any second-rate watering place, and he will see many a jeweler's shop strolling about, of which the above is an imperfect inventory."

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Our humorous brother editor of the *Water Cure Journal* advertises for an intended bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

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A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY.—"What is the life of a *would-be fashionable* young lady?" *Fanny Fern* answers as follows:—"It is to go to a model boarding-school, kept by an ex-French milliner; to be put into a room with four promiscuous young ladies, and to learn, in three days, more mischief than her grandmother ever dreamed of. It is to stay there at the tune of thirty dollars per week, for several quarters, and come home 'finished,' and superficial, with a taste of Latin, a touch of French, a smattering of Italian, German, and Spanish, and a portfolio full of crooked horses, distorted houses, lame sheep, and extraordinary looking abortions of cattle and fowl in general, the types of which were never found in Noah's menagerie. It is to sit in the drawing-room, in a flounced silk dress, with a waist half a yard in circumference, be-curled, be-scented, and be-jeweled; to receive morning calls while mamma looks through her spectacles and tries to mend Mademoiselle's stockings. It is to have Mr. Fitz Humbug, some fine day, get on his knees, and request Mademoiselle to make him, what she has all along been desiring to do, 'the happiest of men.' It is to wear a white satin dress, an orange wreath, a long, fleecy vail, a diamond pin, and respond Amen to a quantity of things, of which Mademoiselle does not understand the full import. It is to commence house-keeping where 'the old folks' leave off; it is to patronize fast horses, ruinous upholsterers, operas, concerts, theaters, balls, and fetes of all kinds. It is to bring a few sickly children into existence, to be tortured into eternity by careless hirelings. It is to find, after a few years' probation, that Mr. Fitz Humbug is just what his name imports. It is to have 'an execution' in the house; it is for Madame to go into hysterics, and on 'coming to' to find herself in the sixth story of 'lodgings,' with a tight husband, an air-tight stove, a loose wrapper and a crying baby."

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There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and in his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation.

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One of our brother editors says that the "old fogy," who peeped out from "behind the times," has had his head knocked off by a "passing event."

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THEODORE HOOK overflowed with genius. It is said that at a family mansion in the country he once kept on singing and improvising all the evening and the night. One last song was solicited; the subject, "Good Night." Hook responded, when, in the midst of the mirth, the shutters were thrown open, and the sun was seen rising. On the instant the singer paused. A boy stood by his side. In an instant, he compared the dawn of his life to the morning just begun. Every verse ended with "good night." The last one, when the light was thus suddenly let in, was:—

"But the sun, see the heavens adorning,
Diffusing life, pleasure, and light;
To thee 't is the promise of morning,
While, with us, 't is the closing 'good night.'"

—

A SINGULAR PEOPLE.—At one of the late sessions of the *New-York Geographical Society*, Captain Gibson communicated some most interesting information respecting his adventures in the East Indian Archipelago. He described an extraordinary people whom he calls the Orang Kooboos or Brown Men of Sumatra. The Bushmen of South Africa have been supposed to be the lowest in the scale of humanity—the connecting link between man and the monkey; but these Brown Men of Sumatra present a stronger claim to that distinction. Captain Gibson describes them as covered with hair, having long arms, and as deficient in chin, or rather it forms no part of the face. These were the points in their formation which first arrested his observation, and led him to class them at once as simply a somewhat higher development of the Orang-outang; but, on further observation, he found that they possessed speech, though extremely rude and monosyllabic, had perceptible faculties, and resembled the rest of mankind in their formation, and were recognized as belonging to the family of man by the Malays, who, however, hunted them as wild animals, in order to work them as beasts of burden. The Orang Kooboos are only to be met with in the almost impassable swamps and forests that lie between the Jambee and Palembang territories in the island of Sumatra. They live among the branches of the teak and marringin trees, which grow there to an enormous size, as is, indeed, the case with the forests throughout the island. They construct a rude platform of bamboos wherever they can find a sufficiency of horizontally extending limbs of a tree to serve as the basis or sleepers of a floor, and over this they raise an equally rude conical roof of split bamboos and cocoa-nut or pisang tree leaves. These savages are ichthyophagists,

(fish eaters,) as are almost all the uncivilised tribes of the Eastern islands; and, in all the rivers and bays of Sumatra, as also of all the rest of the islands of the Archipelago, a most bountiful provision of excellent fish is to be found. Captain Gibson had an opportunity to have a glimpse of some Kooboos people while ascending with his boat a small branch of the Soonsang; but it was only near Palembang, and at the Kraton or palace of the old Susuhunan, or Sultan of Palembang, and at the residence of the independent Panzorang or Prince, Osmin, that he had a special observation of these creatures. The Panzorang had several as slaves, or rather as beasts of burden, for they were not intrusted with any labor but the dragging and carrying of loads of dirt, stones, or material for building. He called them "tai orang," the ordure of men. He said that they were born as the lowest of slaves, and this had been the case for hundreds of generations, inasmuch as they were the descendants of slaves and burden-carriers of the army of Alexander. The captain found them generally called "hamba or boodak Iskander"—the slaves of Alexander. It is well known that numberless traditions of Alexander the Great—of "Dou 'l Karnain," "the two-horned"—prevail throughout Sumatra, as well as on the Asiatic continent. It has been found impossible to teach the Kooboos the use of garments, although they have a great fondness for pieces of colored cloth to be fastened to various parts of their body. They will tie a vest to their heads or round their waists with a lively grinning and grunting of delight, and seem to make no distinction between a simple piece of cloth for ornament or a manufactured article—the only cause for preference being the difference of colors. It has been found equally impossible to teach them the language of their masters; for those who had grown up in a domestic state still spoke the Malay in an uncouth, monosyllabic manner, like their own jargon of unclassifiable grunts. They seem to have no idea of marriage, but merely pair off for a season, and the Panzorang said that he had never discovered in them any evidence of their belief or consciousness of the existence of a Spiritual Being to have any influence upon their own condition; but in regard to this matter Captain Gibson was informed by a fellow-prisoner at Weltevreden, one Captain Van Woorden, who had been four years commanding at the small post of Lahat in the interior of Sumatra, and who had had frequent opportunities to observe the Orang Kooboos, that both males and females would sit round a buluh batang, or species of bamboo that attains to a great size, and all in concert, as many as could, strike their heads repeatedly against the trunk of the tree, and utter some rude grunting ejaculations. This he observed took place whenever any one, or all of the band, got hurt or received any special gratification, but mostly when injured. Now, it is well known that a large proportion of the semi-civilized, semi-pagan Sumatrans, believe that in the enormous tufts of the buluh batang, as well as in the waringin tree, there exist widadiri dewas and rakshashas, or good and evil supernatural beings; and what is remarkable, that throughout Sumatra all the beings of their pagan mythology are of the feminine gender. He has heard described by their orang menyanyee or pantun verse singers, some most ravishing pictures of the widadiri or good wood nymphs of the buluh batang. The Orang Kooboos would seem to have some vague idea of their supposed existence. But, notwithstanding the utter degradation of this hairy, brutish man, he seems to be no insignificant contributor to commerce; for, as yet, in some of the impassable forests of Sumatra, in the Batang Lekeh, he has been the chief collector of benzoin or gum benjamin. Curious stories were related to the captain by Arab and Malay traders in the Jambee country about the manner of trading with the Orang Kooboos. The trader would proceed to a certain point, on the edge of a forest, at certain periods of the year, with quantities of colored cloths, beads, and other trifles; he would then beat a gong for some length of time, at various intervals, during one or two days, and retire to a considerable distance to return in about a week, when he would find satisfactory quantities of benzoin in place of his goods that had been carried off by the Kooboos.

How true is it that even the fancies of genius have their real types in nature! Here we have Swift's *Yahoos* almost literally. Perhaps the reader will suppose that we have also Gulliver himself.

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PARKS IN CITIES.—Human life, it is said, is gaining throughout the civilized world in average length, owing to sanitary improvements. One of the most important of these improvements is the better appreciation of ventilation, not only in houses, but in cities. Yet, as there is "nothing new under the sun," we find that our improvements are often but the restoration of old usages. The Rev. Dr. Croly, the well-known author, recently writing on the subject of a park projected for Finsbury, one of the London boroughs, points out as remarkable, "that in the divine allotment of the cities of Israel, this provision was distinctly made, in the forty-eight cities of the Levites, of a circle of open ground surrounding each city of a thousand cubits breadth, probably for gardens and fruits, and an exterior circle of two thousand cubits more, called the 'fields of the suburbs,' for pasture, and, of course, recreation, both forming a large space, which was expressly forbidden to be encroached on in any sale of dwellings or alienation of property. 'But the field of the suburbs of their cities may not be sold, for it is their perpetual possession.' (Leviticus xxv, 34.) We are to remember, also, that this especial provision for health was made in the midst of a nation almost wholly agricultural, already 'sitting under its vine and its fig-tree,' and singularly exempted from those drudgeries which in latter times shut up men in infected air, and mulct generations of half the life of man."

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The Scotch and Yankees are remarkable alike in religion, frugality, and tact. Lately, at a meeting held in Edinburgh to obtain from the British government "justice for Scotland," Sir A. Alison, the historian, related the following

anecdote, "to show how Scotchmen rise all the world over:"—"Gentlemen, one very curious thing occurred to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over, and with this anecdote I will conclude. Marshal Keith had the command of the Austrian army, which long combated the Turkish forces on the Danube, under the grand vixier, and after a long and bloody combat the two generals came to a conference together. The vixier came mounted on a camel with all the pomp of Eastern magnificence. The Scotch Marshal Keith, from the neighborhood of Turiff, in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long conference, and, after the conference, the Turkish grand vixier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that no one should accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, and when the conference in the tent had closed, the grand vixier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith, said, 'Ou, Jonnie, hoo's a' wi' ye, mon.'—[Loud laughter.]—And he then discovered that the grand vizier of Turkey was an old school companion of his own who had disappeared thirty years before from a parish school near Methli." [Laughter.]

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During the progress of the present revolution in China, its emperor has, of course, been in great straits and sore perplexities, hardly knowing whither to turn for succor. The distressed "Celestial" has not, however, been wholly wanting in expedients. Some months ago he *married;* and we will hope that this event, though it has failed to turn the tide of his political misfortunes, has at least added to his domestic joys. His intention of taking a helpmate was announced in an imperial manifesto, which, for a Chinese document, displays much sense and sensibility. The emperor, by the will of Heaven and the perpetual revolution of the world, says:—

"Absorbed day and night by the vast occupations belonging to the inheritance with which Heaven has intrusted me, through the medium of my pious ancestors, I have need of an assistant actuated by the same spirit as myself. Niu-lou-kou is a lady of honorable extraction, whose excellent disposition is highly esteemed within the precincts of the palace, where the natural goodness of her heart, and her exemplary character, are shown by the scrupulous exactness with which she performs her domestic duties. Following the examples of antiquity, she does not shrink from washing fine or even coarse linen with her own hands. Frugal and amiable, kind and gentle, she deserves to enjoy every kind of happiness. We therefore desire that she be clad in the imperial costume, and be at the head of the ladies of the six pavilions. In conformity with ancient usage, I shall respectfully communicate this event to heaven, to earth, to the manes of my ancestors, and to the tutelary spirits of the territory and of the harvests, on the seventh of the first moon—the day on which she will be seated by us on the imperial throne. Then, also, it will be officially registered in the archives of the empire, that the virtuous and worthy lady Niu-lou-kou is constituted empress. From that date she will reside in the palace of the Nenuphars, and will aid us in our administration in the perfumed precincts of her apartments."

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THE SULTAN.—"Dignified and manly throughout," says Walter Savage Landor, "has been the demeanor of the Sultan; and his language and his conduct are incomparably more Christian than any Christian potentate's. Compare his toleration with the toleration of Russia, of Austria, of Spain, of Italy. Compare his probity with theirs; compare his humanity, his long-suffering, his forbearance. And is this brave prince, this honorable man, to be abandoned, to be betrayed? Sooner or later, yes." Alas, that it should be so! But why is it so? It is not that the heart of humanity does not sympathize with him! No, no, the popular sentiment of all the civilized world is for him; the honest-hearted, hard-handed people, everywhere pray for him, and would fight for him. It is the heartless policy of courts, the cold-blooded hardihood of diplomacy, that sacrifices him. What a noticeable fact is it that no Christian State of Continental Europe extends such tolerance to Christianity itself, as does this ill-treated Mohammedan prince—and that no people of the Continent are less plunged in popular vices and their accompanying miseries, than his! Yet such is the prince and people whom the powers of Western Europe have dastardly cast as a prey to the Russian bear. It is hard for an American not to wish, under such circumstances, that the policy of his own country might admit of its intervention. Still we are not utterly without hope for the Turk. Sapient diplomatists appear not a little puzzled, and political soothsayers stand wondering and confounded. Through all and over all, God will work out his beneficent purposes, and bring to naught the cowardly machinations of heartless rulers.

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At a literary dinner in London, where Thackeray and Angus B. Reach were *vis-a-vis* at the table, Thackeray—who had never before met Mr. Reach—addressed him as Mr. *Reach*—pronouncing the name as its orthography would naturally indicate. "Re-ack, sir,—Re-ack, if you please," said Mr. Reach, who is punctilious upon having his name pronounced in two syllables, as if spelled Re-ak. Thackeray of course apologized and corrected his pronunciation; but in the course of the dessert he took occasion to hand a plate of fine peaches across the table, saying, in a tone which only he possessed, "Mr. Re-ak, will you take a pe-ak?"

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Some time ago a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarreling in the street. The broad-brimmed Friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the expression with an oath. "Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgettest thyself."

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ROSSINI.—This veteran composer seems to be enjoying the decline of life in the genuine farniente style of Italy. A late traveler says, "He lives at present as a retired citizen. He has quitted Bologna for Florence. He has married, as is well known, Mad'lle Olympe Pelissier, who never calls her husband by any other name than 'my immortal.' Rossini lives splendidly at Florence; has his equipage for the morning, equipage for the evening, and his open carriage, all for madame; for the *maestro* himself goes on foot, and pays his visits with an umbrella under his arm. Rossini each year goes to take the waters at Monte Catini, less for himself, he

says, than for his dog. The rest of the summer he passes at his *Villa del Dante*, situated on one of the most beautiful spots near Florence. The *maestro* shows the greatest affection and complaisance for the Archbishop of Florence, Minuccia, an ecclesiastical dignitary who continues to be as fond of the *buffo* as the *seria*. Archbishop Minuccia pretends that he has no voice until he swallows a portion of cold meat soup, and he always keeps it by him on the piano. Rossini accompanies and criticises him. The archbishop is eighty-seven years of age. Rossini has just bought the Palais Pucci for his poor wife, as he calls her; he has paid sixteen thousand pounds for it—a large price for Italy."

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The Parsons' excitement, which threatened for a few days to disturb the peace of this city, has, we think, done good. It has shown that freedom of speech is dear to the people, and that our leading journals are orthodox and outspoken on this question. It also led the usually wary Archbishop Hughes to commit a very significant blunder, in issuing an ecclesiastical manifesto to our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. The Protestant public have reason to thank the prelate for this extraordinary document, though so manifestly officious, impertinent, and arrogant. As indicating the character of his flock, or, rather, his opinion of their character, it may be worth something; but vastly more as a proof and sample of the dictatorship exercised by the Romish hierarchy over thousands who have sworn allegiance to the American Constitution and laws. Romanism, as a system, always did ignore the principles, and often the proprieties, of our Republicanism, and the present is an instance of both. As an illustration of this fact, we do not regret the occurrence, and have deemed it worthy of a passing note. It has doubtless opened some blind eyes, and will make others more vigilant.

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MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.—The late rise of prices, occasioned principally by the influx of gold from California, has affected the salaries of nearly all public stipendiaries. The support of clergymen especially has suffered by it, and congregations should give heed immediately to the importance of rectifying the effects of the change. Some public bodies have been compelled to notice this necessity. At the last Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the subject of ministerial support was discussed with some emphasis. The Rev. Dr. Higbee offered the following resolutions:—

"*Resolved*, That the inadequate remuneration of the clergy in this country is almost a fatal discouragement to the aspirants for the ministry.

"*Resolved*, That the house of bishops be requested to take this subject into consideration, and to make such reform as they may deem best.

"Mr. Newton, of Massachusetts, said: I rise to second these resolutions. I do so because I am a layman, and we are the delinquents, and to us the resolutions appeal. I wish, as a layman, to do all I can for the removal of this monstrous evil.

"Dr. Higbee: One of the first Christian lessons we learn in our youth is the duty to earn and provide for our own living; and it so becomes a matter of conscience with us to pay some regard to our salaries.

"The resolutions were passed unanimously."

Religion suffers greatly in all this land for want of a more liberal support of its official laborers. It is calculated that the average salary of American clergymen is only about $300. No men among us work harder; no professional men are so poorly paid for their work. Financially, they rank, upon an average, below schoolteachers.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the Cincinnati Conference at its last session, and ordered to be published:—

"*Whereas*, There has been an increase in the price of almost every article of living, produced by the general prosperity of the country; and whereas, in consequence of this advance, the expense of living is greatly increased in all parts of the country; therefore,

"1. *Resolved*, That we respectfully recommend to the stewards of our circuits and stations to make such an increase in the allowance for fuel and table expenses as will correspond with the increased expenses of living.

"2. *Resolved*, That the presiding elders be requested to bring this subject before their respective quarterly conferences at their first sessions this conference year."

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AMERICAN WRITERS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.—We noticed some months since the flippant criticism of the *North British Review* (one of the ablest Quarterlies, albeit, of the language) on our poets—a criticism which awakened as much the risibles as the contempt of American readers generally. The same critic, as we judge, has undertaken, in the last number of the same work, to review our "novelists." He condemns Hawthorne in some respects, but commends him highly in others. He says:—

"We believe that he is altogether the most remarkable prose writer yet produced by America. His writings are highly condensed, which is more than can be said of nine-tenths of the American novelists, essayists, historians, or theologians; and they are admirably consecutive and well brought out, which is more than we can say of any but one or two individuals of the remaining tenth, who, like Ralph Waldo Emerson and Longfellow, are condensed, but ejaculatory, and incapable of pursuing a thought or a story with logic and determination. He also writes pure English, which is what the Americans ought, just now, chiefly to look to, for, as we shall show, they are in danger of abusing their noble inheritance of a pure, sweet, and powerful language, by an admixture of slang, flippancies, and false grammar, which will become a chronic and even an incurable disease, unless it is seasonably withstood and checked by writers like Mr. Hawthorne."

This redoubtable Scotch critic is noticeably given to verbal criticism. Of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom* he says:—

"The style of its phraseology offers happily the most rare phenomenon of remarkable vulgarity of language in combination with remarkable purity and simplicity of thought. The '*Times*' newspaper, which has endeavored to make up for its unjust blame in one direction by praise and leniency as unjust in another, and has taken upon itself to pronounce the ridiculously false verdict that this is the finest novel ever written, excuses the innumerable sins of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' by pretending to regard them as trifling and inevitable 'Americanisms.' We should be sorry, however, to think that false English is true American; and we know very well that many of our transatlantic brethren can write English, and speak it as well as ourselves; and that, therefore, the so-called 'Americanisms' of Mrs. Stowe are so denominated with no more justice than the peculiarities of the conversation of London shop-boys, or the slang of 'fast men,' could be entitled 'Anglicisms.' The interest of this work is so absorbing that after the first few pages even a well-trained ear is apt to forget the constant recurrence of the sin in question. This, of course, makes the effect of it a great deal worse than it would otherwise be. It is much the same with the immensely popular 'Wide, Wide World,' and 'Queechy,' of Elizabeth Wetherell; and we do not think that we are overrating the evil under consideration when we affirm that probably these two writers have already produced an appreciable effect in

lowering the tone of phraseology in use among the lower portions of the middle classes of Britain. This is a serious thing; for integrity of thought and feeling are far more closely connected with purity of language than is commonly supposed. The two things act and react on one another very powerfully. Probably few of our readers are really sensible of the extent to which an un-English tone of conversation prevails in the work of Mrs. Stowe. We think this is a fault far greater than any mere defect of art, and only second to the evil of erroneous morality."

Of "Elizabeth Wetherell's" style our critic speaks with an air of decided impatience, though fondly disposed to admire her in some respects:—

"But the language of Mrs. Stowe seems quite refined if we compare it with that of Elizabeth Wetherell. The very considerable merits of this lady's writings render the peculiarities of her diction extremely to be regretted; and we are sorry to say that want of refinement is not confined to the language of her dramatic persons. 'Queechy' is, indeed, a book without a parallel, except in the 'Wide, Wide World;" and it is very high praise to say of it, as we can, that the natural refinement and beauty of some of the characters renders the book readable in spite of the surprising vulgarity of most of them. Unless we are very much mistaken in our inferences from her writings, this authoress has spent her days in a quiet country life—the happiest and best of all modes of life, but one which is not the best preparation for the painter of fashionable manners. The country people, in the remarkable novel called 'Queechy,' are all true and forcible—coarse, but never vulgar; and had the characters been made of such persons the work would have been unexceptionable. But when the authoress attempts, as with the greatest confidence she does, to describe the best society of New-York, Paris, and London, her failure is too great to be absurd; it is melancholy to behold the working of such a ruinous mistake. Had Dickens written many of this lady's 'high-society' scenes, and introduced them as exposures of the vulgarities into which the lowest city shopkeepers and their wives and daughters fall by endeavoring to assume the *haut ton*, the satire would have been accepted as a masterpiece. We can scarcely give our readers any sufficient impression of this defect of an otherwise admirable book."

That is as pedagogical as anything in the former notices of our poor poetical wights, and it is but preliminary, for the reviewer proceeds to lay on the critical birch without stopping for breath through four solid pages.

Longfellow found no mercy in the former critique; he is called out again for castigation in the present article. The sturdy Scotchman says:—

"The faults which we lately exposed in this writer's verse are equally visible in his prose. In neither does the writer seem sincere in his dealings with nature. He cares rather to say 'fine things' than true ones. Of course we do not mean that he is consciously insincere; but this desire to be 'effective' and 'striking' obscures his eye for the truth; and it is precisely when Mr. Longfellow imagines that he is saying his best things that he is least worth attending to. He has a subtile power of observation, a very graceful fancy, and considerable general information; and these qualities, when the author by happy chance forgets himself and lives in his subject, combine to produce some very pleasant 'light-reading,' though, at best, there is an air of flippancy and sentimentality, which seems to be inseparable from his style."

What a delightful sense of self-sufficiency seems to pervade the ample soul of this critical North Briton! He is admirable in this respect. He concludes with the following condescending expression of regard and hope for us:—

"The works which we have now noticed, with many others whose merits we have not been able, through want of space, to consider, are far more in their promise than in their performance, though that is by no means trifling. We can scarcely hope too much from the writers of America, if they will only be careful to remember that their language is, or ought to be, *English*."

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Dr. Strauss.—An interesting foreign correspondent of the *New-York Observer*, in discussing the present aspects of German philosophy, makes some allusions to *Strauss*, the famous infidel biographer of Christ. He says:—

"The famous Doctor *Strauss*, whose name was sounded from one end of the world to the other by the publication of his *Life of Christ*, twelve or fifteen years ago, presents an interesting subject of examination. He has been extolled to the heavens. The disciples of Hegel, the worldly, the infidels, decreed him an apotheosis. No name was more popular among the enemies of revealed truth than that of Strauss. But the German doctor preserved some moral sentiments; he continued to believe in the dignity, the individuality, the responsibility of man, and loudly denounced atheism. He was then soon left behind by the young Hegelian school. At the revolution of 1848 the separation became still wider. Strauss refused to share in the dreams and enterprises of socialists; he censured strongly the demagogical insurrections. From that moment he was the butt of the most violent accusations, and the higher he had been exalted the lower he was abased. His adversaries went so far as to pretend that he was sold, body and soul, to despotism. Strange vicissitudes of human destinies!

"Mr. Strauss continues to write; but his new works have no longer the decided character and imperious tone which marks his *Life of Christ*. His mind is restless and sad, and his desolate feelings appear in his writings."

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"The most recent writings of Doctor Strauss are biographical. He has published, among others, a book entitled 'Christian Mærklin: History of a Life and Character of our Age." This Mærklin was a Protestant pastor at Calw, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. He was charitable to the poor, loved his neighbor, and tried to fulfill faithfully the pastoral office; but having adopted the so-called 'Hegelian Christianity,' he resigned his office, and became professor of Greek and Latin in a college. There he endured painful trials. The German revolutionary movement broke his heart, and he died in the month of October, 1849, at the age of forty-nine years. This biography is affecting; it is an additional proof that the man who has no religious hopes, bears with difficulty the weight of misfortune. Has Doctor Strauss sketched his own portrait in the life of Charles Mærklin?"

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The *Evening Post* has recently given to the public a number of interesting letters, never before published, from the pen of Fisher Ames, one of the ablest statesmen and best patriots in the early days of the Republic. In one of these letters, dated May 3d, 1789, he thus describes the inauguration of Washington, as President of the United States:—

"I was present in the pew with the President, and must assure you, that after making all deductions for the delusions of one's fancy in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person. Time has made havoc upon his face. That, and many other circumstances not to be reasoned about, conspire to keep up the awe which I brought with me. He addressed the two Houses in the Senate Chamber; it was a very solemn scene, and quite of the touching kind. His aspect, grave, almost to sadness; his modesty, actually shaking. His voice deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention, added to the series of objects presented to the mind and overwhelming it, produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members. T. Pilgarlic sat entranced. It seemed to me an allegory in which virtue was personified, and addressing those whom she would make her votaries. Her power over the heart was never greater, and the illustration of her doctrine by her own example was never more perfect."

Book Notices.

The advocates of Rev. Eleazer Williams's claims to that very questionable dignity, the blood royalty of the Bourbons, are not disposed to let the question rest. The Rev. Mr. Hanson has got out a substantial volume on the subject, entitled "*The Lost Prince.*" It gives a detailed history of the whole case, and is very plausibly prepared, unquestionably. A fine portrait illustrates the volume, but not the argument. There is to our eye (and we profess a little "cuteness" that way) an unmistakable Indian expression about the face: it will be a good proof to physiognomists of the half-breed theory of Mr. Williams's opponents.

One of the most interesting issues from the press of *Carlton & Phillips* is entitled "*Remarkable Examples of Moral Recovery, showing the Power of Religion in Extreme Cases.*" It is a series of most striking instances of religious reformation — instances in which there seemed hardly a ground of hope. Some of them are exceedingly affecting, all of them are replete with encouragement to such awakened minds as earnestly, but despondently seek for purification and peace. No victim of guilt or evil habit will despair after reading this extraordinary book, and no friend of any such victim will read it without joyful hope and renewed exertion for him. It is the very book to break up the "great deep" of the soul, and lead men to repentance by showing them the goodness of God. An instance of recovery from intemperance, given in the earnest unpolished language of the rescued victim, is the most remarkable history of moral struggle and moral victory that we ever read—a resistless temperance argument. The preface of this really precious volume says:—

"The narratives are given in the simple, unadorned language in which they were mostly found: for they are designed for the humblest minds, while the astutest may, nevertheless, find in them some of the sublimest revealings of the human soul.

"Take this little book, fallen and broken-hearted man, and learn the infinite compassion of thy heavenly Father, who has 'no pleasure in the death of the wicked,' and whose angels rejoice 'over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.'"

Hot Corn: Life Scenes in New-York Illustrated. These stories are mostly familiar to the public through the newspapers; they are written with the best attractions of a popular style. We owe the author a grudge, however; we took them at first to be *facts*, — not merely truthful *fictions*. It is some relief, to be sure, to know that the scenes described did not literally occur; but this does not redeem a fiction. We will say, nevertheless, that "Hot Corn" deserves to take rank at once among the very best works of the kind with which the market is beginning to abound. (*De Witt & Davenport, New-York.*)

Art and Industry of the Crystal Palace. The papers in the *Tribune* on the Crystal Palace have been collected and revised by Mr. Greeley, and issued in a substantial duodecimo bearing the above title. It presents a good appreciation of the Exhibition and its significance respecting the progress of the industrial arts. (*Redfield, New York.*)

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued James's *Christian Father's Present*, one of the best of the many practical works of that sensible and pious writer. It treats not only of early piety, but of books, amusements, theaters, &c., and invariably with genuine good sense.

A very delightful series of meditations on religious themes, entitled "*Glad Tidings; or, the Gospel of Peace,*" by Rev. Dr. Tweedie, of Edinburgh, has been issued in beautiful style by *Gould & Lincoln, of Boston.* It is rich with the very marrow of evangelical truth.

January and June is the title of a new work, referred to lately by us as forthcoming. *Hueston, 134 Nassau-street*, has got it out in very beautiful style. Mr. Taylor, the author, has a genial relish for the poetry of nature. The volume abounds in fine natural pictures, and as fine Flemish sketches from ordinary life. There is some excess in its style, but it is a genuine book from a genuine heart and head.

Under the title of "*Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf,*" the authors of "The Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," &c., are preparing a series of juvenile volumes which are published by *Putnam* in excellent style. Carl Krinken's *Christmas Stocking* came too late for a seasonable notice by us; but we will say that it is a charming little volume for little readers, and its mechanical attractions are such as should always be presented in books for children.

Christ in History is the title of an able work from the pen of Rev. Dr. Trumbull, of the Baptist Church—an elaborate attempt to show the relations of the Messianic office to the whole of human history. Bossuet made an analogous attempt. Edwards's "History of Redemption" was a partial view in the same direction. Several of the philosophers—Schlegel, Fichte, Cousin, Bunsen, Vico the Italian, &c.,—have attempted to evolve from the confusion of history some symmetrical system. We doubt not such a result will yet be manifest, but not definitely till history is further unrolled. God was four thousand years in writing the preface to the Christian dispensation; only two thousand years of the text of the volume have yet been accomplished; time will show the rest. Mr. Trumbull's book is the best essay yet produced on the subject. It will be read with deep interest by our theological patrons. (*Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.*)

Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine is one of the best juvenile monthlies that we can commend to our young readers. We have heretofore spoken highly of it. It more than sustains its old claims on our good opinion. It is well adapted both to amuse and to instruct. Its illustrations are numerous, and its price only $1 per annum. (*Rand, 7 Cornhill, Boston.*)

A Theodicy; or, Vindication of the Divine Glory as manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World, by Albert T. Bledsoe, is the title of a new work of high pretensions, and marked ability, issued by *Carlton & Phillips*. It is one of the most powerful demonstrations of man's moral agency ever written. The theory adopted by the author respecting the spontaneity of the will is the only one which we believe to be reconcilable with the conditions of human responsibility. The profoundest problems of theology and ethics are discussed in this volume with no little originality, and with great candor and clearness. Our theological readers should not fail to obtain this volume immediately.

Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet continues its career successfully. The editor has a genius (if there is any such thing at all) for such a work. Our own little folks ("cute" critics in their own way, of course) take special delight in his monthly chat and story-telling. This work is not only entertaining, its moral tone is healthy and elevated. $1 per annum. (*Woodworth*, 118 *Nassau-street*.)

The Priest and the Huguenot is an historical romance from the pen of L. Bungener, a Swiss clergyman. It relates to a very eventful period in French history, and introduces many prominent characters, who suffered confiscations, persecution, exile, and death in the cause of French Protéstantism. With candor and even gentleness it exposes the monstrous dogmas and atrocious cruelties of Popery. Written with vivacity, and translated with fidelity, it presents in a popular form the great controversy between freedom and tyranny, truth and Romanism. (*Gould & Lincoln, Boston.*)

A Protestant's Appeal to the Douay Bible and other Roman Catholic Standards in Support of the Doctrines of the Reformation, by Rev. John Jenkins, Wesleyan Book Depot, Montreal. A notice of this book, prepared some months since, was mislaid. It gives us pleasure to repair the oversight. The volume comprises a series of lectures upon the subject set forth in the title-page, and which were originally delivered before large and interested audiences in Montreal. The lectures are given to the public at the request of the hearers, and furnish a gratifying instance of the manner in which the "man of sin" may be attacked with his own weapons. From it Protestants may derive arguments which Romanists can hardly gainsay or resist.

The "*Potiphar Papers*," originally published in *Putnam's Magazine*, have been issued in a small volume by *Putnam & Co.* The satire is trenchant, the descriptions caricatures, of course, and the style remarkably pure and pithy—quite too good in the mouths of most of the *parvenu* characters. This incompatibility is the noticeable defect of the work. The engravings are excellent.

Swormstedt & Poe, of Cincinnati, have published in two neat 18mo. volumes, "*Asbury and his Coadjutors*," from the pen of Rev. W. C. Larrabee, A. M. These attractive volumes should be procured by all who wish to read the story of Asbury and the noble staff of veteran itinerants who did battle with him during the heroic age of Methodism. They afford the best history of the veteran bishop yet given to the world.

The same firm have issued, in similar style, a treatise on "*Infant Church-membership; or, the Spiritual and Permanent Character of the Abrahamic Covenant, by Rev. Samuel Gregg.*" Believers in the validity of infant baptism have long desired a work of this kind. Ministers and Christian parents will find in it a clear exposition of the doctrine—an able statement of the argument for it.

Let no one turn away from Tuckerman's "*Month in England*," supposing it to be, from its title, one of the hurried and hacknied works of travel which have been inflicted on the indulgent public. Many a stouter octavo, recording years of life abroad, contains less to interest the reader. It is such a book as none but an accomplished literary man like Tuckerman could write, and is as different from ordinary travel books as *twaddle* is unlike commonsense. Our author looked with an artist's eyes upon the panoramic pictures of English scenery, and he has grouped his graceful and well-selected objects in a manner which betrays the elegant scholar. The chapter on London authors is full of learned allusion, and the distinguished characters of English literature recalled in it, stand out with life-like distinctness in their appropriate localities. Many half-forgotten events, and time-dimmed historical matters, are brought out with a freshness of coloring quite surprising, when we have so long been served with only common-place scribbling. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, are issuing continually excellent juvenile works, edited by Rev. Dr. Kidder. The last example laid upon our table is entitled "*Old Edinburgh*," and is a very entertaining history of the ancient metropolis of Scotland—the very sort of book to attract and fasten the attention of juvenile readers.

The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, have sent us two small volumes. "*The Baptismal Balance*," by Rev. J. N. Brown, is an exposition and vindication of the peculiar views of our Baptist brethren on baptism. It is remarkably candid, and unquestionably able. The other volume, entitled "*The Sting of the Adder; or, the History of the Stanley Family*," is a temperance story, or rather narrative of facts, an impressive warning to both parents and children on the subject.

We have received the following pamphlets:—Sir Basil's Falcon, a poem, by Fitz James O'Brien; the True Scholar, a poem, by William Oland Bourne, A. M.; an Address delivered at the close of the winter term of the Genesee Synodical Academy, N. Y., by Courtland Van Rensselaer, D. D.; Fourth Annual Report of the American Bible Union, presented October 6, 1853, in the First Baptist Church in Broome-street, New-York; Address delivered before the Madison Female College, by Henry Hull, jr., Esq., of Athens, Georgia; W. L. M'Calla's Defense of his preamble and resolutions adverse to clerical Titles of Distinction offered to the Synod of Philadelphia; What the Sister Arts teach as to Farming, an Address, by Horace Greeley.

Literary Record.

Messrs. Stringer & Townsend have nearly ready a work, entitled "A History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Present Day," by Professor Weiss. This work is the result of twenty years' labor of its able author. The subject was first suggested by Guizot to fill a vacant space in history; and its merits have been heartily indorsed by the eminent D'Aubigne, on its recent appearance in Paris. There will be added to the work an important American chapter as an appendix, from the pen of a gentleman of distinction, giving a deeply-interesting account of the Refugees in the United States, with much information of peculiar interest to their descendants, as well as the Protestant world at large. This portion of the work will be very full, being the fruits of much study and research on the part of its author, himself a lineal scion of one of the leading Refugees. The work will be embellished with a portrait of Pope Pius the Fifth, under whose instigation the Huguenots of France suffered great persecution and banishment; together with a fac-simile of the medal struck by that remarkable pontiff, in honor of the participants in the memorable slaughter, known as the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Methodist Quarterly Review. January, 1854. *J. M'Clintock, D. D., Editor.* This is a superior number of a very superior Quarterly. Art. I. is a fine appreciative sketch of the life and character of Stephen Olin,—a labor of love, and drawn with a master's hand. Art. II. is a very able and profound paper on Coleridge, worthy of the pen from which it emanates. Art. III. is an eloquent and soul-stirring exposition of the spirit and mission of Methodism; let every faint-hearted Itinerant read it and be revived. Art. IV. is a scholarly review of Dr. Stroud's New Greek Harmony of the Gospels. We are glad to see this department of Biblical study receiving more and more attention at the hands of Christian scholars. Art. V., with the title, "Memoirs of Mrs. Seton," gives in brief the mournful history of a deluded woman, full of painful interest and grave lessons for the Protestant world. Art. VI. is a lucid review of Coues' "Outlines of a System of Mechanical Philosophy." This work advances a new, bold, and ingenious theory of physics, the correctness of which remains to be established. Art. VII. is a highly entertaining and instructive examination of Layard's Second Exploration. Art. VIII. is an obituary of Horace Binney Wallace—a gentleman little known, but of a remarkably profound and comprehensive intellect, and great promise. A valuable letter addressed by him to the editor of the Review on the philosophy of M. Comte is given. The short reviews and literary intelligence of this number constitute, as usual, one of the chief merits of the work. In these respects this Quarterly is without a rival this side of the Atlantic.

Among foreign literary announcements is a new Literal Verse Translation of Dante.

We have received a catalogue of the officers and students of the New-York Conference Seminary, Charlotteville, Schoharie County, N. Y., from November 1, 1852, to July 28, 1853. This seminary has had a rapid growth and great success. The total number of students is 982, of whom 370 are ladies, and 612 gentlemen. Rev. Alonzo Flack is Principal, and Miss J. Helen Flack, Preceptress.

The Boston Post is informed that a gentleman of that city has offered to give fifty thousand dollars to the town of Brewster, for the formation of a public library there, provided the town will raise an equal amount to be appropriated to the same purpose.

In St. Louis, where Romish education has long been relied upon, both for sons and daughters, it is at length found to be essentially defective in its literary character, and the community has become sick of it. The present demand for Protestant schools is very great, and those of a decidedly religious character could never command better patronage than now.

The *Springfield Wesleyan Seminary, Mass.*, appears to be prospering under the superintendence of its laborious Principal, Rev. Franklin O. Blair. Attendance during the past year, three hundred and nineteen.

The Home Journal says, the books for the Astor Library cost about one dollar each, while those of the new Congressional Library cost four dollars and a half.

Henry Ward Beecher is about to publish three volumes, entitled "Star Papers," the contributions he has furnished to the columns of The Independent, during the past three or four years.

The catalogue of the Methodist General Biblical Institute, Concord, New Hampshire, has been laid upon our table. Besides an interesting exhibit of its course of study, official boards, &c., it gives the names of those ministers who have resided as students in the Institution, the Conferences with which they are connected, the dates respectively of their admission, their terms of residence, and the stations to which they have since been appointed; also the names of those who are still in the local ministry. Rev. Joseph Cummings, A. M., has accepted an election to the chair formerly occupied by Bishop Baker.

Mrs. Opie, the widow of Opie the artist, and the authoress of various literary productions, died on December 2, in her eighty-fifth year.

An effort is on foot among the friends of Yale College to replenish its indigent treasury. It is proposed to raise, by voluntary subscription, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The catalogue of the Newbury Seminary and Collegiate Institute, for 1852–53, shows an attendance of five hundred and thirty-four students. The institution is located at Newbury, Vermont, and has an excellent faculty.

In the Legislature of Georgia a bill has been introduced to establish a system of common-school education in the State, and to appropriate two hundred thousand dollars for the education of poor children in the different counties.

Out of the two hundred and fifty colleges in the United States, seventeen are reported as under the charge of Jesuits.

The Swedenborgians have established a college at Urbana, Ohio, which has in attendance nearly one hundred students.

Professor Blackie has recommended at Edinburgh, that native Greeks, of education and intelligence, should be invited from Athens or Corfu, to act as tutors to the Greek classes in the British Universities; and that English students should be sent to the Athenian University at Athens, to acquire the spoken language —the modern language being now identical with the ancient in its purity.

Lieut. Gen. Napier leaves his journals and letter-books to his brother William, "with the hope, if anything is published, his own words may be used, and not frittered away."

The second volume of Alison's "History of England, from the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Louis Napoleon," is published in London.

In the United States and the territories there are 234 Colleges with 1651 teachers and 27,159 pupils. Annual income from endowment, $452,314; taxation, $15,485; public funds, $184,549; other sources, $1,264,280—total, $1,916,528. Of public schools there are 80,991; of teachers, 92,000; of pupils, 3,354,173. Increase—from endowment, $182,594; taxation, $4,686,414; public funds, $2,574,669; other sources, $2,147,853—aggregate, $9,591,530. So says an exchange.

Horace White, Esq., of Syracuse, has given fifteen thousand dollars to endow a Professorship at *Hobart Free College*, Geneva, New-York.

To Rev. Edward Hale, of Worcester, Mass., has been awarded the premium of one hundred dollars for the best essay on "Juvenile Delinquencies."

Columbia College is to be removed from its present situation in the heart of New-York city to a location three or four miles up town.

Macaulay's own edition of his "Parliamentary Speeches" was announced for the 7th December, by the Longmans, in one volume.

Robert Browning, says the *Tribune*, has completed a new volume of lyrics; and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a romance in poetry.

Arts and Sciences.

PHOTOGRAPHIC pictures are to be taken whereby three aspects of sunshine upon the lunar hills are to be obtained, and the mountains, valleys, coasts, morasses, and sand-banks of the moon are to be measured as if it were only twenty-four miles from our inquisitive astronomers. So says Prof. Phillips of the British Scientific Association.

There are now about eighty pupils in the New-England School of Design for Women.

A London paper states that a *new method of painting* has been discovered and employed by Horace Vernet. It consists in "mixing the colors with olive oil. When the picture is painted, the back of the canvas is covered with a coating of fuller's earth, which draws the oil through and absorbs it entirely. The painting is thus reduced to the nature of a paste. The fuller's earth is then removed from the canvas, and a coat of linseed oil is applied—always at the back. The colors, in their turn, imbibe this oil, and all the mellowed tones of the old masters are obtained."

A bill incorporating a Bennington Monument Association, and appropriating three thousand dollars for the erection of a monument to commemorate the Battle of Bennington, conditioned for the raising seven thousand dollars more by private subscriptions, for that purpose, has passed both branches of the Vermont legislature and become a law.

Workmen are now busily engaged in Westminster Abbey in taking a plaster cast of the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, to be placed among the statues at the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

A fine portrait of *Rufus Choate* has been painted by Mr. Ames, a Boston artist, by order of the alumni of Dartmouth College. It is to be placed beside that of Daniel Webster, and the walls of the college will thus be adorned by the portraits of its two most distinguished sons.

The following is the design of the Manchester memorial to the Duke of Wellington:—The figure of Wellington occupies the center, and round are grouped statues of Lord Hill, Sir E. Pakenham, General Crawford, Lord Lynedoch, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset. The pedestal is supported at the angles by groups of flags representing those of English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh regiments. The body of the monument is festooned with triumphal garlands, and the frieze is decorated with wreaths of laurel. In the spaces which intervene are panels in which the sculptor intends to introduce medallion portraits of Gough, Hardinge, Colborne, Sidney, Beckwith, and William Napier, the historian of all the great deeds of the Peninsula.

Two species of fish which bear their young alive have been discovered upon the coast of California.

Hiram Powers, the distinguished artist, has recently been elected one of the honorary Vice Presidents of the "European Association for the Encouragement of Arts and Industry."

Mr. Ruskin, at the close of a recent lecture on the painter *Turner*, at Edinburgh, said that he had given twenty years to the consideration of the subject, and that he would tell his audience that Turner would take his place in the annals of the life of England, beside Shakspeare and Verulam. "By Shakspeare humanity had been unvailed to us, by Verulam the principles of natural science, and by Turner the aspect of nature."

The ladies of Manchester, New-Hampshire, have contributed a stone to the Washington Monument, with the inscription, "From the Home of Stark."

The manufacture of portable iron edifices is progressing in Belgium. A church of cast-iron is being constructed at Charleroi, which will be removed to Cairo, the place for which it is destined, as soon as completed.

It cannot be too generally known that the ordinary calcined magnesia, mixed with water, is considered a certain antidote to numerous poisons, especially those of metallic origin, such as arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sulphate of zinc, &c. In cases of this deplorable kind, two or three teaspoonfuls of magnesia, mixed with water, should at once be administered, which, in all probability, will save the patient until "the doctor comes."

The nutmeg-tree grows on the south side of the Cosumnes river, in California, and bears fruit superior, it is said, to that which grows on the Spice Islands.

A young painter of Berlin, it is said, has discovered a means of calculating the exact force of the sun's light at any given time. It is reckoned by the blackness produced by the sun's rays at the given moment on photographic paper.

Chloroform has been successfully employed in arresting an attack of cholera. It suspends the functions and quiets the paroxysms of pain, until the appropriate medicines can be absorbed, and the disease conquered.

A discovery, which may prove of some commercial importance, has been made by a British resident in Russia, namely, that the seed of the tobacco plant contains about fifteen per cent. of an oil possessing peculiar drying properties, calculated to render it a superior medium, especially for paints and varnishes.

In Abo (Finland) is now exhibited to the curious a magnetic apparatus for whaling, composed of twelve horse-shoe magnets. The effect is very great, the shocks being dreadful. The electric power is conveyed by an isolated copper wire attached to the harpoon. This apparatus is to be used by a large whaler now fitting out in Abo. The inventor is Professor Jacobi, of St. Petersburgh.

The editor of *The Nashville Banner* has examined an invention, which, he says, will put it out of the power of an engineer to explode a boiler, either through negligence or purposely. This improvement provides the upper part of the boiler with two openings or apertures in addition to that for the safety valve, and the bottom of the boiler with one. These apertures are closed by one cylinder and piston and by two valves which are arranged to pass the water from the boiler on to the fire under it, when the steam gets to a given height, thus dampening down the fires, and preventing explosion should the safety valve or engineers fail to perform their functions.

The Gas Company of New-Orleans city purchase their coal at thirty-eight cents a barrel, manufacture gas out of it, which they sell at four dollars a hundred feet, and then sell the residue of the coal, in the shape of coke, for seventy-five cents a barrel.

A new mode of transmitting articulate sounds to a great distance has been discovered. The instrument is called a Telephone; water, a well-known conductor, is the agent.

A monument has been raised to Titian in the church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de Fiori, at Venice, where he was buried.

The life-raft is a new English invention, which might be used to advantage on our lakes. It is composed of vulcanized india-rubber tubes, inclosed in canvas cases and nettings, so arranged and lashed to cross-spars as to form, when extended, an excellent contrivance not only for floating on the water, but being rowed like a boat, and capable of being conveyed with safety through a surf or heavy sea. In two minutes this raft can be prepared for use and dropped overboard.

The body of a man, found buried six feet in guano, on the Island of Ichaboe, has been on exhibition at the City-Hall, Baltimore. It is petrified and turned to a solid mass of stone, retaining all the minute outlines of a perfect specimen of humanity.

Natural Printing Process.—Under this term, Louis Auer, of the Imperial Printing-office at Vienna, has patented a process for creating, by means of the original itself, in a swift and simple manner, plates for printing copies of plants, materials, lace, embroideries, originals or copies, containing the most delicate profundities or elevations not to be detected by the human eye. Several correspondents of the *London Athenæum* claim to have discovered the same process a year or two since.

The most distinguished professors of science in France have been engaged, at the expense of the nation, to give the inhabitants of Paris a public and gratuitous course of lectures on Science applied to Art.

It has been proposed, and funds are being raised, to build a monument in Jackson, Miss., to the memory of the *Mississippi volunteers* who fell in Mexico.

Mr. Leutze is now engaged in painting a large picture of Washington at the Battle of Monmouth, with the arrest of General Lee. This work has been ordered by David Leavitt, Esq., of Brooklyn, who pays ten thousand dollars for it.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1854.

PRESIDENT ROBERTS—THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

"The Americans are successfully planting free negroes on the coast of Africa: a greater event probably in its consequences than any that has occurred since Columbus set sail for the New World."—*Western British Review.*

"Their triumph thus far, over extraordinary difficulties, insures the promise that the difficulties yet remaining will, in time, be overcome, and that Liberia will yet stand forth rich in all the elements of a great nation."—*Bishop Scott, on his recent return from Liberia.*

THE establishment of the Liberian colony and republic is certainly one of the most remarkable events of our age. History furnishes no parallel. This republic is the first ever founded without war, revolution, or the shedding of blood. The capacity of the colored man for self-government is no longer problematic, but is fully demonstrated by the Republic of Liberia. Slaves from the United States, made freemen, have become citizens of this infant commonwealth, enjoy all its immunities, vote for their own officers and legislators, and are themselves eligible to the highest honors and stations.

Every immigrant is entitled to five acres of land on his arrival; if he has a family he receives a larger quantity, according to its numbers, and can purchase as much as he wishes for a dollar an acre. If he is a mechanic, merchant, or professional man, instead of a farm he can select a building lot in some of the villages.

The Republic of Liberia now extends from Shebar, or Sherbeo River, on the north-west, lat. 7° 24′ north, longitude 12° 40′ west, to Grand Sestees, lat. 4° 41′ north, longitude 8° 8′ west. In a direct line, its length of sea-coast is nearly four hundred miles, and its extent inland about

fifty miles on an average. The Maryland colony at Cape Palmas is not at this moment a part of the Liberian Republic, but soon will be, when the continuous coast, under the control of the American colored emigrants, will extend about five hundred and twenty miles. There are twelve millions of acres in the Liberian territory, much of which is very fertile, and most is susceptible of profitable cultivation. It has been ascertained that the produce of a cultivated acre is more than enough to support a man.

These general remarks are presented, as introductory to a sketch of President Roberts, the first and present chief magistrate of the Republic of Liberia. It must necessarily be imperfect, from the want of full information of his life and history. Still we have long known him personally, and write accordingly.

Joseph J. Roberts is a native of Petersburg, Virginia, where he was born of free parents, and was never a slave, as some accounts state. He is now about forty-five years of age, of a light complexion, and his hair is not black, but a peculiar and striking brown. His parents were very respectable free people; and his excellent mother, well known for her good traits and piety, was familiarly called "Aunty Roberts." The father of Mr. Roberts died in Petersburg, when he was a boy; but his children were fortunate in receiving the elements of a plain English education. While growing up, Joseph was thoughtful, very industrious, and engaged in navigating a small vessel upon the Appomattox and James rivers. This was his business. His mind becoming impressed with religious concern, he early united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the pastoral care of white ministers, and he continues until this time a worthy member of that denomination.

About the year 1825 a Colonization Society was formed in Petersburg. One or two expeditions, with emigrants, sailed from Virginia for Africa, some of whom became the best citizens in the colony. At that period, the writer would constantly notice the subject of these remarks occupying every Sabbath his seat among the colored people in the gallery of the Methodist Episcopal Church,—I say constantly notice him, for his seriousness and fixed attention to God's word and house were calculated to catch the eye and engage the thought. Little did any one then imagine that this serious, humble colored youth would one day become the President of a far-distant and free republic—a miniature of our own great and glorious nation.

Often did "Aunty Roberts" talk about her boys with the writer, and consult what was best for them. He advised her to emigrate to the Liberian colony with her family; and after several years of thought and prayer as to her duty, she resolved to go. Among other things, Mrs. Roberts took along with her the frame-dwelling of a house for her newly-adopted home. The family left for Africa, embarking at City Point on James River with other colonists, some of whom became most valuable additions to the settlement.

As soon as Mr. Roberts reached the colony, and the scene of his future exertions, he began to exhibit the natural energies of his character. He engaged in mercantile pursuits, and was very successful, several times visiting the United States for supplies. Upon some of these occasions, he would charter an entire vessel for his trading purposes, and the credit he maintained in this country was of the highest character.

For a number of years after the commencement of the Liberian colony, its governors were white men, and appointed by the American Colonization Society. It was always designed, however, by the friends of that noble and philanthropic cause, that colored men should occupy the important post whenever the proper time arrived. It came at last; and Mr. Roberts, for six years successively, presided over the destinies of the young "commonwealth" as its governor.

During the year 1844 a gentleman at Canandaigua, New-York, sent a silver cup to the church in which Governor Roberts worshiped, inquiring at the same time if he was a member of any Christian denomination. In answer the governor replied:—

"I am happy to be able to inform you, that I have long been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, upward of sixteen years, and have not failed to find support and consolation in the religion of Christ, and the promises of the gospel. I beg that you will present my acknowledgments to the donor of the cup to be presented to the church in Liberia in which I worship."

In one of his visits to the United States, the governor addressed several public

meetings. At Boston, before the Massachusetts Colonization Society, he thanked the friends of the cause for sending him to Liberia, and said :—

"Ninety hundreds would do the same .... Where Monrovia," he continued, "now stands, was formerly a great slave-mart; and an old woman, a chief, residing only six miles from the town, had never visited it, as it had ruined her business. .... There are four courts—a Court of Quarter Sessions for civil cases, a Superior Court for criminal cases, a Supreme Court, and a Justice's Court."

He did not think that five persons who had been there a year would return to the United States—he would not. An agent had visited Liberia from Jamaica, to induce emigrants to settle there. After a long stay, he could persuade only eight to go. But one person was in jail when the governor left.

He next appeared before a large and respectable audience at the Tabernacle, New-York, when he made some interesting statements respecting an exploring tour he had recently made in the interior of Africa. After three days' travel, the party reached the island of Jeddy, where they were surprised to hear the inhabitants generally speak English; and the old chief seemed very happy to see white men, as they everywhere denominate persons from America. At Zando's town, two hundred miles from the colony, the English was also spoken. Governor Roberts said :

"The Liberians are a laborious, active people—a church-going people—a temperance people. The colony, with its well-organized government, was very serviceable in settling differences between the chiefs of the surrounding tribes, and thus preventing war, plunder, and bloodshed."

During this trip to the United States, he also visited Virginia and Washington, at which place he was waited on by many of the citizens, who were most favorably impressed with his moral worth. They saw in him a specimen of the talent and character which may be developed under the benign and fostering care of the Liberian colony. At the capital he was introduced to the President and the heads of departments, and received with marked respect. His clear and sound views of the progress and policy of the colony, and his accurate knowledge of its resources, produced a strong impression.

Some few directions and principles of civil government had been given to the first settlers in Liberia, by the American Colonization Society. In the year 1824 a brief, but comprehensive Constitution received their assent; and in 1839 a clear and concise body of laws was submitted to them, and received their sanction. These documents were carefully prepared in this country; but how changed the circumstances of the Liberians since! They now have among their own citizens several able lawyers, one of whom, Deserline T. Harris, is engaged in writing a Commentary on the Constitution of Liberia.

Under the auspices and guidance of the American Colonization Society, the settlement continued gradually to advance; its population increased, commerce and agriculture prospered, and the territory grew. For some years, however, before their Declaration of Independence, that society had virtually withdrawn from an active participation in the government of the Liberians. Its management was left to themselves; and in 1846 that society dissolved all political connection with the people of Liberia, leaving them to govern themselves. In July of the following year, they assembled in convention for the purpose, and declared themselves a free and sovereign State, by the name and title of the "Republic of Liberia." A constitution was adopted, and an address published, in which they say to the world :—

"It is our earnest desire that the affairs of this government may be so conducted, as to merit the approbation of all Christendom, and restore to Africa her long-lost glory, and that Liberia, under the guidance of Heaven, may continue a happy asylum for our long-oppressed race, and a blessing to the benighted and degraded natives of this vast peninsula: to secure which is our ardent wish and prayer .... It is the topic of our weekly and dayly thanksgiving to Almighty God, both in public and private, and he knows with what sincerity we were conducted, by his providence, to this shore .... Men may theorize and speculate upon their plans in America, but there can be no speculation here—every object, every individual, is an argument, is a demonstration, of the wisdom and goodness of the plan of colonization."

It must be remembered that Mr. Roberts at this time occupied the gubernatorial office. The birthday of the new republic was the 24th day of August, 1847, and a truly memorable day in her history. Its dawn was ushered in by the firing of cannon; at eleven o'clock the governor received from a committee of ladies the new and national flag of the republic, in pres-

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ence of a large crowd of citizens. At twelve, it was hoisted to the top of a staff, on the most elevated part of Monrovia, beautifully floating to the free winds of heaven, and amidst a salute of twenty-one guns.

This banner is made of silk. Upon one side, in a blue field, and over a star is the national motto—"THE LOVE OF LIBERTY" (and under it) "BROUGHT US HERE." On the other side is inscribed, "*Republic of Liberia.*" The salute over, the governor, troops, and citizens, proceeded to the Methodist Church, where suitable religious services were performed; the Rev. J. S. Payne, of that denomination, delivering an eloquent address. In the evening, a large party assembled at the new mansion of Governor Roberts, where "many patriotic toasts were given; but be it remembered, they were drunk in the very best and *purest* water which Monrovia affords." We quote from an eye witness.

There are six red and five white stripes, alternately, in the national standard, with a single white star in the blue field. The seal of the republic presents a dove on the wing—the ocean with a ship under sail—the sun just rising from the water, and a palm-tree with plow and spade at its base. The motto is the same as that on the flag.

On the 5th of October, the first election took place under the new Constitution, when J. J. Roberts was proclaimed President of the Republic for four years. A few days afterward, the American and British naval vessels on the coast fired salutes in honor of the new empire.

We challenge universal history to unfold such a page as this. Here we behold a mere handful of negro men crossing the trackless ocean, and peaceably establishing a free Christian republic upon the borders of an uncivilized continent. Comparatively feeble and illiterate, exposed to want and peril, they exhibited a degree of patience, fortitude, and knowledge, not unworthy of the most enlightened age or nation. What power enabled such men to rise above the misfortunes of life and the terrors of death, that they might bequeath to their children and their race the untold blessings of freedom and Christianity? It was the power of true religion, nerving their hands with strength, endowing their minds with wisdom, and pouring into their souls a generous inspiration.

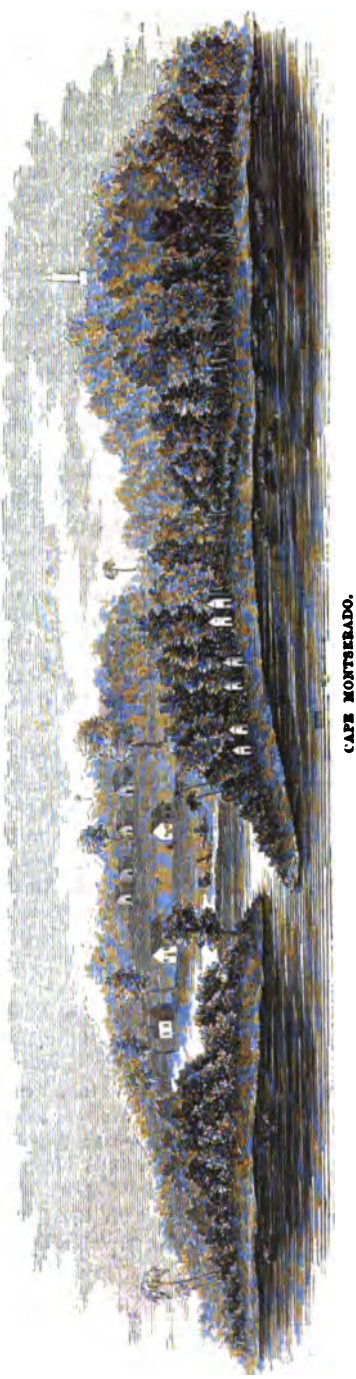
These pioneers of Africa's civilization have not lived in vain; they are among the truly great and good of our world, and the light they have kindled in Africa shall never go out—AFRICA, just awakening from her miseries, and the long sleep of ages, and stretching out her hands for salvation. Unborn millions will yet rise up to call these men blessed!

The new African commonwealth has enjoyed a healthy growth. There it stands—a republic of two hundred thousand souls, populated and governed by blacks, from its chief magistrate down to the humblest officer, with churches, schools, good laws, the press, and all the blessings of civilization. There are few events in this stirring age more full of absorbing interest than the foundation of this independent nation of colored freemen among their own race, numbering not less than one hundred and fifty millions.

Mr. Roberts was eminently qualified for the station of president, and his inaugural address attracted, perhaps, more attention than any other document he ever wrote. Filled with manly and patriotic feeling, yet characterized by a moderation becoming the chief officer of a young commonwealth, it evinced an entire confidence that under the divine blessing the course of Liberia would be onward.

So important a change in the relations of the colony made it necessary that commissioners should visit the United States to confer with the Colonization Society. President Roberts accompanied them, and arrived in June, 1849, when they met in New-York a special committee from the Colonization Board. All questions between the two parties were settled with harmony and mutual satisfaction. The title to more than a million acres of territory was transferred to the republic, one half of which was to be sacredly held for the freehold homes of future immigrants, and *one-tenth* of all the land sold was to be devoted to purposes of education.

This important mission so happily concluded, President Roberts, with his family, embarked for Europe, to form commercial treaties with foreign governments. He arrived at a propitious moment, when the flame of liberty had blazed forth among the oppressed and struggling nations of the old world. The representative of a free republic from the dark continent of Africa, the home of violence and tyranny,



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was hailed with joy. In England, Prussia, and France, a cheerful recognition was given to the first republic on the shores of the African Continent, and its representative met with distinguished courtesies. How long will the United States refuse to acknowledge the national existence of this young republic, with a Constitution modeled after our own, and which aspires to no higher ambition than that of disseminating over a benighted quarter of the globe our own great principles of liberty, humanity, and religion? Let young America aid all she can to redeem Africa, for it is a work worthy of her enterprise.

In Europe Mr. Roberts received a pledge of $10,000 from benevolent individuals, to purchase the title to the tract of sea coast from Cape Mount to Sierra Leone, two hundred miles, and including the slave-trading establishments at Gallinas and Sherbeo. Shortly before leaving England, he wrote a letter in which he gratefully acknowledged the favors extended to him and his country. He says:

"I embark to-morrow with my family on board Her Majesty's ship Amazon, in which vessel the government have been kind enough to grant me a passage to my own country. I have every reason to believe that my visit to Europe will result in great good to Africa in general, and to Liberia in particular."

The British Government not only paid the republic the compliment of a passage for its President in one of the national vessels, but gratuitously added the present of a small sloop of war, for suppressing the slave-trade. On her way, the Amazon anchored at Feetown, Sierra Leone, where marked and due respect was tendered to Mr. Roberts by the civil and military authorities.

The English admiral on the African Coast received orders also to aid the Liberians whenever necessary, in destroying the slave-trade; and the French placed at their disposal two men-of-war for the same purpose. George Washington Lafayette, the son of the illustrious patriot, greatly aided Mr. Roberts in his arrangements at Paris with the French people; and that eminent philanthropist, Samuel Gurney, Esq., London, generously pledged *one thousand pounds* toward the purchase of the *New Cesters* territory, the only remaining slave factory on that part of the coast.

Some circumstances connected with this munificent gift are very interesting. President Roberts dined with the Prussian embassador, the Chevalier Bunsen, where he met Lord Ashley, Mr. Gurney, the Bishop of London, and others. He sat beside that excellent nobleman, Lord Ashley, who was very minute in his inquiries about Liberia, as was also the bishop, who took notes of the conversation. His lordship asked how much money would purchase the Gallinas territory, and Mr. Roberts replied that £2,000 would be ample. Lord Ashley observed that the undertaking must be commenced forthwith, and rising from the table, he suggested to Mr. Gurney that he should purchase the region, and present it to the new republic. Receiving the proposition favorably, the President was requested to call on Mr. Gurney the next morning, which he did, and obtained his obligation for £1,000 toward the desired object.

The return of President Roberts from England was a time of general rejoicing. Captain Trowbridge, of the Amazon, and Captain Byrne from the United States ship Decatur, accompanied him on shore, both vessels at the same time firing national salutes. On the following day a public dinner was given these naval gentlemen, while sky-rockets at night with illuminations added to the public demonstrations of joy.

One object of President Roberts' mission to England was the settlement of a misunderstanding which had arisen between some British traders and the republic. It required great wisdom and energy on the part of the young government. Grando and Boyer were rebellious native chiefs, who denied the jurisdiction of Liberia over a portion of the Bassa country, which had been fairly purchased by the colonists. These traders encouraged the rebel leaders, facilitated the raising of forces, and furnished arms and ammunition for a war against the settlers. Hanson, the British consul, who was an educated native of the Gold Coast, espoused the cause of the Africans.

After a thorough examination of the disputed points, the British Government acknowledged the jurisdiction of Liberia over all the territory she claimed, promising also to remove the consul from his office. In this important negotiation, President Roberts received valuable attentions from Mr. Lawrence, then the

American Minister at the Court of St. James. In the mean time, Grando fled to a distant part of the coast, where it was reported that he became a prisoner among his own people; and Boyer, stripped of promised power, begged for reconciliation with the republic.

In November, 1851, a newly-made settlement at Fishtown was attacked by the natives and burned. They also massacred nine of its inhabitants, and afterward made two attacks on Bassa Cove, but each time were repulsed with severe loss.

On this occasion, the young republic had a favorable opportunity of defending her violated rights, and bravely was it done. The Liberian force consisted of five hundred and fifty men, with the same number of native troops, and, accompanied by the President, marched in the month of January, 1852, for Bassa, Tobacconee, New Cess, and Tradetown, the enemies' countries. They were frequently attacked on the way by small insurgent bands, who soon quickly fled and dispersed. On the 6th they reached Grando's Town, strongly barricaded and prepared for the attack. Within two miles of the place the Liberians had to cross a most difficult swamp, and Colonel Yates, commander on the occasion, has since informed the writer, that at times the water was so deep as to compel the men to carry their cartridge boxes upon their shoulders. Still they hurried on to the enemies' stronghold, and, after an action of an hour and a half, drove them out and carried it. The Africans then retreated to another well-fortified position, from which they opened a heavy fire upon the advancing army. They were again routed, however, and fled panic-stricken to a native town two miles distant, which they fired and then dispersed.

In the language of war, these were brilliant actions, the Liberians vanquishing a savage foe, which numbered at the lowest estimate not less than five thousand fighting men. They only had *sixteen* wounded, and none mortally. On the 15th the conquering army began their march toward New Cess and Boyer's chief town. When within a mile of its barricades, the natives opened a tremendous fire of musketry and "big guns." This fire was promptly returned, and for an hour and three-quarters the conflict raged desperately. President Roberts writes:—

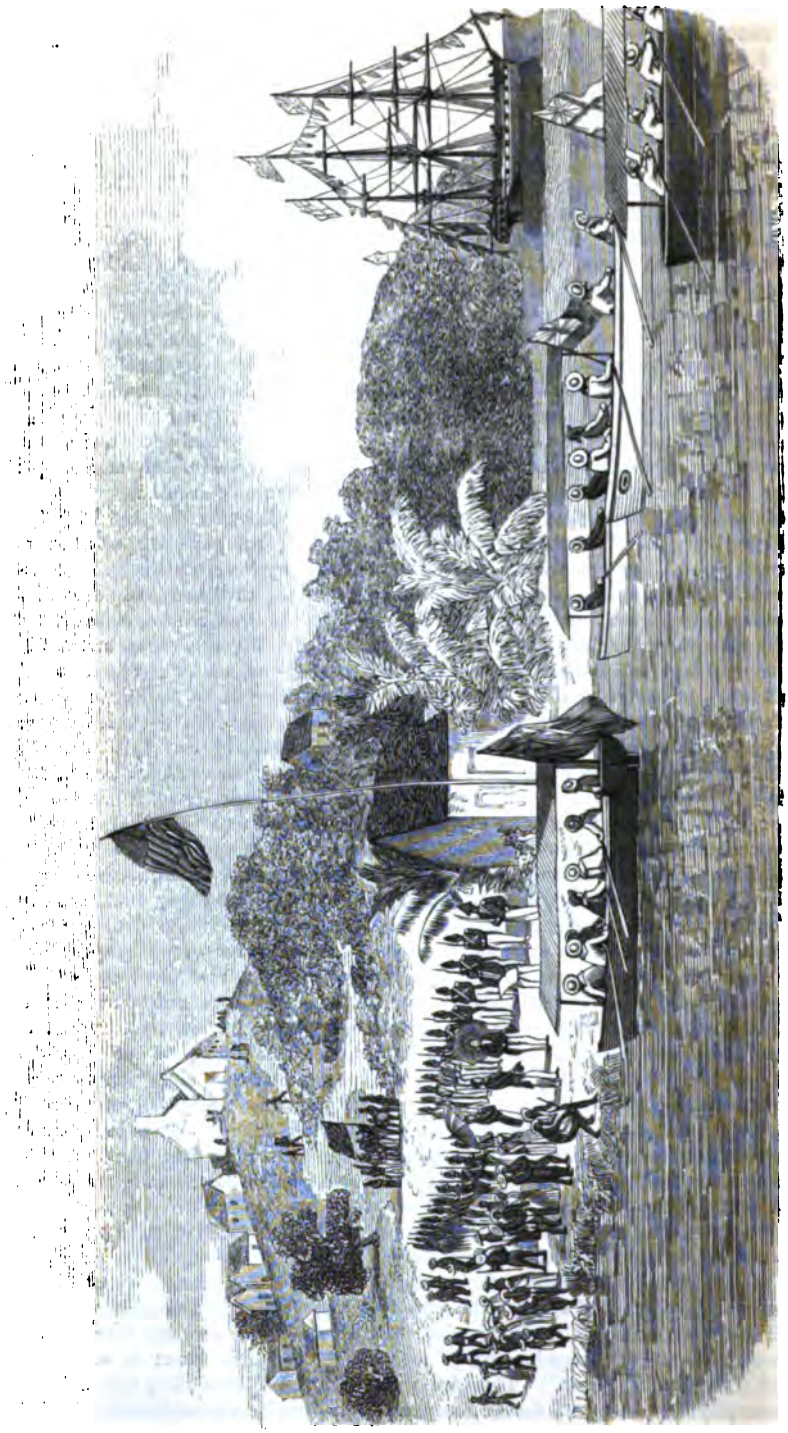
"We had to contend against fearful odds; but the hand of Divine Providence was on our side and we gloriously triumphed. o o o o

"I exceedingly regretted the necessity of this campaign, but it could not be avoided. It will convince the aboriginal inhabitants of the ability of the government to maintain the majesty of the laws, and punish crime wherever committed within its jurisdiction."

Shortly after this successful campaign, the Liberian government interposed its influence and stopped the hostilities which had commenced between the neighboring Vey and Golah tribes. The Vey and the Golah chiefs—Cane, Boombo, Tom Gum and Domabay—appeared before President Roberts and Council, who adjusted their quarrel, the natives pledging themselves to perpetual peace and friendship—new evidences of the civilizing results of African colonization.

This Boombo did not long keep his promise, but gave the settlement great trouble by his marauding incursions, until finally captured and brought to Monrovia, where he was tried and convicted by a jury for his misdemeanors. The trial seems to have been conducted as if it had taken place in an American court. The Attorney General, William Draper, Esq., was assisted by David A. Madison, Esq., of Grand Bassa; D. T. Harris and J. B. Phillips, Esqrs., appeared for the prisoner. It is stated that "they ably and eloquently defended the prisoner upon every point that formality and technicality would admit of; but as they could not argue the lock off the door, and as the evidence, especially that given by prisoner's witnesses, was point blank against Boombo, the verdict was *guilty on each count.*" His sentence was, "restitution, restoration, and reparation of goods stolen, people captured, and damages committed, to pay a fine of $50,000, and be imprisoned for two years." When the sentence was pronounced, he shed tears, regarding his confinement as the most intolerable part of it.

To the Christian mind there is no aspect of the Liberia Republic more interesting than its influences upon the heathen. What these will accomplish in generations to come, time only can reveal. But even now its laws exert a salutary power among the surrounding tribes. The "Pons captives," so providentially landed upon the shore of Monrovia, have generally become civilized, and many of them have



ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT ROBERTS FROM ENGLAND.

embraced the Christian religion. Converts have also been made among the Deys, Goulahs, Bassos, Kroomen, and Greboes.

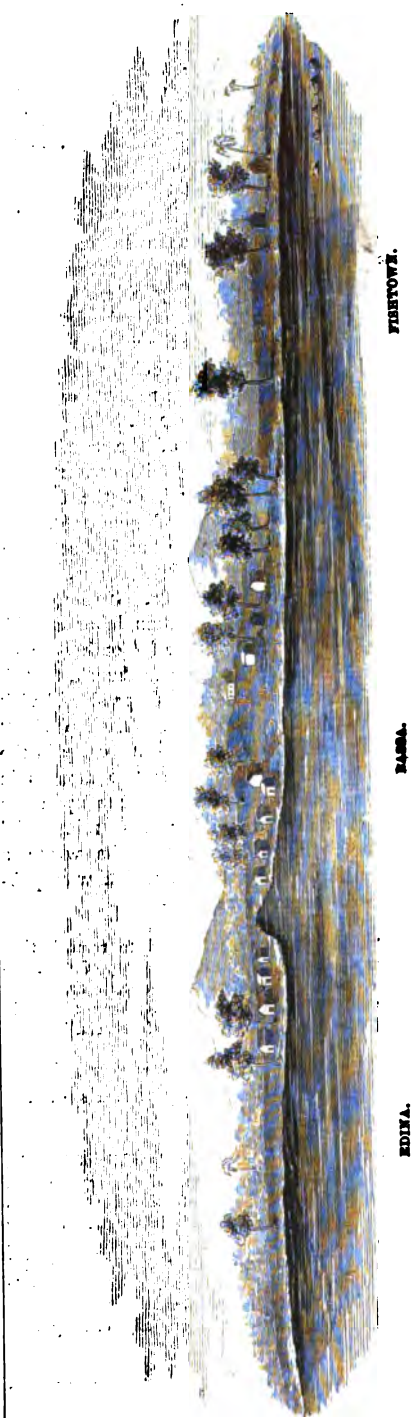
Christian civilization is gradually extending to the native Africans. Trade, not the horrid traffic in human blood,—that most awful curse to poor Africa,—but legitimate, honorable commerce, is increasing among them. They imitate the Liberians in the construction of their houses and style of dress. The useful arts generally begin to appear among them. Many send their children to the colonial schools, and the tribes within the limits of the Liberian and Maryland settlements refer their quarrels and differences for arbitration to the constituted authorities of the republic.

Gladly does the philanthropist discover that this important and cheering theme is a leading topic in all the messages of President Roberts. In his inaugural address we find the following noble sentiment:—

"I have the highest reason to believe that it was one of the greatest objects of the Almighty in establishing these colonies, that they might be the means of introducing civilization and religion among the barbarous nations of this country. And to what work more noble could our powers be applied than that of bringing up from darkness, debasement, and misery our fellow-men, and shedding abroad over them the light of science and Christianity? The means of doing so, fellow-citizens, are in our reach; and if we neglect, or do not make use of them, what excuse shall we make to our Creator and final Judge? This is a question of the deepest concern to us all."

From a late number of the *Liberia Herald* we learn that "in every village in Liberia there are scores of adult natives who have abandoned the superstitious rites and ceremonies of their fathers, and assumed those of civilization. In fact, so complete is the reformation in some cases that a stranger on visiting some of our towns and villages will not be able to discriminate between those born and reared amid the most degraded of heathenish idolatry."

As a religious community Liberia has been highly favored. About one-third of its entire immigrant population belong to some Christian Church. There are nearly thirty churches, which employ the services of between forty and fifty preachers. Bishop Paine estimates that the jurisdiction of the Liberian Republic will eventual-



ly extend itself six hundred miles along the coast and two hundred into the interior. "Here, then," in his own cheering language, "a territory, containing besides American colonists, one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and not far from five millions of aborigines, is the sphere to which Providence directs American philanthropy and Christianity."

The Methodist Episcopal Church has an important mission in Liberia. It is formed with a regular conference, composed of three presiding elders' districts, with circuits, stations, and schools. This mission now embraces the whole territory, including the Maryland colony and native town, whose population reaches one hundred and forty thousand. There are twenty-one members of the conference, with over twelve hundred communicants, being about one-seventh of the colonial population, twenty Sunday-schools, containing more than seven hundred scholars, with several literary institutions, having in all five hundred pupils. So important was this field of Christian labor considered by the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that it desired that one of its bishops should visit these African missions. Bishop Scott performed this episcopal duty early in the past year, spending over two months in visiting the various settlements upon the coast and performing his ministerial offices. Upon his return he wrote a very interesting letter, which was published. In it he says:—

"I feel, however, prompted to remark that in my judgment there is no history of colonization, and of the uprising of a new nation, so strongly marked by providential guardianship and interposition as is that of Liberia."

The bishop also thus strongly indorses the public character and morals of the people:—

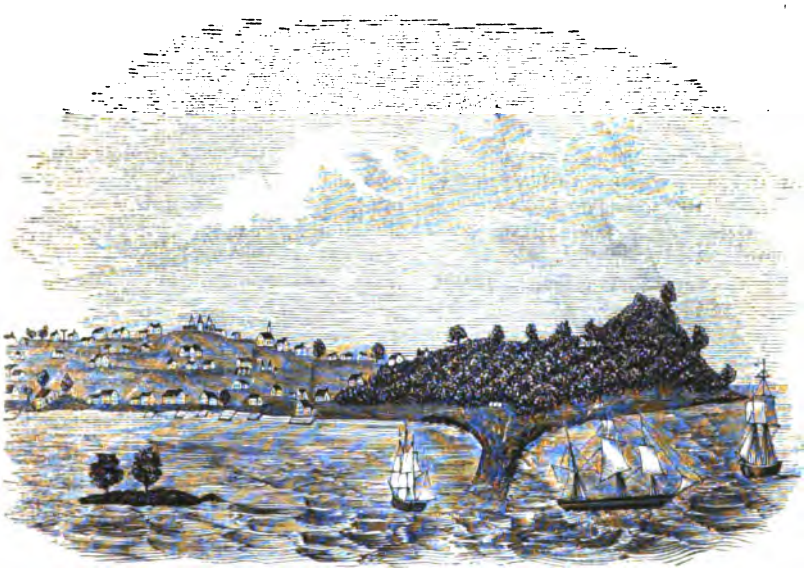
"The government of the Republic of Liberia, which is formed on the model of our own, and is wholly in the hands of colored men, seems to be exceedingly well administered. I never saw so orderly a people. I saw but one intoxicated colonist while in the country, and I heard not one profane word. The Sabbath is kept with singular strictness, and the churches are crowded with attentive and orderly worshipers."

In the month of December, 1848, the English frigate Acteon touched at Monrovia, and an officer landed to inquire whether a salute from the vessel would be returned? Governor Roberts promptly answered that it could not, as the proposed day would be the Sabbath. A similar declinature had been made to the Prince de Joinville in 1842. So intent, however, was the British captain to honor the infant republic, that he fired the national salute upon Sunday, after which he immediately sailed. A people who thus honor God's Sabbath will be blessed of Heaven! Where else, we cannot but ask, can such evidences of national virtue and morality be found? Not, certainly, in our own boasted land of fairer skins and Anglo-Saxon blood.

In the picturesque scenery that catches the eye of the voyager, coasting along the shores of Western Africa, few points present greater attraction than the little city of Monrovia. It is the seat of government of the infant republic, situated near the mouth of the Mesurado River, about four miles from the ocean, in lat. 6° 19′ north. Occupying an elevated site, the place commands a fine view of the Atlantic toward the west and south, and to the east and north of mountains and forest-clad hills. Scattered about the settlement may be seen the comfortable dwelling-houses, gardens, and farms of immigrants, amid tropical fruit-trees of every variety. This pleasing scene of refinement, industry, and comfort, contrasts strongly with the rude abodes of the uncultivated natives in the vicinity. Among the most conspicuous edifices is the elegant and substantial mansion of President Roberts—a two-story brick dwelling, with out-buildings, and located directly opposite the old government house, near the center of the town.

The presidential mansion, like many other houses in Monrovia, is comfortably and elegantly furnished, the owner living in a style of ease, refinement, and affluence. Most of the residences have gardens, very handsomely ornamented with shrubs, flowers, and fruit-trees. Here may be found growing, in this land of perpetual spring, the orange, lemon, and mango, the luxuriant guava, the broad-leaved plantain, the fragrant white-blossomed coffee, and other tropical productions.

President Roberts has recently been reëlected, by his fellow-citizens, the chief magistrate of the Liberian Republic. His wise and prudent administration has



MONROVIA.

produced friendly relations with the native tribes, which, from present appearances, promise to be permanent. From letters written in July last he observes :—

"I have good reason to hope that we shall have no future occasion to employ military force, either there or elsewhere, in maintaining the majesty of the laws."

In referring to the new republic he remarks :—

"I believe it to be the design of Heaven that a nation of colored persons should be raised up in Africa; and it strikes me as being the only place where the colored man can raise himself to his legitimate position in society. Why, sir, there is no country in the world—I say it fearlessly—that offers to the colored man greater inducements and advantages, social, political, and pecuniary, than Liberia; and I am clearly of opinion that the only feasible hope of the African race with respect to obtaining and maintaining an equality with other races of men is a separate and distinct nationality."

Some important truths have been demonstrated in the Liberian Republic. Its legislators, civil and military officers, have been all for some years colored men. The world's history does not furnish another such instance of rapid advancement in any colony, especially by emigrants who had previously enjoyed so few advantages of education.

In his official communications to foreign governments President Roberts has evinced a thorough acquaintance with international law. His private correspondence discovers equal good sense and talent.

Liberia has an enlightened republican government. Its citizens enjoy good laws, among which is one for the support of widows and orphans, providing clothing for emancipated slaves, and compelling parents to send their children to school from the age of five to twelve, under the penalty of a fine of $3 a quarter for non-compliance. This is a step further than we have gone in the great State of New-York.

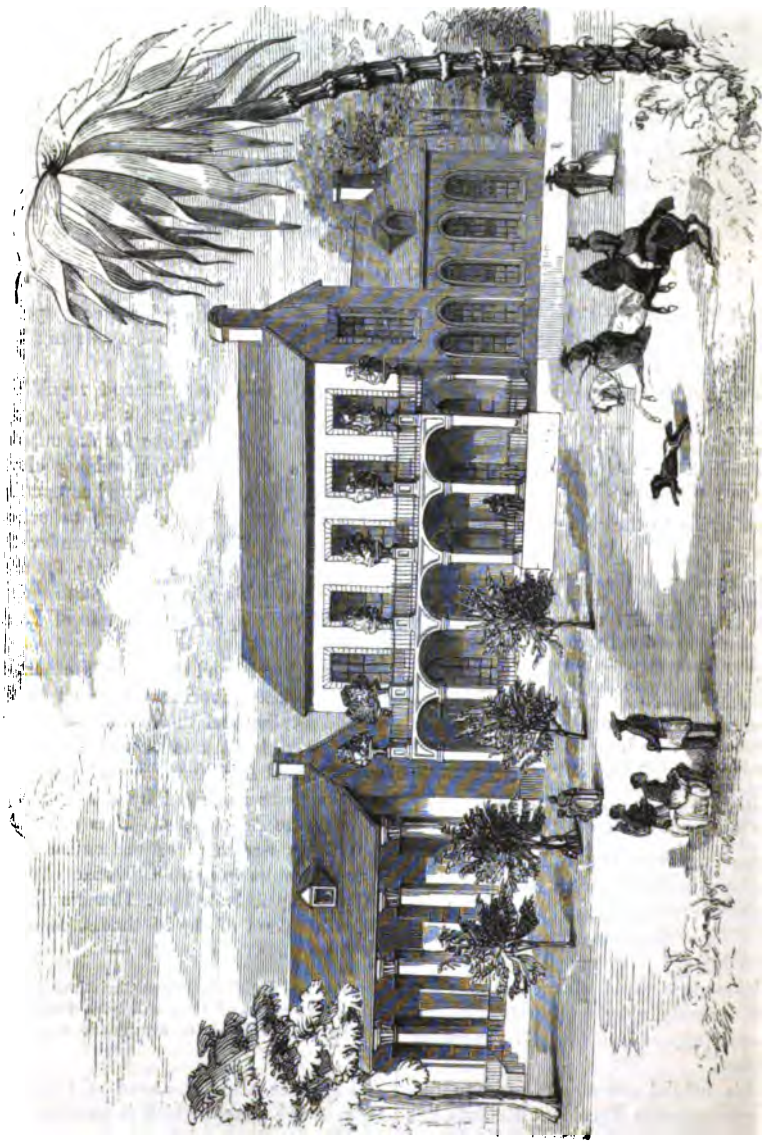
Life, liberty, and property are just as secure to the Liberians as to us in the United States, and more so, it is melancholy to add, than is the case in some of our proud American cities. The Sabbath is more hallowed by the Liberians than by the Americans. It is calculated that about one-third of the entire population belongs to some Christian church; and, in April last, Rev. Francis Burns, superintendent of the Methodist Missions in Western Africa, wrote :—

"For one I feel there are Christians enough in Liberia alone, if they will give themselves wholly to the Lord, to evangelize the continent."

They are also far ahead of us in the temperance cause, which is another indication of their moral advancement.

In the history of our world the establishment of this republic is an astonishing fact—one of the most interesting and important events in this age of great enterprises. We behold the settlement having now reached its thirty-first year of existence, in some respects the most remarkable that has appeared upon the pages of history, and prosperous to a degree that must be cheering to the heart of every philanthropist and Christian.

We believe that the foundations of a great, free, and Christian empire have been laid in Africa, which is equally to bless two continents. It may justly challenge admiration as a vast and successful Christian enterprise; and is, at the same time, a convincing proof and brilliant illustration of the capacity of the colored race for self-government. Do any doubt this? We point to Roberts, once a humble cabin-boy upon the Appomattox River, now the president of an independent, rising republic in Africa!



PRESIDENT ROBERTS'S HOUSE.

TOMB OF REVOLUTIONARY MARTYRS, BROOKLYN.

THE MARTYRS OF THE PRISON-SHIPS.

ON a small triangular piece of ground in Hudson-avenue, Brooklyn, at the head of Front-street, stands what is called the "Tomb of the Martyrs." There is a history of thrilling interest associated with it, some items of which it may be well to notice before describing it.

Through the whole of our struggle for independence, the British army, either instigated by orders from their government or acting under impulses of their own, treated their prisoners with unwarrantable cruelty. The American Revolution was, in their estimation, treason and rebellion, and they held that to rebels and traitors no mercy should be shown. At Wallabout Bay, Long Island, nearly opposite the city of New-York, now occupied by our Navy-yard, a number of prison-ships were stationed, on board of which those Americans who had become prisoners of war were placed. These vessels were the Jersey, the John, the Scorpion, the Strombolo, and the Hunter. The prisoners were crowded together; the food and water provided for them were disgusting and unwholesome to the last degree; they were subjected to every possible inconvenience and suffering, and in some cases, it is believed, were poisoned or wantonly slain by their guards. The bodies of those who perished were carelessly interred on the shore, in shallow holes and without regard to the dictates of decency or humanity.

It has been ascertained with as much precision as the nature of the case would admit, that more than eleven thousand died on board the Jersey alone, and the actual number of victims was probably many thousands more. The quantity of bones discovered in digging away the ground for improvements in and about the Navy-yard was immense; nearly twenty hogsheads full were collected and interred in the vault prepared for their reception—and many more have undoubtedly escaped observation, or become mingled with their native dust. One of our revolutionary poets (Freneau) says:—

"Each day, at least six carcasses we bore,
And scratch'd them graves along the sandy shore;
By feeble hands the shallow graves were made,
No stone memorial o'er the corpses laid;
In barren sands, and far from home they lie,
No friend to shed a tear when passing by;
O'er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,
Spurn at the sand, and curse the rebel dead."

Alexander Coffin, Jr., who was himself a prisoner on board the Jersey, says:—

"On reaching the prison-ship I found there about eleven thousand Americans, prisoners. Many of these, during the severity of winter, had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover their nakedness, and but very few enough to keep them warm; to remedy these inconveniences we were obliged to keep below, and either get into our hammocks or keep in constant motion, without which precautions we must have perished. But to cap the climax of infamy, we were fed (if fed it might be called) with provisions not fit for any human being to make use of: putrid beef and pork and worm-eaten bread, condemned on board their ships of war, was sent on board the Jersey to feed the prisoners; water, sent from this city in a schooner called (emphatically called) the Relief!—water, which I affirm, without the fear of refutation, was worse than I ever had or ever saw on a three years' voyage to the East Indies; water, the scent of which would have discomposed the olfactory nerves of a Hottentot; while within a cable's length of the ship, on Long Island, there was running before our eyes, as though intended to tantalize us, as fine, pure, and wholesome water as any man would wish to drink. o o o o On the upper gun deck of the Jersey, hogs were kept in pens by those officers who had charge of her, for their own use; they were sometimes fed with bran; the prisoners, whenever they could get an opportunity, undiscovered by the sentries, would, with their tin pots, scoop the bran from the troughs and eat it, (after boiling, when there was fire in the galley, which was not always the case,) with seemingly as good an appetite as the hogs themselves."

In the following year he was again taken prisoner, and sent on board the Jersey, where he found more prisoners than he had left, though but very few of his former companions in suffering; some of them had escaped, but the greater part had paid the debt of nature. He was shortly sent with two or three hundred others on board the John, where the treatment they received was worse, if possible, than on board the Jersey. "For more than a month we were obliged to eat our scanty allowance, bad as it was, without cooking, as no fire was allowed us; and I verily believe it was the means of hastening many out of existence."

Another extract from the narrative of the same person is worthy of insertion:—

"A man of the name of Gavot, a native of Rhode Island, died, as was supposed, and was sewed up in his hammock, and in the evening carried upon deck to be taken with others who were dead, and those who might die during the night, on shore to be interred (*in their mode of interring*). During the night it rained pretty hard; in the morning, when they were loading the boat with the dead, one hammock was observed by one of the English seamen to move; he spoke to the officer and told him that he believed the man in that hammock (pointing to it) was not dead. '*In with him;*' said the officer; '*if he is not dead he soon will be:*' but the honest tar, more humane than his officer, swore he would never bury a man alive, and with his knife ripped open the hammock, when behold, the man was really alive. This same man went afterward in the same flag with me to Rhode Island."

One object in treating the prisoners thus shamefully was to induce them to enlist in the British service. Boats from the fleet frequently visited the prison-ships, and the English officers used all their arts of persuasion; but their persuasions and offers were alike treated with contempt, and that by men who expected to die where they were. There were seldom less than one thousand prisoners at once on board of the Jersey; new ones were coming as fast as the old ones died or were exchanged, (which, by the by, was but seldom,) but Mr. Coffin tells us that he never knew of but one who entered on board a British ship of war. Their love of country rendered them superior to the dread of suffering, starvation, and death.

In the Life of Captain Talbot we are told that the Jersey was a very large and roomy vessel; she had once carried seventy-four guns, but was then reduced to a naked hulk. All her ports were close shut and secured, which effectually prevented any current of fresh air between decks, where the prisoners were all shut down from sunset to sunrise, and, during these melancholy hours, all access to or intercourse with the upper deck was prohibited. *She had a guard on board, which were forbidden, on pain of severe punishment, to relieve the wants of any distressed prisoner.* There were no berths for them to lie down in, nor any bench to sit on. Many were almost without clothes. Dysentery, fever, frenzy, and despair, prevailed among them, and the place was filthy, disgusting, and horrible. The scantiness of the allowance, the bad quality of the provisions, the brutality of the guards, and the sufferings of the sick, pining for comforts they could not obtain, altogether furnished an indescribable scene of human distress and misery. When Captain Talbot was on board it was the middle of October, and the weather was cool and dry with frosty nights, so that the number of deaths was reduced to an average of ten a day—and this number he was told was small, compared with the

terrible mortality which had prevailed in the ship for three months previous.

William Burke, a native of Newport in the State of Delaware, spent fourteen months on board the Jersey, during which time he knew of many of the American prisoners being put to death by the bayonet. It was the custom to admit but one prisoner at a time on deck at night. One night, when many prisoners were assembled at the grate of the hatchway, for the purpose of obtaining fresh air, and waiting their turn to go on deck, one of the sentinels thrust his bayonet down among them, and in the morning twenty-five of them were found wounded and many dead. Nor was this a solitary instance: on several occasions five or six, and sometimes eight or ten, were found dead through the same cause.

One of the vessels, said to contain about three hundred prisoners, took fire and was consumed. While she was burning the men were seen letting each other down from the port-holes and deck into the water. Multitudes, no doubt, on this and other occasions, found a grave at the bottom of the bay. The horrors of the black hole of Calcutta, of which English writers so justly complain as an outrage against humanity, seem to have been re-enacted on a larger scale and with numerous additions at the Wallabout.

As might well be expected, such cruelties as these increased the hostility of the American people, and in some cases excited a spirit of bitterest revenge. The following narrative presents an instance of this:—Two young men, brothers, belonging to a rifle corps, were made prisoners and sent together on board the Jersey. The elder took a fever, and in a few days became delirious. One night, when his end was fast approaching, he recovered his reason, and, lamenting his hard fate and the absence of his beloved mother, begged for a little water. His brother with tears entreated the guard to give him some, but in vain. The sick youth was soon in his last struggle. The other, in great distress, offered the guard a guinea for an inch of candle, only that he might see his brother die, and even this was refused! "Now," said the survivor, drying his tears, "if it please God I ever regain my liberty, I will be a most bitter enemy." This awful promise was kept. He escaped and rejoined the American army, and when the war ended had revenged his brother's wrongs with the blood of one hundred and thirty-five of the royal army.

We have information as to the fate of none of the vessels occupied as prisons, except the Jersey, which we are told sunk at last in the bay where she had been moored, and where her remains were still to be seen about thirty years afterward. Her name has become a proverb of execration among Americans. Where she and her consorts once floated, freighted with so much misery and crime, the vessels of our own navy now ride at anchor;—vessels which for speed and other qualities compare favorably with any in the world—and bearing a flag which even England, proud mistress of the seas as she has long claimed to be, is compelled to respect.

For some years after the close of the revolution, the remains of those who had died on board of the prison-ships were shamefully neglected. Several casks and boxes of the bones exposed in the excavations at the Navy-yard and places adjacent were collected under the supervision of John Jackson, Esq., and others, and in 1803 the Tammany Society took up the subject and addressed a memorial to Congress, which, however, led to no action.

In 1807 the same society again turned their attention to the matter, and appointed a committee (called the Wallabout Committee) to take measures to inter the long-neglected remains. Mr. Jackson, who owned a farm in the neighborhood of the Wallabout, gave them a deed of a piece of ground for the purpose, adjoining the Navy-yard. On Wednesday, April 13, 1808, a procession was formed at the old ferry, Brooklyn, and marched through Main, Sands, Bridge, York, and Jackson-streets, (the last now called Hudson-avenue,) to the ground where the corner-stone was laid. A national salute was fired in the presence of nearly two thousand persons. Joseph D. Fay, Esq., delivered an address. On the stone was the following inscription:—

"In the name of the Spirits of the Departed Free—Sacred to the Memory of that portion of American seamen, soldiers, and citizens who perished on board the prison-ships of the British at the Wallabout, during the Revolution. This is the corner-stone of the vault erected by the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, which contains their remains. The ground for

which was bestowed by John Jackson, Nassau Island, season of blossoms. Year of the discovery the 316th, of the Institution the 19th, and of American Independence the 32d. April 6th, 1808.

Jacob Vandervoort,
John Jackson,
Burdett Stryker,
Issachar Cozzins,
Robert Townsend, Jr.,
Benjamin Watson,
Samuel Cowdrey,
} Wallabout Committee.

David & William Campbell, *Builders.*"

On Thursday, the 26th of May of the same year, the vault being completed, the remains of those for whom it was intended were placed in their sepulcher. The procession was formed in Broadway, and marched down to Wall-street, and through Wall, Pearl, and Cherry-streets to the ferry, and, crossing in barges, resumed on the Brooklyn side its line of march. Though the following inscriptions borne in the procession may not meet the reader's views of good taste, they are given that he may see how such things were done in those days. First came a trumpeter mounted on a black horse, dressed in black relieved with red, wearing a helmet with flowing black and red feathers; in his right hand a trumpet, to which was suspended a black silk flag edged with red and black crape, on which was the following motto in letters of gold:

"Mortals, Avaunt!
11,500
Spirits of the Martyred Brave,
Approach the Tomb of Honor, of Glory,
Of Virtuous Patriotism!"

About midway of the procession was a large truck, on which was a stage, the margin of which represented an iron railing, and in the center was a pedestal eight feet long, six feet high, and four feet wide. On the front panel it bore the words,

"Americans! Remember the British!"

Right Side.

"Youth of my Country!
Martyrdom prefer to Slavery!"

Left Side.

"Sires of Columbia!
Transmit to posterity the cruelties practiced on board the British Prison-ships."

Rear.

"Tyrants, dread the gathering storm,
While freemen freemen's obsequies perform."

On the top of the pedestal was displayed a blue silk flag, eighteen feet by twelve, bearing the arms of the United States—on the top of the staff was a globe, on which sat a bald eagle enveloped in crape.

A young gentleman, Josiah Falconer by name, represented the genius of America. He is said to have been of a fine figure, and wore a loose under-dress of light blue silk, which reached to his knees, over which was a long flowing white robe, relieved by a crimson scarf and crape; he had sandals on his feet, on his head a magnificent cap adorned with the most elegant feathers, in the Mexican style. Around him were nine others, representing Patriotism, Honor, Virtue, Patience, Fortitude, Merit, Courage, Perseverance, and Science—these, called the attributes of the Genius of America, were all dressed in character, duly labeled.

More than thirty thousand persons, it is said, were assembled around the tomb, and the exercises commenced with a prayer by the Rev. Ralph Williston. The orator of the day, Dr. Benjamin De Witt, then delivered the funeral oration, after which thirteen coffins, filled with the bones of the prisoners, were deposited in the vault.

Our cut represents a wooden building about eight feet square, upon the top of which is a square pedestal, surmounted by a ball, on which is an eagle carved in wood and painted white. On the clapboards in front is the following inscription:*—

"The Antechamber to the Vault
In which will be arranged the busts or other portrait inseignia of the most distinguished military men and civilians of the Revolution. The Gouvernrs and Legislatures of the old Thirteen States will confer a great favor by their selecting and sending them to No. 21 Hudson-street, city of New-York."

"In 1808, after thirty years' neglect, the corner-stone of this Tomb was laid by the present owner, as grand Sachem of Tammany Society, in the same year, from the grand collection of bleached bones of the marters to our Independence; thirteen coffins ware filled and intered in the tomb in great display of military and civic procession, from the city of New-York and Brooklyn. It was said that full fifteen thousand attendants, without distinction of party, were then present."

We find the following on the south side of the pedestal, at the top:—

"In the city of New-York, 1789, Washington began the first presidential career. The wide-spread eagle of union waited the order, then instantly raised his flight in the heavens, and like the orb of day speedily became visible to half the globe."

* The spelling is given as it is on the tomb.

MONUMENT TO REVOLUTIONARY MARTYRS, NEW-YORK.

But the atrocities practiced upon captive patriots during the Revolution were not confined to these floating dungeons. Thousands perished miserably in the infected prisons of New-York, after having experienced the relentless and unpitying cruelty of fiendish jailors. Commemorative of these martyrs, a monument is now in process of erection in Trinity churchyard, on the spot where many of them were buried. We give, on the preceding page, a view of this handsome specimen of Gothic monumental architecture. When completed, it will stand seventy feet high.

MADRID—THE ESCURIAL.

WHENEVER Madrid is mentioned, the first objects that the word suggests to our minds are the Prado and La Puerta del Sol. Since, then, our inclination leads us to do so, let us now proceed to the Prado, as it is the hour of the evening promenade. The Prado consists of a number of alleys and cross-alleys, with a road in the middle for carriages. It is shaded by stunted pollards, whose roots are in connection with a little basin lined with brick, into which the water is conveyed by small canals at the hours appointed for watering; without this precaution the trees would soon be devoured by the dust, and shriveled up by the sun.

The Prado most certainly offers one of the most animated sights it is possible to behold. The promenade is one of the finest in the world; not for the place itself, which is of the most ordinary description, in spite of all the efforts made by Charles III. to supply its natural defects, but on account of the astonishing concourse of persons that are collected there every evening, from seven o'clock until half-past ten. There are very few bonnets to be seen on the Prado. With the exception of some few bright yellow affairs resembling coal-scuttles, you meet with mantillas only. The Spanish mantilla is made of black or white lace, but generally black, and is worn at the back of the head, on the top of the comb; a few flowers placed on each side of the forehead complete the head-dress, which produces the most charming effect imaginable. When a woman wears a mantilla, she must be ugly indeed not to appear pretty; unfortunately, it is the only part of the Spanish costume which has been preserved—all the rest is *à la Française*. The fan corrects, to a certain extent, the bad taste of this pretension to *Parisianism*. A woman without a fan is something that I have not yet seen in this happy land; I have seen some who had satin shoes without stockings, but they always had a fan. The fan accompanies them everywhere, even to church, where you come across groups of them of all ages, kneeling down or squatting on their heels, and praying and fanning themselves most fervently. The Spanish women excel in the management of the fan; it opens, shuts, and is twirled about in their fingers so rapidly and so lightly, that a conjurer could not do it better.

The women of Madrid are short, delicate, and well-shaped; their foot is small, their figure graceful, their skin very white, and their features fine and irregular. Many have light chestnut hair, and you cannot take two turns upon the Prado without meeting women with fair hair of every possible shade, from the light blond to the most vivid red. It is an error to suppose that there are no fair-complexioned women in Spain. Blue eyes are very common, but they are not so highly esteemed as black ones. On the Prado, too, I saw some *pasiegas* from Santander, in their national costume. These *pasiegas* are accounted the best wet-nurses in Spain, and their affection for their little charges is proverbial. They wear a red cloth petticoat with large plaits, and a broad silver-lace border, a velvet boddice trimmed with gold, and a variegated bright-colored silk handkerchief as a head-dress, the whole being accompanied with silver trinkets and other barbarous ornaments. These women are extremely handsome, and have a very striking expression of strength and grandeur.

A singular trade carried on in Madrid is the retailing of water. The stock in trade of the water-seller consists of a *cantaro* of white clay, a small reed or tin basket, containing two or three glasses, a few *azucarillos*, (sticks of porous caramel sugar,) and sometimes a couple of oranges or limes. There is one class of water-sellers who have little casks twined round with green branches, which they carry on their backs. Some of them even go so far—along the Prado, for instance—as to exhibit painted counters, surmounted by little brass figures of fame, and small flags. These same water-sellers are generally

LADIES ON THE PRADO.

clad in a snuff-colored cloth jacket, breeches, black gaiters, and a peaked hat. There are also some with their white linen drawers, their piece of stuff thrown over their shoulder, their legs bronzed by the sun, and their *alpargatas* bordered with blue. There are also a few women and little girls, whose costumes present nothing worthy of notice, that sell water. They are called, according to their sex, *aguadores* or *aguadoras*. In all quarters of the city do you hear their shrill cries, pitched in all sorts of keys, and varied in a hundred thousand manners: *Agua agua, quien quiere agua? Agua helada, fresquita como la nieve!* This lasts from five in the morning till ten in the evening. This thirst of the population of Madrid is certainly a most extraordinary thing; all the water in the fountains, and all the snow of the mountains of Guadarrama, are insufficient to allay it. People have joked a great deal about the poor Manzanares, and its Naïad with her dry urn; but I should just like to see what sort of a figure any other river would cut in a town parched up by the same thirst. The Manzanares is drunk up at its very source; the aguadores anxiously lie in wait for the least drop of water, the slightest appearance of humidity which oozes forth between its dry banks, and carry it off in their *cantaros* and casks; the laundresses wash the linen with sand; and, in the very middle of the bed of the river, a Mohammedan would not find suffcient water to enable him to perform his ablutions. The price of a glass of water is a *cuarto*, (about half a cent.) What Madrid most stands in need of, after water, is fire, wherewith to light its cigars; consequently, the cry, *Fuego, fuego*, is heard in every direction, mingled incessantly with that of *agua, agua*. There is a desperate struggle between the two elements, each of which appears to be striving which can make the most noise. The fire, which is more inextinguishable than that of Vesta, is carried about by young rascals in little vases filled with coal and fine ashes, with a handle, to prevent the bearers from burning their fingers.

The houses of Madrid are built of lath and plaster, and bricks, save the jambs, the belting courses, and the straps, which are sometimes of gray or blue granite. The whole is rough-cast, and painted fantastically enough, sea-green, bluish ash-color, fawn-color, canary, and other hues more or less Anacreontic. The windows are surrounded by imitations of architectural ornaments of every description, with an infinite profusion of volutes, scroll-work, little loves, and flower-pots. They have likewise large Venetian blinds with broad blue and white stripes, or spartum matting, which is sprinkled with water in order that it may render the wind cool and humid as it passes through. The modern houses are merely whitewashed, or colored

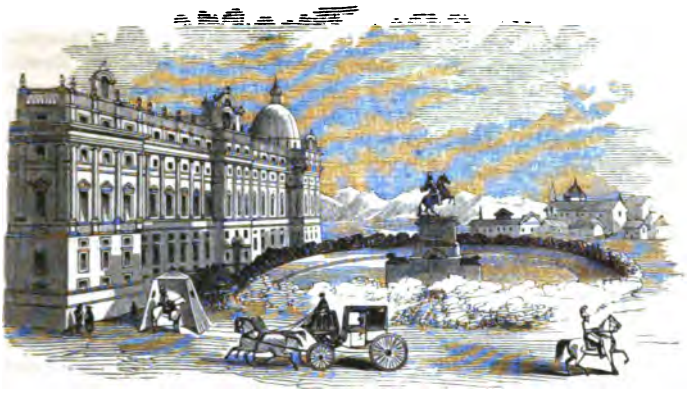
cream-color. The balconies and *miradores* jutting out from the walls, somewhat relieve the monotony of so many straight lines with their regular well-defined shadow, and diversify the natural flat aspect of all these buildings. The houses are vast and convenient inside; the rooms are lofty, and the architects have evidently not been cramped for space. You traverse a long succession of rooms before reaching that part of the house which is really inhabited; for the furniture of all these said rooms consists only of a little whitewash, or a dull yellow or blue tint, relieved by a fillet of color and sham paneling. Smoky, black-looking pictures are suspended against the walls, most of them having no frames, and hanging in folds on the woodwork. Board flooring is a thing that is not known in Spain—at least, I never saw any there. Every room is paved with bricks; but as these bricks are, during the winter, covered with matting made of grass, and during the summer with matting made of rushes, they are much less disagreeable than they otherwise would be. This matting is made with great taste; it could not be better even if manufactured by savages of the Philippine or Sandwich Islands.

The Queen's Palace is a square solid building of fine stones strongly put together, with a great profusion of windows, and a corresponding number of doors, Ionic columns, Doric pilasters, and all the other elements of what is termed architectural good taste. The immense terraces which support it, and the snow-covered mountains of the Guadarrama rising behind, relieve any tendency to sameness or vulgarity which its outline might otherwise present. In the interior, Valasquez, Maella, Bayen, and Tiepolo, have painted some of the ceilings in a more or less allegorical style. The grand staircase is very fine, and was considered by Napoleon to be superior to that at the Tuileries.

The building in which the Cortes meet is interspersed with Pæstumian columns, and lions in long perukes, exhibiting the most abominable want of taste; I doubt very much whether good laws can be made in an edifice of this description. Opposite the chamber of the Cortes, in the middle of the square, is a bronze statue of Miguel Cervantes. It is, doubtless, a very praiseworthy action to erect a statue to the immortal author of "Don Quixote," but I think they should have erected a better one.

The Armeria does not come up to the ideas generally entertained of it. It has very few entire suits, with the various portions of which they are composed belonging to one another; helmets of one period being stuck upon breastplates of another, as well as of quite a different style. The reason given for this confusion is, that at the time

FOUNTAIN AT MADRID.



MADRID.

of the French invasion all these curious relics were hidden away in lofts and other places, where they were so mixed up and jumbled together that it was subsequently impossible to reunite the different parts with any certainty. There are very few Moorish weapons: two or three shields, and a few yatagans form the whole collection. The greatest curiosities are the embroidered saddles, studded with gold and silver stars, and covered with steel scales; these are very numerous and of all kinds of strange shapes, but it is impossible to say to what period or to whom they belonged.

The description of the museum at Madrid would require a whole volume. It is rich in the extreme, and contains a very large number of the works of Titian, Raphael, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, Ribeira, and Murillo. The pictures are hung in an excellent light, and the architectural style of the building is tolerably good, especially in the interior. The façade looks on the Prado, and is a specimen of bad taste; but taken altogether, the building does honor to the architect, Villa Nueva, who drew the plans.

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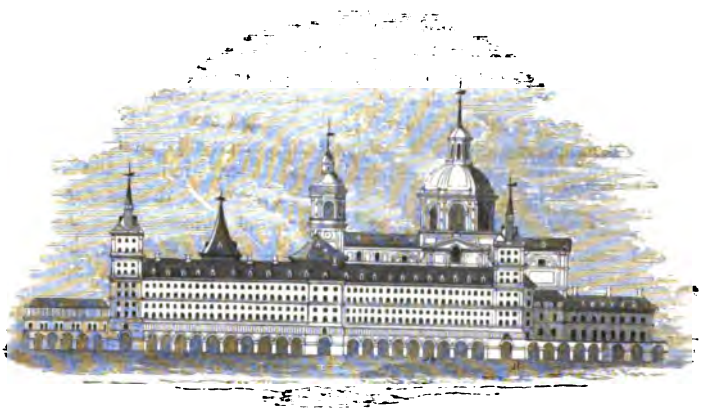
In order to proceed to the Escurial, we hired a fantastic vehicle, covered with gray cupids and other ornaments in the Pompadour style, dragged by four mules, and enhanced by the presence of a zagal in a tolerable masquerading suit. The Escurial is situated about seven or eight leagues from Madrid, not far from Guadarrama, at the foot of a chain of mountains. It is impossible to imagine anything more arid and desolate than the country you have to pass through in order to reach it. There is not a single tree, not a single house; nothing but a succession of steep declivities and dry ravines, which the presence of several bridges points out as the beds of different torrents, and here and there a long vista of blue mountains capped with snow or clouds. Such as it is, however, the view is not without a certain kind of grandeur; the absence of all vegetation gives an extraordinary degree of boldness and severity to the outline of the ground. In proportion as you proceed further from Madrid, the stones with which the way is thickly strewed become larger, and evince, more and more, an ambitious feeling of being taken for rocks. They are of a bluish gray, and appear, as they are scattered over the scale-like soil, like so many warts upon the wrinkled back of a centenarian crocodile; they form a thousand strange shapes upon the outline of the hills, which resemble the ruins of gigantic edifices.

Halfway on the road is a spring, from which a pure and icy stream trickles down, drop by drop; you drink as many glasses of water as the spring contains, let your mules rest a short time, and then set off again on your journey. Soon afterward you perceive, standing out from the vapory background of the mountains, and rendered visible by a bright gleam of sunshine, that Leviathan of architecture, the Escurial. At a distance, the effect is very fine; you would almost fancy it to be an immense Oriental palace, the stone cupola and the balls which terminate all the elevated points contributing very much to keep up the illusion. Before reaching

it, you pass through a large wood of olive-trees, ornamented with crosses, quaintly planted on large blocks of rocks, and producing the most picturesque effect. On issuing from the wood you enter the village and find yourself before the colossus, which loses a great deal from being viewed closely, like all the other colossi in the world. The first thing that struck me was the great number of swallows and martins, wheeling about in immense swarms, and uttering a sharp, strident cry. The poor little birds appeared terrified by the death-like silence which reigned in this Thebaid, and were endeavoring to impart a little animation and noise to it.

The Escurial was built in consequence of a vow made by Philip II. at the siege of Saint Quentin, when he was obliged to cannonade a church dedicated to St. Lawrence. Philip promised the saint that he would make amends for the church of which he deprived him, by one that should be more spacious and more beautiful; and he kept his word more faithfully than kings generally do. The Escurial, which was commenced by Juan Bautista and completed by Herrera, is assuredly, with the exception of the Egpytian pyramids, the largest heap of granite that exists upon the face of the globe; it is called, in Spain, the eighth wonder of the world, making, as each country has its own eighth wonder, at least the thirtieth eighth wonder now existing.

The Escurial is arranged in the form of a gridiron, in honor of Saint Lawrence. Four towers, or square pavilions, represent the feet of this instrument of torture; four masses of building connect the pavilions with each other, and form the framework, while other cross rows represent the bars; the palace and the church are situated in the handle. This strange notion, which must have hampered the architect very much, is not easily perceived by the eye, although it is very visible upon



THE ESCURIAL.

the printed plan. If the visitor were not told of it, he most certainly would never discover it. I do not blame this symbolical piece of puerility, which suited the taste of the times; for I am convinced that when a certain model is given to an architect, so far from shackling him, it will, provided he has genius, prove of great use and assistance to him, and cause him to have recourse to expedients of which he would, otherwise, never have thought; but it strikes me that, in this case, he might have arrived at a far different result. Those persons who are fond of *good taste and sobriety* in architecture, must think the Escurial a specimen of perfection; for the only line employed in it is the straight line, and the only order the Doric order, which is the most melancholy and poorest of any.

One thing which immediately strikes you very disagreeably, is the yellow clayish color of the walls, which you would almost imagine to be built of mud, did not the joints of the stones, marked by lines of glaring white, prove that this was not the case. Nothing can be more monotonous to behold than all these buildings, six or seven stories high, without a moulding, a pilaster, or a column; and with their

small low windows, looking like the entrance to a beehive. The place is the very ideal of a hospital or of barracks. On the top is a heavy dwarfish cupola, which I can compare to nothing more aptly than the dome of the Val de Grâce, and which boasts of no other ornaments than a multitude of granite balls. All around, in order that nothing may be wanting to the symmetry of the whole, are a number of buildings in the same style, that is to say, with a quantity of small windows, and without the least ornament. These buildings are connected with each other by galleries in the form of bridges, thrown over the streets that lead to the village, which, at present, is nothing more than a heap of ruins. All the approaches to the edifice are paved with granite flags, and its limits marked by little walls three feet high, ornamented with the inevitable balls at every angle and every opening. The façade, which does not project in the least from the other portions of the building, fails to break the aridity of the general lines, and is hardly perceived, although it is of gigantic proportions.

The first place you enter is a vast courtyard, at the extremity of which is the portal of a church, presenting no remarkable feature, except some colossal statues of prophets, with gilt ornaments, and figures painted rose-color. This courtyard is flagged, damp, and cold; the angles are overgrown with grass; you no sooner place your foot in it than you are oppressed with *ennui*, just as if you had a weight of lead upon your shoulders; you feel your heart contract; you think that all is over—that every joy is henceforth dead for you. At a distance of twenty paces from the door you smell an indescribable icy and insipid odor of holy water and sepulchral caverns, which is borne to you by a current of air loaded with pleurisy and catarrh. Although, outside, there may be thirty degrees of heat, the marrow freezes in your bones; you imagine that the warmth of life will never again be able to cheer the blood in your veins, which has become colder than a viper's blood. The air of the living cannot force its way through the immense thickness of the walls, which are as impenetrable as the tomb, and yet, in spite of this claustral and Moscovitish cold, the first object I beheld on entering the church was a Spanish woman kneeling on the ground, beating her breast with one hand, and with the other fanning herself with equal fervor. I recollect that her face had a kind of sea-green tint, which makes me shiver even now, whenever I think of it.

The interior of the church is mournful and naked. Immense mouse-gray pilasters formed of granite, with a large micaceous grain-like coarse salt, ascend to the roof which is painted in fresco, the blue, vapory tones of which are ill suited to the cold, poor color of the architecture. We were shown the place where for fourteen years the somber Philip II., that king born to be a grand inquisitor, used to seat himself. Without pretending to possess any very fervent amount of devotion, I can never enter a Gothic cathedral without experiencing a mysterious and profound feeling, an extraordinary sentiment of emotion; but in the church of the Escurial I felt so crushed, so depressed, so completely under the dominion of some inflexible and gloomy power, that I was for the moment convinced of the inutility of prayer. The God of such a temple will never allow himself to be moved by any entreaties.

After visiting the church we went down into the Pantheon. This is the name given to the vault where the bodies of the kings of Spain are preserved. It is octagonal in form, thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty-eight feet in height, directly under the high altar; so that when the priest is saying mass, his feet are on the stone which forms the keystone of the vault. The staircase leading into it is formed of granite and colored marble, and closed by a handsome bronze gate. The Pantheon is lined throughout with jasper, porphyry, and other stones no less precious. In the walls there are niches with antique-formed *cippi*, destined to contain the bodies of those kings and queens who have left issue. A penetrating and death-like coldness reigns throughout the vault, and the polished marble glitters and sparkles in the flickering torchlight; it seems as if the walls were dripping with water, and the visitor might almost imagine himself to be in some submarine grotto. The monstrous edifice weighs you down with all its weight; it surrounds, it embraces, it suffocates you; you feel as if you were clasped by the tentacles of an immense granite polypus. The dead bodies contained in the sepulchral urns seem more dead than any others, and it is with diffi-

culty that you can induce yourself to believe that they can ever possibly be resuscitated. In the vault, as in the church, the impression is one of sinister despair; in all this dreary place there is not one hole through which you can see the sky.

The library of the Escurial is remarkable for one peculiarity, and that is, that the books are placed on the shelves with their backs to the wall and their edges to the spectator; I do not know the reason of this odd arrangement. The library is particularly rich in Arabic manuscripts, and must contain many inestimable and totally unknown treasures. As the conquest of Algiers has rendered Arabic quite a fashionable and ordinary language, it is to be hoped that this rich mine will be thoroughly worked by our young orientalists.

Ascending the dome, an immense panorama unfolds itself at your feet, and you perceive at one glance the hilly country which separates you from Madrid; on the other side you behold the mountains of Guadarrama. From this position, too, you see the whole plan of the building; your eye plunges into the courtyards and cloisters, with their rows of superposed arcades, and their fountain or central pavilion; the roofs appear like so many simple ridges, just as they would in an engraving that gave a bird's-eye view of the place.

I took leave of this desert of granite, this monastic necropolis, with an extraordinary feeling of satisfaction and delight; it seemed as if I were restored to life, and that I could once more feel young, and enjoy the wonderful creation of God, which I had lost all hope of doing while under these funereal vaults. The warm bright air enveloped me as with some soft cloth of fine wool, and warmed my body, that was frozen by the cadaverous atmosphere; I was freed from the architectural nightmare, which I thought would never end. When we returned to Madrid, all our acquaintances were astonished and delighted at beholding us once more alive. Another thing which did not cause less surprise was the fact of our bringing our watches back with us; for in Spain there are always, on the high-road, persons extremely desirous of knowing what o'clock it is; and, as there are neither clocks nor even sundials at hand, they are under the painful necessity of consulting travelers' watches.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS IN THE WEST.

INDIAN ROMANCE—INDIAN PHYSIQUE—CLIMATE DOES NOT EXPLAIN PHYSICAL DIFFERENCES—WIGWAM LIFE—DOGS—CLEANLINESS—COURAGE—DOMESTIC LIFE—AN AFFECTING SCENE—MURDER—AN INCIDENT—AN EXECUTION—MEDICINE MEN—HORRIBLE ORGIES—WHAT HOPE IS THERE FOR THE INDIAN?—THE NORTH-WEST.

WE took our leave of you last, good reader, at the Chippewa Camp on the Tittebewasse River. How far did what we saw there verify our ideals of Indian romance? And what hopes did we bring away of the permanent improvement of these poor people?

Towards sunset of the last day we sat on a log under a large tree at one side of the camp, gazing upon the whole scene as it lay before us in the long shadows of the forest, and thoughtfully answering to ourselves these queries. Our Yankee friend sat on the ground near us, occasionally nasalizing with a benevolent emphasis his thoughts on the same subjects. Our companion F., whose noble soul, after years of labor for these expiring tribes, still hoped against hope for them, was by our side, ready to check any of our misgivings. The hour was a tranquilizing quiet one, the last of that Sabbath sun, and the missionaries and interpreters, being relieved from their labors for a short interval, soon gathered around us and entered into the conversation.

From neither the conversation of these good and heroic men nor the scene before us could we derive much to save our own poetic anticipations of Indian life—and we are compelled to confess, that with the passage of each hour, since our arrival on the ground, our romanticism escaped by piece-meal. Its flight was rapid and inexorable. The old woods had their poetry, solemn and grand—the wigwams, among the trees, were picturesque, outside at least—but the real life exhibited before us was anything but poetic. The uncivilized life (let Rousseau and his fellow sages say what they please) is not the "natural," the legitimate life of man, and therefore it cannot be beautiful—cannot be compatible with either the welfare or the tastes of humanity.

Even in their physique the Indians can claim no advantage: the best-looking men on that ground were the missionaries seated around us—stoutest in frame, noblest in mien, best in feature. Nor is it proba-

ble that the Indian has changed much since the encroachments of civilization upon him. Bancroft and the elder historians tell us of his original subjection to disease — even such disease as we suppose peculiar to civilization. Irving, in his Indian Sketches, confirms their testimony, and proves that an Indian Apollo is rare enough. The fact that their exposed life renders fatal most cases of early disease ought to secure, it would seem, a healthful adult population: but it does not; the discomforts as well as the vices of their condition break them down, and instances of longevity are not as common among them as among the whites, or negro slaves. Contrary to what is generally supposed, they are rather below the average height of the whites.

There is one noticeable fact about them, viz.: that without any tendency to corpulency, (which both their diet and activity prevent,) they have, as a race, a tendency to breadth, both of structure and of feature. It is characteristic of them—their foreheads are broad, their cheek bones are broad, their mouths are broad or wide, their chests are broad. It is this that gives them, especially their women, that peculiar squatty appearance which we invariably associate with the Indian, and which looks as if it resulted from some downward pressure—some outward resistence to the upward growth, compelling nature to seek a lateral development. The singularity of the fact is, that it is just the reverse of the tendency which the European races develop on this continent. We become narrow, attenuated, elongated, in both form and feature. European travelers notice it; one of them, Mr. Kennaday, says, that he saw it distinctly in the first generation of the children of immigrants. In the third generation, and often in the second, the European roundness and compactness is quite changed. Climate or geographical peculiarites cannot certainly produce these opposite effects. They are, doubtless, attributable mainly to moral causes, as are probably the differences of other races, the world over. It is an easy and favorite method of getting over the difficulties of such questions, by comprehensively referring them to climate. The enfeebled condition of Southern Europe, Southern Asia, and tropical America, is thus quickly explained, in apparent forgetfulness, however, that in these so-called effeminating climates in both worlds—in Southern Asia, on both sides the Mediterranean, and in Mexico and Peru—both arts and arms had their first and grandest achievements.

Nothing dashes so effectually one's romantic notions of Indian life as the details of it, seen in the tent or wigwam — the total absence of those minor proprieties which we cannot separate from any tolerable condition of existence. The Indian seems not to have a trace of the bump of order—everything within the poetic wigwam is awry or in confusion. It is smoky, in cool weather at least; the ashes lie about the center; the earthern floor is cold or damp; the pappooses sprawl and squall about the ground; the dogs snarl and fight in the corners; utensils, blankets, weapons, lie anywhere or everywhere, certain (we had supposed civilized) vermin infest everything, carrying undisputed sway by day as well as by night, to the terror of civilized visitors. The Indian dogs are almost as numerous as the Indians themselves, and a more heinous, wolfish, rascally race of brutes you never saw. They are long, lank, scrawny, cowardly-looking creatures, out of whom the hard romance of Indian life seems to have extinguished the last aspiration of even a dog's sentimentality. They appear starved and chapfallen, and consciously mean for being found here out of the bounds of civilization. And poor brutes! they have a hard enough fate of it; there are no superfluous amounts of offal from the Indian tables for them, except occasionally after a successful hunt, and they are literally meager and ravenous for food. Why is it that the lowest canine breeds, the most misshapen curs, congregate so abundantly about the lowest conditions of human life? Did you ever know a drunken Irishman's home, whether in cellar or garret, to be without one? Our low suburban negro houses around most of the Northern cities are often little more than kennels for them. And here in the far-off primeval woods, the same meager, miserable-looking cur abounds and starves among the Indian wigwams. Our camp was alive with them; there was a sort of Indian beadle or sexton whose chief duty it was to keep them off from the seats of the congregation in time of public service; at every interval in the sounds of worship, by night

or by day, their wolfish concerts could be heard ringing through the forests, and when a well-picked bone (for they get none other) happened to be thrown by an Indian to one of them, it turned a large section of the camp into a canine battle-ground, and set the woods resounding with howls.

Cleanliness is almost an unknown idea among Indians, except in the most thoroughly reclaimed Christian families. My friend F., who had known them for years, insisted in the outset upon our taking some hard provisions with us, affirming that it would not be possible to stomach their cookery if we should happen to need it. We had hardly walked around the camp once before the propriety of his suggestion became irrefragable, and the next morning, when the squaws, nearly every one of them with a pappoose on her back, marched in the procession around the camp to take leave of us, we had full demonstration of Indian notions of cleanliness. Among all the children there might have been three or four whose faces seemed to have been washed and their heads combed within the last week, but the others eyed us from the backs of their mothers with unsophisticated aboriginal faces and heads. Some of the little heroes seemed literally painted with dirt; and as the march began, we were admonished by an experienced friend to shake hands with a stout glove on and a well-extended arm.

It requires a very particularly romantic soul to be able to keep alive one's poetic fancies amid such very particularly prosaic matters as these. This downright reality of Indian life may afford scenes for a sort of Flemish art, but the ideal fancies of any higher romance expire among them with surprising certainty and suddenness.

Romance! no! no! You that think your faithful missionaries here bask amid a life of poetic associations are egregiously mistaken. You that would become their fellow-laborers, with hopes of any such beautiful reliefs to the tiresome reality of your present lives, had better stay away. You that with the sentimental lunatic, Rousseau, suppose this the "natural," and therefore the best estate of men, it will be well for you to come here and test it. You will go home better prepared to appreciate the offices of reason, of education, of religion in the development and happiness of your race. You will find that what you call "nature," as contrasted with Christian "civilization," is a heart-sickening fallacy; that the normal, the truly "natural" life of man consists not in conforming himself to the nature of inferior creatures —the bear or the polecat—but in living physically according to material nature around him, and morally according to the rational nature within him.

Nor could we learn that these minor detractions from the romance of Indian character were redeemed by any very remarkably noble traits in other respects. Indian heroism at least had always seemed to us an unquestionable fact; but we found that the men who had lived longest among them were the least disposed to accord them this traditional honor. They doubt the superior personal courage of the Indian. Magnanimity generally accompanies true courage: "The brave are generous," has become a maxim; and cowardice is cruel and ferocious when it can be. Indian warfare knows none of the mitigations of compassion or generosity. It is stealthy; ambuscade is its whole art, fierceness its very spirit; and its trophy is one which no other race ever thought of—the reeking scalp. The deadly torture of its captives is the climax of known inhumanity.

The condition of woman has long been considered by geographers the best indication, not merely of the development of civilization, but of the natural sentiments among any people. The conjugal affection is stronger even than the parental instinct; but that affection is a very questionable trait in this fancied "natural state" of man. Saint Paul describes the heathen as "without natural affection;" the history of our Indians confirms in general his opinion. The condition of woman is certainly nowhere on the earth worse. The wife of the Indian is his slave: he fights or hunts, but she does all the work, whether within the wigwam or without. She is liable to be repudiated at the whim or passion of her lord, and to be cast out burdened with her children or disabled with sickness. Polygamy is allowed, and the disturbances and infidelities of domestic life are next, perhaps, to drunkenness, the most formidable difficulties that the missionary has to meet. By the frequent breaking up of families, as well as of tribes, the ties of consanguinity are not only sundered, but often forgotten.

Singular *mes-alliances* sometimes occur: A missionary told me that a chief after his conversion, and after becoming even a local preacher, came to him to obtain, if possible, a separation from his wife; for he had discovered that she was his own sister! They had been severed in early life by one of the domestic incidents of this "natural state of man," and had just retraced their original relationship.

Woman herself, however, is, even in this deplorable state of life, true to her instincts. The Indian wife shares indeed the ignorance and general degradation of her husband, but not his cruelty, his want of natural affection. All travelers bear testimony to her womanly sympathies. The missionaries, as we sat under the tree, related an affecting example. A chief and his two wives were converted, and wished to join the mission Church. He was a truer man, and had a warmer heart, than was usual among his race. It was necessary that one of his wives should be put away; they themselves, as Christian converts, saw and conceded the necessity, but the process of effecting the separation was heart-rending. The details of the process could not be determined in the wretched family, and the missionary was sent for. He found them in the deepest grief. One of the wives was young and beautiful in both person and character; the other was aged and infirm, but equally esteemed for her virtues. It was settled that the latter should be retained; the other bowed her head and consented; it was right; it was the most merciful arrangement. But a fearful struggle remained: the young wife was a mother; she had an only child, an infant. The chief loved it; it was, perhaps, to be the inheritor of his authority and honors; he could not part with it. "Never," said the missionary, "did I witness a more affecting scene than now followed. No possible terms could be agreed upon between the contending affection of the two parents. The mother sat on the ground heart-broken, her tears dropping upon the child that lay in her arms; the chief stood off, agonized and weeping, and the elder wife shrunk away from the scene. The missionary proposed at last, I think, that it should be decided by lot, and the child fell to the chief, but the mother clung to it. The missionary urged her to carry it to the arms of the chief, but she could not; her sobs were her only reply. He then directed the chief to take it; but the latter, overcome at the grief of its heart-broken mother, could not step forward to do so. What was to be done? The agreement was binding. In Indian life the father was the only sure protector of the child; the mother's own future marriage and protection would be affected too by the result. It was a painful, a heart-rending case, but had no alternative. The missionary had to advance to the prostrate woman, and take the child himself. She reverenced his office; she believed the act necessary; and, with irrepressible tears and sobs, yielded the child; but, no sooner had he taken it from her bosom, and placed it in the arms of the father, than the woman leaped toward it, and, with outstretched hands, struggled to regain it, crying frantically, "Give me my child; O give me my child. Do what you will with me, but give me my child!"

I saw the retained wife of the chief at the camp; she bears the highest Christian character, and her husband has, I understand, maintained his Christian integrity. The young heart-broken mother has found a refuge in the grave.

Such is an example of the formidable, the heart-crushing difficulties that beset the work of the faithful missionary among these tribes.

Traditional influence, at least, has secured some magnanimous traits to the Indian. His unyielding endurance of torture, when a captive, is often referred to as a remarkable example of courage or fortitude; it is a marvelous fact; but his courage in this case is like that of the duelist,—the result of a custom, a traditional prejudice, to which the fear of reproach would compel him to submit. He is prepared from his youth to meet its demand.

Murder is not an uncommon crime among them, and there were several converted murderers in the camp before us. The missionaries pointed some of them out to us, and related their histories. The nearest relatives of the victim are his authorized avengers, and consider it a sacred duty to seek, even for years, the opportunity of revenge. It is characteristic, and a traditionally sacred duty with the Indian, to show his fortitude on such occasions. If he has gratified his own revenge by the murder of his enemy, he

deems it heroic to allow others their right of revenge on himself. He will, if possible, escape for a while that time may assuage their passions, and afford him the opportunity of compromising the matter, and purchase his life—an ancient mode of settling such difficulties that is considered honorable among all tribes, I believe, but he is bound in honor to return and meet the consequences, whatever they may be, and cases of strict and heroic conformity to this traditional requirement are not uncommon. A missionary pointed out to us an athletic Indian "who," he said, "had been almost literally cut to pieces with knives." He had committed murder, and fled; but, after a while, returned to submit to the usages of his race. He walked many miles, and at last arrived in view of the tribe; a small river lay between him and the wigwams; the Indians, and among them the kindred of his victim, saw him as he stood upon the opposite shore. He plunged into the stream, swam across it, and, reaching the bank, stood up calmly and with folded arms. The "avengers of blood" chose not to wait for terms of compromise, but rushed upon him with their knives, and cut him down, mangling him horribly, and leaving him dead, as they supposed. In a subsequent part of the day others of the tribe, in passing by, noticed faint signs of life about him. The report spread among the wigwams, and his butcherers as well as his old friends hastened to restore him. His wounds were dressed, and he was carefully nursed till his powerful constitution rallied back health to his lacerated frame. It was considered that he had suffered honorably and fully, and he was no longer molested. He is now an exemplary Christian.

One of the missionaries related an execution of the kind which he had witnessed. An Indian slew a member of a neighboring tribe: The brothers of the victim came to claim his life. The council of his tribe assembled to consult with them, and purchase his redemption if possible. The murderer, meanwhile, remained calmly with his family in his tent at the other extremity of the camp. To have escaped would have been easy, but dishonorable. The council could not satisfy the avengers. When the criminal was so informed, he took his blanket and bid his wife farewell; she clung to him at the tent door, but he tore himself away, and, waving his hand, commanded her to go in and be silent. He went out to an open space, and, seating himself on a log, awaited his executioners. As they approached he placed his blanket over his head and sat silent and erect; they fired; he leaped into the air and fell dead. They were satisfied, and passed on to their tribe.

Such is the Indian character—repulsive enough, yet not without traits of nobleness.

The "*Medicine Men*" are perhaps the worst examples of savage life. They are the priests, so far as there is any Indian priesthood. They wield inexorably all the terrors of Indian superstition, and are generally a league of murderers—the terror of the tribes. Some nineteen of them were among the converts at this meeting. At their baptism they usually surrender to the missionary their "medicine bag," and its contents. I brought away a specimen. It consists of the dried skin of a young bear, with the head and claws, and is filled with magic sticks, and amulets, bones, abominable compounds of tobacco, and other things, quills of eagles, &c. The conviction is universal among the Indians, and well founded, too, that they have the power of death, if not of life. Their modes of treating disease have been often related by travelers, and are probably familiar to our readers. Their power to destroy life, however, has remained a profound mystery among the tribes, and been looked upon as a mere priestly pretension or popular superstition by travelers. The missionaries themselves have always found a timid, sometimes a shuddering reserve respecting it on the part of the converted "Medicine Men." One of them, however, has been able to penetrate the mystery. A convert, with horror and trembling, told him the facts of the case—facts which are held secret among them by the most fearful oaths. They bring about the deaths of their victims, not as is usually supposed, by incantations, but by actual poisoning.

A compound of deadly drugs, made known from tribe to tribe, only among themselves, is used for the purpose. It is gathered and prepared, with horrible ceremonies, in solitude and at night. It must be deposited beneath a stone too heavy to be removed by the ordinary

strength of the man. He prostrates himself before it, and, by incantations, works himself into a sort of frenzy or mesmeric state, till his preternaturally excited strength can remove it. The poison is taken away at intervals in the same manner. The "Medicine Men" of the various tribes have intimate relations with each other, and know all the secrets of the craft. They also administer the poison for each other, as the locality of the victim may render necessary—insinuating it into his food or drink. They have among themselves, within certain limits, occasional night-feasts—horrible orgies. When one perpetrates a number of murders about the same time, he digs his victims from their graves at night, severs the tongue, thumbs, and heart, and the next night makes a secret feast for his associates, using these fragments as ingredients in the broth! The statement, I am aware, sounds like an invented "bloody-bones story," but the missionary who related it to me fully believed it, as he had received it from an exemplary convert, who made the communication only after long hesitation, and then with profound horror. It was the first full revelation of these mysteries yet known by the missionaries to have been made. A terrible fear is entertained of the "Medicine Men," even by the chiefs themselves; and sometimes after adopting the Christian religion they still live year after year with apprehensions of them, which the missionaries cannot assuage—so certain are they that in some mysterious manner the power of life and death is in their hands.

As we reclined beneath the tree, listening to these and similar narratives, we could not but ask what prospect there was of the permanent elevation of the remnants of this singular race? The sun was fast declining, and his slant and failing light fell obscurely among the shadows of the forest—a fit illustration, we thought, of the question proposed. As a race, unquestionably, their history—unwritten, and never to be written—is about concluded. Their scattered remnants may, however, be traceable among us for generations; and for these there is hope. And why should not this hope inspire the Christian public with earnest interest? Could we only hope to civilize and retain them permanently as a distinct race, there would be interest enough for them. But do we expect any other portion of our population, now the object of our Christian exertions—the Germans, Irish, Scandinavians—to retain their national peculiarities? Would we desire this? Certainly not; their assimilation with our general population is the condition of our chief hope for them and for the country. Why not entertain the same views in respect to the Indian? His preservation as a distinct race would be an evil both to himself and to us. Why, then, allow the failure of such a preposterous expectation to destroy our religious interest for him?

The good results of missionary labor among many of the tribes are strikingly manifest. Their old and almost inexorable customs give way to Christian habits. Their Christian settlements present all the germs of a healthful improvement; and now that the chase is about gone, and war is out of the question with them, there can hardly be a possibility of their relapsing. There is no alternative for them but civilization or dissolution. Their advancement in the former already promises to prevent the latter alternative. The decrease of population is checked in some settlements; and, if the Christian community would hasten to abandon its recent hopelessness of the Indian, and reinforce vigorously its efforts for his rescue, a large portion of the remains of the race might be permanently saved, if not as a distinct people, yet as an ingredient in our common population.

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The sun sunk below the horizon, and we retired, not without sad misgivings that so likewise would soon sink in darkness this marvelous race of the red men.

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The next day we were *en route* homeward; the highways were interspersed for miles with Indian groups, some on horseback, some in wagons, and many on foot, especially women with children on their backs. We saw little Abel Stevens, eyeing us bravely over the shoulder of his mother, by the road side; throwing him a coin as a memento, and also a means, it may be, of future identification, we hastened on, and by night were fairly again within the range of civilization.

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Civilization! yes, rude though it may

seem to foreign eyes, in these frontiers of the world, yet here, led on by the all-conquering energy of Christianity, is it to demonstrate its mightiest results. These North-Western States—this old North-Western Territory, with its immense lake region—is the grandest theater of human progress now on our globe. One hundred years from now what will it be? God be with the people down to that day, and then let the nations behold them! Here is Lake Superior, the largest fresh water sea on the earth. From the northern and western extremity of this lake, to the mouth of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, is about eighteen hundred miles; and the whole area covered by the waters of the lakes is fifty-four and a half million of acres, or eighty-five thousand one hundred and fifty-five square miles.

Around these inland seas powerful states are rapidly rising. The territory which they comprise extends from the western confines of the State of New-York to the upper Mississippi; it contains two hundred and eighty thousand square miles. Its area is nearly twice as large as the kingdom of France, five times as extensive as the whole of England, and thirty-six times the surface of Massachusetts: it includes one hundred and eighty millions of acres of arable land, a large portion of which is of surpassing fertility. In 1800 this vast territory contained only fifty thousand seven hundred and eighty inhabitants; now it is peopled by millions. Its population is more than double that of the whole United States in 1775. When it becomes as thickly populated as old Massacusetts, it will contain twenty-seven million four hundred and forty thousand souls. "This section of country," says Hayward, of Gazetteer memory, "probably possesses a greater aggregate power of production than any other portion, of equal extent, on the globe. Its population is made up almost exclusively of the young, the resolute, the vigorous, and the intelligent, who have gone from the more densely populated communities in New-England and the Middle States, to seat themselves around this chain of waters, and there to build up an empire. They have taken with them the laws, the habits, language, and the institutions, civil and religious, of their parent states; but above all, they have carried into that vast field an honest love of labor. This group of inland states and territories has two outlets for its commerce to the ocean; one by the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico, the other through the lakes, and the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence."

Railroads are now threading this vast region. It is a stupendous field for the march of the race, and the shouts of civilization and liberty ringing over its prairies and waters, summon onward that sublime march.

A strange contrast was there between the Indian life in the solitary woods, which we had been witnessing, and this rife energy and tumultuous enterprise of the civilization so near it!

[For the National Magazine.]

THE EARLY DEAD.

The young, the fair, the pure, the tender-hearted,
A moment bloom, then gently pass away;
Like frail bright flowers of spring-time they departed,
And who remain so good and pure as they?
As fairy visions, or as dreams they pass'd—
Too fair, too bright, too beautiful to last.

Their voices sweet still fall upon the ear,
Their forms of beauty flit before the eye;
While they in radiant happiness appear
In gentle presence to be ever nigh;
As young and joyous as when with us here,
With gentle words and looks of love to cheer.

As guardian angels watching o'er our way,
To guide our ever-wand'ring steps aright,
Are they not hovering round us—who may say?
Those gentle ones, those angel forms of light,
Who from this world of sorrow have departed—
The young, the fair, the pure, the tender-hearted.

W. R. Lawrence.

Abbas Pasha lately obtained from England, by great exertions, a gigantic mastiff, of the celebrated Lyme breed, and the monster was the talk of the whole city of Cairo. As the Pasha's private secretary proceeded through the narrow streets, accompanied by his docile but very formidable-looking acquisition, the Turks did not fly, nor did they seek shelter, nor put themselves in attitude of resistance. They stood still and trembled. Some muttered only "Wonderful! wonderful!" others adopted literally the Hayden phrase, "Our trust is in God." One old man was heard to exclaim, "Many of the creations of God are terrible!" and another gravely asked the dignified dog, "Art thou sent to consume us utterly?" The general expression, however, was, "God can protect us even from thee, O terrible one!"

LARGE HEADS VERSUS SMALL HEADS.

IF any part of a man's body is more emphatically symbolical of the whole man than another, it must be the nervous mass of his brain; and, while a man is alive, his brain can be studied only from the outside. True, from the outside examination of the skull all that we can know (and this only approximately, for the skull may be thick or thin, and its surface not at all points equidistant from the surface of the brain) is the absolute size of the brain, and the relative dimensions of its parts. As this leaves out entirely the considerations of *density*, and of what may be called *quality*, regarding which craniologists vaguely try to be a little more certain by calling in temperament to their aid, and as, moreover, there are two kinds of matter in all brains, a gray and a white, whose respective functions are not settled, and whose proportions cannot be externally ascertained, the most eminent anatomists and physiologists of the present day, with all their respect for the tentative generalizations of Gall, Broussais, and others, are agreed that the claims of external craniology as a practical science of cerebral manifestation, want the necessary basis. More unanimous and more vehement is the rejection which the learned give to the actual science of the thirty-five "bumps" into which craniology itself has degenerated in too hasty hands. Various grave evils have resulted from the sudden popularity of this pleasing pseudo-science. Among other things, it has vitiated sculpture, portrait-painting, and the art of the hair-dresser. By the rage for big foreheads, introduced by phrenology, the sense of obligation to exactness, and all natural ideas of physiognomic beauty have been spoiled. Busts and portraits are now phrenologically doctored; ideal paintings and statues are phrenologically adapted; and *coiffeurs* arranged hair, not with a view to make people look as nice as possible, but with a view to give a false idea of their cranial developments. After all, however, external craniology *is* a science, and an interesting part of the larger and yet only possible science of general physiognomy. What space it deserves to occupy in such a science remains to be determined. Among the most sensible labors in this field of which we have heard, are those of a practical craniologist, Mr. Stratton, who, having invented an improved calipers, or machine for measuring heads, has for many years been applying it, and has now accumulated, it is said, exact measurements of a great many thousand heads, chiefly in the north of Scotland. From such a mass of data, we have no doubt that one *could* "draw inferences." It would be well if biographers could attain anything of Mr. Stratton's precision in their craniological descriptions, giving us, for example, at least the cubic capacity, and the circumference in linear inches, of the heads of their subjects. At present we have only vague information that such and such a one had a large head or a small head, a high head or a low head, and the like; and as the eye is very fallacious on these points, even this information is not always to be depended on. With regard to the large-head and small-head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Cuvier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces. This is generally accounted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a working-man who died in University College Hospital, London, and whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed, out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, though perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all that they could learn about the man was, that he was said by his neighbors to have had a remarkably good memory. The brain of Dr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, weighed sixty-three ounces. Dr. Chalmers had a very large head indeed; (Joseph Hume and he were said to have the largest heads in the kingdom;) and yet his brain weighed but fifty-three ounces—almost under the average. On the other hand, Byron had a small head; at least Mr. Leigh Hunt informs us that *his* hat, which is not a very large one, used to go quite over Byron's head; but his brain is said to have weighed nearly four pounds. Keats and Shelley had very small heads, Mr. Leigh Hunt's hat going over them too. Raffaelle had a small head; Sir Walter Scott had a small head; so had Neander, the Church-historian; so, also, if we recollect aright what Bernal Diaz says, had Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. Wellington's head is said to have been under the average size. The brain of Mrs. Manning, the murderess, was a pound lighter than her husband's.

The skull of Rush was very large, measuring, we think, upward of twenty-four inches round. Pericles, as we know, had a large head; so had Mohammed; so had Mirabeau; so had O'Connell. Lamartine describes Napoleon's as a small head which had bulged out. The skull of the poet Burns was carefully measured when it was disinterred on the burial of his wife; it measured twenty-two and a quarter inches round, which, allowing half an inch for the integuments, would make the circumference of the living head twenty-two and three-quarter inches, a largish head, but not extraordinary. Goethe's head, we believe, was not remarkable for size. About Shakspeare's head our only information must be from the Stratford bust, which Chantrey pronounced, from certain signs, to be almost certainly modeled from an original cast taken after death. It is a curious example of a foregone conclusion, that Mr. Hugh Miller, speaking of this bust, in his admirable work, entitled *First Impressions of England and its People*, describes the head, from personal inspection, as a very large one. The skull, he says, must have been of a capacity to contain all Dr. Chalmers's brains. This, as Dr. Chalmers was then alive, was tantamount to saying it was of the largest known dimensions. Now, with this very description in our memory, we have ourselves examined the Stratford bust with the utmost closeness and care, and we unhesitatingly declare, that the head in that bust is, if not a smallish one, at least such as any average English hat could easily fit. We *believe* it is a smallish head.

In short, from all the statistics we have at command respecting large and small heads, including our own private observations among our acquaintances, we have never been able to obtain any presentable conclusion on the point. The opinion of David Scott, the painter, was, that large heads were generally found in successful men of the world, such as statesmen, bankers and the like; and that the fineness of nervous tissue requisite for the purely intellectual lives of artists, thinkers, and literary men generally, connoted a small or average size of head. Even this opinion, however, will break down if applied in practice. We know very energetic, prudential, and weighty men, with smallish heads; and we know men with very large heads who seem at home only in the most exquisite and ornamental kinds of mental activity. More sure than any conclusion that can be come to on this point of *size*, seems to be a notion we have heard advanced with respect to the *form* of heads. Length of head from front to back, we have heard an eminent and very observing man declare to be, according to his experience, the most constant physiognomic sign of ability. Only in one eminent head, that of Sir Walter Scott, had he found this sign wanting; and in this case, if properly considered, the want was significant. Next to length or depth, his idea was, that height over the ears, as in Scott's head, was the best sign; although he had not found this nearly so essential. To us it appears, that if to the two dimensions of *length* or *depth* and *height*, as thus expounded, we add the third dimension of *breadth*, and if we attach to the three terms their corresponding popular meanings when used in speaking of mental character—regarding a deep head, or a head long from front to back, or from the forehead to the ears, as significant of depth or astuteness; a high head, or a head rising high over the ears, as significant of moral elevation; and a broad head, as measured across and behind the temples, as significant of what is called width or generality of view—we shall have as tolerable a system of practical craniology as the facts will warrant; not very different either from that propounded by the ordinary phrenologists, though they would carry us much further. Here, also, however, let us not be too certain in our judgments. We have seen "foreheads villainously low" on very noble fellows, and grand domes of heads on mere blocks and ignoramuses. Probably Mr. Stratton's data, when examined and systematized, may yield more reliable results. One caution, however, is necessary in accepting such results when offered by professed adherents of the existing phrenology. What we want from phrenologists is their measurements of the heads that we refer to them—not their judgments of the men to whom the heads belonged. These judgments are independently formed from our knowledge of the history and performances of the men; and if, for example, the phrenologists do not like Dr. Chalmers's head so well as they used to do, since they have learned that his brain weighed only fifty-three ounces; or if they find the mask of Dante, as we

believe some of them do, rather deficient in ideality, we do not want them to reargue the point with us, and try to convince us that Dr. Chalmers was, after all, not properly a great man, or that the main element in Dante's genius was not imagination. How far a phrenological system, once constructed, may serve to give us hints about men of whom we know nothing independently, is another matter.

(For the National Magazine.)

SKETCHES IN EUROPE.

LONDON — BLACKWALL RAILWAY — FLOWERS — LONDON BY GASLIGHT — LODGINGS — LONDON TIMES — LETTER FROM HOME — THE STRIKE OF THE CABMEN — WESTMINSTER ABBEY — THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE — FIRST SABBATH IN LONDON — HUCKSTERS — DR. CUMMING.

ON the afternoon of the 27th of July we were off Gravesend, and the Captain, Mr. Read, and myself, determined to give our company the slip, and go to London that night. A few strokes of the oar brought us to the shore, and in a few moments our joyful and grateful feet pressed the dry English ground. These moments past, and we have taken passage in one of the dingy little Thames steamers for Blackwall, on our way up to London, which now lies before us ugly and grim in its robes of smoke. Our little boat was crowded to excess with almost all sorts of people, and after being shut up with the same faces for sixteen days, I found great pleasure in looking at the strange and infinitely various countenances of the passengers. But while we are watching these countenances and listening to the fiddling of the beggar musicians on board, which costs us just a penny, we have come to the landing, and here, instead of the tap of the bell, as in our own country, the cry of a boy, perched on the wheel-house, "Ease her! back her! stop her!" and this same formula regulates every steamboat on the Thames. Five minutes more, and we are on the Blackwall Railway, flying over the tops of the houses of that part of the metropolis called Shadwell; occupied entirely by the dwellings of the poor. There are two things which are likely to strike the traveler who enters London by this road, namely: the flowers and the chimney-pots. Every window of the small houses in this poorest part of the city was adorned with flower-pots, and no yard was too small to possess some description of blooming shrubbery. This to me was a source of pleasing wonder, for I had always thought the poor of London were too miserable to care for flowers, and too busy getting their bread to find time to cultivate them. My ideas of the metropolitan poor went up at once—people who love flowers can neither be entirely degraded nor wholly wretched. The chimney-pots are the *crowning* ornaments of the city, the decorating pinnacles not only of Shadwell but also of the West End; but it is only in passing over this aërial railway that one appreciates this feature of cockney architecture. We felt as though we were entering a city of potters, and that these chimney-pots were signs and specimens of the trade.

When we left the cars it was dusk, and Mr. Read, who had been in London before, undertook to show me the street wonders of the monster city by candle-light. And what a city! What a wilderness of houses! What a labyrinth of streets! In crossing the ocean I was frequently tempted to the rebellious thought that it was too large; just so I felt in London, only I was sure there was no rebellion in the thought as applied to the English metropolis. Number the population of New-York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New-Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, and Charleston, and the population of London is larger than all of them together. Now is not such a place out of all proportion, especially when compared with the diminutive country of which it is the great life-distributing center? and would there not seem to be danger here of the disease called enlargement of the heart? But census and pathology apart, I felt that the extent of the city was a sin against human soles and sinews, as I did that the innumerable long, winding, twisting streets were unjust in their demands upon the stranger's memory. In fact I never was able, during the three weeks I spent in London, to keep my bearings correctly for half an hour together. I frequently got down on the floor, on hands and knees, with my map open before me, and, as I thought, got the city as it stands related to the points of the compass completely in my mind; but invariably, when I got into Regent-street, only half a square from my lodgings, I was lost and had to inquire the way. But to finish my first evening's

walk, we wandered on through the principal thoroughfares, stopping to look into the shop-windows, which taken collectively seemed to be a sort of universal show-case, containing almost every product of the land and sea, every work of nature and every invention of art—everything that runs, or flies, or swims—saddles of venison, hares, birds, lobsters, shrimps; whatever the labor of the husbandman digs from the bosom of the earth or gathers from its surface, such as potatoes, strawberries, and especially gooseberries, of nearly the size of a common walnut; whatever the tools of the artisan can produce from gold or silver, or adorn with precious stones, either for the use or the ornament of man or woman—watches in numberless variety and jewelry without end, all marshaled in the most alluring manner, glittered in the gaslight in such splendor as to remind us of those scenes of fairy lore in which our youth so much delighted to linger. But what actually distanced everything we had met with in the way of show-windows, was one in which a young and pretty woman was sitting, in a brilliant light, bestriding that description of seat called a buck, working away at a glove, with a crowd gazing on her from without. Before we were aware of it we had gone about five miles beyond our hotel; and when we faced about to retrace our steps, Mr. Read's topography utterly failed him, so that it was midnight before we got back. The Captain called the hotel to which he had taken us "first rate," but to me it seemed almost anything else.

The landlady, a rough old woman, gave me a tallow candle and sent me to bed with the special direction not to smoke in her newly-painted bed-chamber. I found no fastening to my door, and no heavy furniture to put against it, and my imagination instantly suggested that all this might be by design. This dark thought was followed by a host of others equally unfriendly to sleep. I recollected most vividly the stories I had read in my boyhood of the gangs of robbers infesting the dark and narrow streets of this very city. I thought of the old landlady and of "Boots" who had lighted me to bed, and fancied I remembered something savage in the faces of them both. These thoughts and feelings were rather the shadows of fear than fear itself, for which I doubt not I was partly indebted to feet made sore, and sinews strained by my long walk, but mainly to a late and hearty supper.

I make bold to write these little things about myself upon the supposition that my readers will be interested in what interested me—not in what interests me personally and always, but in what interested me while I was out of my own country. Under this impression, true or false, I wish the indulgent reader to accompany me to my lodgings. I shall not go to a hotel; I have made up my mind on that head; for if I go to one of the best of them it will cost me from four to five dollars a day, and that would be bad economy, not to say doubtful morality. Neither shall I go to a boarding-house; for although that would be much cheaper than the hotel, it will be less cheap and less private than the sort of lodgings for which I am looking. My friend and myself want private lodgings, and here we are in front of a house in Sackville-street, in the West End, between Regent-street and Piccadilly; on the window is pasted a note to the effect that furnished apartments are to be let here. The bargain is made, and for my chamber and my share of the sitting-room, I pay a weekly rent of about three dollars and seventy-five cents. The maid buys our bread and butter, tea, &c., for breakfast, and our beef and mutton and the necessary accompaniments for dinner, and we pay only what they cost at the restaurants and grocery. We profess to eat but two meals a day—breakfast at eight o'clock and dinner at six; but when we clear the tables we carefully place the fragments into our sideboard, and at two o'clock we have a most savory lunch. While speaking of edibles, I will just say that the English butter is sold and served almost wholly without salt, and can only be made acceptable to the American palate by a free sprinkling of this article upon it. As to the oysters, even the best of them have a strong copperish taste, on which account our countrymen generally let them alone.

After breakfast, we sent out for the *London Times*, and the newsman, who lived close by, sent us word that if we did not care to buy it we might rent it every morning from nine to ten o'clock for twopence, and that he would send it to us and take it away again when the time expired.

The price of the paper at the shops and stands is sixpence—twelve cents of our money; a sum for which we can buy twelve pretty good papers in our country. And for the rent of it we can get four of our lively, enterprising little penny papers, such as the *Philadelphia Ledger* or the *Baltimore Sun*.

After getting settled in my new home I went in search of letters, and found to my great joy that one had arrived in London before me—not a business letter, but one from my wife, one in which my children had sent their greetings, their prayers, and their kisses. Does the reader know the joy of receiving a letter while sojourning in a strange land, from one's dearest earthly friend? If he does he will understand me. Excepting my friend and fellow lodger there was not a man among all the millions of London whom I had ever seen before. Crowds upon crowds went by; but none cared for *me*, none looked at *me*. In the midst of this isolation, my wife's letter seemed to assume the attributes of personality, and to look at me with unutterable kindness, while its written words seemed to grow into audible music. I heard it say or sing plain as plain could be, "Never mind; if the English do n't know you, I know you, and when you grow sick of sight-seeing and weary of being alone, sit down and hear me talk; and by and by some of my brothers who are now sleeping in their mail-bag berths on the ocean, will be here to increase the company and join in the conversation." I read my letter as children eat their sweetmeats, slowly, that I might enjoy it long.

The day of our domiciliation in London was signalized by one of the most memorable events in the annals of the city—I mean the strike of the cabmen. London is thought to be better supplied with conveyances than any other city in the world; but on the day on which I opened my campaign, not a cab was to be seen. Parliament had passed a law reducing the cabman's charge from eightpence to sixpence per mile without back fares, but all the power of Parliament could not make him drive; and in the language of the *Times*, "the metropolis stood in a parenthesis of vehicularity." The strike instantly became the one theme, both of conversation and of discussion in the newspapers: the great Turko-Russian and Chinese questions hid their heads; and nothing else could be attended to either in or out of the national legislature until cabby was brought back to his stand. What stronger proof could we have of the omnipotence of public opinion in England than is here furnished? It required lordly barons with their armed retainers to force Magna Charta from King John; but that was long ago, in the infancy of public opinion; now this same public opinion has grown so great, that even if he employs a cabman as his organ, ministers, and lords, and commons, must listen obsequiously, and trim the sails of the ship of state accordingly. The confusion at the railway stations was immense, passengers, of whatever quality, were compelled to have their trunks and themselves lugged to their hotels as they best could; and the dainty cockneys, male and female, were obliged to mingle with the plebeian crowds in the omnibuses, or else cut off the nose to spite the face, by making their peregrinations a-foot. London dignity being thus placed in one scale and London legs in the other, the legs had it, and dignity sat perched on the tops of the omnibuses—a near neighbor, frequently, to rags and beggary. Thus it is ever in this changing world: no one knows what he may come to in the future. In a short time, however, the city swung back to the old notch. Some of the leading M. P.s threw cabby a few sugar-plums in the form of promises; and the silver lining of his shallow pocket being pretty well worn out, cabby again mounted his box for his accustomed employment of quarreling with denizens and cheating strangers, and all London took a long breath, deep and free; the Bowbells rung out again as of yore, the great clock on St. Paul's struck the hour, and the various forms of life in great Babylon, which had been stopped or stunned by the crack of cabby's whip, or rather by its not cracking, began to spin away again upon their respective pivots.

Of course no one can go to London without visiting Westminster Abbey, the great mausoleum of English warriors, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, and the favorite shrine of all the millions who speak the English language. Here it stands in all its massive, Gothic grandeur, with its ponderous pillars, its graceful arches, its gilded ceilings, its urns of storied dust, its statues almost ready to

speak, but above all, with its historic memories, awakening in the heart and bringing to the lip a blessing or an execration. I gave to the monuments and their inscriptions such an examination as time permitted; but in some of the finest sculpture in the place I felt no interest, except that excited by the excellence of the workmanship. The inscriptions revealed no name emblazoned by fame; but only those, perhaps, of titled dunces, or dastards, whose memoirs, while they lasted, were illustrated with stars and garters, rather than with generous deeds, and whose claim to be remembered by posterity rests upon the accident of birth and their burial here—pretensions which the instincts of improved and progressive humanity will not be likely to respect. Many of the greatest names had smaller monuments and poorer sculpture; but the fragrance of their memories lent luster to the faded marble, and redeemed the dust, and mold, and decay of the sepulcher.

No one will ask why Milton and Shakspeare and a hundred others have monuments in this celebrated place. They are here as a matter of course, not to make men remember them, but *because* men remember them—the place would be incomplete without them. The monuments of their genius have cast these shadows of marble; destined to lengthen in the estimation of the world more and more as the day of human history approaches its sunset. But why have they buried the ignoble and the undistinguished alongside of these apotheosized heroes?

Some of the inscriptions on the tombs are extremely silly, not to say profane. Who would have thought that John Gay, the author of the "Fables," and especially the one entitled "The Shepherd and the Philosopher," remarkable alike for the wisdom and beauty of its sentiments, could have written the following epitaph, and ordered it to be chiseled on his monument?—

"Life is a jest,
And all things show it;
I thought so once,
But now I know it."

Yet there it stands—at once a symbol of death and an abortive attempt at wit, courting a grin from the pilgrim amid the double solemnities of church and sepulcher—like a monkey chattering and peeping through the ribs of a skeleton.

A similar inscription is found on the tomb of Matthew Prior, who has been called "the most natural of the artificial poets." It boasts that the monument was erected and paid for by himself, lest his heirs should forget it after his death. It extends to the length of eight stanzas: here are four of them:—

"As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt alive and in health of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

"Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
The figure is fine, pray believe your own eye,
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves and teach marble to lie.

"Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-color'd, half pleasure, half care.

"Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree:
In public employment, industrious and grave;
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he."

The other half is of the same sort. How disgustingly pitiful to see a distinguished man of letters leaving the world with the airs of a harlequin and then playing the fool on his tombstone! There was as much truth as ill humor in the declaration of the old knight, when he said he would not be buried in Westminster Abbey, "because they did bury fools there." But to say the whole truth, Westminster Abbey is like other places of sepulcher less written about; wisdom and folly, truth and falsehood, genius and stupidity, cruelty and tenderness, here, as elsewhere, sleep quietly side by side.

From the Abbey we went to the new Parliament-house, which all the guide-books and all the fashionable visitors require us to call a splendid building; and so, no doubt, it is. It covers nine acres, and is said to be the largest Gothic edifice in the world; but its vast area is in strange and awkward contrast with the size of the chambers appropriated to Parliament—that of the Commons being about as large as an ordinary country church in America, and that of the Lords only a little larger. It is ornamented with an astonishing profusion both of painting and gilding, which, taken in connection with the smallness of

these two principal rooms, offended my utilitarian Yankee taste, making the cart-before-the-horse impression, of a house built for the sake of having walls to paint and ceilings to gild, or of an argument constructed solely for the purpose of festooning it with the flowers of rhetoric. I was in the predicament of a child of a friend of mine in the country. One bright summer morning the little fellow came rushing into his mother's room, his eyes and cheeks flashing and burning with excitement: "O, ma! come out in the yard, and see a frog with a great long tail! Come quick! quick!" And when the mother reached the spot of interest, what should she see but a snake in the act of swallowing a frog—the unfortunate frog going down hind-part before, and his head still sticking out. The child was completely deceived: he mistook the frog for the principal; he thought the snake was the tail of the frog. So with John Bull. He thinks he has a great Parliament-house, with pictures and gilt in abundance; whereas it seemed manifest to us that it was just the other way—that he has pictures and tinsel, covering a nine-acre field, with only a small room here and there by way of apology.

Sunday morning has come, and the people are passing my lodgings in crowds on their way to church; some on foot, and others in omnibuses; for in London these vehicles run on Sundays just as on other days. I must join the motley procession, and go with them up to the house of the Lord to keep holy day. This was my first Sabbath in England, and for more than twenty years I had not been so long absent from the sanctuary; so that I longed to be there to hear the gospel, and to pay my vows to the Lord in the presence of his people.

The fame of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of the National Scotch Church, near Covent-Garden Theatre, having reached us in America, especially in connection with the Romish controversy, I determined to hear him. On my way to the church, I passed the Seven Dials, one of the localities of the city of evil notoriety, where they were holding the regular Sunday market—the ragged and greasy hucksters, surrounded by customers still more ragged and greasy than themselves, were crying up their withered fruits and vegetables in tones that seemed weak from want, and hoarse from repetition, unfit to mingle with the sweet sounds of the Sabbath bells, or even to float on the Sabbath air. I stopped for a moment to look at this scene of sin and wretchedness, this Sabbath scene in the most Christian country in Europe; this scene which I had fallen upon without looking for it, on my way to the house of God. I have no doubt there was less earnestness, at least in manner, in many a pulpit in London on that day, than was exhibited by these cryers of wrinkled potatoes and shriveled gooseberries. I was especially struck with the energy and enterprise of a little boy belonging to the trade, who stood with a bunch of onions, three in number, in his hand; raising and flourishing them over his head, in a voice that rose above the surrounding tumult, he cried, "Inyuns, inyuns! a penny a bunch for inyuns!" I had often wondered where our own people had picked up this pronunciation of onion, but it was all plain enough now. A little way, only a few steps, from where all this was going forward, I saw a man in the street apparently reading to two persons who stood by him, and upon coming near enough to hear, I found he was reading the Bible; his audience, fit, no doubt, though few, stood with their faces half turned from him, as though anxious to hear without having it so understood. I afterward found that street-preaching was quite common in London.

With a heavy heart I continued my walk to the church, and by the aid of the police found it, in spite of its being hidden away in an obscure court; but found it so late that it was already crowded, and the service begun, so that I was obliged to content myself with a spot in the aisle where I stood for an hour, and heard the sermon. Dr. Cumming is a little above the medium height, with black eyes, glossy black hair, and an expression of countenance anything but controversial. Indeed, his face, which to me appeared uncommonly handsome, wore, especially while speaking, an expression of piety, benevolence, and extreme gentleness. In gesticulation he appeared a little over nice. His text was from Isaiah: "He was wounded for our transgressions," &c.; and for the sake of my clerical readers, I will put down his propositions: First, the effect of the death of Christ, in its relation to the divine law. Second, in its relation to the sin of man.

Third, in its relation to the person of man; and, Fourth, in its relation to Christ himself. He used his manuscript freely, but not servilely; and, indeed, his manner was just of that sort to suit a manuscript. Whether his eye was on or off the paper, he went straight on, without a perceptible change in his tones. No deep emotion swelled his voice or choked his utterance —no lightning flashed from his eye—no thunder startled his audience. Nor was there anything remarkable in the sermon, considered as a composition, which might have been set over against these defects of manner. In vain I waited for something redeeming—cogency of argument, wealth of imagination, or power of appeal. There was nothing of the kind. And yet the audience was interested—myself among the rest. There was, after all, something very serious in his monotonous voice, and a deep concern for the souls of his hearers was depicted in his countenance. Yet who would have thought that this man—quiet, and meek, and peaceful as he appeared in the pulpit—had bearded Cardinal Wiseman and his master the Pope, and had challenged all the knights of Rome to single combat?

I stayed to the communion, for which they gave me a token—something I had never before seen. It was of pewter, about the size of the American half-dollar: on one side were the words, "Scottish National Church, Crown-court;" on the other, the figures of a loaf of bread and a communion cup, encircled with the inscription, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." As it was the first thing of the kind I had seen, I had determined to keep it; but afterward repented, and gave it up. The church was not fine, and the congregation was plain in dress, and devout in its behavior. Over the pulpit I noticed a window of stained glass, with the device of a tree, its foliage intensely green, and its branches in many places inwrapped with flames; above it was the inscription, *Nec tamen consumitur;* the whole representing the struggle and disruption of the Scotch Church, which had resulted in the establishment of the Free Church of Scotland. With the certainty of such a glorious issue, we should be willing to see every national church in the world on fire.

(To be continued.)

OUR ATMOSPHERIC OVERCOAT.

WHATEVER may be our lot, high or low, miserable or contented, we all have to wear the same coat from the moment of our coming into the world to that of our going out of it. And a wonderful coat it is! It never wears out, it keeps us either warm or cool, it fills our tea-pot and waters our garden, it blows our fire and prepares our food, besides making itself useful in other ways—and all gratis. The coat is one in universal demand, and yet it costs nothing.

Extraordinary as these facts may appear, they can all be proved; and perhaps the proofs will be none the less acceptable if presented in a light form, as indeed best befits certain parts of the subject, which, as will be seen, are the very levity of lightness. Some philosophers talk of our being surrounded by a "spherical atmospheric shell," but the term overcoat appears to me to be much more appropriate, and for the time I shall take leave to use it. It is rather a thick coat—from forty to fifty miles: some maintain that it is much more—another fifty miles at least, where the substance becomes looser and looser in texture, till at last it cannot grow any finer, and there it ends with *nothing* beyond it. I rather hold with those who believe that the overcoat has a definite limit at the thickness first mentioned. Who would believe that this inwraps us with a pressure of fifteen pounds on every square inch of our bodies?—altogether from seventy to one hundred tons, according to our size; hence the taller and more portly the individual, the greater the weight he has to bear. Yet how freely we move about in this heavy wrappage! There are times when we are altogether unconscious of its presence. At times it scarcely stirs the film of gossamer hanging on autumnal hedgerows, or shakes the delicate harebell; at others, it lashes the ocean into mountainous waves, that toss the stateliest ships like walnut-shells; or with a fierce blast it lays low the tallest trees in the forest.

Well may we look upon the method which produces such effects as little less than marvelous; but we find other causes for admiration as we go on. Though we cannot see this overcoat, we can weigh it: place an exhausted receiver in a balance, and admit air—the scale will descend as

the inviaible matter finds its way in. But it is lighter or heavier according to its locality: if we could dig a shaft down in the earth to a depth of forty-two miles, the air at the bottom of it would be found as dense as quicksilver. What sort of lungs should we want for such a fluid medium as that, and how should we walk about in it? On the other hand, if we could go up to a height of four thousand miles, and there let loose a cubic inch of air, it would become so excessively rare, and so widely diffused, as to fill a space equal to Saturn's orbit. Saturn, be it remembered, is eight hundred and ninety million miles from the sun, and that distance is only half the diameter of his orbit; and this will give us an idea of the lightness and diffusibility of the air. What a wide range of adaptability is herein contained! But to descend from such impossible altitudes: at a height of eighteen thousand feet, the overcoat is only half as dense as it is down here at the surface of the earth; at thirty-six thousand feet, the density is reduced to one-fourth; and at fifty-four thousand feet to one-eighth. These facts are known as well from calculation as from observation; knowing them, we can tell beforehand to what height a balloon of a given weight and bulk will ascend: one of eight hundred pounds would rise to about two and a quarter miles.

Some popular lecturers have begun to go about and make science the subject of familiar demonstration; most people are acquainted with the ways which these gentlemen have of bringing the air under subjection. They force a quantity into a small chamber attached to what appears to be a walking-stick; and with this, on letting it escape again, they send a bullet through a deal board: or they coerce and compress a still greater quantity into a cylinder mounted on wheels, and straightway it runs to and fro on the floor with the speed of a locomotive: or they take a bell-glass and pump all the air out of it, and you no longer hear the sound of the bell which is ringing within it; and you see that the cluster of thistle-down and the bullet which are let fall from the top, both reach the bottom of the glass precisely at the same moment. Lay your hand over the opening while the air is being exhausted, and you will feel how great is the pressure from without, not to be overcome without an effort. Perhaps the most famous experiment with a vacuum was that made by Otto Guericke, two hundred years ago. He made two large bowls, or hollow hemispheres, to fit together at the edges, and shut as a box, thus forming a globe. He pumped out all the air, and then, in presence of the Imperial Diet at Ratisbon, he had the emperor's six coach horses harnessed, three to each hemisphere, and set them to pull. But although the animals strained and tugged with all their might, the atmosphere proved stronger than they, and they were unable to separate the two hemispheres. How this experiment must have astonished the stout old warriors and crafty politicians who went to that diet!

By far the greatest portion of the atmosphere is contained in the strata nearest to us; we have seen that, owing to its thinness, there cannot be much in the upper regions. It grows colder, too, as we ascend, at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every three hundred and fifteen feet of elevation. This, however, is a beneficent fact, since it has very much to do with the distribution of sunshine and the regulation of climate, and with the due intermixture of the constituents of the overcoat themselves. These constituents not being, as is thought, chemically united, Dalton supposed that the oxygen portion extended to a height of thirty-eight miles, the nitrogen fifty-four miles, the aqueous vapor fifty miles, and the carbonic acid ten miles: of the latter, there is more than enough to refill all our mines with coal.

These elements, existing in the form of infinitely minute particles, have a power of dispersion which, as we shall see, is essential to our well-being. When the sun shines, his rays fall on these countless billions of floating particles, and are by them scattered in all directions; hence it is that we have light so equally distributed. Had we no overcoat, as is the case with the moon, and supposing that we could live, how dreary would be our outlook! There would be no light except on the spot where the sun's rays fell; and as light rays always proceed in a direct line till they meet with something to turn them aside, there would not be the slightest illumination beyond the line. As soon as the sun had passed a window, the room within would be totally dark. There would be no light, no water, no vegetation!

The earth would be a desert perpetually dark, except the one glaring streak shone upon by the sun in its dayly course.

The phenomena of light, though complicated, are singularly beautiful. The violet and the blue rays travel slower than the others, whereby time is afforded more or less for their absorption by the particles of the atmosphere in their passage from the sun; and hence we have an explanation of the blue appearance of the firmament. From the top of a high mountain it looks still bluer, and in some latitudes almost black, because at great elevations there is none of that loss of rays which takes place in the lower and denser strata of the atmosphere. Owing to that loss, our brightest days are never so bright as in the higher regions, and if we could go up some score of miles in a balloon, we should then perceive the difference. We should there receive light of a directer quality, while here we get it only by reflection; and in reflection every one knows there is a considerable loss, amounting, in this case, to a fifth or a fourth of the whole.

One of the explanations given of the brilliant hues seen at sunrise and sunset is, that as the light then comes to us through a greater mass of the atmosphere than when the sun is overhead, more time is given for the absorption of the blue rays, and consequently the orange and red rays, which travel quickest, are those which fall on the eye. The splendors, however, of the dawning and of the dying day are phenomena not yet satisfactorily accounted for, and they will continue to tax the ingenuity of the world for some time longer before philosophers shall have agreed upon the explanation, as they have concerning the colors of the rainbow.

Some have supposed the particles of the atmosphere to be opaque; but if they were so, the phenomena of refraction would be very different from those which prevail at present. Others hold that the particles, whatever they may be, are more fitted to reflect blue rays than red ones. Then, again, if there is nothing but mere empty space between the particles, does the light induce reflection in its passage across the vacuum from one particle to another? Or, seeing that the oxygen and the nitrogen do not form a homogeneous mass, they consequently reflect differently, and the light is thereby flung from one to the other in all directions. Although the effect is but small with individual atoms, it is yet great for the whole sum of the atmosphere. Hence we see the blueness of the atmosphere, as we do that of the ocean, on the great scale or not at all. In a room full of air, or a bottle filled from the Atlantic, the color is alike invisible.

Perhaps that explanation comes nearest to the truth which recognizes the presence of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere. Clouds, it is believed, are never formed beyond a height of ten miles; hence all the phenomena of reflection and refraction with which we are acquainted may take place within that distance. Vesicles of water, though infinitely minute, are hollow, the power which they exert on a ray of light passing through them is consequently double that of a flat layer of water. The incident light being white, the reflected light will be of another quality—more or less blue; and the transmitted light will be a complement of the reflected, and thus it is that we so often see orange tints in the sky, the intensity of the color varying with the angle at which the light falls. When the sun is overhead, it looks through comparatively few vesicles, and appears white; but when on the horizon, it looks through a far greater number, and thereby appears of a different and deeper color.

There is much to be said about other properties belonging to our atmospheric overcoat, but we have no space left to notice more than its feeding properties. To do full justice to them would need a whole chapter. In few words, the atmosphere is the great feeder of animal and vegetable life. Plants are ceaselessly engaged in absorbing from the air the carbon, azote, and ammonia which they require for their sustenance, and the way in which plants contribute to the life of animals needs no explanation. Still, the reflection that the atmosphere contains in its simplest form all the food we eat, is one to excite within us feelings of reverential admiration. For the perpetual production of all this food, contrivances exist, which, though they appear very complicated to us, are doubtless the evolution of a very simple principle. The atmosphere is the grand distributer of moisture as well as of temperature, and the agricultural capacity of any place depends as much on the one as on the other. The winds sweep over the sea, and lick up thousands of tons of wa-

ter, enough to lower the level of the entire surface four feet in a year, were it not for the constant return. In the Arabian Sea alone, taking a breadth of fifteen leagues from the shore, thirty-nine cubic miles of water are taken up every year. In this mighty operation, we see how by the conversion of water into vapor a prodigious amount of heat is constantly passing from the sensible to the insensible form, and the reverse. The average depth of rain yearly for the whole of the land is five feet, all of which has been lifted up and let down again by the atmosphere. In this way the springs in the distant mountains are fed, and the flow of rivers is maintained. All the great rivers—one or two exceptions apart—are in the northern hemisphere, and the largest extent of ocean in the southern. The south, therefore, may be likened to a great caldron, where, during our winter and part of spring and autumn, the sun is shining with intense heat, pumping up vapor, as it were, which is carried to the north, and there condensed. This view of the process is favored by the fact, that in the north temperate zone we have thirty-seven inches of rain annually, while the same zone in the south has but twenty-six.

Light, heat, and the rotation of the earth have much to do with those greater distributory movements of the atmosphere. As it scatters light and diffuses warmth, so does it shower down fertilizing influences, and moreover it is the great chemical agent by which all decomposing processes are carried on, and by which the earth is kept in a habitable state. Were the constitution of the atmosphere other than it is, we should none of us be here to know anything at all about it—that is, with our present respiratory system.

Our atmospheric overcoat, as thus appears, has no less claim on our attention than on our gratitude. We cannot do better than close with the words of a recent writer, who says:—

"It is only the girdling, encircling air that flows above and around us all, that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid with which to-day our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date-trees that grow by the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon—the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-tree of Ceylon, and the forest older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa far behind the Mountains of the Moon. The rain we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the Polar Star for ages, and the lotus lilies have soaked up from the Nile and exhaled as vapor, snows that rested on the summit of the Alps."

THE THREE GENII.

THERE came a maiden, fair and graceful,
Like a rose in summer's prime,
With fawn-like form and floating tresses,
In that sweet early time
When life like a fairy vision seems,
And the eye is soft with the light of dreams.

Upon a golden day of summer,
When fervid wax'd the noon,
Within a dim, delightful arbor,
She sought a sheltering boon,
Where winds that stirr'd the green leaves round her,
In fancy's spells, like music bound her.

And then, as slumber's pinions fann'd her,
And fancy grew more bright,
She thought three genii stood beside her,
Beautiful as light!
"Memory, Hope, and Love are we,
And come, sweet maid, with gifts for thee."

"Be mine," said Hope, "this silver anchor,
Where safely thou shalt lean,
Amid the storms of life, and sorrows
That cloud its fitful scene—
Its blighted aims, its altering love—
And turn thy wearied eye above."

"And mine," the voice of Memory warbled,
"Shall be this urn of gold,
Where each delightful thing thou'lt treasure—
Sweet thoughts and joys untold,
And early friendship's fair, warm rays—
To brighten all thy future days."

"And mine!" quoth Love—"this boon I'll render!"
And he laugh'd aloud for glee;
And a diamond-pointed shaft toward her
He sent, unerringly;
And lo! the *wound* that did befall,
That was the sweetest gift of all.

H. B. M.

A FRIENDLY letter is valuable in proportion to the picture it furnishes of the thoughts and employments of the writer. Here one is scarcely allowed to take a grave subject behind which to hide, but the familiar hand must appear and the feelings flow from the heart to the pen and speak along the page, or the great end of social correspondence is forgotten.

WESTERN LIFE—REV. J. B. FINLEY.

IN our last number we followed our old friend through the wild scenes of his youth in Kentucky—scenes which, by the time he was sixteen years old, made "me," he says, "almost an Indian in my habits and feelings." Still there was in his spirit a deep religious and perhaps we may say poetic sentiment, which his wayward life could not extinguish. The profound and almost solemn solitude of the primeval forests seemed only to deepen it. All minds of much sensibility trained up in the wild frontier life of the West know the Sabbatic sanctity, the almost saddening religious effect of its immense wilds. Mr. Finley says:—"There are some scenes in the wilderness where a gloomy grandeur reigns around, and they often inspire like sensations in the mind of the beholder. Unexcited by the chase, the hunter, especially if alone, is apt to become melancholy; and though sages may speak of 'the charms of solitude,' the mind, without some stimulus, would not be likely to discover them. Again and again have I felt this melancholy steal over me like a cloud over the face of the sun; and were it possible to write out my thoughts, conjectures, imaginings, hopes, fears, and temptations while alone in the woods, it would startle a reader unused to such scenes and associations. Often a stirring adventure would break in upon the dead sea of thought or the whirlpool of passion, rousing the one or calming the other, and again the life would flow on in the even tenor of its way."

Thus, with the hardiness of the Indian and the sensitiveness of the poet in his nature, he felt the inharmoniousness of his life. His father, who was the first teacher of the "classics" beyond the Alleghanies, educated him for the medical profession, but his spirit revolted from it. His life had educated him otherwise. He became religious—deeply so. Happily Methodism presented in its heroic ministerial system the very sphere essential to a mind of his peculiar idiosyncrasies and training. One day, under a deep religious anxiety, "I went," he says, "at day-break to the woods to pray, and no sooner had my knees touched the ground than I cried aloud for mercy and salvation, and fell prostrate. My cries were so loud that they attracted the attention of the neighbors, many of whom gathered around me. Among the number was a German from Switzerland, who had experienced religion. He, understanding fully my condition, had me carried to his house and laid on a bed. The old Dutch saint directed me to look right away to the Saviour. He then kneeled at the bedside and prayed for my salvation most fervently, in Dutch and broken English. He then rose and sung in the same manner, and continued singing and praying alternately till nine o'clock, when suddenly my load was gone, my guilt removed, and presently the direct witness from heaven shone full upon my soul. Then there flowed such copious streams of love into the hitherto waste and desolate places of my soul that I thought I should die with excess of joy."

He soon felt that it was his duty to preach the gospel; but refusing, relapsed into his former habits. Subsequently he resumed his religious duties, and was now determined to obey what he deemed the divine call. He describes his first preaching adventure. "I was sent," he says, "to hold a meeting at Straight Creek, fourteen miles distant. I dared not refuse; for my bitter experience before had taught me that if I refused to serve God in the gospel of his Son, the same awful darkness would surround me. Accordingly I put on my hunting-shirt and moccasins, and, leaving my hunting apparatus at home, I started before day through the woods. I arrived at the place of meeting, and was greeted by a vast concourse of people, who had congregated from all parts of the country to hear the backwoods preacher, or rather to hear the wild hunter preach. My soul sank within me at the sight, and I ran into the woods, and fell on my knees, invoking God, with all my heart, to grant me wisdom and strength for the great work before me. My prayer was, 'O Lord, thou hast sent me, and now I pray thee to help me; for I am nothing, and helpless as a child! Glorify thyself in my great weakness.' I then returned, and took the stand in the cabin, and announced my text as follows: 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.' Acts iii, 19. Although I knew little concerning the theory of repentance, yet I had a deep and pow-

erful experience. When I came to speak of conversion, and the blotting out of sin, with refreshing from the presence of the Lord, my soul fired with the theme, and the Holy Spirit shed abroad its hallowed influences, and the divine power pervaded every heart, so that all in the house were more or less affected; some shouting salvation, and others crying aloud for mercy. The meeting lasted till evening, and I announced that, after a short intermission, we would have a prayer-meeting. When the time arrived, the people came together again, and, during the exercises of singing, prayer, and exhortation, many were converted, and one brother professed sanctification. At this point the excitement increased, and several were taken with the jerks. The next day I went home through the woods, and was so happy that I sung and shouted alternately during almost the entire journey."

A good Dutchman, and evidently a very sensible one, stepped in about this time, on a visit to his cabin, and gave him some very wise counsels. "He was deeply experienced in the things of God, and gave me much important instruction. He told me I was now a babe, and would frequently be alarmed, and, in trying to walk, would be easily thrown down; but, like the child learning to walk, I must not be discouraged, but get up and try again; that I must never suppose that my temptations and trials would be too great for me to encounter; but that, by endurance, I would grow stronger, and also more watchful. 'The devil,' said he, 'is like the shepherd's dog in Germany. He will sometimes worry the sheep, but it teaches them to keep up with the flock.' Revivals of religion he said were like a strong wind, which blows the trees all one way; but, as soon as the storm is over, the most of them will fly back. He said I had to be drilled, and go into the army, and, as a faithful soldier, fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. 'Now,' said he, 'you think all that profess religion are good people; but there are many hogs among the sheep, and you may be able to distinguish between them; for when a hog comes to a mudhole he will put his nose into it, and grunt, and lie down in it; but the sheep will go round it, as they do not like the mud. In your Christian life you will have many cloudy days. Then the devil will come to you, and ask you to settle accounts with him. He will accuse you of many things, and try to make you believe you are nothing but a painted hypocrite, and never had any religion. You must not settle with the devil at such times, for, if you do, he will assuredly cheat you; but tell him to go away till the clouds are gone, and your soul is happy, and then call on him.' These, with many other good things, he said to me, and they were of essential service in after life."

In 1809 he began to travel as a Methodist itinerant under Rev. John Sale, on Scioto Circuit, in Ohio. In the next year the conference received him as a member, and appointed him alone to Wills Creek Circuit. This was the regular officially authorized beginning of that long ministerial career which he has since so heroically prosecuted. When word was sent him of his appointment it appalled him. "I took," he says, "the whole subject before the Lord in prayer. After family worship I went into the loom-house and commenced praying to God to give me some sure indication in regard to his will in this matter. I wrestled all night in supplication, but found no relief. Morning came, and I went into my house and sat down by the table, on which was the family Bible, almost distracted. I asked the Lord if there was a promise in that book which would give me direction and settle the doubtful state of my mind, to direct me to it. On opening the Bible, the first passage on which my eyes fell was Deuteronomy xxxiii, 25: 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be.' This promise was applied to my heart by the Holy Spirit with tremendous power, and I shouted and praised God with all my soul. My doubts and fears all left me, and I told my beloved wife that I now had faith to believe that God would take care of me and guide me aright. As soon as I could get all things in readiness I prepared to start for my circuit. I shall never forget the parting scene. It seemed to me that I was about to leave the world and part from all my relatives, and wife, and little daughter forever. After prayer I rose, embraced them all, mounted my horse, and started. After riding some distance, I came to a point where the road diverged, and desiring to take a last look at the loved ones behind, I turned and saw them weeping. It was a severe struggle

with nature; but grace proved triumphant, and I journeyed on."

It would be exceedingly entertaining not merely to the religiously disposed reader, but to all others, to trace his early ministerial progress. There were adventures in it that Cervantes might have coveted for his hero, and others that would have rejoiced old Bunyan's prison dreams. We can only relate a few of them, however. His circuit was nearly five hundred miles round—a tolerable parish for one man. "In lieu of an overcoat," he says, "to protect me from the storm, I had procured a blanket, and cutting a hole in the middle of it, I thrust my head through it and found it a good protection. . . . . I entered," he says, "upon this work with great fear and trembling. Nowhere, in all the round, could I find a place for my family to live, and hence I was driven to the necessity of building a cabin, which I located on the Leatherwood fork of Wills Creek, fourteen miles west of Barnesville. After getting it ready for occupancy, I wrote to my father, requesting him to bring my family, and, after a separation of four months, we had the pleasure of meeting again. We took possession of our humble cabin, twelve by fourteen feet, which proved sufficiently capacious, as we had nothing but a bed and some wearing apparel. My funds being all exhausted, I sold the boots off my feet to purchase provisions with; and, after making all the preparation that I could to render my family comfortable, started out again upon my circuit, to be absent four weeks."

He narrates some facts which give us an insight into not only the habits of Methodist "Itinerancy," but also the moral condition of the frontier communities of that day. "Many," he says, "were the difficulties I had to encounter in traveling this circuit. The country was new, and the people were generally ignorant and wicked. Sometimes while trying to preach they would interrupt me by cursings and mockings, and frequently they would threaten me with chastisement; but none of these things moved me. My want of experience and conscious inability to preach the gospel as a workman that need not be ashamed, led me to seek, with great earnestness, the sanctifying influences of the Spirit of God, and to devote every spare hour to the study of the Bible. My place of study was the forest; and my principal text-books the Bible, Discipline, doctrinal tracts, and the works of Wesley and Fletcher. Often, while in the woods reading my Bible on my knees, and praying to God for the wisdom that cometh down from above, was my heart comforted. My feeble efforts were abundantly blessed, and many seals were given to my ministry. The Lord revived his work at several appointments and opened my way, giving me access to the hearts of the people. At one time I made an appointment on Sugar Creek, but when I came to it there was no house for me to preach in. Accordingly I called the people together under a large oak in a small prairie. The people, however, would not come near me, but stood in the plum bushes around, and I preached to them, in their hiding-places, Jesus Christ and the resurrection. At my second appointment they seemed less fearful, and I gained so much on their confidence that I ventured to make an appointment for my next round at Mr. Corey's house. When I arrived the people had collected, and, after preaching to them, I proposed holding class-meeting. I began with an old German, named Baker, and afterward spoke to his son Jacob. While talking to Jacob, the old man exclaimed, 'Jake, if you and I don't do petter, de tivel vill come and dakes us poth.' He then wept bitterly. At this the divine power came down upon the hearts of the people, and many were awakened and converted to God. I formed a class, and appointed brother Corey the leader. At another time, while preaching at brother Butt's, a German woman became awakened to a sense of her lost condition as a sinner, and it seemed, so great was her distress of mind, that she would go into despair. Her husband said I had bewitched her, and he was determined to shoot me for a wizard. For this purpose he loaded his rifle with a charmed bullet, and went two miles for the purpose of waylaying me. Having reached the point in the road to which I had to pass, he secreted himself in the bushes, and awaited my arrival. He was not long, however, in this position, till his mind was filled with dreadful thoughts; horrid visions floated before his excited imagination; demon shapes gathered around him, and he fled precipitately for home, in as much distress as his poor wife. They sent for

brother Vulgamode and his wife to come and pray for them, which they did, and soon both experienced religion, and I had the pleasure of receiving them into the Church."

The Western itinerants (who were the *legio fulminea* of the American ministry of their day) were usually brawny, athletic men, physically, if not mentally, educated almost to perfection. They had occasion sometimes to preach to their rude hearers with their stout fists as well as their stentorian lungs. "At a camp-meeting," says Mr. Finley, "a row was raised, on Saturday, by about twenty lewd fellows of the baser sort, who came upon the ground intoxicated, and had vowed they would break up the meeting. One of the preachers went to the leader for the purpose of getting him to leave; but this only enraged him, and he struck the preacher a violent blow on the face and knocked him down. Here the conflict began. The members saw that they must either defend themselves or allow the ruffians to beat them, and insult their wives and daughters. It did not take them long to decide. They very soon placed themselves in an attitude of defense. Brother Birkhammer, an exceedingly stout man, seized their bully leader, who had struck the preacher, and, with one thrust of his brawny arm crushed him down between two benches. The aid-de-camp of the bully ran to his relief, but it was to meet the same fate; for, no sooner did he come in reach of the Methodist, than, with crushing force, he felt himself ground on the back of his comrade in distress. Here they were held in durance vile till the sheriff and his posse came and took possession, and binding them, with ten others, they were carried before a justice, who fined them heavily for the misdemeanor. As soon as quiet was restored, Bishop Asbury occupied the pulpit. After singing and prayer, he rose and said he would give the rowdies some advice. 'You must remember that all our brothers in the Church are not yet sanctified, and I advise you to let them alone; for, if you get them angry, and the devil should get in them, they are the strongest and hardest men to fight and conquer in the world. I advise you, if you do not like them, to go home and let them alone.'"

In speaking of one of his brother itinerants—one to whom it is owing "that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois," he says:—"At the camp-meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshipers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet, such was the terror the name of their leader, Fink, inspired, that no one individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess. At last, one day, when Mr. ——— ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. Mr. ———'s dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:—

"'Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray.'

"He then proceeded with a smile on his lips to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully:—

"'Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray.'

"The desperado rolled back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied:—

"'By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter.'

"'Very well,' said Mr. ———. 'Will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?'

"'In course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't,' rejoined Fink, indignantly.

"'Are you ready?' asked Mr. ———.

"'Ready as a race-horse with a light rider,' squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

"But the bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips when Mr. ——— made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell, crashing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was

up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming—

"'That was n't done fair, so it war n't.'

"He aimed a ferocious stroke, which Mr. ——— parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed, and writhed in the dust; but all to no purpose; for the strong, muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Mr. ——— slackened his hold, and inquired—

"'Will you pray, now?'

"'I doesn't know a word how,' gasped Fink.

"'Repeat after me,' commanded Mr. ———.

"'Well, if I must, I must,' answered Fink; 'because you 're the devil himself.'

"The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the consummation the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers. Fink shook Mr.——'s hand, declaring—

"'By golly, you 're some beans in a bar-fight. I 'd rather set to with an old he bar in dog-days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose-smashers, blast' your pictur!'

"Afterward Fink's party behaved with extreme decorum, and Mr. ——— resumed his Bible and pulpit.

"A thousand other incidents, equally material and ludicrous, are related as to Mr. ———'s adventures in Kentucky and Illinois. Many of them are probably fictitious; but those genuine alone, if collected, would be sufficient to stock at least two volumes of romantic reality."

Scenes oftentimes occurred which, with all their tumult, resulted in unquestionable good. "On my next round," says Mr. Finley, "after preaching at this place, I was about to meet the class—a thing which I never neglected—when one of the brethren came to me and said, 'Mr. H., the great distiller of whisky, is here with his party, and they have determined to break into class-meeting.' I placed old brother Hooper at the door, charging him to keep it shut, and let no one pass without permission. As our meeting progressed the members became happy, and began to sing and shout most lustily. This attracted the attention of old brother Hooper, and he became more interested in the meeting than watchful of the door. In the meantime H. came, lifted the latch, opened the door, and walked in. He had no sooner got in than brother Hooper reclosed the door and stood against it, fearing the others would follow the example of their leader. The great champion of whisky and infidelity was now in a hot place, and he seemed to be at a loss to know what to do. I went up to him, and kindly laying my arm around his neck began to recommend to him my loving Saviour. At this he became somewhat enraged, but I held on to him, and continued to press my entreaties. Presently he began to tremble from head to foot, like an aspen leaf. Still encouraged, I poured the truth upon him, and his agitation increased, and, letting go my hold, he screamed out with all his might, and fell his whole length upon the floor. At that moment the excitement in the room was intense, and it seemed as if heaven and earth had come together. The noise might have been beard a mile distant. At this point brother Hooper opened the door and cried to those outside at the top of his voice, 'Glory be to God, H. is down, H. is down!' The rush to the door, of those from without, was such as cannot be described. As they came rushing forward they fell upon one another in the doorway, and so completely blocked it up that none could pass either way. The excitement rose to a tremendous height, and it was impossible to close the meeting. Those who had not fallen under the power of conviction ran to their horses, and fled with the greatest precipitancy and consternation to their homes. The meeting lasted till sunrise the next morning. Several," adds Mr. Finley, "were converted."

The whisky champion himself ceased all further persecution. He even went so far as to connect himself with the church for a time. Such were the strange scenes through which much of the religious development of the West had to pass.

We could go on quoting incidents illustrative of Western life and religious experience without number—incidents which could not fail to be more significant as well as more entertaining than any remarks of our own; but we are already

extending this article too much. We are tempted, however, to add one more little scene—a picture of piety as beautiful as it is humble. The Mr. Strawbridge mentioned was one of Wesley's local preachers—the first that came over the Atlantic and preached Methodism north of Philadelphia. "An incident occurred," says Mr. Finley, "on one of my excursions in the wilderness part of my circuit, which I will relate. I was traveling along a solitary path through the woods, and all at once I came upon an old man of the most grotesque appearance, trudging along at a slow rate, half bent, with an ax and two broomsticks on his shoulder. As I approached him I said, 'Well, grandfather, how do you do?'

"He was a German, and replied, 'It ish wall.'

"'You have too much of a load to carry.'

"'Yes, but I can go not often.'

"'Where do you live, old friend?'

"'Shust dare,' pointing to a small cabin on the hill-side.

"'You seem to be poor, as well as old.'

"'O yes, in dis world I has noting; but in de oder world I has a kingdom.'

"'Do you know anything about that kingdom?'

"'O yes.'

"'Do you love God?'

"'Yes, mid all my heart, and God love me.'

"'How long a time have you been loving God?'

"'Dis fifty years.'

"'Do you belong to any Church?'

"'O yes, I bese a Metodist.'

"'Where did you join the Methodists?'

"'I jine de Metodist in Maryland, under dat grate man of Got, Strawbridge, on Pipe Creek, and my vife too; and Got has been my father and my friend ever since; and I blese Got I will soon get home to see him in de himels.'

"By this time I felt my heart burn within me; and, having arrived at the Bethel, I stopped and went in. His wife, who was also quite aged, was sitting by her wheel, spinning tow. I told them I was a Methodist preacher, and was more than happy to meet with them. There was but one little chair in the cabin; but, though destitute of furniture, everything I saw looked neat and clean. I inquired into their history, and learned that they once owned property in Maryland; but they sold it, and came out West, for the purpose of benefitting their son. They bought a tract of land containing fifty acres, and improved it so they could live comfortably. In the mean time their son grew up, and became restless and uneasy; wished to leave home, and make his fortune elsewhere. To quiet him the old people made him a title to the farm, and took his obligations to maintain them as long as they lived. In a short time, however, the unnatural son sold the land, took the money, and left for the farther West; since which time they have never heard of him. Being obliged to leave their home, they went into the woods, built their little cabin on Congress land, and obtained a livelihood by making brooms and baskets. They had an old Bible, well-worn, and a hymn-book, which bore similar marks of use. Here, in this cabin alone, they held their meetings; class-meeting on the Sabbath, and prayer-meetings morning, noon, and night. They had rich enjoyment. They talked about religion as if they had been the inhabitants of the heavenly Canaan. We sang and prayed together; and such a meeting I had not enjoyed for years. I realized, in my very heart, that I would not have exchanged their lonely little cabin for the most sumptuous palace on earth, without God. It was distressing to look at their apparel, and yet their faces were radiant in the midst of their rags. I took down my saddle-bags, and gave the old servant of God all the wardrobe I had with me, and then, with many blessings, bade these happy saints adieu. When I arrived home I reported the case to the brethren and sisters of Barnesville, and they went to work, and made up two horse-loads of clothing, meal, and meat, and dispatched it to them. O what a lesson I learned from this Simeon and Anna! their humility, patience, entire and happy resignation to the providence of God! Thus they lived happy in God while they lived, and, after a few years, they went rejoicing home to heaven."

That, good reader, is religion—genuine religion. One thing we may be assured of—if Christianity, producing such results, is not the truth—if any other faith is yet to be found to be the true one, it cannot possibly be a better one than this old couple exemplified far away there in the wilderness.

After about forty-five years of ministerial labor,—during which he has been a circuit preacher, a stationed preacher, a presiding elder, a missionary among the Indians, a chaplain to the State's Prison, &c.,—Mr. Finley, born nearly three-quarters of a century ago, still pursues his ministerial work, as the infirmities of age will allow. He labors at present in Cincinnati.

He has done heroic service in the great field of Western Methodism. He entered that field when it comprised but one conference—the appointments of which extended from Detroit to Natchez, and when one of its districts included some two or three of the modern Western Conferences. His tireless energy, stimulated by an enthusiasm which still burns as warmly as ever in his heart, bore him through obstructions and privations before which ordinary men would have retreated in despair. His temperament, warm and generous, has afforded him the advantages of both pathos and humor in his appeals to the masses; and his deep conviction of religious truth has armed him with an earnestness which has often proved overpowering to ruffian multitudes. His intellect—clear, vigorous, largely educated by intercourse with men, and not uneducated in books—has always sustained him as a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Methodist preachers, at the beginning of the century, laid the moral foundations of most of the Western States. The veteran Finley is one of the very few who survive from those chivalric times to see the results of their labors and sufferings—results which are now daily becoming morally sublime. The history not only of Methodism, but of the nation, will have an obligation to discharge to these noble men. We are glad that our old friend has recorded so many data for the purpose. His autobiography is the most entertaining production of the kind yet afforded by Methodism. It is one of a class of books which is fast multiplying, and without which the most important section of the ecclesiastical history of our country cannot be written. Judge M'Lean has, we notice, given two similar volumes to the public—the Lives of John Collins and Philip Gatch. We hope to see more of them. Before these remarkable men have entirely disappeared, let us hasten to collect their reminiscences.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMAICA.

THOUGH a speck on the map, Jamaica is the queen of the British Antilles; and in fertility of soil, riches of productions, variety, and salubrity of climate, magnificence of scenery, and convenience of geographical position, yields to few of the islands that stud and gem the globe. Look at its place in the Caribbean waters. It is protected from hurricanes (long unknown in it) by a girdle of islands, consisting of the Windward Islands, Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and Cuba; among the West Indies it is central; and for the various lines of European and United States' traffic with Central America, it is admirably situated as a shelter and a depot. And when Central America is opened for shipping, and the Caribbean Sea becomes the highway of the world, what benefits must such an island as Jamaica at once reap and confer? With plains so fertile, with mountains and hills so fruitful and grand, with ample shelter for shipping around it, with mineral resources so rich in initial development, with a large and promising population, with the English language, laws, and institutions, and, above all, with the blessings of the Christian religion, Jamaica cannot, will not, sink. She will yet emerge out of darkness, to combine secular prosperity with political liberty and Christian truth.

Who that has seen this noble island, and sojourned in it, can disregard or forget it? Years have rolled away since we saw its glorious chain of hills recede from our vision, and many more have gone since we caught the first glimpse of its proud appearance; and though we may never have the pleasure of seeing it again, we love to remember it, and must ever desire its peace and prosperity. We have inhaled its halcyon morning breezes, cool and balmy as the air of Eden; we have listened to the murmurs, and followed the windings of its beautiful streams; we have feasted our eyes on the living verdure and graceful forms of its palms and canes; we have climbed and crowned its successive elevations, and thence looked down on such groupings and distributions of nature as we have nowhere else beheld. We have proved the hospitality, the courtesy, and kindness of its people; and while mind and memory, while heart and hope endure, we must cherish its image

and influence, and rejoice in its welfare. To write of it now is a labor of love, which may perchance provoke some abler pen, or enlist on its behalf some efficient sympathy, or gladden some of its warm-hearted and worthy sons.

In our recollections of this land we shall eschew statistics as too dull and dry for our present purpose, except to say that an island averaging one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty-five broad, that contains about four hundred thousand inhabitants, that rises into the clouds eight thousand feet above the sea level, that has been England's since 1655 and the world's since 1494, that has long produced the very finest sugar, coffee, and ginger, together with its own characteristic pimento, that abounds in woods of the firmest texture and finest hue, that yields the most nutritious food and the most valued fruits, that could furnish, as experiment has proved, abundance of the finest cotton, is a land to be regarded by the utilitarian as well as the tasteful, and that justifies the enthusiasm it kindles, and the affection it inspires.

In the order of description, as in the order of creation, vegetable life precedes animal. The vegetation of Jamaica is singularly rich and luxuriant. The late lamented Dr. Macfadyen, of Kingston, ascertained and assorted no less than five hundred and ninety-eight botanical species in the plain of Liguanea alone. Bridges, the annalist of Jamaica, remarks that "when the European discoverers first reached the Antilles, they found all the islands covered with deep forests, whose enormous timbers were bound together by an infinite variety of parasitical plants peculiar to the tropics, forming gloomy bowers and impenetrable masses of the deepest shade. The annual fall of the leaves in these virgin woods, their decomposition, and the natural destruction of the ponderous trunks which bore them, withered by age, or felled by lightning, rendered the earth they covered extremely rich, and forced a prodigious vegetation in those plants which arose as substitutes to the fallen. The trees springing from cliffs, or the summits of mountains, were, for the most part, of the hardest texture; while the valleys, fertilized at the expense of the mountains, were filled with timbers of a softer nature; beneath which grew those succulent plants which the earth liberally produced to supply the wants of its natural inhabitants. Among these, the Caribbean cabbage, the sweet potato, the igname, and the couch-couch, are of indigenous growth." He also remarks that patches of fern, in the interior forests, long marked the sterility caused by the unskillful and exhaustive cultivation of the aboriginal Indians, who confined themselves to the rude production of the cocoa and ginger, unassisted nature supplying all their wants. Some sort of sugar-cane appears to have been indigenous to Jamaica, but under English sovereignty the Bourbon cane and the invaluable Guinea grass have been introduced. Cocoa was the favorite staple of the Spaniards in Jamaica, and at first of the English, and was also indigenous. Ginger is easily grown, but exhausts the soil. The indigo plant once greatly flourished in the English settlements. Pimento, or allspice, sometimes called Jamaica pepper, is the island's most distinctive produce, and grows on a handsome tree in the uplands and hills. At some distance, the bark appears as if it had been lately whitewashed; the fruit is gathered by breaking off the smaller branches, which, carefully done, serves as a pruning; and generally, the crop is large only in alternate years. Pasture lands dotted with pimento trees, as in the parish of Saint Anne, present a beautiful park-like aspect. What sugar equals the best of Jamaica in granulation, color, saccharine matter, and flavor? Mocha itself cannot beat the best Port Royal coffee. The island produces also maize, or Indian corn, proved by analysis to be more nutritive than any extra-tropical corn; and produces the date, cocoa-nut, sago-palm, cabbage-palm, palma Christi or castor oil, bitterwood, camphor, sassafras, cinnamon, Barbadoes aloes, croton Eleuthera, tobacco, cassava, so useful for cakes and starch, limes, lemons, citron, and orange. There is also a parasitical plant in the uplands which yields a milky fluid, that forms a substance like India-rubber. The prickly pear and several other species of cacti abound. Dr. King, of Glasgow, in a great anti-slavery meeting in Spanish Town, the capital, in 1849, at which the Bishop of Jamaica presided, observed with equal truth and eloquence, "Your soil is confessed to be generally excellent. The weeds of your public roads are the ornamental plants of our

greenhouses and hothouses. Your very wilds are orchards. The grandeur of your mountains is qualified only by the soft charms of their vegetation, and the beauty of nature has transformed your rocky cliffs into hanging gardens. Your isle has a central position in the ocean, as if to receive and to dispense the riches of the earth."

Jamaica contains a great variety of wood for the manufacture of beautiful furniture, and for the construction or completion of buildings, though probably only a part is yet known. Besides its well-known mahogany, now scarce, there are cedar, yacca, mahoe, ebony, wild orange, yellow sanders, bully tree, lignum vitæ, brazaletta, maiden plum, mountain guava, and several others. The cotton tree excels every other, in size and grandeur; rising and spreading, in its enormous trunk and majestic branches, like the lord of the forest. It flourishes in both the lowlands and the hills; but its wood is so soft that it serves scarcely any purpose but to be scooped out for canoes. Its exquisitely fine cotton is not manufactured. At a certain elevation fern begins to abound, and in the higher mountains it becomes a tree. The varieties are very great, and many of the ferns are delicately fine. The ugly trumpet tree is spared to shade the coffee. The sandbox tree is large, handsomely shaped, with fine foliage, and takes its name from the boxes in which its seeds are inclosed, and which, if plucked in time, make pretty sand-boxes; but if allowed to remain on the tree till they ripen, burst with considerable noise and scatter the seeds around. Thus the Author of nature provides for the distribution as well as preservation of the species. Parasitical plants abound everywhere, except at the greatest heights, and, if allowed to grow, intertwine and cover everything. The chewstick may be ground into an excellent tooth-powder; and nothing is more common than to see negro women, early in the morning, as they walk the streets, or emerge from their places of rest, freshening the pearly whiteness of their teeth with a piece of the chewstick, used as a tooth-brush. The sensitive plant grows in the pastures, in some places very abundantly. The plant called "live forever" will grow anywhere, even hung up in the house, and is so indestructible and prolific that it soon becomes a very troublesome weed. The fruit of the akee, transplanted from Africa, is a very palatable article of food, and is often eaten with salt fish.

Justice cannot be done to Jamaica without a word or two on esculent vegetation. The yam, now known in England, needs neither description nor eulogy. Even an Irishman would utterly forget the potato, in his enjoyment of the white and Indian yam. The latter yam, commonly called "yampy," is exceedingly delicate and pleasant. The sweet potato is very agreeable occasionally, but is too sweet for constant use. The cocoa, very different from the cocoa palm, and the cocoa for beverage, is not so fine a root as the yam, but of a firmer texture, and more in use among the negroes. The enormous leaves and beautiful clusters of the plaintain and banana greatly heighten the picturesque appearance of the field or garden: the banana may be roasted or eaten as it is plucked; and the plaintain, roasted before it is quite ripe, is one of the most grateful articles of food. Roasted breadfruit is very pleasant and nutritive; but the tree, though remarkably handsome, and very productive, is not extensively cultivated, and has not realized the design of its introduction, probably owing to the abundance and variety of preëxisting food. Nothing can exceed, nothing of the sort equals, the mucilaginous and highly nutritive ochropod, especially in soup. The beautiful cabbage tree, or cabbage palm, growing in the mountains to the height of one hundred and fifty feet and upward, forms at its summit and just beneath its beautiful crown of foliage, a leafy heart, which our own cauliflower cannot equal; but to obtain the precious morsel the tree must be felled. The avocado pear grows on a large tree; it is usually eaten with pepper and salt, and in conjunction with animal food; but its richness and fineness, like the sweetness of honey, must be experienced to be understood. For the invalid and for the thirsty traveler, no beverage can surpass the cocoa-nut water; and the jelly of the young cocoa-nut is one of the most delicious of all fruits. Most of the fruits seem to want, at the first and to the European palate, a little of the European acidity; but the pine-apple, the neesberry, the star-apple, the grenadillo, the guava, the mango, the custard-apple, the sweet sop and the sour

sop, the cherimoyer, the citron, the orange, the mammee, the shaddock, the pomegranate, the jack, the Jamaica gooseberry, the Tahiti apple, the genip, the melon, the tamarind, the papaw, the cashew, with others, are found to afford great variety and fineness of flavor; and they might all be greatly improved by cultivation, which is scarcely ever bestowed upon any of them; for agriculture, and not horticulture, has been the study and occupation of Jamaica, and is, unquestionably, its chief interest. In the mountains are to be found the English strawberry, apple, pea, potato, asparagus, and artichoke. Indeed, there is scarcely any European fruit or vegetable but may be cultivated at some elevation. Throughout the year there is a constant succession and variety of food. With the varied and abundant produce of the island itself, and the continuous imports from Great Britain and the United States, there is no want of appropriate and acceptable nutriment for either the healthy or the invalid, the delicate or the robust. Very fine mutton and beef may be had in the mountains, though in the lowlands the beef is often lean and tough; and from the fresh and salt water very excellent and various fish is obtained, as mudfish, eels, calapava, kingfish, groupa, mackerel, barracooter, lobster, prawns, shrimps, mullet, jack, and many others. The black crab of Jamaica is much esteemed.

One of the greatest luxuries in the lowlands is an early morning drive. Setting off before sunrise, you find the air refreshingly cool, and feel as if you were inhaling the very atmosphere of paradise. Traveling in Jamaica is done at all hours, when occasion calls; but the knowing ones, who study the welfare of themselves and their horses, and journey at their own option, rest during the noontide heats, and travel in the cool of the morning and afternoon. The interval between sunset and dark is very short; and as the sun begins to disappear the heavy dews begin to fall, which prudent people, especially the delicate, avoid. But at midnight the fall of the dew has ceased, and then traveling may be commenced at any hour with safety.

Nothing is more striking, in very dry seasons, than the contrast between the parched and arid lowlands and the verdant, woody, and grassgrown hills. Below, between the shore and the base of the mountains, or in the bottom of deep interior valleys, there is scarcely a blade of grass, and vegetable life appears almost extinct, except in the hardy cacti, the penguin, the logwood, cashew, and ebony trees; above, where vegetable life aspires to the clouds, and attracts the skyey juices, the luxuriant Guinea-grass covers the hills to the very summit; and the parasitical plants form lofty and extended masses of the finest festooning; while the trees are clad with the richest foliage, and the gardens of the peasantry are either largely yielding, or largely promising, what is pleasant to the eye and good for food. In the plains, the traveler becomes wearied and exhausted from the intense heat of a cloudless, tropical sky; but as he winds his upward way among the interlacing hills, and in the shade of bamboo groves and overarching trees, he feels as if suddenly transferred to another land and inspired with new life. But the lowlands themselves exhibit strange scenic contrasts. When protracted drought appears to have nearly annihilated vegetation, and Guinea-grass for the cattle has to be supplied from the contiguous or distant hills, a rainy season (May or October) sets in, with gathering clouds, lurid lightning, and pealing thunder; night and day, for several days in succession, the waters pour down as if emptied from innumerable buckets, the streets become deep and rapid streams, the rivers overflow their banks and sweep away cottages and bridges; and then again the rains suddenly cease, the sun shines out with unclouded light and intense heat, vegetation revives with great vigor, and tracts of land that erewhile seemed nothing but clay and dust, become green and gay with luxuriant grass and bright yellow flowers. It is after such rains, preceded by such droughts, that bilious fever chiefly prevails, that medical practitioners are ceaselessly out, and that death gathers an abundant harvest. The chief agricultural produce of the lowlands is the sugar-cane; and those estates which lie close to the hills and climb their gentlest acclivities, so as to catch the mountain rains, are often flourishing and remunerative; while sugar estates, farther off, are often parched and languishing. The value of sugar estates depends upon situation and soil, and upon facilities for the cheap and easy shipment of sugar, arising from good roads and contiguous harbors.

It is difficult to describe the mountains of Jamaica. They form the chief portion of the island, running its whole length, from east to west, in an unbroken chain, which towers to the greatest altitude in the eastern end; forming the celebrated Blue Mountains; then dips toward the center, shoots up again in the Bull Head Peak, and sinks again, but never meanly, toward the western extremity. Along the northern side of this fine mountain range, the acclivities are generally more gentle and beautiful; along the southern side more abrupt and bold, and often with huge projections seaward. The chief plains are on the southern side, and the prince of them is Liguanea, under the mountains of St. Andrew, and surrounding the city of Kingston. The Blue Mountains take their name from the blue aspect which, to the spectator on the plains or on the vessel's deck, they uniformly present, as they proudly climb the azure vault, and vail their head in clouds. North of the valley drained by Negro River proudly soars Blue Mountain Peak, eight thousand feet, or upward of a mile, above the sea-level, wrapping his head in mist and drinking the frequent shower. Crossing these valleys, and the intermediate hills, at certain seasons you see the coffee fields white with blossoms, as if covered with snow; and you inhale the rich odor of the coffee flower, which is a jessamine. At length, scaling the peak by a path through the bushes and trees, you have a prospect, in a clear day, east, west, north, and south, of mountains and plains, of earth and sea, which can neither be described nor forgotten, and which well repays the fatigue of ascent.

From many a hill-top, in these mountain-masses, you may gaze upon magnificent panoramas—on hill o'erlapping or o'ertopping hill, stretching into the dim distance, or aspiring to the celestial canopy—on spreading plains beneath—on sugar estates far down in the plains, looking like gardens—on the towns of Kingston and Port Royal, with their noble harbors, flanked by Fort Augusta and the Apostles' Battery—and on "the sea, the sea, the open sea" beyond. Wending your way along the sinuous roads, among and around the ever-varying hills and the cottages and villages of the peasantry; gazing upon the precipitous roadside descents, on the one hand, and upon the successive elevations, on the other—the deep ravines and gorges—the ample valleys and confluent streams, you may contemplate the loves of the clouds and the mountains, and the abundant progeny of rains, rills, and rivers; you may expatiate, with fancy and feeling, upon the aspects of a land ennobled by freedom and consecrated by religion. Following the road of a frontier ridge, you reach an opening in the hills, whence you see, with equal distinctness, on the one hand, Blue Mountain Peak and the basin of the Yallahs beneath, interspersed with coffee-works, negro villages, and places of worship; and on the other hand, the hills melting into the lowlands, and the plains declining into the sea.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

HARSH is the voice, and loud the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When, leaving southern lands afar,
The sun wakes up our northern clime:
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every wailing shore,
And, foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street:
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wide fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of early green.

But GOD, with all a Father's love,
When earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals, in blazing pomp above,
The wonders of his radiant skies:—
Look thou on night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find, in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless west,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest:
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Bear and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, ever thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere:—
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath oppression's rod,
He whispers from his starry throne,
"LOOK UP, O MAN! AND TRUST IN GOD."

A VILLAGE TALE.

"ROBERT GODFREY, grocer, draper, and general dealer; licensed to sell tea, tobacco, and snuff; agent to the Farmers' Fire Insurance Company, and the Sans-pareil Life Insurance Company—" and so forth.

Everybody for miles round knew Robert Godfrey—bluff, burly, and positive; obstinate as a mule when he took a notion into his head, or determined on a course of action; good-tempered, nevertheless, in the main, and straight forward and upright; shrewd, too, industrious, and business-like. He had a good shop and a good trade, and good investments somewhere, as was generally believed, though where, or how he had invested the superfluous profits of five-and-thirty years of successful trading was not exactly known. Nor was it known how large they were; but larger or smaller, it was young Master Robert who would have them all by-and-by, as was natural, for was n't he the only son? and after being so many years a widower, it was not likely that old Godfrey would take another wife. So the villagers said; and they were right. It never seemed to enter the head of the old tradesman that there was another woman in the world he need care a button for, except in a general way, besides his own niece and housekeeper, and sometimes shop-assistant—pretty and sensible Rebecca Kennet, who had lived with her uncle ever since she was ten years old, and that was full ten years before the date of my story, and who seemed as much his daughter as ever was dutiful niece to a humorsome but indulgent old uncle.

Everybody for miles round knew young Robert Godfrey too. To be sure, he was not so constant to the shop as his father had been through life; and when he was there, he was a little too much disposed to put on an air of superciliousness, as much as to say, "It is very condescending in me—very, ma'am—to weigh your half-quarters of tea, and your half-ounces of snuff; and your ounces of tobacco, my good man: but I 'll do it, and not charge you a farthing more than my father's youngest apprentice would charge, either. And that 's something to be proud of and thankful for, ma'am and sir. *I* think so."

Yes, Robert Godfrey the younger was widely known; and if some old goody in a red cloak—for it is of the days in which those old-world garments bloomed, that we write—did wax impatient and restive, and exclaim that Master Robert was "main high, and a good deal uppish, and too much a grandee for his trade, *I* think," he was a favorite out of the shop, and was a welcome enough visitor at three-fourths of the farm-houses in the neighborhood—as might be predicated, perhaps, respecting a young man with really a handsome figure and face, a good address, a cheerful disposition, a good moral reputation, a tolerably rich father, and himself not twenty-three years of age.

Old Mr. Godfrey did not care to hold the reins with too tight a hand, and Robert did much as he pleased: perhaps it is something to his credit to say, that he did please to be tolerably amenable to his father's wishes, whenever they were expressed, and very attentive to his cousin.

"The very thing, of all others, that I most wished for," had been Mr. Godfrey's self-congratulation, some time before, when he discovered Robert and Rebecca had made up their minds to be man and wife some day: "I hoped it might be so, for Rebecca is a good girl, and a clever one, and will keep the business together; she is gentle and loving too; Robert might, to be sure, have got a girl with a little fortune; but then, 't is as broad as 't is long, for somebody else would have been sure to want Rebecca, and I should have given her something, as in duty bound after bringing her up, and left her something in my will; and now, there will be no cutting and contriving, but 't will all keep together and go together. No, there could n't be a better thing, though I have never hinted at it—not once." And so, thenceforth, Robert Godfrey and Rebecca Kennet quietly and quite as a matter of course, when the novelty of the thing was over, and without any violent and fiery courtship, but a good deal of pleasant confidence, and in a sensible sort of way, plighted their troth, and, waiting only a convenient season, were looked upon as being—to quote the words of the old women in red cloaks—"as good as married already." And they walked together to the house of God, and took long evening walks besides; and if sometimes Robert did start off upon a ramble, tired of standing behind the counter, when his father thought he might as well be at home, he never calculated on a pout or a

frown or a curious question from his fair cousin on his return.

They were to be married, and the very day was appointed. It wanted only three months to the time; and, to clear off old visiting scores, Rebecca accepted an invitation to spend a week or two with some friends of her uncle in a town at some distance from her home. The visit was paid, and on her return Rebecca was accompanied by one of the young ladies of the family, who volunteered her services in making due preparations for the approaching wedding.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." How often, and, alas! with how little effect, has this caution to be repeated and reiterated! Before the intervening time had expired, a fever broke out in the village, and among its earliest sufferers was our friend Rebecca; and the injudicious treatment of the disease by an ignorant and conceited practitioner added to the violence of the attack. The whole household was in consternation. The old shopkeeper was half beside himself, and sent off an express for another medical man; Robert was downstricken with the sudden blow; and Miss E., the young friend, terrified at the idea that the fever was infectious, hastily decamped, and left poor Rebecca to her fate. Of course, there was no more said about the wedding at that time; for when the day arrived, the bride-elect was dangerously ill. The fever was abated, but its effects remained, or, rather, as her uncle affirmed, she was "ill of the doctor." Time and nursing, however, brought back the bloom to her cheek, and strength to her emaciated frame; but months had elapsed before Rebecca had the courage to look out her half-made bridal dresses, and to set to work upon them afresh. And, meanwhile, a new cause for anxiety had arisen. Young Godfrey had lost his former vivacity—had become restless and melancholy. There was nothing the matter with him, he said impatiently, when questioned; and the doctor said so too, except that care and constant fretting had affected his nerves. This was natural enough, and seemed to prove the strength of his affection for his cousin. And yet, it was observable that her evident restoration to health brought with it no improvement in his spirits; he became more moody in his temper, and wan in countenance, and, at length, declaring that he must have a change of air and scene, and pleading an old invitation from the E.'s, he started one fine morning on the London coach, which passed through their town.

"Good-by, Rebecca; I shan't keep away from you long, my pretty one, and then——" In another minute the coach had rattled off, and Rebecca returned to her morning occupations. "And then"—she whispered to herself; "and then!" And if there were a gentle blush on her cheek, and a little additional sparkling in her bright eyes, we need not too curiously explain the reason why.

"Is n't it very odd, Rebecca, that Robert does not write a little oftener? Here, he has been gone a month, and only two or three shabby bits of notes from him. I can't think what he is shilly-shallying about. If I were you, girl, I should begin to be jealous."

"I don't know how, uncle," replied Rebecca, with a smile; "but I think too that Robert might find time to write a little oftener. He says he is a good deal better, though, and so we must not mind a little neglect; poor fellow, I dare say he is enjoying the change. I hope so, I am sure."

"Does he say anything about returning in his last note to you, Rebecca? There was nothing about it in mine, you know."

"Soon, he says, uncle—soon. 'I shall soon see you again,' he says, 'and so I need not trouble you with a long letter.'"

"Um! Well, I wish he would come soon, that is, as soon as he feels himself strong enough to get to work again. And you know, Rebecca, the sooner this wedding is over the better. I should like you to be married before our busy time comes on, and have it well over, so as not to have any hindrances that way. Don't you think so, Rebecca?"

"It would be as well, uncle," said she quietly.

"And all your finery—is that ready? or shall we send for Louisa to come and help you again? A pretty sort of a friend *she* is, to run away as she did, and leave you so ill as you were."

"It was n't very kind, certainly, uncle; but, poor thing, she was sadly afraid of catching the fever, you know. But I shall do without her this time. Yes, uncle, all my finery, as you call it, is pretty nearly ready."

"Rebecca," said Mr. Godfrey, turning

suddenly upon her, and kissing her very paternally, "you are the most sensible girl I ever met with. Now, ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would have pretended to be terribly shocked to have such questions put to them by an old fellow like me; and would have turned as red as poppies, and made some fine-lady lackadaisical speech; and you take it as quietly as if it were only about making a pudding."

"And I am sure, uncle, I don't know why I should not," said Rebecca.

"Nor I either, Rebecca," said her uncle; "but then, you know, we are not—what do they call it?—sentimental; that 's the word, I think. But I wish Robert would write, though," he added. "I can't think what the boy is about."

He knew too soon, or not soon enough, what he was about; and so did Rebecca.

"I wish you joy, Mr. Godfrey," said his neighbor the shoemaker, one morning, about a week after the conversation we have recorded, "and your son too; but, somehow, Master Robert has taken us by surprise. I did n't know anything about these new movements, and should not have guessed. I fancied 't was all fixed and settled another way."

Mr. Godfrey looked up and looked down, took off his spectacles, rubbed them with a corner of his apron, and put them on again, and then stared his acquaintance full in the face.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Peacock," he said gravely; "and my son Robert is much obliged to you, if you will take my word on trust; but there 's one thing I 've got to say—I do n't understand a syllable of what you are talking about."

"There now—did n't I say so? But surely, Mr. Godfrey, you must be joking. Did n't I see it with my own eyes in the paper, only last night?"

"What did you see in the paper, Mr. Peacock?"

"Why, my dear sir, did n't you see it? but you do n't take *our* paper though, I forgot; I 'll go and fetch it."

"What is the man talking about?" said Mr. Godfrey to himself. "Some post he ran against coming from the Crown last night, I suppose. He goes there a good deal too often for his purse, I think, and stays a good deal too long for his health."

"There, Mr. Godfrey, there," said Mr. Peacock, returning to the shop-door with a newspaper in his hand. "Ha! ha! Mr. Godfrey—sly, very sly of you! but we 'll set the bells ringing, for all that."

Mr. Godfrey took the paper in his hand, and read: "Married this morning, at St. Barnabas's Church, Mr. Robert Godfrey, Jun., of——, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry E., of this town."

"'T is a falsehood!" thundered the old shop-keeper—"a base fabrication, a vile, horrid *lie!*" and he hurled the paper from him. "I wonder, Mr. Peacock, you should dare insult me by thrusting that dirty paper in my face."

"But, sir," stammered Mr. Peacock, who had some reason for deprecating the wrath of his richer neighbor—"but, my good friend, what have I done? I thought, of course, you must have known it——"

"Known it? known it? How was I to know what did n't happen—what never is to happen? I tell you, 't is a mischievous hoax. I should like to know who put it in the paper. I 'd prosecute them for it, or my name is n't Godfrey. Yes, I would;" and he looked as if he would too, with the greatest pleasure.

"Well, Mr. Godfrey, I only saw it in the paper, and, as in duty bound, I came to wish you joy."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Peacock," said the tradesman, with a grim smile.

"I thought, of course, 't was all agreeable, or I should n't have mentioned it. *I* did n't put it there, Mr. Godfrey;" and picking up his paper, he turned to go to his own door, for, thought he, friend Godfrey looks dangerous just now.

"I do n't suppose you did, sir; no, I do n't think you did put it in the paper," replied Mr. Godfrey; "but hark ye," he added, raising his voice, "you talked of setting the bells ringing, did n't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Godfrey, if 't is agreeable to you," said the crest-fallen shoemaker, who was also bell-ringer in chief, humbly—"if 't is *quite* agreeable—not wisy wersy."

"Very well, 't is wisy wersy, and 't is n't agreeable; and hark ye, friend—come a little bit nearer, if you do n't want all the place to hear." Mr. Peacock edged up watchfully to the shop door again. "If I hear a single tinkle of a single bell, there 's that debt of yours—you understand me, Mr. Peacock?"

Yes, the shoemaker did understand, and disappeared. He took the hint, however, and there was no bell-ringing—not a tinkle, as Mr. Godfrey had said.

"What is it all about, uncle?" asked Rebecca, laying her hand on Mr. Godfrey's arm, from the interior of the shop.

Mr. Godfrey started:—"I didn't know you were here, Rebecca."

"You talked so loud, uncle, and so fast, I thought to be sure there must be something the matter; so I came to see."

"You didn't hear what that silly fellow was talking about, did you, my girl?" and Mr. Godfrey looked uneasily at his niece. No; he was soon satisfied she had n't heard.

"No, uncle, not a word."

"Ah, well! 't is no consequence. A stupid hoax in his stupid newspaper, that 's all; not worth talking about. I wish the postman would come. I tell you what, Rebecca, if we do n't get our letters sooner, I 'll write to the postmaster about it. O, there 's his horn at last, and here he is. Now, Austin, look sharp."

"None for me, Austin?" asked a soft voice—it was Rebecca's—as the postman was turning away, after putting three or four letters into her uncle's hands.

"None this morning, Miss Kennet."

"Here 's one from Robert at last; and a long one, it seems," said Mr. Godfrey; and then, as though he felt he had said too much, he hurried into his little box of a counting-house, and shut the door.

"Ma'am—Miss Kennet—O do come here; there 's something the matter with Mr. Godfrey!" shouted a young apprentice, in the extremity of alarm. "I heard him tumble down, such a lump, and there he is groaning like—like—'t is a fit he must be in, I think."

An open letter was in Mr. Godfrey's hand; and when his niece had gently raised his head, and he had staggered to the seat from which he had fallen, he only said, "'T is true, Rebecca, too true." We must draw a vail here, however: there are some scenes in domestic life too sacred for intrusion, as well as too touching for description.

The news soon spread far and wide; Miss Kennet had been *jilted*. Suddenly enamored by the charms of Rebecca's false friend, Robert Godfrey had trampled on the claims of honor and conscience, and turned a deaf ear to their remonstrance, and carred on a treacherous and concealed correspondence, which ended in a secret and hurried marriage with Louisa E. In the long letter which he wrote to his father, there was a great deal about the impossibility of giving his hand where it could not be accompanied with his heart; and how he had been deceived in thinking that the sentiments of respect and affection he had nourished and still felt for his cousin, were those of genuine *love;* and how sorry he was he should have misled his cousin, but how he really could not help it—it was the fault of circumstances, and no fault of his own; and how much worse it would have been for him to have made the important discovery of his mistake after marriage; and how he hoped Rebecca would not take it to heart, but rather rejoice that she had escaped being united to one who found he had no warmer feeling toward her than that of friendship; and how he hoped his father and his cousin would forgive him, and that they should be happy hereafter in the new turn of events; and how his beloved Louisa regretted, and so forth; and how he left it with his father to say whether he and his lovely wife should return to ——, or, if that, at present, would not be agreeable, to help to set him up in business elsewhere; and how his dear Louisa had a little money of her own—a few hundred pounds, which she had generously placed at his entire disposal; and how he expected his father would write to him in a few days to say that he was not very angry, and that his cousin was very resigned; and how he hoped and was sure *she* would meet with some one more worthy of her love than he ever could have been, and so forth. But enough of this trash, which was accompanied by a note from the father of Robert's bride, who declared that he had been no party to the transaction; that the marriage came upon him like a thunder-clap, for he had n't the slightest idea that anything of the sort was going on till it was all over, Robert and his daughter having managed their affairs with such secrecy; that he was very angry indeed about it, but that what was done could not be undone, and that the wisest plan was to make the best of a bad bargain; that his daughter and her husband were then at his house, for he could n't turn them out of doors, but that, as they were not distressed for money, he supposed they would fix on some plan soon, but that they were waiting Mr. Godfrey's commands; and that he hoped his old friend would exonerate him from all blame, and would forgive the young people their rashness and duplicity

and stratagems; "for, after all," said Mr. E., "it might have been worse, and you know, friend Godfrey, we cannot put old heads on young shoulders."

Yes, the news soon spread far and wide that wretched day; and that the old shopkeeper had been found in a fit with the open letter in his hand; and that Miss Rebecca, when she came to know the rights and the wrongs of it, had to be taken to her chamber, as pale as a corpse, and that there she was still, and would not see a single person, except her uncle. And there were great cryings out of "Shame! shame!" for Rebecca was a favorite with the old and the young; and if she had not been, they would that day have cried out "Shame!" And it was a bustling, busy day for Mr. Peacock, the cordwainer, who had *his* version of the story to tell fifty times, out of the Crown, and in the Crown, till he got so gloriously elated at last, that he lost the power of speech; and there was more beer drunk that day at the Crown than there had been since the last feast-day.

But night came at last; and then another distressful day; and then, as night came round again, Mr. Godfrey and his niece met in their little sitting-room—he, broken down in spirit, and looking older by months and years than he had looked forty-eight hours before; and she, gentle as ever, and tearless, and thoughtless of herself, intent only on softening the cruel blow which had fallen on her uncle, but pale nevertheless, from the conflict she had maintained with her heart. A cursory observer would have said, "Poor girl, she has suffered dreadfully, but she will soon get over it." A closer and keener would have replied, "No, never!" Each would have been right, and each wrong.

The conversation of Rebecca and her uncle was carried on in low and broken tones; but we may disclose its import.

"I tell you, no, no, Rebecca; I won't forgive him, so there 's no use in saying any more about it. You are a kind and good girl, as you always were; but I wonder how you can have a word to say for such a——"

"Uncle, dear uncle! do n't."

"Well, for your sake, I won't call names; and the best thing we can both do is to forget him altogether."

"Let us forget his fault, uncle, but not *him*."

"He shan't come near the house again; I 'll let him know *that;* and as to his clothes and rattle-traps, I 'll pack up every rag, and stick, and straw, the first thing to-morrow, and send them off; but do n't let him show his face here, that 's all."

"But, uncle, hear, pray do hear me."

"I had rather you would n't say any more, Rebecca, about Robert, unless you could make up your mind to abuse him as heartily as I do. My poor girl, I cannot bear to see your pale, sad face, and hear your meek, gentle words, and to know that your heart is near upon breaking all the while. And to think that the false-hearted one who has worked all this mischief is a son of mine—my only son! No, I 'll never forgive him!" And Mr. Godfrey struck the table with his broad hand so violently, to give effect to his bitter words, and still more bitter wrath, that Rebecca started nervously, and uttered a faint involuntary cry.

"I beg your pardon, Rebecca, I did not mean to startle you, poor girl; but I do n't know how to contain myself. To think of his deceit, and that girl's too!"

"Dear uncle, do n't let us say any more about it to-night," said Rebecca, imploringly; "this is so sudden, so unexpected by us both, you know, that we are not aware what we are saying: we shall be better able to speak of it in a few days. And, uncle, do n't make any harsh and hasty vows; you know you are sometimes apt to be hasty. Poor Robert!" and the stricken one could bear no more: tears, blessed tears, came to her relief at last; and hastily bidding her uncle "good-night," she retired to her chamber; but not to sleep.

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It is one of the privileges of Christians that they may cast all their care upon God, because he careth for them. And another of the advantages they have in every scene of disappointment and sorrow, over those who are living "without God in the world," is the assurance that all things are working together for their good. And thus, though "no chastisement for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." We are not writing a sermon, but a simple village tale, and shall only add that, viewed in this light, and merely in reference to the present world, which, to make the best of it, is a world

of change and frequent vexation, religion has its great and important benefits; and the real believer in the Bible is better off than the unbeliever. There cannot be a doubt of this; infidels themselves have acknowledged it; and the Christian may say, "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

Rebecca Kennet was a Christian. We need not, and, therefore, we shall not, enter into the particulars of her early experience. It is likely she was ignorant of many nice and subtile distinctions and shades of difference which distinguish one party from another in the Christian, or what is called the Christian world. She was not aware whether hers were high sentiments or low sentiments, so that on one occasion, after a long conversation with an old professor, he was fain to declare, with a puzzled countenance, "Well, I cannot help hoping that Rebecca is a real child of God; but, poor dear, she is a very little baby as yet; she is not out of the nursery." But for all this, essentially Rebecca was a Christian: she had, by faith, seen the Crucified One, and loved him and trusted in him; and her faith and love were operative. A branch of the heavenly Vine, she brought forth heavenly fruit; and if the sharp pruning-knife of the Great Husbandman seemed to be severely applied, it was that she "might bring forth more fruit."

She retired, then, to her chamber, on that sorrowful evening, not to sleep, but to pray—to cast her burden upon One who could give her strength to bear it. The burden was a heavy one; it had fallen upon her so suddenly too—it weighed her down, humbled her, distracted her; but she could pray.

Her little room was decorated with many small tokens of the love which had passed away; and in certain drawers of an old-fashioned piece of furniture were the bridal dresses which now she should never put on. With a trembling hand, but a resolute will, she opened the drawers, removed the garments, neatly and closely folding them, and placed them in an empty trunk. With them, one by one, she put out of sight the memorials of her blighted attachment—the watch-chain and the bracelets, the small china vases from the mantelshelf, the writing-case and work-box from her dressing-table, the miniature likeness of her cousin; and if a tear dropped upon that, as for one moment she leaned over it and prayed again, who will harshly blame her? There was a set of book-shelves containing her small library, which thenceforth would be still smaller: many of the volumes she had received as presents from her cousin, and thenceforth they must be banished.

At length it was done; the lid of the trunk was closed, the lock was locked, and the trunk itself removed to the dark recesses of an unused closet, after which Rebecca, breathing more freely, sat down to consider. We shall not attempt to follow the current of her thoughts. Happily, she was not, as her uncle had truly said, a sentimental young lady; nor could it be said of her, as it has been of some, that she abounded in all sorts of sense except common sense. Of this good practical quality she had at least a fair share, together with an abundant store of charity and good-will. The result of these was shown in a letter, which, with much pains and labor, and with many interjectional assertions that he never suspected he should be so soft-headed, the old grocer wrote, a few days afterward, to his self-banished son:—

"Son Robert,—By this you are given to understand that I have paid five hundred pounds into the county bank in your name; and you can have it by giving your receipt. I wish you to know that this is your cousin's doings; she was going to leave me and get into a situation, thinking that when she was out of the way I should have you back again here. But I said, 'No, Rebecca, Robert never comes back here again; and if you desert me, I tell you downright that not a farthing I have got shall ever go to him.' 'Don't say so, uncle,' she said; but I said, 'I do say it, and will say it, and I mean it too:' and so I did, and she saw it. And then she got me round somehow, poor girl, to say that if I would n't have you home again, I would help to set you up in business somewhere else; and she would not be satisfied with less than five hundred pounds for you—down upon the nail. Well, there it is; and I hope you will get on with it. That and the money you say your wife has brought you will set you going, and it will be your own fault if you do n't get on. When you are settled, you can let me know where you are, and what you are doing; and some day, perhaps, I may come and see you. But you will please to remember that I reckon the money I give you now is your fair share of what I have got, and that, in my will, I mean to make over all that 's left—which is not so much as you may suppose—to your cousin. She does not know this, but that does not signify. So, no more at present from

"Your disappointed Father."

(To be continued.)

A DEER HUNT IN A "DUG-OUT."

THE long-tailed deer, one of the smallest of the deer kind, is found principally in wooded countries; but its favorite haunts are not in the heavy timber of the great forests, but in the park-like openings that occur in many parts of the Rocky Mountain valleys. Sometimes whole tracts of country are met with in these regions whose surface exhibits a pleasing variety of woodland and prairie; sloping hills appear with coppices upon their crests and along their sides. Among these natural groves may be seen troops of the long-tailed deer, browsing along the declivities of the hills, and, by their elegant attitudes and graceful movements, adding to the beauty of the landscape.

Some years ago I had an opportunity of hunting the long-tailed deer. I was on my way across the Rocky Mountains to Fort Vancouver, when circumstances rendered it necessary that I should stop for some days at a small trading-post on one of the branches of the Columbia. I was, in fact, detained, waiting for a party of fur-traders with whom I was to travel, and who required some time to get their packs in readiness. The trading-post was a small place, with miserable accommodations, having scarcely room enough in its two or three wretched log-cabins to lodge half the company that happened at the time to claim its hospitality. As my business was simply to wait for my traveling companions I was of course *ennuyé* almost to death in such a place; and it was not long before I began to meditate a hunting expedition. My servant Dick, a *bois brulé*, or half-breed, and a first-rate hunter, suggested an idea which seemed to promise plenty of sport and venison,—a hunt to take place by night. I readily gave my consent, as I saw in the proposal the chances of enjoying a very rare sport. It was to be a fire-hunt; but not as usually practiced among backwoodsmen, by carrying a torch through the woods. Our torch was to float upon the water, while we were snugly seated beside it; in other words, we would carry our torch in a canoe, and, floating down stream, would shoot the deer that happened to be upon the banks drinking or cooling their hoofs in the water. I had heard of the plan, but had never practiced it, although I was desirous of so doing. Dick had often killed deer in this way, and therefore knew all about it. It was agreed, then, that we should try the experiment.

During the next day Dick and I proceeded in our preparations without saying anything to any one. It was our design to keep our night-hunt a secret, lest we might be unsuccessful, and get laughed at for our pains. On the other hand, should we succeed in killing a goodly number of long-tails, it would be time enough to let it be known how we had managed matters. We had little difficulty in keeping our designs to ourselves. Every one was busy with his own affairs, and took no heed of our maneuvers. Our chief difficulty lay in procuring a boat; but for the consideration of a few loads of powder, we at length borrowed an old canoe that belonged to one of the Flathead Indians—a sort of hanger-on of the post. This craft was simply a log of the cotton-wood, (*Populus candicans*,) rudely hollowed out by means of an ax, and slightly rounded at the ends to produce the canoe-shape. It was that species of water-craft popularly known throughout Western America as a "dug-out," a phrase which explains itself. It was both old and rickety, but, after a short inspection, Blue Dick declared it would do "fust-rate."

Our next move was to prepare our torch. For this we had to make an excursion to the neighboring hills, where we found the very material we wanted—the dry knots of the pitch pine-tree (*Pinus rigida*.) A large segment of birch-bark was then sought for and obtained, and our implements were complete. At twilight all was ready, and, stepping into our dug-out, we paddled silently down stream. As soon as we had got out of the neighborhood of the post we lighted our torch. This was placed in a large fryingpan out upon the bow, and was in reality rather a fire of pine-knots than a torch. It blazed up brightly, throwing a glare over the surface of the stream, and reflecting in red light every object upon both banks. We, on the other hand, were completely hidden from view by means of the birch-bark screen, which stood up between us and the torch.

As soon as we were fairly under way, I yielded up the paddle to Dick, who now assigned to himself the double office of guiding the dug-out and keeping the torch

trimmed. I was to look to the shooting; so placing my trusty rifle across my thighs, I sat alternately scanning both banks as we glided along. I shall never forget the romantic effect which was produced upon my mind during that wild excursion. The scenery of the river upon which we had launched our craft was at all times of a picturesque character. Under the blaze of the pine-wood—its trees and rocks tinted with a vermilion hue, while the rippling flood below ran like molten gold—the effect was heightened to a degree of sublimity which could not have failed to impress the dullest imagination. It was the autumn season, too, and the foliage, which had not yet commenced falling, had assumed those rich varied tints so characteristic of the American *sylva*—various hues of green and golden, and yellow and deep red, were exhibited upon the luxuriant frondage that lined the banks of the stream, and here and there drooped like embroidered curtains down to the water's edge. It was a scene of that wild beauty, that picturesque sublimity, which carries one to the contemplation of its Creator.

"Yonder!" muttered a voice that roused me from my reverie. It was Dick who spoke; and, in the dark shadow of the birch-bark, I could see one of his arms extended and pointing to the right bank. My eyes followed the direction indicated: they soon rested upon two small objects, that from the darker background of the foliage appeared bright and luminous. These objects were round, and close to each other; and at a glance I knew them to be the eyes of some animal, reflecting the light of our torch. My companion whispered me that they were the eyes of a deer. I took sight with my rifle, aiming as nearly as I could midway between the luminous spots. I pulled trigger, and my true piece cracked like a whip. The report was not loud enough to drown the noises that came back from the shore. There was a rustling of leaves, followed by a plunge, as of somebody falling in the water. Dick turned the head of the dug-out, and paddled her up to the bank. The torch, blazing brightly, lit up the scene ahead of us, and our eyes were gratified by the sight of a fine buck, that had fallen dead into the river. He was about being drawn into the eddy of the current; but Dick prevented this, and, seizing him by the antlers, soon deposited him safely in the bottom of the dug-out.

Our craft was once more headed down stream, and we scrutinized every winding of the banks in search of another pair of gleaming eyes. In less than half an hour these appeared, and we succeeded in killing a second long-tail—a doe—and dragged her also into the boat. Shortly after, a third was knocked over, which we found standing out in the river upon a small point of sand. This proved to be a young spike-buck, his horns not having as yet branched off into antlers. About a quarter of a mile further down a fourth deer was shot at, and missed, the dug-out having grazed suddenly against a rock just as I was pulling trigger, thus rendering my aim unsteady.

I need hardly say that this sport was extremely exciting; and we had got many miles from the post, without thinking either of the distance or the fact that we should be under the disagreeable necessity of paddling the old Flathead's canoe every inch of the way back again. Down stream it was all plain sailing; and Dick's duty was light enough, as it consisted merely in keeping the dug-out head foremost in the middle of the river. The current ran at the rate of three miles an hour, and therefore drifted us along with sufficient rapidity.

The first thing that suggested a return to either of us was the fact that our pine-knots had run out: Dick had just piled the last of them in the fryingpan. At this moment a noise sounded in our ears that caused us some feelings of alarm: it was the noise of falling water. It was not new to us, for, since leaving the post, we had passed the mouths of several small streams that debouched into the one upon which we were, in most cases over a jumble of rocks, thus forming a series of noisy rapids. But that which we now heard was directly ahead of us, and must, thought we, be a rapid or fall of the stream itself; moreover, it appeared louder than any we had hitherto passed.

We lost but little time in conjectures. The first impulse of my companion, upon catching the sound, was to stop the progress of the dug-out, which in a few seconds he succeeded in doing; but by this time our torch had shown us that there was a sharp turning in the river, with a long reach of smooth water below. The

cascade, therefore, could not be in our stream, but in some tributary that fell into it near the bend. On seeing this, Dick turned his paddle, and permitted the dug-out once more to float with the current. The next moment we passed the mouth of a good-sized creek, whose waters, having just leaped a fall of several feet, ran into the river, covered with white froth and bubbles. We could see the fall at a little distance through the branches of the trees; and, as we swept on, its foaming sheet reflected the light of our torch like shining metal.

We had scarcely passed this point when my attention was attracted by a pair of fiery orbs that glistened out of some low bushes upon the left bank of the river. I saw that they were the eyes of some animal, but what kind of animal I could not guess. I knew they were not the eyes of a deer. Their peculiar scintillation, their lesser size, the wide space between them—all convinced me they were not deer's eyes. Moreover, they moved at times as if the head of the animal was carried about in irregular circles. This is never the case with the eyes of the deer, which either pass hurriedly from point to point, or remain with a fixed and steadfast gaze. I knew, therefore, it was no deer; but no matter what: it was some wild creature, and all are alike the game of the prairie-hunter. I took aim, and pulled trigger. While doing so I heard the voice of my companion warning me, as I thought, not to fire. I wondered at this admonition, but it was then too late to heed it, for it had been uttered almost simultaneously with the report of my rifle.

I first looked to the bank to witness the effect of my shot. To my great surprise, the eyes were still there, gleaming from the bushes as brightly as ever! Had I missed my aim? It is true the voice of my companion had somewhat disconcerted me; but I still believed that my bullet must have sped truly, as it had been delivered with a good aim. As I turned to Dick for an explanation, a new sound fell upon my ears that explained all, at the same time causing me no slight feeling of alarm. It was a sound not unlike that sometimes uttered by terrified swine, but still louder and more threatening. I knew it well—I knew it was the snort of the grizzly bear.

Of all American animals the grizzly bear is the most to be dreaded. Armed or unarmed, man is no match for him, and even the courageous hunter of these parts shuns the encounter. This was why my companion had admonished me not to fire. I thought I had missed: it was not so. My bullet had hit and stung the fierce brute to madness; and a quick cracking among the bushes was immediately followed by a heavy plunge: the bear was in the water.

"Good heavens, he's after us!" cried Dick in accents of alarm, at the same time propelling the dug-out with all his might. It proved true enough that the bear was after us, and the very first plunge had brought his nose almost up to the side of the canoe. However, a few well-directed strokes of the paddle set us in quick motion, and we were soon gliding rapidly down stream, followed by the enraged animal, that every now and then uttered one of his fierce snorts.

What rendered our situation a terrible one was, that we could not now see the bear, nor tell how far he might be from us. All to the rear of the canoe was of a pitchy darkness in consequence of the screen of birch-bark. No object could be distinguished in that direction, and it was only by hearing him that we could tell he was still some yards off. The snorts, however, were more or less distinct, as heard amid the varying roar of the waterfall; and sometimes they seemed as if the snout from which they proceeded was close up to our stern. We knew that if he once laid his paw upon the canoe, we should either be sunk or compelled to leap out and swim for it. We knew, moreover, that such an event would be certain death to one of us at least. I need hardly affirm that my companion used his paddle with all the energy of despair. I assisted him as much as was in my power with the but-end of my gun, which was empty: on account of the hurry and darkness I had not attempted to reload it.

We had shot down stream for a hundred yards or so, and were about congratulating ourselves on the prospect of an escape from the bear, when a new object of dread presented itself to our terrified imaginations. This object was the sound of falling water; but not as before, coming from some tributary stream. No. It was a fall of the river upon which we

were floating, and evidently only a very short distance below us! We were, in fact, within less than one hundred yards of it. Our excitement in consequence of being pursued by the bear, as well as the fact that the sough of the cascade above still filled our ears, had prevented us from perceiving this new danger until we had approached it.

A shout of terror and warning from my companion seemed the echo of one I had myself uttered. Both of us understood the peril of our situation, and both, without speaking another word, set about attempting to stop the boat. We paddled with all our strength—he with the oar, while I used the flat butt of my rifle. We had succeeded in bringing her to a sort of equilibrium, and were in hopes of being able to force her toward the bank, when all at once we heard a heavy object strike against the stern. At the same moment the bow rose up into the air, and a number of the burning pine-knots fell back into the bottom of the canoe. They still continued to blaze; and their light now falling toward the stern, showed us a fearful object. The bear had seized hold of the dug-out, and his fierce head and long curving claws were visible over the edge. Although the little craft danced about upon the water, and was likely to be turned keel upward, the animal showed no intention of relaxing its hold; but, on the contrary, seemed every moment mounting higher into the canoe.

Our peril was now extreme. We knew it, and the knowledge half paralyzed us. Both of us had started up, and for some moments half-sat, half-crouched, uncertain how to act. Should we use the paddles, and get the canoe ashore, it would only be to throw ourselves into the jaws of the bear. On the other hand, we could not remain as we were, for in a few seconds we should be drifted over the falls; and how high these were we knew not. We had never heard of them: they might be fifty feet—they might be a hundred. High enough they were, no doubt, to precipitate us into eternity. The prospect was appalling, and our thoughts ran rapidly. Quick action was required. I could think of no other than to lean sternward, and strike at the bear with my clubbed rifle. At the same time I called upon my companion to paddle for the shore. We preferred, under all circumstances, risking the chances of a land-encounter with our grizzly antagonist.

I had succeeded in keeping the bear out of the canoe by several well-planted blows upon the snout; and Dick was equally successful in forcing the dug-out nearer to the bank, when a sharp crack reached my ears, followed by a terrified cry from my companion. I glanced suddenly round to ascertain the cause of these demonstrations. Dick held in his hands a short round stick, which I recognized as the shaft of the paddle. The blade had snapped off, and was floating away on the surface.

We were now helpless. The *manége* of the canoe was no longer possible. Over the falls she must go! We thought of leaping out, but it was too late. We were almost upon the edge, and the black current that bore our craft along would have carried our bodies with like velocity. We could not make a dozen strokes before we should be swept to the brink; it was too late. We both saw this; and each knew the feelings of the other, for we felt alike. Neither spoke; but, crouching down and holding the gunwales of the canoe, we awaited the awful moment. The bear seemed to have some apprehension as well; for, instead of continuing his endeavors to climb into the canoe, he contented himself with holding fast to the stern, evidently under some alarm. The torch still blazed, and the canoe was catching fire; perhaps this it was that alarmed the bear. The last circumstance gave us at the moment but little concern; the greater danger eclipsed the less. We had hardly noticed it when we felt that we were going over. The canoe shot outward as if propelled by some projectile force; then came a loud crash, as though we had dropped upon a hard rock. Water, and spray, and froth were dashed over our bodies; and the next moment, to our surprise as well as delight, we felt ourselves still alive, and seated in the canoe, which was floating gently in still smooth water. It was quite dark, for the torch had been extinguished; but even in the darkness we could perceive the bear swimming and floundering near the boat. To our great satisfaction, we saw him heading for the shore, and widening the distance between himself and us with all the haste he could make. The unexpected precipitation over the falls had cooled his courage, if not his hostility.

Dick and I headed the canoe, now half full of water, for the opposite bank, which we contrived to reach by using the rifle and our hands for paddles. Here we made the little vessel fast to a tree, intending to leave it there, as we could not by any possibility get it back over the fall. Having hung our game out of reach of the wolves, we turned our faces up stream, and, after a long and wearisome walk, succeeded in getting back to the post. Next morning a party went down for the venison with the intention also of carrying the canoe back over the fall. The craft, however, was found to be so much injured that it would not hang together during the portage, and was therefore abandoned. This was no pleasant matter to me, for it afterward cost me a considerable sum before I could square with the old Flathead for his worthless dug-out.

CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.

IN the autobiography of the artist Haydon, among many fine specimens of word-painting, is a description of the gorgeous but extravagant coronation of George IV. He says:—

"I got my ticket on Wednesday at two, and dearest Mary and I drove about to get all that was wanted. Sir George Beaumont lent me ruffles and frill, another friend a blue velvet coat, a third a sword; I bought buckles, and the rest I had. I went to bed at ten, and arose at twelve, not having slept a wink. I dressed, breakfasted, and was at the hall door at half-past one. Three ladies were there before me. The doors opened about four, and I got a front place in the chamberlain's box, between the door and the throne, and saw the whole room distinctly. Many of the door-keepers were tipsy; quarrels took place. The sun began to light up the old Gothic windows, the peers to stroll in, and other company of all descriptions to crowd to their places. Some took seats they had not any right to occupy, and were obliged to leave them after sturdy disputes. Others lost their tickets. The hall occasionally echoed with the hollow roar of voices, at the great door, till at last the galleries were filled; the hall began to get crowded below. Every movement, as the time approached for the king's appearance, was pregnant with interest. The appearance of a monarch has something in it like the rising of a sun. There are indications which announce the luminary's approach; a streak of light—the tipping of a cloud—the singing of the lark—the brilliance of the sky, till the cloud edges get brighter and brighter, and he rises majestically into the heavens. So with a king's advance. A whisper of mystery turns all eyes to the throne. Suddenly two or three rise; others fall back; some talk, direct, hurry, stand still, or disappear. Then three or four of high rank appear from behind the throne; an interval is left; the crowds scarce breathe. Something rustles, and a being buried in satin, feathers, and diamonds rolls gracefully into his seat. The room rises with a sort of feathered, silken thunder. Plumes wave, eyes sparkle, glasses are out, mouths smile, and one man becomes the prime object of attraction to thousands. The way in which the king bowed was really royal. As he looked toward the peeresses and foreign ambassadors, he showed like some gorgeous bird of the East.

"After all the ceremonies, he arose, the procession was arranged, the music played, and the line began to move. All this was exceedingly imposing. After two or three hours' waiting, during which the attempt of the queen agitated the hall, the doors opened, and the flower-girls entered, strewing flowers. The grace of their action, their slow movement, their white dresses were indescribably touching; their light milky color contrasted with the dark shadow of the archway, which, though dark, was full of rich crimson dresses that gave the shadow a tone as of deep blood; the shadow again relieved by a peep of the crowd, shining in sunlight beyond the gates, and between the shoulders of the guard that crossed the platform. The distant trumpets and shouts of the people, the slow march, and at last the appearance of the king, crowned and under a golden canopy, and the universal burst of the assembly at seeing him, affected everybody. As we were all huzzaing, and the king was smiling, I could not help thinking this would be too much for any human being if a drop of poison were not dropped into the cup ere you tasted it. A man would go mad if mortality did not occasionally hold up the mirror. The queen was to him the death's-head at this stately feast.

"After the banquet was over, came the most imposing scene of all, the championship and bringing in of the first dishes. Wellington in his coronet walked down the hall, cheered by the officers of the guards. He shortly returned, mounted, with Lords Howard and Anglesea. They rode gracefully to the foot of the throne, and then backed out. Lord Anglesea's horse was restive. Wellington became impatient, and, I am convinced, thought it a trick of Lord Anglesea's to attract attention. He never paused, but backed on, and the rest were obliged to follow him. This was a touch of character. The hall doors opened again, and outside in twilight a man in dark shadowed armor appeared against the shining sky. He then moved, passed into darkness under the arch, and suddenly Wellington, Howard, and the Champion stood in full view with doors closed behind them. This was certainly the finest sight of the day. The herald read the challenge; the glove was thrown down. They all then proceeded to the throne. . . .

"I did not know till afterward, that the crown at the coronation was not bought, but borrowed. Rundell's price was £70,000, and Lord Liverpool told the king he could not sanction such an expenditure. Rundell charged £7,000 for the loan, and as some time elasped before it was decided whether the crown should be bought or not, Rundell charged £3,000 or £4,000 more for the interval."

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

EVERY one is able to detect in himself or in others what is termed a bad ear for music; that is, an ear incapable of distinguishing one melody from another, or unable to note errors in the performance of a familiar tune. Few, however, are so cognisant of visual defects. A dog leading a beggar; a pair of green or purple spectacles on the nose of a passenger in the street; an eye-glass dangling from the neck of a fine gentleman—are known as signs of some optical infirmity. But it is possible that the nearest friend may never yet have known the true color of a rose, a geranium, or of a railway danger lamp; and that his deficiency of eye-sight be unknown even to himself.

Color-blindness has been a subject of investigation since 1684; although it did not at that time excite much attention. More than a century afterward Dalton discovered his incapacity to distinguish colors. Cotemporary with Dalton, Dugald Stewart and Sismondi were both subject to this peculiarity of vision. The topic was lost sight of, however, by the scientific world, until 1826, when an elaborate paper appeared by Professor Wartmann of Lausanne, which was translated and published in Taylor's Scientific Memoirs. Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, the biographer of Cavendish, himself a chemist, has recently revived the discussion. From researches made by him, the disease was found to show itself in three ways.

1. Inability to discern any color, so that black and white or light and shade are the only variations of tint that are perceived.

2. Inability to discriminate between the nicer shades of composite colors; such as browns, grays, and neutral tints.

3. Inability to distinguish between the primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, or between these and the secondary and tertiary colors, such as green, purple, orange and brown.

Total color-blindness is very rare; but several well-marked instances were discovered. One was that of a house-painter now in Australia. He could not distinguish any color but black and white. The explanation of his prosecuting a calling for which he was so unfitted is, he was an excellent draughtsman, with a good eye for form and great skill in designing. He trusted to his wife to keep him right in selecting and mixing colors; but, on one occasion when she was out of the way and workmen were scarce, he helped to paint a public building. He mixed the colors himself, and believed that he had produced a stone tint, with which he proceeded to cover the walls; but, after he had gone over some square yards, he was informed that he was painting the building a conspicuous blue.

Dr. Wilson goes so far as to assert his belief that the second kind of color-blindness is apparently the rule, not the exception, among male persons in England. This, he says, arises from the sense of color being too little cultivated. Many men hesitate to pronounce between scarlet and crimson, and often declare all their shades to be red. If difficulty in naming be accepted as implying difficulty in distinguishing colors, it is inferred that the true perception of them is a rare gift. The examiner of the chemical class of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, numbering about sixty persons, observed that the great majority declined to give names to any colors except red, blue, yellow, green, and brown. Purple and orange they would not name, although they described the relation of these to red, blue and yellow with accuracy. The difference between pink and pale blue is a puzzle even to persons who do not otherwise confound colors. Thus instances are adduced of three dyers who constantly commit mistakes with these tints; of a draper who can match all colors except drabs; of a professor of chemistry, who is never sure of the difference between blue and green; and of others who are equally at a loss to distinguish pink from pale yellow. These, however, are all differences of degree.

The most important variety of the affection belongs to the third class. It comprehends those who mistake red, blue, yellow, purple, orange, green, and brown for other colors, or who confound all these colors together. In extreme cases, although some colors are at times correctly named, there is no certainty as to any of them—in milder instances the majority of these colors are seen; but two (red and green) and frequently four (the last two and olive and brown) are not often distinguished from each other.

It is singular that yellow, which is thought to be one of the most critical of the primary colors, is, in reality, that with which the color-blind have least difficulty. Blue is also well seen: but the combination of blue and yellow—green—is one of the most perplexing in the whole prism; being often mistaken for blue, yellow, or even red. Red is still more distracting: some do not see it at all, others mistake it for green, and in one case it was confounded with black. Sufferers under this third class of visual deficiency are extremely numerous. Thus, a soldier may have risen through many grades of the service without ever knowing under what colors he fought; and a sailor may have obeyed signals which his better-sighted messmate read off like print, without being able to distinguish one flag from another. The defect is thought to exist among dyers, painters, weavers, clothiers, and others, whose calling involves familiarity with color. It was at one time an object of curiosity to discover the fate of diseased giants; and a similar interest may be excited for the destiny of color-blind haberdashers and silk-mercers. "They end," said one of the fraternity, who had an excellent eye for color, "as mourning warehousemen." There are certain professions and trades, therefore, on which no youth should enter until he satisfies himself that his vision as to color is faultless; for it is evident that if he is deficient in this respect the circumstances will be a never-ending source of annoyance to himself, as well as to all who have professional dealings with him. It is thought that color-blindness exists more frequently among women than among men. Most men set little value on a nice sense of color; but women highly value it, and are not ready to confess to a want of it.

Several instances of color-blindness have come to our knowledge. One gentleman owns that he cannot distinguish at any distance ripe cherries on a tree, or strawberries from their leaves. "The flowers of a scarlet geranium I cannot see distinctly at a distance by daylight; but by candle-light there is a marked contrast between them and the leaves. I have no conception of what is meant by complementary colors, or of the agreement of different colors when blended together; as, for instance, what kind of a carpet accords with red curtains in a room. The dry dirt of the street I could equally suppose to be green." This gentleman's eyes are quite normal and healthy in their appearance. Several of his relations have exhibited similar defects of perception; but they do not appear in his children.

Another gentleman unexpectedly discovered his defect in the discernment of colors, in consequence of a piece of enamel which he had prepared and believed to be pearl-white, being pronounced by others to be a bright green. He was with difficulty convinced of the truth; but he gradually became satisfied of his peculiarity of vision in consequence of several inconvenient mistakes into which it led him.

A third case illustrates a point of great practical importance. A medical student who began life as a civil engineer, when engaged as such on a railway, frequently rode on one of the engines without, however, taking any part in managing it. On these occasions he observed that, although his undivided attention was directed to the signal lamps, the light of which was visible to him a long way off, he could not, until he was close to them, distinguish whether they were red or green; yet he could tell a blue from a red light at any practicable distance. Distance therefore is an element of deception. It has indeed been proved that the majority of color-blind persons are able to distinguish red from bright green when these are bright, near the eye, and well illuminated; but the power of distinguishing diminishes with great rapidity in proportion to the distance they are removed from the eye. Color-blindness in those who are thus quickly deceived by distance in reference to red and bright green, may be detected by their inability to distinguish, close at hand, russet and ruddy browns from olives and dark greens.

This is well worthy of serious attention. The colored day-signals on railways—especially the flags, which alone are available in some of the most pressing emergencies—soon tarnish and darken, and consequently diminish the distances at which the two danger-signals can be distinguished. Railway directors have, therefore, an emphatic interest in this subject. They should invariably ascertain that the men in their employment really and truly know one danger-signal from another; or danger-signals from ordinary signals. But in truth, railway

signaling should be reformed altogether; for what can be more preposterous than to expect an engineer, after looking into his red, blazing furnace until his eyesight is almost obliterated, to be able at the next moment, and when traveling at a speed of fifty miles an hour, to see a Lilliputian red light, or a dim and dirty brick-colored flag; or, seeing it, that he should lose the impression of the fire-color on his retina time enough to distinguish the color of a lamp-signal?

THE INSTINCT AND THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

THERE has long been a most improper mixing up of considerations of morality and Christianity with the questions respecting the instinct and intelligence of animals. No less a man than Descartes seems to have originated this error. He was of opinion that, after atheism itself, there was no error more dangerous for the virtue of weak minds than to believe that the soul of the beasts was of the same nature as ours, and consequently that we have no more either to fear or to hope than flies and ants. "When they know how much they differ, they comprehend much better the reasons which prove that ours is of a nature entirely independent of the body, and consequently is not subject to death with it." The instinct and intelligence of animals are subjects which belong to philosophy and physiology. The philosophical zoologist deals with them in accordance with the facts of zoological and philosophical science. He has nothing to do with any other facts. Protestant Christians know that the Bible was not given them to teach them physiology, and they see in the pretension to decide questions of natural history by the interests of morality, or the authority of Christianity, the error which punishes a Galileo for stating physical truth in a way which exposes a false theology.

Descartes, in his unnecessary anxiety for the interests of morality, imagined that beasts were only machines. His notion had prodigious success. No one was deemed a true Cartesian who did not believe that beasts were mere automatons. The disciples of Descartes, by pushing his doctrine to the extent of pure automatism, went further than he did himself; for he admitted that beasts were machines which live and feel. However, he maintained that they were only machines because they cannot interchange their thoughts by speech, and only act according to the dispositions of their organs. "They can do certain things," he says, "better than we can, just as a clock can measure the time better than a man can guess it."

Buffon gives beasts everything except thought and reflection. He denies them consciousness of past existence, which is memory; and the faculty of comparing their sensations, which is judgment. They want the power which produces ideas. Loosely repeating the views of Locke, he falls into inconsistencies. When describing the dog, he says, he understands the signs of the will of his master, although he denies him intelligence; and he makes him remember benefits and forget injuries, although destitute of memory! He refuses reflection to beasts; but he declares that the dog with game in his mouth resists the inclination to devour it, because he remembers the chastisement he once received, and fears the chastisement he would receive for doing it. He denies that the dog is capable of comparing his sensations, and explains his decision by saying the mechanical impulses of appetite have been overcome by the mechanical impulses of repugnance.

Celebrated writers may, we think, be divided into two hostile camps whose battles have always been necessary to the progress of science—the *reasoners* and the *observers*—the men who decide questions by their systems, and the men who translate the decisions of facts. Great reputations in philosophy and science are not needed to make men supply by audacity, arrogance, presumption, or authority, their deficiencies in facts. In proportion to our pride, we are all ready to lay down laws instead of interpreting proofs. Metaphysicians contradict physiologists, and argufiers ridicule naturalists—the man who has merely reasoned contemns the man who has observed, because the pursuit of science is quite as frequently a battle for renown as a struggle for truth.

We proceed now to enter the region of positive observation, and seek there answers to the questions: What is instinct?—What is intelligence?—What is reason?—What is invention?—What is free-will?—What is sociability?—What is sympa-

thy?—What is progress?—when we use these words in reference to beasts and to men.

M. Flourens* is of opinion that there are a complete separation and opposition between instinct and intelligence: instinct is blind, necessary, and invariable; while intelligence is elective, conditional, and changeable. Horses learn to obey man, and understand some of his words by intelligence. The beaver is fated to build his cabin, the bird to build his nest, the spider to weave his web, and they can build or weave nothing else than what has been planned or designed for the species from the commencement of existence to the end of time. The word "intelligence" is employed by M. Flourens to signify teachableness by experience and instruction. Everybody is familiar with the strange feats which animals are taught to accomplish. Monkeys and cats have been exhibited drinking tea, elephants firing pistols, donkeys and ponies finding cards or numbers, &c. But in truth these things are only examples of what can be done by acting upon the capacity which animals have of understanding slight signs, and obeying the dictates of fear. It may well be doubted if their fitness for being thus trained and disciplined by man can properly be called the intelligence of animals. No doubt this is what has been understood by their intelligence since the days of Buffon. But with the hesitation which becomes the emission of a new view, we respectfully submit that the tricks which animals are taught appertain chiefly to the skill of their trainers; and that the facts which illustrate the intelligence of animals must be found in their natural actions, apart from human and foreign influences.

Fontenelle has admirably said, that "*Instinct* is a particular art which each species of animals has, and which never had among them a first inventor." M. Flourens has not less admirably added—"Instinct is an innate trade, talent, or art." It is hazardous to compete with such masters of thought and language, but we must try to express our conceptions. Instinct is, we submit, *the intelligent and practical interpretation of its organization by the animal itself*. The pholas, for example, is born a living rasp, squirt and hydraulic apparatus; his foot is both a motor and a piston; there is within it an elastic spring; and within each valve he has a lever, while his muscular system is formed for the rotations of the rasp and the action of the squirt; inside the siphons, moreover, is a ciliary epithelium, just adapted for pushing upward pulverized particles of stone;—why—the pholas was created, and every individual is born, a stone-piercer. Each part of his anatomy teaches him its own physiology. His birth, in its psychological or mental point of view, is his wakening or quickening to a consciousness of the use of his organs. He awakes and finds himself a stone-piercer. He cannot do anything else but bore rocks. He knows no other trade. His fearful and solitary nature accords with his work; he can live his life only in pursuing it; and when he cannot bore he dies. This stone-piercer is told by his instruments their use; they are himself; he knows himself by knowing them, and when any part of them is deranged he ceases to be himself, and perishes. Instinct is the intelligence of living mechanism. An American and an Italian engineer are at this moment trying to invent a machine which shall bore tunnels through the Alps, or the Apennines; the *Pholas Dactylus* is a model of such a machine, a finger-length long, self-conscious, self-feeding, and self-propagating,—a stone-boring machine, with the marvelous and august additions of vitality and intelligence. A steam-engine become alive and conscious of its work, would be a phenomenon similarly wonderful.

When illustrating the intelligence of animals, M. Flourens says,—

"Here is what I have seen at the Jardin des Plantes. There were too many bears, and they wished to kill two of them by means of *prussic acid*. Some drops of the acid were thrown into little cakes. At the sight of the cakes the bears stood up on their hind legs and opened their mouths. Some cakes were successfully pitched in, but were immediately spit out, and the bears fled. It might have been expected that they would not be tempted to touch them any more. Notwithstanding, they were soon seen pushing the cakes with their feet toward the basin in their ditch. They slouced them in the water, and smelt them attentively, and as the poison evaporated they proceeded to eat them. Thus they ate all our cakes with impunity. They had shown too much mind (*trop d'esprit*) for our resolution to remain unchanged, and we granted them a reprieve.

"We have had of late years a young *orang-*

* Author of a late work entitled "*De l'Instinct et de l'Intelligence des Animaux.*"

outang. I had opportunities of studying it, and was often astonished by its intelligence. It called to mind what Buffon said of the *orang-outang*, that he had observed: 'I have seen that animal present his hand to visitors who came to see him, walking gravely with them like a companion; I have seen him seat himself at table, spread his napkin, wipe his lips, use his spoon and fork in carrying to his mouth, pour his drink into a glass, and bob and nob when he was invited, go and take a cup and saucer, place them upon the table, put in the sugar, and pour in the tea, let it cool to drink it, and all without any other instigation than the signs and words of his master; and often he would do it of himself. He never harmed any one, advanced with circumspection, and seemed to ask for caresses, &c.'"

"Our young *orang-outang*," continues M. Flourens, "did all these things. He was very gentle, liked much to be caressed, particularly by little children, with whom he played, trying to imitate everything they did before him, &c. He knew very well how to take the key of the chamber where he lodged, to push it into the lock, and open the door. Sometimes the key was placed upon the chimney-piece, and he climbed up to it by the cord upon which he usually swung. A knot was made upon the rope to make it shorter; he undid the knot. He had nothing of the impatience and petulance of other monkeys. He looked sad, and walked sedately, with measured steps. I went to see him one day with an illustrious old man, a delicate and profound observer. An odd costume, a feeble and lingering walk, and a bent body, fixed the attention of the young animal from the moment of our arrival. He did complacently everything required of him, keeping his eye fixed continually, however, upon the object of his curiosity. When we were retiring he approached his new visitor, gently and maliciously took hold of the stick he had in his hand, and feigning to support himself upon it, and bending his back, and relaxing his pace, walked round the room where we were, mimicking all the while the attitude and step of my friend. He carried back the stick himself, and we left him, convinced that if we knew how to observe him, he, in his turn, knew how to observe us."

Condillac thought instinct the commencement of intelligence; but, while agreeing with him so far, we do not regard this as an exact and complete statement of our view; we think instinct the consciousness of organization. It is the commencement of intelligence, because it is the commencement of consciousness. The pholas feels he is a rock-piercer, as the man feels he is a biped. Condillac thought instinct habit without reflection. The old weaver weaves almost as the young spider weaves, mechanically. But the difference between him and his loom is, still, consciousness. The animals which have senses superior to man are in a certain sense informed of more than he is by them. The phenomena of habit are somewhat misleadingly named in connection with the phenomena of the consciousness of organization. Although in results alike, they are really the opposites of each other. Instinctive actions are best done with the greatest conciousness, while habitual actions are performed most in accordance with habit when with least consciousness. Habit is the acquired facility of doing a thing, which comes from doing it often; instinct is the fatal facility of doing a thing without ever having done it.

Animals educate each other by means of the power of habit. Instances have occurred to almost every observer; but we gladly avail ourselves of the statements of M. Flourens in the following extract:—

"The nature of animals is never better seen than in the efforts they make to preserve their young, and to instruct them how to preserve themselves. 'The she-wolf teaches its little ones,' says G. Leroy, 'to attack the animals it ought to devour.' Who has not seen a cat teaching her young ones to catch mice? She begins by stupefying a mouse with a bite; the mouse, although hurt, still runs, and the kittens after it. The cat watches, and if the mouse is likely to escape, she springs upon it. 'The eagle carries his young upon his wings,' says Daubenton, 'and when they are strong enough to sustain themselves, he tries them by abandoning them in the air; but he supports them again instantly when their strength fails.'

"'At the time when the young falcons and sparrow-hawks begin to fly, I have seen several times a day,' says M. Dureau de la Malle, when resident in the Louvre, 'the fathers and mothers return from the chase with a mouse or a sparrow in their claws, hover over the court, and call by a cry, always the same, the young which had remained in the nest. These came out at the voice of their parents, and flew under them. The fathers then raised themselves perpendicularly about fifty feet, and warning their pupils by a new cry, let fall from their claws the prey, upon which the young birds pounced. At the first lessons, notwithstanding all the care of the old ones to let it fall almost upon them, these awkward apprentices nearly always missed it. Then the fathers, descending upon the prey, and recatching it always before it reached the ground, rose up again to repeat the lesson, and would not let their young eat it until they had seized it for themselves.

"'I was able to ascertain even, that the instruction was gradual; for when the young birds of prey had learned to catch in the air the dead mice, their parents brought them living birds, and repeated the maneuver which I have described until their little ones were capable of seizing a bird upon the wing with certainty, and could consequently see to their own nurture and preservation.'"

Mr. Hugh Miller, in an interesting and philosophical series of autobiographical sketches, describes the commotion which

took place in the town of Cromarty, when himself and another little boy were reported to be lost among the rocks. The fathers and families sympathized with the sufferings of the anxious mothers; and boats with torches started at night in search of the missing boys. We once were thrilled with admiration on beholding a similar display of social sympathies by a community of sparrows in the environs of London. One summer evening, some children, when playing in a garden, screamed, "The cat has caught a bird!" Their cry alarmed pussy, and she dropped from her mouth a young sparrow. Of course it became the pet of the children immediately, and was placed in a cage to protect it from the naughty cat. Very early next morning the inmates of the house were awoke by the loud chirpings of sparrows. The parents sought their lost young one, and their comrades hovered, flew, and chirped distractedly in sympathy with them. This lasted five or six hours. The cage was at length placed in the garden, after breakfast, with the door open. It was soon seen which was the mother. She flew up to the bars of the cage in a flutter of delight; but as she did not see the door, which was upon the opposite side, she only induced the young one to knock its head in wild flutterings against the wires. The cage was turned with the door where she could see it. When she descended toward the cage the second time, the little one flew up and beat its head as before; but as soon as she saw the open door she flew down opposite to it, and the young one descended to follow her, and out of the cage after her, flying with all the flock, in a chirping chorus of joy, to a neighboring tree.

Herbert, the poet, when admiring the instinctive actions of pigeons, applies to animals a very lofty word. He says:—

"Each creature has a *wisdom* for its good;
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow, but withdraw their food
When they are fledge, that need may teach them flying."

Innumerable facts demonstrate that instinct is a phenomenon of intelligence. Instinctive actions are varied to suit circumstances, and this variation is dictated by intelligence. That admirable observer, White, of Selborne, long ago noticed that the nest of the chaffinch in the villages near London is not beautifully studded with lichens as it is in remote rural districts; and that the house-martin, when a rafter, joist, or cornice, prevents his making a hemispheric nest, makes one which is flat, or oval, or compressed. Wrens and fly-catchers have been known to alter their mode of nidification for better concealment. M. Dujardin noticed that one year when the death's-head moths were very numerous, and by entering the hives of the bees destroyed many of them, the bees constructed barricades at the entrances, which prevented their enemies from reaching them. In bees, as in men, necessity was the mother of invention, and seems to have taught even insects something like fortification.

We separate from the intelligence of beasts what man drills them to do: we mean by it the consciousness of their organization and the acts they perform for their preservation and the training of their young. An Italian exhibited cats dressed as ladies and gentlemen, seated at table taking tea; but the show was spoilt by a wag who threw a sprat among them. A cat may be deterred from touching a cage of birds by hanging a whip upon it of which he has had a taste; and a full-fed cat will not take the trouble to chase birds until driven to it by hunger. How fiercely many animals defend their young is well known. In regard to property they have a sense of *meum*, whatever may be the defects of their regard for *tuum*. A Kentish proprietor told us he had often seen the sheep bend down the young growing hop-poles to reach the tender sprouts. But a scrub of a sheep, who wished to eat without work, would now and then avail himself of the sprouts brought near him by the labor of another; and the dirty spunging trick invariably caused the aggressor to receive a butt upon the head from the injured party.

Education, self-tuition, and the communication of information, appear to be ascertained facts in zoology. Not merely are there species which instruct the young; there are species in which the young instruct themselves. Young nightingales listen long and practice sedulously to learn from old nightingales their beautiful melody. When they have nothing else to do, young nightingales catch and practice the songs of other species. Huber seems to have proved by his experiments that bees can, by certain touches of their antennæ,

inform each other whether or not all is right with the queen or mother bee. M. Dujardin placed a cup of sugared water into a hole in a wall. He dipped a small stick into it, and when a bee issued from a hive and was sucking the sugar he conveyed it to the cup. The bee returned to the hive, and was followed, when it came out again, by a flock of others, who went backward and forward during a whole day, until the sugared water was exhausted. The bees of the next hive close by knew nothing of the sugared water, probably just because they were not told.

Let us sum up our induction. What is the purport of the evidence? We find facts which demonstrate the intelligence of organization. Animals know by consciousness the uses of their organization, whether conservative or reproductive, nutritive, locomotive, or respiratory. Wonderful instances of this kind of intelligence are the spawn of the pholades escaping from the gelatinous mass in which they are born, and after respiring freely for a time fastening upon the substances they are to pierce, each according to his species, *Pholas dactylus* upon rocks, and *Teredo navalis* upon wood! The small beetles make galleries under the bark of trees, and each species a different kind of gallery. The diving spider makes a diving bell, in which it respires and lives under the water. Marvelous although such feats be, they show nothing beyond a consciousness of the use of organs, and, in the language of philosophers, are all referable to sensation. In some respects animals have the advantage over man in certain organic faculties. Everybody knows who it was who wished for the wings of a dove. Once when Dr. Chalmers was in a boat at sea, observing sea-gulls and cormorants resting upon the rocks, or rising in the air, or diving in the sea at pleasure, he declared he envied them their freedom of three elements. But as for the bears and the cakes, in washing out the poison, they displayed a sagacity almost human. A company of boys would probably act just as the bees did in reference to the sugared water; and the barricades against the death's-head moth, which were only adopted in the year in which the enemies were numerous, showed intelligence to the extent of invention. Jenny Lind was compared to a nightingale; but it is a greater compliment to the nightingales to compare them to her in the way she learned her tunes, by listening attentively and practicing industriously until she had acquired them.

A collection of brains preserved for physiological study, or a series of anatomical investigations of the cerebral nerves, conducts the student to a similar opinion. The brain of man is not of a different kind. Nothing is found in it which is not found in the brains of other animals. But when the brains are placed together upon a table, no one is in the least at a loss to distinguish the human from the surrounding brains, although inferior in weight and size to those of the largest quadrupeds. In nobility of form, in graceful folds, and in size, as compared with the body of the animal, there is a superiority in the human brain which is truly admirable. The spectacle recalls the exclamation of Hamlet, about "the paragon of animals! the beauty of the world!"

Nothing more dishonoring to man can be done than to depreciate the mental faculties of animals in order to remove them from comparison with him. The differences of degree are tremendous and immense. A sand is a mineral combination, as a star is; a toadstool is a plant, as a magnolia is; the face of a fly is a countenance, as that of a man is; but immensity is not too great a word to express the distances of the degrees which separate them. Man, the creator of the science of zoology, has chosen to place himself in it. But the distance which separates him from all other animals amounts to an immensity. Not that animals do not display traces of language, reflection, reason, education, invention, observation, sagacity; but that these words carry very small significations when applied to animals, compared with their grand meanings when expressing the mental operations of man. *Nil est in intellectu quod non fuit prius in sensu*, is a proposition which may be applied to animals; but in regard to man, his own consciousness rejects it when used to explain the phenomena of genius and conscience, of progress in civilization, or of duty to man and God.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

SELENOGRAPHY.

THE earth's geologists and the moon have not hitherto been upon good terms. The sages have wooed the lovely goddess of the night both assiduously and ardently, but she has never yet looked upon them as she did on the shepherd Endymion during his dream on the heights of Mount Latmus. Their most earnest suit has received no other answer than cold and silent reserve. It is not surprising, then, that the slighted suitors sometimes break through the bounds of patience, and express their irritation and disappointment in opprobrious epithets and bitter words. An amusing illustration of this weak side of philosophy occurred at a late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

An eloquent geologist, of high repute, then found occasion, under the show of paying compliment to the astronomer-royal for his presidential address, to speak of the moon as an "inconstant jade, who never behaved as she ought, and who might be seen at one time threatening to reap down the stars with her ruthless sickle, and at another looking out derisively from the sky with a one-sided face." It is clear that no sage philosopher could, at years of discretion, have thus characterized the beautiful phases of the lunar aspect, unless his perceptions had been obscured and his judgment warped by prejudice and angry feeling. We, ourselves, have no doubt that our guess is a shrewd one, and that "Rejected Addresses" were at the bottom of the affair.

But there is now strong reason for hoping that more intimate and amicable relations will soon be established between terrestrial sages and the moon. It has been determined that the suit of science shall henceforth be pressed discreetly, and in accordance with due and proper form. At the Belfast meeting of the British Association, a committee of "likely men" was appointed to the task of deliberating upon ways and means. This committee met in September, 1852, at the residence of Lord Rosse, and took a preliminary survey of the lunar face, from a cautious and respectful distance, through the great tube which his lordship kindly placed at their disposal for the purpose. This survey led to the framing of a well-considered plan for future operations, and the first fruits appeared at the Hull sitting of the British Association, recently held. Professor Phillips there presented a drawing of the annular mountain Gassendi, as a model of the form of delineation the band of selenographists intend to adopt.

The professor stated, however, while exhibiting this sketch, that he had to communicate still higher promise of great results being soon attained. It will be remembered, that in 1851 Professor Bond, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, produced a photographic portrait of the moon, three inches across. That portrait was made within the tube of the Cambridge telescope, converted for the occasion into a photographic camera, by a lens possessing a diameter of fifteen inches. Since that period, a more sensitive material than M. Daguerre's plate of iodized silver has been discovered. By employing this substance, the iodized collodion spread in a thin film on a plate of glass, Professor Phillips has procured a very good image of the moon in five minutes, although the telescope he used had only a diameter of six inches and a quarter, and although the moon was at a low southern altitude at the time. The professor has no doubt that the same result might be attained in one minute, when the moon is at its highest southern elevation in the sky.

But here again: if such a result was attained when a pigmy telescope of only six inches was used in the production of the picture, what might not be expected if Lord Rosse's giant instrument of six feet were engaged in the task! Professor Phillips has seen in this telescope a magnificent moon-image, six inches across, and so brilliant, that he is sure it would be able to stamp itself distinctly upon the film of iodized collodion in fifteen seconds at the most; or even if it were again magnified to a diameter of twelve inches, by the introduction of proper optical apparatus, in one minute. But these photographic pictures are so exquisitely defined in their details, that they bear to be examined by means of amplifying lenses. The twelve-inch picture of the moon, sketched on iodized collodion, by Lord Rosse's telescope, might be magnified subsequently eight times at least, without the limit of increased distinctness being reached. Such a magnified view would present a map of the moon upon a scale of one inch to twenty-two miles, and in which

the form and outline of an object really one hundred and five feet across, would be projected with the utmost distinctness. Indeed, bodies only thirty-seven feet across, and, therefore, of the dimensions of ordinary houses, would be perceptible in it as specks; and since streaks are much more readily discerned by the eye than spots, lines not exceeding ten feet in breadth would be visible *as lines*. A photographic picture of the moon, drawn by Lord Rosse's telescope, and subsequently magnified by appropriate contrivances, would in fact present a delineation of the lunar surface, analogous to that which the physical maps now in use present of the county of Yorkshire when held at the distance of ten inches from the eye. It would indeed be a representation of the moon as it would appear if seen from a distance of twenty-four miles instead of twenty-four thousand. The discomforted geologist may therefore take heart: his turn is assuredly coming. The existing president of the British Association has declared his conviction, that the details of the moon's superficial structure will very soon be more fully and accurately known, than either the geology or geography of our own terrestrial sphere.

It may, however, be asked why Lord Rosse's telescope has not been already converted into a photographic camera, under circumstances of such rich promise. The answer is, that a series of preliminary difficulties of a mechanical nature have to be overcome before an accurate picture of the moon can be secured upon a sensitive photographic surface. Every one knows how essential perfect repose and stillness in the subject are, when an accurate daguerreotype miniature is to be taken. M. Claudet, after arranging the drapery of the sitter with artistic care, pins a flower on one of the curtains of his magical light-chamber, in order that the look may be fixed upon it during the exposure of the plate; and not content with this precaution, he then also plants the ends of a curved iron holdfast on each side of the head, to preclude the possibility of any lateral movement. But none of this care can be taken in the case of the moon. She laughs at M. Claudet's art as much as she does at the geologist's science. No holdfast can be made to fix her restless head; no flower has fascination enough to stop her roving glance. The instant her face is caught on the sensitive plate of the photographist's camera, it is found that, from moment to moment, she is stealthily sidling along the sky. Observe how the end of a noonday shadow travels over the surface of the ground. Exactly in this way the moon's image travels along the photographic plate; and the consequence is, that every detailed feature within it is blurred in the direction to which the picture is moving. Nothing can be done in sketching the moon until the camera is made by some means or other to accompany her movements as she glides through the sky.

In the practice of lunar photography, this end is attained by attaching the telescope, which is used as a camera, to a train of clockwork. The several parts of the apparatus are then so adjusted that the telescope keeps lunar time—that is, moves round precisely as the moon progresses in the sky. But even this proves to be insufficient where a very accurate picture is to be made, for the moon does not go evenly along amid the starry host. She is always either getting on faster and faster, or lagging back more and more. Her movement is an accelerating or retarding one, and she is also constantly shifting her position a little upward or downward on the celestial surface. Mechanical compensations must, therefore, be provided to meet all these causes of irregularity, and these compensations must be severally adjusted to the exact behavior of the moon at the time selected for the operation. Now, it will be readily understood from all this, that a vast amount of ingenuity must be brought into play before even a small telescope can be enabled to keep the moon's company during a portion of one of her nocturnal wanderings; but how much more must this be the case ere a very large instrument can be qualified for the same erratic fellowship? Let it be remembered, that before Lord Rosse can carry out his purpose of fixing the lunar face by means of his great speculum, an enormous tube fifty-six feet long and weighing fifteen tons will have to be converted into a sort of clock-hand, and carried with an accurately adjusted accelerating or retarding movement! This wonderful work will no doubt be accomplished, but there is no room for surprise if the thing be not done as rapidly as the idea of its possibility has been conceived.

THE WRITTEN ROCKS OF MOUNT SINAI.

WITH the exception of Jerusalem, there is perhaps no spot upon earth consecrated by more sacred and sublime associations than Sinai. What "the holy city" was to the new dispensation, that was the "mount of God" to the old. Here the voice from the burning bush summoned Moses to the glorious task of delivering his nation; here the law was given amid "blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words;" here the prophet, whom neither the tempest, nor the earthquake, nor the fire could terrify, wrapped his face in his mantle and worshiped, as the still small voice fell mysteriously upon his ear. Upon the savage glens and ravines which cleave the mountain-side a supernatural darkness has rested, their gloom has been lit up by fire from heaven, their silence broken by celestial voices. We cannot wonder that with associations such as these, travelers should have been willing to brave the perils and endure the privations which a visit to Sinai involves.

The conjecture that cotemporary records of these events are to be found among the desert solitudes of Sinai and Horeb, has of late years excited afresh the attention of scholars, and we propose in this paper to give a brief statement of the facts under investigation. It has long been known that the valleys and rocks for miles round Sinai, and especially those along which the Israelites must have passed during their exodus, are covered with inscriptions in an unknown character and language. Interspersed among these are figures and images, executed in the rudest possible style, representing camels, horses, asses, goats, serpents, birds, and men in various attitudes, very often that of devotion. Along the Wady Mokatteb, or the Written Valley, they cover the rocks for ten or twelve miles, and are to be numbered by thousands. They are sometimes of very large size, and thirty

or forty feet high. Some are in Greek or Latin, and appear to be so recent as the fifth or sixth century; a few others were obviously inscribed about the commencement of our era; but the immense majority are referred to a date coeval with that of the most ancient Egyptian remains in the neighborhood, that is to say, they have been ascribed to the Israelites during their long sojourn at the foot of the mountain.

The first notice we have of these inscriptions is about the year 535, when they were seen by a Christian merchant named Cosmas Indicopleustes, on his return from a voyage to India. Even then they seemed extremely ancient, and the character and language in which they were written were forgotten. Some Jews in the company, however, professed to have read them, and said that they recorded the wanderings of their ancestors in the wilderness; and Cosmas came to the conclusion that they were written by the children of Israel in the time of Moses. This statement is of importance, as showing that not only were they in existence at that early date, but that even then their origin was lost in remote antiquity, so that their being the work of the Jews during the exodus seemed not only credible, but probable. The treatise of Cosmas, however, remained in manuscript, and no further notice was taken of these curious facts for nearly twelve hundred years.

In the year 1722 a Franciscan monk, quoted by Laborde, passed along these valleys with a caravan, and was struck with astonishment at the innumerable inscriptions he saw. He says:—

"Though we had men among us who understood the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, Illyrian, German, and Bohemian languages, there was not one who had any knowledge of the characters inscribed on these rocks, with such labor, in a country where there is nothing to be had either to eat or drink."

About this period the attention of the western world was called to these mysterious inscriptions, by the publication of the work of Cosmas in which they are described. Dr. Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, convinced that they were the work of the Israelites, as asserted by Cosmas, offered a reward of five hundred pounds to any one who would bring copies of them to Europe. Pococke, Montague, Niebuhr, and Burckhardt, stimulated yet further the curiosity which was felt by copying a few and describing others; but little was done till 1820, when Mr. G. F. Gray and his companion succeeded in drawing one hundred and seventy-seven, written in the unknown character, and a few others of a more modern date in Greek. The materials for studying the inscriptions having been thus accumulated, scholars in France, Germany, and England, attempted to account for their existence and to decipher their contents. Professor Beer, of Leipsic, came to the conclusion that they were the work of Christian pilgrims—an opinion now generally surrendered as untenable, for many reasons: among others, because they are evidently the work of a single age, and pilgrims during many centuries could not produce the number still in existence, because the height at which many are placed requires an apparatus of ropes, platforms, or scaling-ladders, which it would be absurd to suppose that pilgrims carried with them; and because the language of Cosmas renders such a supposition to the last degree improbable; for had they been the work of Christian pilgrims he or his companions must have known it. Equally unsatisfactory is the supposition that they are the work of a Nabathean tribe inhabiting this district, the existence of such a tribe being unsupported by a single tittle of evidence, and being almost impossible from the utter sterility of the soil, unless indeed they were fed by miracle, without which they could not have subsisted long enough to produce a tithe of the inscriptions.

If, however, we ascribe these rude sculptures to the Israelites during their long encampment in these valleys, all difficulties vanish. The miraculous supply of food and water, recorded in the book of Exodus, explains the presence of a host, of numbers sufficiently large for a period sufficiently long to produce them. They came, as has been well remarked, from Egypt—a country which is covered with inscriptions of every degree of magnitude, wherever there is a rock to receive a chisel; and where the inhabitants were possessed with a rage for turning all its mountains into books, as is proved by existing remains. Familiarity with this practice might well suggest to the Israelites the fitness of employing their abundant leisure in giving a like enduring

record to the signal events which had marked their exodus. In the combination of writing with figures, we may trace, too, a rude imitation of the similar combination of phonetic and hieroglyphic writing, so prevalent among the Egyptians.

This theory of the origin of the Sinaitic inscriptions has been learnedly advocated in a volume lately published in London, the writer of which believes himself to have discovered the key to their meaning. It would unduly protract this paper, and be uninteresting to the mass of our readers, to trace the steps of this discovery, or to discuss the evidence of its correctness. We shall therefore at once proceed to the results, referring for details to the work alluded to. The following are the proposed interpretations of some inscriptions:

"The red geese ascend from the sea;
Lusting, the people eat them."

"Prayeth unto God the prophet, upon a great hard stone, his hand sustaining Aaron Hur."

Another inscription, with the figure of an ass, is translated:—

"The people with prone mouth drinketh at the water-springs together. The people like a hornet-stung ass kicketh."

Another, with a rude drawing of a rock, is rendered:—

"The eloquent speaker strikes the rock; flows forth the water, falling down."

These specimens may suffice. Should subsequent investigations prove the correctness of these interpretations, what a striking confirmation shall we have of the truth of the Mosaic narrative! The researches of men of science, enthusiastically devoted to the noble cause in which they are engaged, aided wisely and powerfully by the most enlightened governments of the day, have been successful in revealing to the eyes of Christendom long-hidden treasures, which are so many demonstrations of the divine origin and authenticity of the Bible. On every hand new evidence is crowding in upon us, proving that the Scriptures are no "cunningly devised fable." From Egypt, Nineveh, and Babylon, "the stones are crying out," to rebuke the folly of infidelity, and attest the veracity of the inspired records. And now the desert solitudes of Sinai are apparently becoming vocal in the same cause, and promise ere long to bring to the confirmation of Scripture, words "graven with an iron pen and with lead in the rock forever."

THE CRUSADES.

IT is now time to speak of the leaders of this extraordinary expedition. Great multitudes ranged themselves under the command of Peter the Hermit, whom, as the originator, they considered the most appropriate leader of the war. Others joined the banner of a bold adventurer, whom history has dignified with no other name than that of Gautier sans Avoir, or Walter the Pennyless, but who is represented as having been of noble family, and well skilled in the art of war. A third mutitude from Germany flocked around the standard of a monk named Gottschalk, of whom nothing is known except that he was a fanatic of the deepest dye. All these bands, which together are said to have amounted to three hundred thousand men, women, and children, were composed of the vilest rascality of Europe. Without discipline, principle, or true courage, they rushed through the nations like a pestilence, spreading terror and death wherever they went. The first multitude that set forth was led by Walter the Pennyless early in the spring of 1096, within a very few months after the Council of Clermont. Rolling through Germany like a tide, they entered Hungary, where, at first, they were received with some degree of kindness by the people.

Unfortunately this good understanding did not last long. The swarm were not contented with food for their necessities, but craved for luxuries also. They attacked and plundered the dwellings of the country people, and thought nothing of murder where resistance was offered. On their arrival before Semlin, the outraged Hungarians collected in large numbers, and, attacking the rear of the crusading host, slew a great many of the stragglers. Their rear continued to be thus harassed by the wrathful Hungarians until they were fairly out of their territory. On his entrance into Bulgaria, Walter met with no better fate. The cities and towns refused to let him pass; the villages denied him provisions; and the citizens and country people uniting, slaughtered his followers by hundreds; but as it was impossible to stand still, Walter continued his course till he arrived at Constantinople with a force which famine and the sword had diminished to one-third of its original number.

The greater multitude, led by the enthusiastic Hermit, followed close upon his heels, with a bulky train of baggage, and women and children sufficient to form a host of themselves. If it were possible to find a rabble more vile than the army of Walter the Pennyless, it was that led by Peter the Hermit. Being better provided with means, they were not reduced to the necessity of pillage in their progress through Hungary; and had they taken any other route than that which led through Semlin, might perhaps have traversed the country without molestation. On their arrival before that city, their fury was raised at seeing the arms and red crosses of their predecessors hanging as trophies over the gates. Their pent-up ferocity exploded at the sight. The city was tumultuously attacked, and the besiegers entering, not by dint of bravery, but of superior numbers, it was given up to all the horrors which follow when victory, brutality, and licentiousness, are linked together. When the king of Hungary was informed of the disasters of Semlin, he marched with a sufficient force to chastise the Hermit, who, at the news, broke up his camp and retreated toward the Morava, a broad and rapid stream that joins the Danube a few miles to the eastward of Belgrade. Here a party of indignant Bulgarians awaited him, and so harassed him, that great numbers of his infatuated followers perished in the waters or by the sword.

At Nissa, the Duke of Bulgaria fortified himself, in fear of an assault; but Peter, having learned a little wisdom from experience, thought it best to avoid hostilities. He passed three nights in quietness under the walls, and the duke, not wishing to exasperate unnecessarily so fierce and rapacious a host, allowed the townspeople to supply them with provisions. Peter took his departure peaceably on the following morning; but some German vagabonds, falling behind the main body of the army, set fire to the mills and house of a Bulgarian, with whom, it appears, they had had some dispute on the previous evening. The citizens of Nissa, who had throughout mistrusted the Crusaders, and were prepared for the worst, sallied out immediately, and took signal vengeance. The spoilers were cut to pieces, and the townspeople pursuing the Hermit, captured all the women and children who had lagged in the rear, and a great quantity of baggage. Peter hereupon turned round and marched back to Nissa, to demand explanation of the Duke of Bulgaria. The latter fairly stated the provocation given, and the Hermit could urge nothing in palliation of so gross an outrage. A negotiation was entered into, which promised to be successful, and the Bulgarians were about to deliver up the women and children, when a party of undisciplined Crusaders, acting solely upon their own suggestion, endeavored to scale the walls and seize upon the town. Peter in vain exerted his authority; the confusion became general, and after a short but desperate battle, the Crusaders threw down their arms, and fled in all directions. Their vast host was completely routed, the slaughter being so great among them as to be counted, not by hundreds, but by thousands.

It is said that the Hermit fled from this fatal field to a forest a few miles from Nissa, abandoned by every human creature. So lately the leader of a hundred thousand men, he was now a solitary skulker in the forests, liable at every instant to be discovered by some pursuing Bulgarian, and cut off in mid career. Chance at last brought him within sight of an eminence, where two or three of his bravest knights had collected five hundred of the stragglers. These gladly received the Hermit, and a consultation having taken place, it was resolved to gather together the scattered remnants of the army. Fires were lighted on the hill, and scouts sent out in all directions for the fugitives. Horns were sounded at intervals, to make known that friends were near, and before nightfall the Hermit saw himself at the head of seven thousand men. During the succeeding day, he was joined by twenty thousand more, and with this miserable remnant of his force, he pursued his route toward Constantinople. The bones of the rest moldered in the forests of Bulgaria.

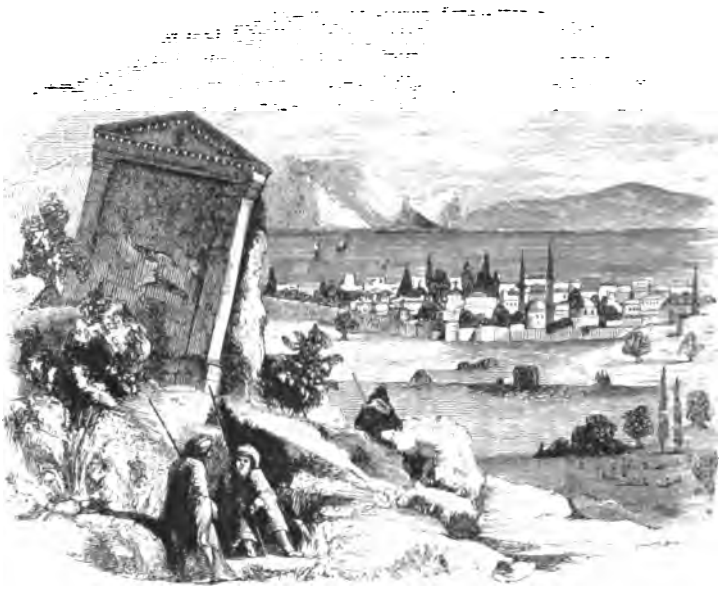
On his arrival at Constantinople, where he found Walter the Pennyless awaiting him, he was hospitably received by the Emperor Alexius. It might have been expected that the sad reverses they had undergone would have taught his followers common prudence; but, unhappily for them, their turbulence and love of plunder was not to be restrained. Although they were surrounded by friends, by whom all

their wants were liberally supplied, they could not refrain from rapine. In vain the Hermit exhorted them to tranquillity; he possessed no more power over them, in subduing their passions, than the obscurest soldier of the host. They set fire to several public buildings in Constantinople out of pure mischief, and stripped the lead from the roofs of the churches, which they afterward sold for old metal in the purlieus of the city. From this time may be dated the aversion which the Emperor Alexius entertained for the Crusaders, and which was afterward manifested in all his actions, even when he had to deal with the chivalrous and more honorable armies which arrived after the Hermit. He seems to have imagined that the Turks themselves were enemies less formidable to his power than these outpourings of the refuse of Europe: he soon found a pretext to hurry them into Asia Minor. Peter crossed the Bosporus with Walter; but the excesses of his followers were such, that, despairing of accomplishing any good end by remaining at their head, he left them to themselves, and returned to Constantinople, on the pretext of making arrangements with the government of Alexius for a proper supply of provisions. The Crusaders, forgetting that they were in the enemy's country, and that union, above all things, was desirable, gave themselves up to dissensions. Violent disputes arose between the Lombards and Normans commanded by Walter the Pennyless, and the Franks and Germans led out by Peter. The latter separated themselves from the former, and choosing for their leader one Reinaldo, or Reinhold, marched forward, and took possession of the fortress of Exorogorgon. The Sultan Solimaun was on the alert, with a superior force. A party of Crusaders, which had been detached from the fort, and stationed at a little distance as an ambuscade, were surprised and cut to pieces, and Exorogorgon invested on all sides. The siege was protracted for eight days, during which the Christians suffered the most acute agony from the want of water. It is hard to say how long the hope of succor or the energy of despair would have enabled them to hold out: their treacherous leader cut the matter short by renouncing the Christian faith, and delivering up the fort into the hands of the sultan. He was followed by two or three of his officers; all the rest, refusing to become Mohammedans, were ruthlessly put to the sword. Thus perished the last wretched remnant of the vast multitude which had traversed Europe with Peter the Hermit.

Walter the Pennyless and his multitude met as miserable a fate. On the news of the disasters of Exorogorgon, they demanded to be led instantly against the Turks. Walter, who only wanted good soldiers to have made a good general, was cooler of head, and saw all the dangers of such a step. His force was wholly insufficient to make any decisive movement in a country where the enemy was so much superior, and where, in case of defeat, he had no secure position to fall back upon; and he therefore expressed his opinion against advancing until the arrival of reinforcements. This prudent counsel found no favor: the army loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at their chief, and prepared to march forward without him. Upon this, the brave Walter put himself at their head, and rushed to destruction. Proceeding toward Nice, the modern Isnik, he was intercepted by the army of the sultan: a fierce battle ensued, in which the Turks made fearful havoc: out of twenty-five thousand Christians, twenty-two thousand were slain, and among them Gautier himself, who fell pierced by seven mortal wounds. The remaining three thousand retreated upon Civitot, where they entrenched themselves.

Disgusted as was Peter the Hermit at the excesses of the multitude, who, at his call, had forsaken Europe, his heart was moved with grief and pity at their misfortunes. All his former zeal revived: casting himself at the feet of the Emperor Alexius, he implored him, with tears in his eyes, to send relief to the few survivors at Civitot. The emperor consented, and a force was sent, which arrived just in time to save them from destruction. The Turks had beleaguered the place, and the Crusaders were reduced to the last extremity. Negotiations were entered into, and the last three thousand were conducted in safety to Constantinople. Alexius had suffered too much by their former excesses to be very desirous of retaining them in his capital: he therefore caused them all to be disarmed, and, furnishing each with a sum of money, he sent them back to their own country.

While these events were taking place,



ISNIK.

fresh hordes were issuing from the woods and wilds of Germany, all bent for the Holy Land. They were commanded by a fanatical priest, named Gottschalk, who, like Gautier and Peter the Hermit, took his way through Hungary. History is extremely meager in her details of the conduct and fate of this host, which amounted to at least one hundred thousand men. Robbery and murder seem to have journeyed with them, and the poor Hungarians were rendered almost desperate by their numbers and rapacity. Karloman, the king of the country, made a bold effort to get rid of them; for the resentment of his people had arrived at such a height, that nothing short of the total extermination of the Crusaders would satisfy them. Gottschalk had to pay the penalty, not only for the ravages of his own bands, but for those of the swarms that had come before him. He and his army were induced, by some means or other, to lay down their arms: the savage Hungarians, seeing them thus defenseless, set upon them, and slaughtered them in great numbers. How many escaped their arrows we are not informed; but not one of them reached Palestine.

Other swarms, under nameless leaders, issued from Germany and France, more brutal and more frantic than any that had preceded them. Their fanaticism surpassed by far the wildest freaks of the followers of the Hermit. In bands, varying in numbers from one to five thousand, they traversed the country in all directions, bent upon plunder and massacre. They wore the symbol of the Crusade upon their shoulders, but inveighed against the folly of proceeding to the Holy Land to destroy the Turks, while they left behind them so many Jews, the still more inveterate enemies of Christ. They swore fierce vengeance against this unhappy race, and murdered all the Hebrews they could lay their hands on, first subjecting them to the most horrible mutilation. According to the testimony of Albert Aquensis, they lived among each other in the most shameless profligacy, and their vice was only exceeded by their superstition. Whenever they were in search of Jews, they were preceded by a goose and goat, which they believed to be holy, and animated with divine power to discover the retreats of the unbelievers. In Germany alone they slaughtered more than a thousand Jews, notwithstanding all the efforts of the clergy to save them. So dreadful was the cruelty of their tormentors, that great numbers of Jews committed self-destruction to avoid falling into their hands.

Again it fell to the lot of the Hungarians to deliver Europe from these pests. When there were no more Jews to murder,

the bands collected in one body, and took the old route to the Holy Land, a route stained with the blood of three hundred thousand who had gone before, and destined also to receive theirs. The number of these swarms has never been stated; but so many of them perished in Hungary, that cotemporary writers, despairing of giving any adequate idea of their multitudes, state that the fields were actually heaped with their corpses, and that for miles in its course the waters of the Danube were dyed with their blood. It was at Mersburg, on the Danube, that the greatest slaughter took place,—a slaughter so great as to amount almost to extermination. The Hungarians for a while disputed the passage of the river; but the Crusaders forced their way across, and attacking the city with the blind courage of madness, succeeded in making a breach in the walls. At this moment of victory an unaccountable fear came over them. Throwing down their arms, they fled panic-stricken—no one knew why, and no one knew whither. The Hungarians followed, sword in hand, and cut them down without remorse, and in such numbers, that the stream of the Danube is said to have been choked up by their unburied bodies.

This was the worst paroxysm of the madness of Europe; and this passed, her chivalry stepped upon the scene. Men of cool heads, mature plans, and invincible courage, stood forward to lead and direct the grand movement of Europe upon Asia. It is upon these men that romance has lavished her most admiring epithets, leaving to the condemnation of history the vileness and brutality of those who went before. Of these leaders the most distinguished were Godfrey of Bouillon duke of Lorraine, and Raymond count of Toulouse. Four other chiefs of the royal blood of Europe also assumed the cross, and led each his army to the Holy Land: Hugh count of Vermandois, brother of the king of France; Robert duke of Normandy, the elder brother of William Rufus; Robert count of Flanders; and Boemund prince of Tarentum, eldest son of the celebrated Robert Guiscard. These men were all tinged with the fanaticism of the age, but none of them acted entirely from religious motives. They were neither utterly reckless like Gautier sans Avoir, crazy like Peter the Hermit, nor brutal like Gottschalk the Monk, but possessed each of these qualities in a milder form; their valor being tempered by caution, their religious zeal by worldly views, and their ferocity by the spirit of chivalry. They saw whither led the torrent of the public will; and it being neither their wish nor their interest to stem it, they allowed themselves to be carried with it, in the hope that it would lead them at last to a haven of aggrandizement. Around them congregated many minor chiefs, the flower of the nobility of France and Italy, with some few from Germany, England, and Spain. It was wisely conjectured that armies so numerous would find a difficulty in procuring provisions if they all journeyed by the same road. They therefore resolved to separate; Godfrey de Bouillon proceeding through Hungary and Bulgaria, the Count of Toulouse through Lombardy and Dalmatia, and the other leaders through Apulia to Constantinople, where the several divisions were to reunite. The forces under these leaders have been variously estimated. The Princess Anna Comnena talks of them as having been as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore, or the stars in the firmament. Fulcher of Chartres is more satisfactory, and exaggerates less magnificently, when he states, that all the divisions, when they had sat down before Nice in Bithynia, amounted to one hundred thousand horsemen, and six hundred thousand men on foot, exclusive of the priests, women, and children. Gibbon is of opinion that this amount is exaggerated; but thinks the actual numbers did not fall very far short of the calculation. The Princess Anna afterward gives the number of those under Godfrey of Bouillon as eighty thousand foot and horse; and supposing that each of the other chiefs led an army as numerous, the total would be near half a million. This must be over rather than under the mark, as the army of Godfrey of Bouillon was confessedly the largest when it set out, and suffered less by the way than any other.

The Count of Vermandois was the first who set foot on the Grecian territory. On his arrival at Durazzo he was received with every mark of respect and courtesy by the agents of the emperor, and his followers were abundantly supplied with provisions. Suddenly, however, and without cause assigned, the count was arrested by order of the Emperor Alexius, and con-

GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

veyed a close prisoner to Constantinople. Various motives have been assigned by different authors as having induced the emperor to this treacherous and imprudent proceeding. By every writer he has been condemned for so flagrant a breach of hospitality and justice. The most probable reason for his conduct appears to be that suggested by Guibert of Nogent, who states that Alexius, fearful of the designs of the Crusaders upon his throne, resorted to this extremity in order afterward to force the count to take the oath of allegiance to him, as the price of his liberation. The example of a prince so eminent as the brother of the king of France, would, he thought, be readily followed by the other chiefs of the Crusade. In the result he was woefully disappointed, as every man deserves to be who commits positive evil that doubtful good may ensue. But this line of policy accorded well enough with the narrowmindedness of the emperor, who, in the enervating atmosphere of his highly civilized and luxurious court, dreaded the influx of the hardy and ambitious warriors of the West, and strove to nibble away by unworthy means the power which he had not energy enough to confront. If danger to himself had existed from the residence of the chiefs in his dominions, he might easily have averted it, by the simple means of placing himself at the head of the European movement, and directing its energies to their avowed object, the conquest of the Holy Land. But the emperor, instead of being, as he might have been, the lord and leader of the Crusades, which he had himself aided in no inconsiderable degree to suscitate by his embassies to the Pope, became the slave of men who hated and despised him. No doubt the barbarous excesses of the followers of Gautier and Peter the Hermit made him look upon the whole body of them with disgust; but it was the disgust of a little mind, which is glad of any excuse to palliate or justify its own irresolution and love of ease.

Godfrey of Bouillon traversed Hungary in the most quiet and orderly manner. On his arrival at Mersburg he found the country strewed with the mangled corpses of the Jew-killers, and demanded of the king of Hungary for what reason his people had set upon them. The latter detailed the atrocities they had committed, and made it so evident to Godfrey that the Hungarians had only acted in self-defense, that the high-minded leader declared himself satisfied, and passed on without giving or receiving molestation. On his arrival at Philippopoli he was informed for the first time of the imprisonment of the Count of Vermandois. He immediately sent messengers to the emperor, demanding the count's release, and threatening, in case of refusal, to lay waste the country with fire and sword. After waiting a day at Philippopoli, he marched on to Adrianople, where he was met by his messengers returning with the emperor's refusal. Godfrey, the bravest and most determined of the leaders of the Crusade, was not a man to swerve from his word, and the country was given up to pillage. Alexius here committed another blunder. No sooner did he learn from dire experience that the Crusader was not an utterer of idle threats,

than he consented to the release of the prisoner. As he had been unjust in the first instance, he became cowardly in the second, and taught his enemies (for so the Crusaders were forced to consider themselves) a lesson which they took care to remember to his cost—that they could hope nothing from his sense of justice, but everything from his fears. Godfrey remained encamped for several weeks in the neighborhood of Constantinople, to the great annoyance of Alexius, who sought by every means to extort from him the homage he had extorted from Vermandois. Sometimes he acted as if at open and declared war with the Crusaders, and sent his troops against them. Sometimes he refused to supply them with food, and ordered the markets to be shut against them, while at other times he was all for peace and good-will, and sent costly presents to Godfrey. The honest, straightforward Crusader was at last so wearied by his false kindness, and so pestered by his attacks, that, allowing his indignation to get the better of his judgment, he gave up the country around Constantinople to be plundered by his soldiers. For six days the flames of the farm-houses around struck terror into the heart of Alexius; but, as Godfrey anticipated, they convinced him of his error. Fearing that Constantinople would be the next object of attack, he sent messengers to demand an interview with Godfrey, offering at the same time to leave his son as a hostage for his good faith. Godfrey agreed to meet him; and, whether to put an end to these useless dissensions, or for some other unexplained reason, he rendered homage to Alexius as his liege lord. He was thereupon loaded with honors, and, according to a singular custom of that age, underwent the ceremony of the "adoption of honor" as son to the emperor. Godfrey and his brother Baudouin de Bouillon conducted themselves with proper courtesy on this occasion, but were not able to restrain the insolence of their followers, who did not conceive themselves bound to keep any terms with a man so insincere as he had shown himself. One barbarous chieftain, Count Robert of Paris, carried his insolence so far as to seat himself upon the throne; an insult which Alexius merely resented with a sneer, but which did not induce him to look with less mistrust upon the hordes that were still advancing. Alexius, however, owing to his insincerity, had himself to blame for the indignities he suffered from the Crusades, being looked on by them eventually as an inveterate foe.

It would be needless in this sketch, which does not profess to be so much a history of the Crusades, as of the madness of Europe, from which they sprang, to detail the various acts of bribery and intimidation, cajolery and hostility, by which Alexius contrived to make each of the leaders in succession, as they arrived, take the oath of allegiance to him as their suzerain. One way or another he exacted from each the barren homage on which he had set his heart, and they were then allowed to proceed into Asia Minor. One only, Raymond de St. Gilles count of Toulouse, obstinately refused the homage.

(To be continued.)

LAIRD NICKY.

LAIRD NICKY, about forty years ago, was a conspicuous inhabitant of the village of Half-starvet, in a mountainous district of Scotland. A most indefatigable wrestler with the difficulties of this life was the Laird; a mere day-laborer in his calling, but one so diligent, and so ingenious in turning all things to account, that before he was past middle life he had realized enough of money to purchase a field in his neighborhood, for which reason he had obtained an appellation which, in Scotland, is denied to no possessor of land, however small its extent. Nicky was a bulky man, always dressed in the meanest attire. He had a cottage, with various accommodations for an old horse, a cow, a pig, and some poultry. To anything by which money could be made he was ready to turn his hand. He even swept chimneys; reserving, however, for this duty, Saturday, for the prudent reason that it was the last day of his weekly shirt.

In the younger days of Laird Nicky, game was a thing little thought of in the north. Men now and then went out with fowling-pieces, and spent a forenoon in the turnip-fields seeking for partridges, or in the moors looking for grouse, and next day they were at their usual avocations. No country gentleman as yet thought of deriving a revenue from the wild animals on his estate. No man dreamed of going to live a month at a time in the wilder-

ness, merely to amuse himself by the slaughter of the fowls of the air. But, by and by, it became customary for English gentlemen of fortune to take large tracts of Scottish moorland on lease, with a view to the exclusive privilege of shooting on those grounds, thus establishing a kind of second rent for such property, often not much less than the first. Many rich Southrons bought hyperborean estates for the sake of the sport they could afford. It was, of course, essential to this system that the game should be encouraged and protected as much as possible, so that there really might be birds to shoot; for, to go with all the proper apparatus and ample provision for a month's living at a particular place, and, after all, scarcely start a single wing, was a solecism not to be submitted to if it could be at all avoided.

Laird Nicky marked the revolution which was going on, and could not but observe with profound interest how, since the game had begun to be protected by means of keepers and shepherds, there had been such an increase in the quantity which his unpretending neighbors were able to send by the carrier to be sold in Edinburgh. He heard of the high prices which grouse realized, and longed to take a part in the traffic. It occurred to him, however, that merely to pick up an occasional brace in the course of a country ramble, and submit them to Jock Jaffray next day as he came past with his cart, in the hope of getting three or four shillings returned from the poulterer in the ensuing week was poor work—not worthy of a man of any genius. He soared a higher flight. He announced his intention of taking out the license for game, like his more wealthy neighbors.

People thought Nicky had gone mad. Pride in his little field, recently purchased, had evidently turned his brain. And many were the moral reflections on the subject. "Eh, dear sake, to think on the warld's gear haeing sic an effeck! What 's the guid o 't, if we canna guide it? Eh, ay. Eh, we 're puir frail creatures, and hae mickle need to pray for strength to keep us out o' vanities." Nicky said nothing, giving no reply even to questions which were merrily put to him, as to the moor he designed to take for the season, the friends he intended to invite to his box, and so forth. When the longed-for *twelfth* arrived, he remained at home as usual, very busy, however, in erecting a curious many-sided hut or lodge at the corner of his field, apparently designed as a kind of summer-house. It was also remarked that he spent a good deal of his time in taking down and doing up a number of old fowling-pieces which he had lately purchased. He seemed so much engaged in these pursuits as to have forgot his harvest. There was his crop of oats fully ripe, and regularly "stooked," but no word of Nicky taking it in. What could it all mean? Some weeks elapsed; and the labors of autumn were everywhere at an end. The October frosts were setting in, and still there were Nicky's oat-stooks standing out in the field! Why, the very birds from the neighboring moors —Sir George Telfair's particularly—were beginning to come down to eat the neglected grain, and it was evident that in a very little time they would make an end of it. All his usual thrift had certainly deserted him.

One forenoon the quiet of the village was disturbed by a quick series of sharp loud sounds, not unlike a *feu de joie*, and most of the people were immediately astir to see what had happened. On due examination it was found that the sound had proceeded from the queer-looking hut, or summer-house, in Nicky's field, and was produced by a set of fowling-pieces which that mysterious person had arranged there on a frame to go off together on the setting fire of a train, and which had actually at this first shot killed about a score of grouse and partridges. Nicky was now coolly gathering up his many victims in a large sack. It appeared that he had taken his idea from the machine of the regicide Fieschi, only so fixing his pieces that one bore directly upon each of the six or seven heaps into which he had collected his crop. Having prepared everything in the most careful manner, he had set himself down to wait until a considerable number of birds was gathered to the spot; when, firing the train, he had dealt sudden destruction among them, with the result which has been stated. His neighbors were lost in wonder at what they saw, and it was some time before they thoroughly comprehended the drift of the whole affair. When at length they understood Nicky's plan and its effects, they readily yielded him the admiration due to his superior genius. "Guid faith, Nicky

kens what he 's about. I 'se warrant he 's an auld ane. Eh, wha would hae thought it?"

When Nicky had got his machine reloaded, he found it necessary to warn his admiring neighbors away from the premises. "Ye see, my friends, this is a solitary business o' mine. The birds winna come unless they see a clear field. Let every man, then, gang hame to his ain house, and come as little this way as possible. I hope to get another shot afore dinner-time." They readily obeyed him; and, in a couple of hours or so, he did get a second shot, and an effective one, nearly the same number of birds being slaughtered. In short, Nicky was able to send forty brace of birds into Edinburgh next morning by the hands of Jock Jaffray; thus, as he said, clearing the license the first day, besides "a wee thing owre."

It was not a game to be played at too much, for in that case he would have soon created a general impression among the bird-population of the district to the effect that Nicky's field was dangerous ground. Too knowing for this he abstained from firing for three days, during which, however, he left a single stook exposed just to keep up the connection. Then he once more exposed the whole of his crop, and, taking up his position in the summer-house, made due preparations for what he called another field-day. The birds came in nearly as great numbers as before, and, by superior marking, he was not less successful than he had been at first. He generally bagged from six to ten brace at a shot; and, before the evening, he was again in a condition to send a good load of game to town. By this second day's proceedings his profits could not well be less than five pounds.

The intelligence being quickly spread over the district, there was a degree of fury inspired into the breasts of the gentlemen of the adjacent moors, such as had no parallel in the annals of sporting. The first impression everywhere was, that Nicky was a poacher, alike without government-license and permission of landlord, so that there could be no difficulty in suppressing and punishing him. But it soon became known that Nicky did possess a license, and only sported on his own estate, and then, indeed, the rage of the legitimate sportsmen knew no bounds. It was speedily seen, however, that with such a person as Nicky, so adroit in steering clear of the law, there could be nothing gained by threats or bullying, and it was therefore thought well to try what could be done by fair means. Sir George Telfair and another gentleman agreed to go together to Nicky, and do their best for the general interest.

Nicky had ensconced himself in his citadel, and adjusted his Fieschi machine with its usual deadly accuracy, so as to sweep the whole field, when Sir George and his friend made their approach. Stepping quickly up, and looking in at him where he sat, much like a great spider in the midst of a radiating web, Sir George said: "Why, my friend, this is a strange trade you have taken to in your old days."

"Ou, ay, sir, but a very guid trade, nevertheless. It turns in a hantle o' siller."

"I dare say it may, my friend; but it is not a live-and-let-live kind of trade, for if you go on much longer, you will leave none of it to any but yourself."

"O, I dare say that, sir," replied Nicky; "but then, ye ken, ilk ane for himself in this world, and a bountiful Providence for us a'. That 's guid doctrine, I trow; at least it 's a doctrine that folk act on, and I dinna ken onything that can be said against it."

"O yes. But then it is not properly a trade at all. The shooting of grouse and partridges is sport, and it seems to me a strange kind of it to go to work in this mechanical way—leaving the poor birds no sort of chance, you know."

"Yes; but if it be my pleasure to take my sport in this way, what has onybody to say against it? You please yoursel by going out and trudging a dozen miles and mair over a wat cauld moor for twa-three birds. I please mysel by sitting quietly here, and shooting ten for your ane. What objection can ye hae til 't?"

"O, my friend, I do n't pretend to deny your right to shoot over your own estate, since you have, as I understand, obtained a license. But you must be well aware that the birds you are shooting are birds that have been reared on other people's estates near you, and to which you have no manner of right"—

"Nae manner o' richt!" cried the Laird. "What right hae you to say that to me, sir? Do nane o' other folks' birds come

over the boundary into your moor, and, when they do, do you absteen frae shooting them? I maun say, I never yet heard tell o' a sportsman restricting himsel to the birds belanging to his ain grunds!"

"Well, we can't be always sure whether the birds be our own, and practically we do n't refuse any that come; but then we all take our chance alike. You are shooting my birds to-day; I may be shooting one or two of yours to-morrow. But here any birds that you shoot *must be* other people's, for you have none of your own to shoot. And see what a plan you take to bring the birds about you. None of us attempt to wile them upon our grounds, with the design of shooting them."

"It just a' comes to this, that I am only doing what I hae a richt to do. And sae, gentlemen, if you hae nae mair to say, I wish you would oblige me by going about your ain business, and leaving me to gò about mine. Guid-morning to ye!"

So saying, our village Hampden turned into his fortalice with such a dogged air that the two gentlemen were obliged to confess themselves fairly baffled. Before they left the place they heard a shot of the infernal machine, and were informed that upwards of a score of birds had fallen. They returned to their moorland lodges in all but absolute despair.

It was a serious matter to the proprietors of the district, for if there should be anything like a failure of the *Tetraonidae* in that quarter of the world, they would lose what was about as good as fifteen years' purchase on the value of their estates. No wonder that they laid their heads together to devise some means of checkmating Nicky. They first thought of trying to prevent him from getting the license next year, but soon discovered that they had no formal available ground on which to make objection. Then they thought of causing a lawyer to inquire if Nicky was quite firm and secure in his title to that fatal field of blood. Mr. M'Gurk, the well-known writer of the district, who had given ample assurance of his power of nosing out an ambiguity, set to work with all the means in his power, but was obliged to own that, to the best of his poor judgment, all was right. They afterward made an effort to bring public opinion to bear upon Nicky, representing to the villagers that, if the gentlemen did not come to shoot, so much less money would be spent in their shops. But Nicky was not a man to be easily frightened by the curses, whether loud or deep, of his fellow-men, provided that he was assured of their having no legal charge to bring against him. Thus the first season passed over, without anything effectual being done to induce Nicky to give up his singular mode of sport. He confessed that he had cleared only fifty pounds by his work, and that sum might have been easily subscribed to buy him off; but of course the objection to this plan was insuperable—namely, that, when he was so bought off, they would have had half-a-dozen more of the villagers threatening to set up sporting in the same fashion, unless bought off also.

So Nicky went on with his shooting for three or four years, to the almost complete ruin of the neighboring moors, some of which could no longer obtain tenants. The bitterness of hatred felt toward him by some of his landed neighbors, as well as by the whole tribe of gamekeepers, shepherds, and gillies, none of whom could bear to think of anybody cheating the gentlemen in the matter of game but themselves, was very great; but what could be done? It was often prophesied that he would come to some dismal end erelong; and at last the prediction appeared verified, when Nicky was found one night dead in a ditch by the wayside, while the horse and cart which he had been driving came home without him; but, strange to say, there was no observable hurt about his person, and the procurator-fiscal became convinced that he had perished in a fit or some other natural way. Die how he might, there could be little doubt on the question, "*Cui prodest?*" for immediately after that event the moors began to reascend to their wonted value. As an example of what queer things come about sometimes, Nicky's field has for some years been the site of the kennel for the Garrulton Fox-hounds, so that it is now a spot as dear to the votaries of field-sports as it was once detestable.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

The National Magazine.

MARCH, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE article on "The Preaching Required by the Times" is deferred till our next number.

We give an interesting sketch of President Roberts, of Liberia, in our present number. It is from the pen of a gentleman who has been practically acquainted with the Colonization Society from its origin, and whose views, therefore, come with the best authenticity. While this important institution keeps itself unimplicated in the controversial questions which are so rife among us respecting the colored man, it will present a claim to the regards of all parties. Colonization in Africa is certainly desirable, as the colonization of any other unrecovered region of the globe is. Commerce, science, social progress, demand it everywhere around the great realm of barbarism; but in Africa special reasons justify it. The Liberian Republic is a shelter for the Christian missions of the African coast; it is an effectual means of breaking up the slave-trade; but, above all, it is a practical demonstration of the capacity of the colored man for self-government. In this last aspect of it, even the most thoroughgoing abolitionist may rejoice. Mrs. Stowe sends her most hopeful character to Liberia at last.

Our correspondent is not at all too emphatic on this point. We look into history in vain for an equal instance of moderation and success in the formation of a new nation. The constantly increasing facilities of steam navigation may soon give an impulse to the development of the colony, which shall vastly augment its importance before even its infancy is gone.

The society which has founded and continues to foster this young empire, reported, at its late anniversary, $82,000 as its last year's receipts. It sent out nearly one thousand emigrants in that time—most of them liberated slaves. The Report speaks most encouragingly of the prospects of the colony. We learn from it that peace with the natives has prevailed; schools have been multiplied; the Churches have been blessed; the great law of *progress* is manifest. *Liberia now* is not exactly what it was at any period you may select in its past history. The commerce of Liberia has been increasing. The fact has been clearly demonstrated that this young republic, weak and feeble though it now is, will hereafter direct and control, to a vast extent, the commerce of the western coast of Africa. The rich products of that immense tract of country lying interior of Liberia will find their way out through *her* ports; and as the natives rise in the scale of being, and begin to appreciate the blessings and feel the wants consequent on civilization, they will, through some channel, obtain the products and manufactures of other countries; so that it is quite evident that, whatever the foreign commerce of Western Africa may be, Liberia will control it. Her position on the coast, and her relations with foreign nations, necessarily confer upon her this advantage. Her independence having been formally, honorably acknowledged by five of the leading governments of the world—England, France, Prussia, Belgium and Brazil—she is fairly entitled to form treaties and establish international relations which shall regulate the trade between her vast interior and the markets of the world.

One of the most interesting incidents of the anniversary was, as we learn from an exchange paper, the emphatic manner in which Hon. Judge Wayne, of the U. S. Supreme Court, gave in his adhesion to the enterprise. He avowed his recent and hearty adoption of the American Colonization Society, which he ascribed to the information he had derived from the graphic and able report of the Rev. Mr. Gurley to the government, and from intercourse with the Hon. Mr. Whittlesey, the faithful friend of the cause, speaking of both gentlemen in terms of exalted eulogy. But the gist of the speech of the honorable judge was his argument in proof of the constitutional powers of Congress to serve this cause of humanity, by appropriations from the funds of the general government. He called upon the stenographers, the telegraph, and the press, to spread the facts of Liberia's success, in which he gloried, broadcast before the American people, South as well as North, that a public sentiment might be created, which must act upon Congress, and call forth early and efficient aid to this society. His constitutional argument was profoundly learned and instructive, reviewing the whole action of the government from its inception in reference to the slave-trade, to recaptured Africans, and especially to the "colonization" of the Indians. He claimed for Congress the same power to *colonize* the *black* man as the red man, or the white man. Disclaiming in strong terms all political meaning in anything he might say on the subject, he asserted the cause to be interesting to the whole country, neither North nor South having any peculiar or exclusive interest in it, except that the South would probably, as heretofore, send the most emigrants. He proclaimed the opinion that the American Colonization Society merited the favor and patronage of the general government, the state governments, and the individual philanthropy of the whole country, and predicted greater Southern support to the society than ever, when the intelligence recently received from Liberia and the facts of this report should be, as they ought to be, read by the whole American people.

Since our correspondent's article went to press, he has received the following hearty letter respecting President Roberts, from Rev. Dr. Gurley, who has personally witnessed his administration of affairs in Liberia:—

WASHINGTON, *January* 26, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—I can never forget our intercourse and friendly conversations on the subject of African Colonization, more than thirty years ago, during your residence at Petersburg, Va., and the deep and active concern you were pleased to express in the welfare of many worthy free persons of color, then preparing to embark in the new, but great design of establishing free, Christian communities of such persons on the African Coast. You have since related to me, particularly, the information you imparted to the mother of President Roberts, and the influence you were enabled to exert on the mind of this sensible woman to induce her to remove with her children to Africa. It was my duty, as agent of the Colonization Society, to

fit out the vessel in which the respectable company of emigrants from Petersburg embarked, to encourage them in their perilous undertaking, to exhort them to fortitude, and energy, and reliance upon divine aid and protection, after they were on board the ship, and to invoke the favor of Almighty God upon the vast enterprise to which they had dedicated their persons and services. Many of this excellent company I met in Africa, more than a year afterward, and saw admiringly with what spirit, and calmness, and submission to the divine will, they were laying the foundations of their Christian commonwealth. Little then did good Mrs. Roberts anticipate the distinctions in which her sons were so largely to share. To one has been again and again awarded the highest honors of the Liberian Republic; a second is a well educated and distinguished physician; while the third has been long earnestly and faithfully engaged in the holy work of missions.

Of President Roberts I trust I may express an intelligent opinion, since I have been somewhat intimately acquainted with him, both in this country and Liberia, for many years. I have seen him in public assemblies, in his office in the Government House in Monrovia, at various public and private festivals in Liberia, and have been hospitably welcomed by him, on repeated occasions, at his own home. He is a gentleman of frank and easy manners, though cautious and somewhat reserved; and, considering his few early advantages of education, remarkable for intelligence and general knowledge. His messages and other public documents are well considered and well expressed, and even his letters are distinguished by clearness and accuracy of thought and style. All the circumstances and events of life are to a mind like his the means of instruction and improvement. Few men have more effectually availed themselves of the benefits to be derived from a wide intercourse with mankind, and access, on several occasions, to elevated society, than President Roberts. To this, all the officers of our own, and other navies, and all distinguished persons who have visited his residence in Monrovia will promptly testify. His prudence and sagacity are undoubted, his courage has been shown on many trying occasions, and an eminently sound judgment and practical wisdom have marked his direction of the government of Liberia.

President Roberts is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, very regular in his attendance on public worship, a warm friend of Sunday schools, the cause of missions, and all the charitable associations of the republic. He evinces an ardent interest in the civilization of the native African population, and, as the chief magistrate of Liberia, has in all treaty stipulations with their people, and in the administration of the laws, been uniformly governed by the dictates of justice, and a true concern for the best interests of the unfortunate and depressed children of Africa. No man is more worthy of a tribute to his worth than President Roberts; and I shall be happy should this brief note be thought to deserve a humble place in the memorial you are preparing of his eminent virtues and great services to his brethren of the colored race.

I have the honor to be, my dear sir,
Very respectfully, your friend,
HON. G. P. DISOSWAY. R. R. GURLEY.

RUSSIA AND THE GREEK CHURCH.—The Czar appeals to the religious fanaticism of his people in his quarrel with Turkey. It is said that the Greek Church in Turkey does not respond to his appeal, but sides with the Sultan. This may be the case, as a matter of temporary policy, but at the critical moment the bigotry of the Church will probably show itself. It is ardent and rife enough for any treachery. In no other section of the world is religious prejudice more violent than within the wide extent of the Greek faith.

Doubtless Nicholas has calculated well the aid to be derived from this source. It will be stupendous, not only in energy but in territorial extent. Few seem to be aware of the geographical sway of the Greek Church: it comprehends at this moment a larger territory than the Latin Church, with all the branches which have sprung from the latter. A large part of Greece and the Grecian Isles, Wallachia, Moldavia, Egypt, Abyssinia, Nubia, Lybia, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Cilicia, and Palestine, the whole of the Russian Empire in Europe, a great part of Siberia in Asia, Astrakan, Casan, and Georgia, belong to it.

Whatever may be the general conviction of the merits of the Russo-Turkish quarrel, it can hardly be doubtful which way the prejudices of a people so thoroughly addicted to their religion, as the members of the Greek Church, will incline at the opportune moment. What a power then has Russia in this respect!

The Greek Church is in some respects decidedly more orthodox than the Latin or Roman. An authentic account of it says:—"They disown the authority of the Pope, and deny that the Church of Rome is the true Catholic Church. They do not baptize their children till they are three, four, five, six, ten, nay, sometimes eighteen years of age; baptism is performed by trine immersion. They insist that the sacrament of the Lord's supper ought to be administered in both kinds, and they give the sacrament to children immediately after baptism. They grant no indulgences, nor do they lay any claim to the character of infallibility, like the Church of Rome. They deny that there is any such place as purgatory; notwithstanding, they pray for the dead, that God may have mercy on them at the general judgment. They practice the invocation of saints; though they say they do not invoke them as deities, but as intercessors with God. They exclude confirmation, extreme unction and matrimony, out of the seven sacraments. They deny auricular confession to be a divine precept, and say it is only a positive injunction of the Church. They pay no religious homage to the eucharist. They administer the communion in both kinds to the laity, both in sickness and in health, though they have never applied themselves to their confessors, because they are persuaded that a lively faith is all which is requisite for the worthy receiving of the Lord's supper. They maintain that the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father and not from the Son. They believe in predestination. They admit of no images in relief or embossed work, but use paintings and sculptures in silver and copper. They approve of the marriage of priests, provided they enter into that state before their admission into holy orders. They condemn all fourth marriages. They observe a number of holy days, and keep four fasts in the year more solemn than the rest, of which the fast in Lent, before Easter, is the chief. They believe the doctrine of consubstantiation, or the union of the body of Christ with the sacrament bread."

With this territorial and orthodox preëminence over Rome, the Greek Church is, if possible, practically more corrupt than the Latin. European civilization has hardly touched its masses, even in Russia. Let them once be roused in a fanatical crusade against the crescent—their traditional antagonist in so many places—and the tempest of war will sweep over a third of the world with a fury seldom equaled in history. A very large portion of the population of the Turkish Empire belongs to the Greek Church. The population of Turkey in Europe includes about twice as many members

of the Greek Church as Mohammedans. The latest authority upon the statistics of the population of the whole Turkish Empire is a work just published in Paris by A. Ubicini. He gives the numbers as follows:—

Religions.	Europe.	Asia.	Africa.
Mussulmans	4,550,900	12,650,000	3,800,000
Greeks	10,000,000	8,000,000	
Catholics	610,000	260,000	
Jews	70,000	80,000	
Gypsies	80,000		

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Sir Culling Eardley, in a recent anti-Catholic speech, stated, that a short time since, he had an interview with the late prime minister of the present Pope, who was now residing at Genoa, and that gentleman told him that the system of the Papacy was so utterly rotten, and so strongly detested by the people, that, unless some marvelous change should take place, he was certain its destiny was sealed. The gentleman who made this statement was the Count Mamiani, who was for several months prime minister of the present Pope. Popery is *falling* (that 's the word) in Ireland, most unquestionably. Thousands after thousands are deserting the decayed Church, according to the admission of the Dublin papers, and the hierarchs are expressing fears of a general stampede throughout the island. In this country Popery exerts itself almost convulsively, but without much effect, we think. Its late defeats on the school controversy have been disastrous to it. It seems to be losing its old mastery of the arts of chicanery—or rather, the progress of the times nullifies them and leaves it balked and ridiculous in the rear of the age. Its day is gone; the nations will soon have to bury it out of their sight. The sooner the better.

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The New-York Society Library.—This institution is the most ancient public library in the United States; it originated A. D. 1700, as "The Public Library of New-York;" and although, through the neglect of the civic powers, and the disturbances of the Revolution, the early collection was damaged and dispersed, still a large and interesting relic of the Ante-Revolutionary Library remains carefully preserved in the present collection.

The Society Library was originally kept in the old City-Hall, in Broad-street; and about the beginning of the present century was removed to its own building in Nassau-street, opposite to the "*Middle Dutch Church*," now used as the post-office, where it continued for about forty years, accumulating a valuable library, and dispensing a great amount of useful knowledge, with very limited resources. The active commercial development of the city, under the new *régime* of the republic, tended, with a more expansive diffusion of the benefits of popular education, rather to diminish than increase the demand for more thorough reading. The evidence of this fact is witnessed, even to the present hour, in the anomalous deficiency of public libraries in our cities, as contrasted with those of Europe. The causes which operate to produce this result are manifestly the same as above alluded to, which tend to spread wide and deep the basis of our intellectual fabric, while the more elaborate and ornate superstructure must bide the proper time for its legitimate development. Already we begin to see the results of accumulating wealth and increasing mental demand, in the endowment of civic institutions for the supply of knowledge.

The Society Library was removed in 1836 from Nassau-street to temporary quarters in Chambers-street, in the building of the Mechanics' Society, and from there, in 1840, to its own imposing and expensive edifice in Broadway, which has lately been sold to the Messrs. Appletons for their bookstore.

The society has purchased a valuable plot of land in University Place, near Union-square, consisting of three city lots, where they propose soon to erect a building, in every respect adapted to their present and future use, profiting by the experience of the past, and striving to add arrangements suggested by the most enlightened counsel.

The present accommodations of the Society Library are in a part of the new Bible-House, Astor Place, where the books are nearly all accessible, and where, in fact, a very agreeable resort is afforded.

The library numbers nearly forty thousand volumes; but it should be borne in mind that, being a library of circulation as well as reference, a very large number of all the standard books have been *used up* in the service; so that, if all the books which have been purchased had remained unimpaired, the collection would now be larger by some thousands of volumes.

The income of this society is chiefly derived from the payments of about eleven hundred subscribers, who pay an average sum of four dollars annually.

So far as regards the uses and benefits of the Society Library, it has ever been, to all intents and purposes, rendered practically as free to the public at large, for purposes of reference, as if it had been endowed by state or individual aid. No one ever applied there for information, possibly to be communicated from its resources, without being aided in obtaining it. And although the society has never received but a single donation or bequest, namely, $5,000 from the estate of Miss Demilt, its accumulations of learning and science are just as available, for popular benefit, as if it had experienced the bounty of an Astor.

The object of the trustees is now to increase the funds of the society, so as to enable it to carry out its plans of usefulness on a scale of liberality commensurate with the public want and with the noble examples already before them.

While we utter our admiration for the millionaire who has appropriated a portion, not a moiety of his enormous gains, to ennoble his name and found a library, do we not owe a passing tribute of gratitude to those *pioneers of knowledge* who have sustained the few liberal institutions we can boast, through years of public indifference and obstacles of the most discouraging nature?

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The Bible and our Country.—The American Bible Society has sent out what we hesitate not to pronounce a very timely and momentous document: a pamphlet, containing the opinions of distinguished men on the relation of the

Holy Scriptures to civil and social life, and especially to our own national welfare—a grand summary verdict from the highest authorities against that infidelity and rationalism which, by displacing or depreciating the Bible in the popular regard, threaten the country with demoralization, if not ruin. The testimony thus brought together is arranged in the following order:—

I. That which is found in the writings of men now deceased, but whose names are still widely known and respected.

II. That which is gathered from the public letters and addresses of worthy and distinguished men, at different times, who are still living.

III. From that contained in letters, which the Board of Managers have obtained on special request for the present publication.

The letters from American statesmen are numerous, and some of them very emphatic. We give one from Judge M'Lean, of the Supreme Court of the United States:—

CHAPEL WOOD, *November* 4, 1852.

GENTLEMEN,—I am requested to say something as to the wholesome influence of the Bible on our social and civil life. I agree with the sentiment expressed, that a "wide-spread, open infidelity, if uncorrected, must ere long put in peril all our free institutions."

No one can estimate or describe the salutary influences of the Bible. What would the world be without it? Compare the dark places of the earth, where the light of the gospel has not penetrated, with those where it has been proclaimed, and embraced in all its purity.

Life and immortality are brought to light by the Scriptures. Aside from Revelation, darkness rests upon this world, and upon the future. There is no ray of light to shine upon our pathway; there is no star of hope. We begin our speculations as to our destiny in conjecture, and they end in uncertainty. We know not that there is a God, a heaven, or a hell, or any day of general account, when the wicked and the righteous shall be judged.

The Bible has shed a glorious light upon our world. It shows us that in a coming day we must answer for the deeds done in the body. It has opened up to us a new and living way, so plainly marked that no one can mistake it. The price paid for our redemption shows the value of our immortal souls.

The Bible has given us a sublime and pure morality, to which the world was a stranger. Before this, there was no fixed standard of morals. Certain rules were observed among some nations, which, to some extent, restrained the selfishness of human nature; but they rested upon imaginary foundations, and they tolerated acts inconsistent with a pure morality. Self-destruction was not only an admitted principle in that code, but it received public commendation. And there were other acts allowed which, if not equally false and destructive, were repugnant to the advancement of the social condition.

No system out of the Bible recognizes an omniscient power which scrutinizes the actions of men, and, looking behind the act, takes cognizance of the motive. This was a new principle to the world; and it is the one by which we shall be judged.

The laws which belong to the social relation are found in the Bible. The duties of husband and wife, parent and child, and all other connections which necessarily belong to a refined civilization, are prescribed in the Scriptures. We are commanded to love our neighbor, and in all things "to do unto others as we should wish them to do unto us." If these rules were faithfully observed by individuals and communities, the highest degree of earthly happiness would be attained.

For our unparalleled advance in civilization and physical prosperity, our country is mainly indebted to the Bible. Our free institutions are the fruits of religious persecution. With the Bible in their hands, and the love of God in their hearts, the Pilgrims sought a resting-place on this continent. And in the process of time, under the same principles and motives, they resolved to be free and independent. Having that wisdom which comes of experience, they formed a government to secure and perpetuate the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

How is this government to be transmitted in its purity and vigor to those who shall come after us? This can only be done by the use of the same means through which it was established. We must not be forgetful of the God of our fathers. We must respect and obey his laws. The morality of the Bible must continue to be the basis of our government. There is no other foundation for free institutions. I say this emphatically, and from the deepest conviction of its truth. This morality is an element of which the free governments of the Old World had no knowledge. It is the ground, and the only ground, on which my hope of this government rests. And I tremble when I see a departure from this highway of liberty. Recently as our government has been established, there have already been many departures from this vital principle.

Let any one who doubts this compare the action of the government of this day with that of its earlier date. Are our politicians now as pure, and elevated, and patriotic, as politicians then were? Are they as well qualified to discharge high and important public duties as our leading men were of the past generation? Has not a low and selfish policy been substituted for the interests of the country? Is not the power of the State wielded by a few, by party machinery? What can be more corrupting than such a state of things? It has been fatal to all free governments which have heretofore existed, and, unless checked, will be fatal to ours.

The great moral principle of action applies equally to private and public life, to individuals, communities, and nations. And this rule cannot be violated without incurring guilt. We should not forget that there is a Judge of nations as well as of individuals, and, although he may bear long, his judgment will come.

How beautiful is our government in theory, and how potent for good would it be if administered in all things according to its spirit! It would soon embody a moral power which would shake the thrones of tyranny throughout the civilized world. Here lies our strength—our power to break the bonds of despotism. But, alas! alas! a strange voice is heard in the land. It is a voice miscalled progress: a voice in defiance of the admonitions of Washington, and of all the fathers of the republic: a voice of war and bloodshed,—war uncalled for by any redress of injuries, or by the national honor, but to subvert and overturn the governments of neighboring countries in defiance of our settled and avowed policy, and in contempt of our own laws. Are not the words of our Saviour true, "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword?" These words have never yet been falsified, and never will be. When this policy shall be adopted, it will be the beginning of the end of our glorious government. With the greatest respect,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN M'LEAN.

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JONATHAN HONESTUS.—A correspondent, who says he regards THE NATIONAL, "as a whole, deserving of all praise," and assures us, there is very little in it he would wish otherwise, sends us the following trenchant criticism, which, as we like fair play, we insert fully. We made some abatements from Jonathan's merits, as we might also from the present criticism; but an editor who should admit no diversities of opinion into his columns, and especially no deviations from his own, would soon spoil the interest of his pages:—

Will the editor of THE NATIONAL permit some animadversion upon "The History of an Ultraist," contained in the December and January Numbers of his Magazine? I am glad to find in the last that the editor is not quite satisfied with the production. I think his good sense would have led him to say more than he has, but for considerations of courtesy. Well, an editor ought to be courteous, and correspondents too—and the present one will try to profit by the hint.

Dr. Bond's critique upon what appeared in December is among his shrewdest sayings. "It is without object or aim in its *morale*."* Still if this were the most objectionable feature, I would say nothing. I agree with all the editor says of the "quiet humor" and

* The doctor has since changed his opinion, it seems, and commended the article in the strongest terms.

"facile English" of the writer. Enough of these he has, to show himself capable of something really excellent, if his *morals* were sufficiently elevated. The rich chasing of a piece of jewelry, which is after all nothing but bogus metal inclosing a piece of colored glass, only makes the whole the more contemptible; and the poisonous portion is none the less potent for evil, because offered in a chalice of fine material and exquisite workmanship.

The character is unnatural and strained. This, however, is not very important, so far as it belongs to what may be regarded as the scaffolding of the building. But the moral tone of the whole is exceedingly low. It holds up honesty to ridicule, and exhibits dishonesty without decided censure. The hero enters a store "as virtuous a lad as ever cut cloth or measured tape." In his first adventures as salesman, he is certainly very honest. But his honesty is accompanied with such a manifest want of good sense and business tact, that if we could suppose such a lad would aspire to a place among merchants, it is very certain that his shrewd relative would not have permitted him to remain another day in the store. The exhibition of honesty here, is precisely in keeping with the spirit that always associates decided piety with boorish manners, ignorance, and weakness of intellect. The merchant is scarcely blamed for his knavery. Here the line—

"A tradesman meek and much a liar"—

is quoted. But who does not know that that belongs to a class of satire which holds up vice as a thing to be laughed at, rather than to be feared and avoided, as dishonoring to God and injurious to man? "Philosophy, ethics, and religion," said Jacob Sharpe, "have nothing to do with selling goods." And so say secretly too many who profess better things. And when, as in the narrative, this statement is followed by a most ridiculous exhibition of blundering, ignorant honesty, it is very certain that whatever of disapprobation might be excited toward the base principles of the merchant, it will be lost in disgust at the conduct of the clerk.

At length the hero, disgusted with the "tricks of trade," turns to the ministry. He enters the sacred office confessedly a hypocrite in religion, and moved only by a low ambition. Of course, his reforming zeal is merely the ebullition of the grossest selfishness, happening to take that direction.

The reforms of this age have given rise to not a little ultraism, *i. e.* simply *advocating and acting upon extreme measures*. Sometimes this has been overruled for good, as He who maketh the wrath of man to praise him, will surely use for good the honest and sincere, though over-zealous and even mistaken efforts of those who fear and love him. Again, ultraism has been the source of much evil. The subject has lost sight of the pure and elevated principles that once moved him. He has lost or thrown overboard the compass and chart of God's word, and is borne by winds and currents far from the course in which, with honesty of purpose, he first started.

The true ultraist is always a man of talent and real force of character; and, if he pretend to evangelical piety, in the outset, at least, really pious. There is the sham ultraist, and the aping ultraist—the first for the sake of notoriety, and the second because he happens to fall in the wake of some leading mind. But this character has not even the dignity of such factitious ultraists. As it was once common to apply the epithet *methodist* to any who aimed practically at a consistent spiritual life, so for years past the charge of ultraism has been very freely applied to all who, under the advancing light of truth, have sought to be coworkers with God in reforming the world and correcting evils in the Church. And you, Mr. Editor, will agree with me, that not a little of the evils of ultraism are to be traced directly to the frigid, worldly-minded conservatism that has denounced and opposed everything as ultra that rises above its own dead level. That just such a conservatism is the *beau ideal* of the writer, is clear from his opening paragraph. His attempted definition of ultraism is just that which suits a conservatism that would not merely keep the Church and the world at a stand-still, but, for fear of running too fast, would let sin and Satan run riot over God's heritage, and roll the world back to the intelligence and morality of the dark ages.

Whoever the writer may be, it is clear he has about the same sympathy for the reformers of the day as the elegant author of the city of Portland has for the Maine Law. He has been accustomed to cast out the feelings of his little soul upon persons whose character he is incapable of appreciating by calling them *ultraists;* and then to hold them up to ridicule, he draws this miserable caricature. OCCATOR.

This is pungent, and Jonathan deserves some of it; we hope he will take it with good temper, and profit by it.

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HOT CORN — LIFE SCENES IN NEW-YORK. — A fair correspondent writes us the following criticism on this book. We insert it as a companion-piece to the above:—

A book that is simply bad, like a nauseous poison, demands few cautions; but books whose fatal venom is disguised by the semblance and even the intention of an antidote to vice, must be labeled as such. So the arrow be tipped with death, the more perfect that arrow is, the deeper that death is borne into the vitals of society.

"Hot Corn" is an arrow carried home to the sympathies of the community, because feathered by the two stories of Wild Maggy and Littly Katy. These tales appealed only to the purer sensibilities in behalf of suffering childhood, and none can read them and be unmoved. Truth or fiction—"it is pitiful, 't is very pitiful." The intense interest awakened by the various efforts to rescue the Five Point victims, serves to heighten the power of even fictions associated with that locality. This was well: the stories show the wretchedness that asks relief and the innocence which implores "an arm to save."

But the *book* is devoted not only to an exhibition of the *results* of crime, but to an explanation of the *methods* of vice and sensuality. It might serve as a partial report of a "Committee of Ways and Means," to ruin young women. It contains lessons in the art of seduction for the uninitiated. It advertises conveniences for assignation to ladies in good society.

We speak plainly of the book, because we see in it the first successful step toward a native literature, which, from its familiarity of locality and usages, shall be yet more dangerous than the pictures of vice which Sue or Ainsworth have daguerreotyped from the dens of Parisian or London sensuality. We have had low flash novels enough; but they have been recognized in their true character and excluded from respectable society. Woe unto us, if local circumstances shall bring into religious and exemplary circles such visions of the purlieus of vice, and stimulate the natural proclivity to an easy indulgence.

The community may be divided into those who are familiar by practical observation with such scenes, and those who are not. Those who are, will only smile and sin on. The men are too debased, and the women are not likely to read so as to improve. Then there is another class, who have grown up amid the restraints of moral and religious culture, and are scarcely aware of, or exposed to, such vices. Certain young girls, unguarded by parental instruction and care, might profit by the teaching; but what proportion of these will read the lesson aright, if they read at all, is doubtful, and whether it is not too great a risk to attempt the safety of some few from this moral contagion, at the expense of inoculating the entire virtuous community, is not for a moment a question.

We know others may differ, and they must act as seems best to themselves. Some may think that the Roman Confessional does not, by its minute inquiries into all possible thoughts and forms of vice, suggest more sins than it absolves. Some may think that because a *Police Gazette* prefaces its weekly biographies of frailty with solemn warning against imitation, the excited imagination can receive no taint, and may welcome it to their homes. But others will feel that however well a book may be written and intended, they cannot commend it to sons and daughters, nor allow its presence, if it must lead them to look over the brink of the pit whose mephitic vapor has destroyed those who went a little further. Our families may spare the wisdom of Solon or of Socrates, if they must needs follow the philosopher to the house of Aspasia.

The press generally, like ourselves, judged of this book from the sketches first issued in the *Tribune*, supposing these were merely compiled into a volume. The case is quite otherwise, however. The character of the work is hardly as problematical as our correspondent admits. Put it in the fire. Many of the papers which commended it highly, have since reprobated it for the exceptionable and really vulgar additions.

PERSONALITIES.—The following olla podrida of personal matters will be found a *multum in parvo* of information, and he who ponders it will be able to draw therefrom his own lesson:

"O. W. Holmes, the gentleman that 'never dares to write as funny as he can,' is forty years of age. William Howitt is fifty-seven; he published verses at the age of thirteen. Humboldt is eighty-three. Leigh Hunt is sixty-eight. Fitz Green Halleck is fifty-seven. Washington Irving, son of an eminent New-York merchant, is sixty-nine years of age; in his nineteenth year he began to contribute to his brother's paper, the *Morning Chronicle*. Douglas Jerrold, forty-seven years of age, is the son of the manager of the Sheerness theater; the sea was his first love, and for a short time he served as midshipman on board a man-of-war. G. P. R. James is about fifty years old. It was Washington Irving who first recommended him to a career of authorship. Sheridan Knowles, sixty-eight years old, is the son of a famous Irish school-master, who was a cousin to Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He now enjoys a government pension of £200 a year. Lamartine is sixty-two; his father was a major in the French cavalry, under Louis XVI. Abbot Lawrence is in his sixtieth year. Henry W. Longfellow, forty-five years of age, is the son of Honorable Stephen Longfellow; Portland, Maine, is the birth-place of the poet; he was appointed professor at Cambridge, in his twenty-eighth year. Macaulay, the son of a wealthy merchant, is fifty-two years of age; his essay on Milton was written in his twenty-sixth year for the Edinburgh Review. Macready is fifty-nine; his father was a theatrical manager. Herman Melville is thirty-three years of age: his grandfather was one of the Boston tea-party: he began his wanderings in his eighteenth year, as a sailor before the mast: he is the author of several popular works. Ike Marvel is thirty years of age, is a native of Norwich, Connecticut, a graduate of Yale, and resident of New-York. J. K. Paulding, whose collective works fill seventy-five volumes, is seventy-three years of age; he is a native of Duchess County in New-York. Prentice is a Yankee, born at Preston, Connecticut; forty-eight years old. He has been the editor of the Louisville Journal since 1831. Prescott, the historian, is in his fifty-sixth year. Powers, the sculptor, is fifty-seven—his parents 'were plain country people, who cultivate a small farm' in Vermont. Seward is fifty years old. Talfourd, fifty. Tennyson, son of a clergyman, is forty-two. Thackeray, born at Calcutta, is fifty-one."

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We know not the author of the following Short Sermon on Debt; but he discourses so well on his text, that we would fain supply him with a trumpet and sounding-board:—

"Owe no man anything. Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would avoid war, pestilence, and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin ware, do anything that is honest and useful rather than run into debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the whole firmament of man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks the eye of its light, it drags the nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of a man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion. Pass by it as you would pass by a leper, or one smitten by plague. Touch it not. Taste not of its fruit, for it shall turn to bitterness and ashes on your lips. Finally, I say to each and to all, but especially to YOU, YOUNG MEN, KEEP OUT OF DEBT."

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NEWTON AND VOLTAIRE ON RAILWAY TRAVELING.—The following, by the Rev. J. Craig, will demonstrate the follies of infidel sneers, and should teach us that the future, at least, may reveal what our philosophy never dreamed of:—

"Sir Isaac Newton wrote a work upon the prophet Daniel, and another upon the book of Revelation; in one of which he said that in order to fulfill certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, one thousand two hundred and sixty years, there would be a mode of traveling of which the man of this time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of men would be so increased that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, got hold of this, and said: 'Now, look at that mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems that, in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard,' exclaimed the philosophic infidel Voltaire, in the self-complacency of his pity. But who is the dotard now?"

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James Montgomery, the poet, in a speech at the foundation of a Methodist Missionary Society, in Sheffield, (England,) has the following:—

"In the missionary work all names and distinctions of sects are blended, till they are lost, like the prismatic colors, in a ray of pure and perfect light. They are divided, but not discordant: like the same colors displayed and harmonized in the rainbow, they form an arch of glory, ascending on the one hand to heaven, and on the other descending from heaven to earth—a bow of promise, a covenant of peace; a sign that the storm is passing away, and the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, breaking forth on all nations."

Not less eloquent or beautiful was the remark of the lamented Summerfield to one who expressed his deep regret that there should ever have existed anything like different sects among Christians:—

"I do not feel so," said Summerfield: "I can conceive that these distinctions may have their uses, and may, after all, serve to glorify God and spread his cause. Only let them exist in the right spirit. We are, indeed, so many different tribes—each marching under its own banner and device—but we are all of us *Israel*, and led on by one common standard, the pillar and the cloud! The Lord our God is our Lord!"

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THE RULING PASSION.—It is related that during one of the obstinate naval engagements between the English and the Dutch, in the time of Cromwell, one of the English ships, to their great mortification, had expended all their ammunition. The commander, well aware of the trafficking propensities of the Dutch, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent to an officer on board the enemy's ship to purchase ammunition. The Dutch, who never lose an opportunity to make a good bargain, without regard to friend or foe, after some negotiation, consented to supply their enemies with powder and ball; but taking advantage of their necessity, demanded an exorbitant price, which, of course, was paid after some grumbling by John Bull, who nevertheless seemed sensible of the favor, and, renewing the engagement with more fury than ever, returned the balls with such force and accuracy that the Dutchman was soon placed *hors du combat*, and compelled to surrender!

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The following is *on dit* in circulation: it certainly savors of the causticity of the Ex-Chancellor. Baron Rothschild, it seems, was complaining to Lord Brougham of the hardship of not being allowed to take his seat in Parliament. "You know," added he, "I was the choice of 'the people.'" To which his lordship replied, "So was Barabbas."

FIVE POINTS MISSION.—Some time ago we made some references to the conflicting statements about this mission, and the necessity of a full *éclaircissement* of the matters in controversy. Just as we go to press, we see in the *Express* a bold disclosure of facts, certified by affidavits, reflecting severely, if not fatally, on the measures of Mr. Pease. We may refer to them in our next, as we have not now room. We say at present, however, that unless Mr. Pease and his associates can rebut these charges, his claims on public confidence and aid must absolutely cease. A full, unshrinking vindication will be necessary. The wholesale liberality of the public to his schemes will react, and react terribly, if the implications of these affidavits are not refuted.

We need not tell our readers that we had no fears of the Ladies' Home Mission operations at the Five Points. The officers of that society include some of the noblest women of our city; but we have insisted that their womanly modesty, or the caution of the gentlemen representing them before the public, should not longer withhold a decisive explanation of the only half-comprehended difficulties of the case. It seems probable that these difficulties will speedily reach their issue. We may have more hereafter to say on the subject.

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COLLEGES IN THE UNITED STATES. — In the United States and the Territories there are 234 colleges, with 1,651 teachers and 27,159 pupils. Annual income: from endowment, $452,313; taxation, $15,485; public funds, $184,548; other sources, $1,264,280 — total $1,916,628. Of public schools there are 80,991; of teachers 92,000; of pupils 3,354,173. Income: from endowments, $182,594; taxation, $4,686,414; public funds, $2,574,669; other sources, $2,147,853 — aggregate, $9,591,530. This is a grand scale of operations for a young, busy nation like ours—plunged in politics, commerce, and gold-hunting. Two hundred and thirty colleges! But alas! many of them are shabby affairs. We divide our energies too much in this respect—especially in our sectarian educational movements. We have too many collegiate *experiments*—often several in close proximity—rival, not co-working institutions. Our funds, liberally given, as the above data show, are thus largely lost. What the remedy is for this mischief, is perhaps the greatest educational problem of the nation. It is a staggering one, and we have no solution for it.

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Here is an anecdote which contains a hint for another description of ministers than that to which it originally referred:—When Martignac was first proposed as Prime Minister to Charles the Tenth, "No!" said the king, "Martignac would never suit me. He is a verbal coquette, who holds, above all things, to the graceful symmetry of his sentences. To secure a well-turned phrase, he would sacrifice a royal prerogative. A minister should not hold too jealously to the success of his prosody." Not unlike this was the instance of a young man who, beginning his ministry at the seat of a well-known university, and having in his congregation some of the faculty and many of the students, thought it necessary to appear intellectual, and treated the congregation, in his first appearance, to a nice little essay about something—no matter what. On his way home he overheard some of the students praising his sermon as a fine production, and his ears just caught the rejoinder from one of the number, in terms somewhat profane, to this effect:—"Yes, it was a fine sermon; but, after all, it would have been in good taste to have had a little religion in it."

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Old Fuller says:—"To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books: they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness." Southey has a similar sentiment; he says:—"I no sooner set foot in a library, and fasten the door, but I shut out all those vices of which idleness is the mother, and ignorance the nurse; and in the very lap of eternity, among so many illustrious souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit, that I then pity the great who know nothing of such happiness."

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Montesquieu says:—"False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared."

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SWEET REPROOF.—It is related that once, in the House of Commons, Lord Chatham began a speech with the words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker;" and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word, "Sugar!" three times. Having thus quelled the house, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, he turned round, and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?" We have this anecdote upon good traditional authority, says Lord Brougham. That it was believed by those who had the best means of knowing Lord Chatham, is certain; and this of itself shows their sense of the extraordinary powers of his manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.

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The Emperor Nicholas, says *Punch*, wishes an *erratum* corrected in the next edition of our Dictionaries. He begs to say that he has discovered that an Ottoman is not a thing upon which you can comfortably rest your foot.

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Luther says:—"When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a mill-stone in a mill: when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat in, it still grinds on, but then it is itself it grinds and wears away." There is a vast amount of common sense and good philosophy in this, honest readers. Do n't forget it.

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The Cherokee marriage ceremony is very expressive—man and woman joining hands over running water, indicating that their life may flow on in one stream.

Book Notices.

We are indebted to *Messrs. Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York*, for two more volumes of Bohn's series. The first is a new translation of *Apuleius*, comprising his *Metamorphoses, or Golden Ass, the God of Socrates, the Florida*, and his *Defense or Discourse on Magic;* to which is added *Mrs. Tighe's Psyche*, &c. The Florida, and the Apologia, or Defense, have never before been translated; the "Golden Ass," though several times rendered, has never been so thoroughly given as in this instance. The second work is the *Ecclesiastical History of Socrates*, which, with all its defects, is an indispensable accompaniment of Eusebius to the student of early ecclesiastical history. Are our readers aware of the sterling works offered in the various series of Bohn—the best standards of all literature at the lowest prices? These volumes are sold at only five shillings in England. Messrs. Bangs are agents for Bohn, and other English houses.

An interesting autobiography, entitled "*The Life and Experience of a Converted Infidel*," has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. It is the personal history of Rev. J. Scarlet—an impressive revelation of inward experiences, conflicts with doubt, and victory at last, by the experimental power of scriptural faith. The incidents of the book are numerous and entertaining, and it is adapted for special usefulness to doubting minds.

Redfield, New-York, has issued a new and revised edition of *Sim's "Partisan,"* one of his most popular productions. It is too well known to need a word of criticism at present; we need only remark that the mechanical style of the volume is, like all the issues of this house, not only neat but elegant.

Drs. Smith, Graves, and Ludlow, Chicago, have commenced a bi-monthly, entitled the "*Chicago Homœopath.*" "Ignorance is bliss" in some cases, according to the old saw. We are obstinately bent on this felicity in respect to the controversies of our brother professionals of the scalpel. We have nothing to say, therefore, of the doctrines of this work; but we give our best commendations of the mechanical neatness and editorial tact and spirit of the first number. Fifty cents per annum.

The first number of the "*Odd Fellow's Literary Casket*" has been sent us, a very fine-looking monthly, published by *Tidball & Turner, Cincinnati*, and edited by Rev. W. P. Strickland, who enters upon his task with evident skill and energy. Two dollars per annum.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued, in one volume, the three volumes of Davidson's "*Connection of Profane and Sacred History.*" Chalmers has given high credit to this work. It is indispensable to the student of Prideaux and Shuckford.

The "*Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament*," by Professor Maurice, of London, has been published by *Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston*. Professor Maurice's late attempt to conciliate the English Unitarians, and his consequent deposition from his professional chair in King's College, London, has given no little eclat to his name. Independently of these facts, his claims as an author are of a rare character. The present series of sermons (for such the book is) exhibit his abilities in their best light. Energetic, graphic, too sweeping in deductions, impatient of difficult problems, yearning with humane sympathies, hating Calvinism, and determined to break through, some way or other, the barriers of old and questionable opinions, the author cannot fail to be interesting, if he fails even to be reliable.

The early preachers of Methodism were among the "heroes" of their day; the annals of our revolution scarcely afford more striking examples of chivalry than the records of these indomitable men. Judge M'Lean, who wrote the Life of Rev. John Collins, one of these veteran noblemen, has added another contribution to the history of Methodism in his "*Sketch of Rev. Philip Gatch*," just issued by *Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati*. Mr. Gatch attended the first Methodist conference in America. The "Sketch" is well prepared, and gives very interesting glimpses of the early history of the Church. It will be popular, not only with Methodists, but with all who can appreciate religious heroism.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, have sent us several specimens of very pretty juvenile books. Among them are "*Little Blossom's Reward*," by Mrs. Emily Hare; "*Fables and Tales*," by the lamented author of "Sunnyside;" "*Estelle's Stories about Dogs*," and "*Burr Cliff, its Sunshine and Clouds*," by the author of "Father Brighthopes." In their mechanical style these volumes are—what all juvenile books should be—tastefully bound, printed with liberal and beautiful type, and finely illustrated. The engravings are superior to the ordinary illustrations of similar publications. The stories and sketches will be found instructive and entertaining.

A quite beautiful juvenile volume has been issued by *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, entitled "*Clinton, a Book for Boys.*" We can commend it as emphatically as we have the above, for its good lessons, its really elegant engravings, and its fine typography and binding. To make a juvenile book entertaining is but a secondary design; it should, above all other books, be adapted to improve, at least, the taste of the young reader; and this advantage is to be secured, in part, by the mechanical character of the publication.

Mr. Meyer, New-York, has conferred a favor upon the lovers of fine illustrated books, and upon the country itself, by his superb work, "*The United States, Illustrated.*" It is a sort of double serial, consisting of simultaneous numbers, relating respectively to the West and the East. The views are of both city and country scenes. The letter-press is edited by Charles A. Dana, but contributed by numerous writers, among whom we notice Greeley, Curtis, Brace,

Ripley, &c. While, as a matter of course, the most notable localities of our scenery are given, many very beautiful but unfrequented places are represented. The work, completed, makes two volumes, of forty steel engravings each, bound in muslin, with gilt edges. They can be had for $12. No. 164 *William-street.*

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have reprinted "*Family Prayers,*" by the author of "Morning and Night Watches." They consist of two prayers for each day of the month, and a selection of occasional ones for special circumstances. They are brief, pertinent, and rich with the unction of true devotion.

Boys' and Girls' Magazine.—This monthly, which we have repeatedly commended to our juvenile readers, is conducted with much editorial tact and taste. The numbers for the last year have been issued in a very attractive volume, by *F. & G. C. Rand, Boston.* Both its varied contents and numerous engravings render it an unusually interesting book for children.

Scotia's Bards.—This beautifully illustrated volume will be warmly welcomed by the numerous admirers of Scottish poetry. It is a collection of the rarest gems, from some thirty or forty poets, and contains something to suit every variety of taste. The illustrations are abundant, and some of them admirably executed. The specimens from each poet, and the brief biographical sketches by which they are preceded, will only make the reader hitherto unacquainted with this department of literature, desirous for a further knowledge of the "bards of Scottish song, who will reign in the hearts of men" while tenderness, and humor, and pathos, and true poetic genius are loved and revered in the world. The work is issued in holyday style by *Carter & Brothers.*

The Library Reporter and Book-Buyer's Guide is a quarterly record of books, new and old, American and foreign, published at only twenty-five cents per year, by *Rev. C. Field, East Boston.* It is devoted chiefly to theological works. The editor is a voracious bookworm, and can tell of the most delectable things, old and new, for the lovers of good books. This cheap publication will be found a capital aid to all such. Mr. Field imports books to order.

Putnam has displayed his usual policy, as well as good taste, in his present complete edition of Addison's Works. Thackeray's lectures have probably awakened a general interest in this acknowledged standard of English style, whom his literary cotemporaries and successors have all delighted to honor. The elegance of his diction, the purity of his humor, and the elevated tone which marked his productions have won for him the applause of the cultivated world. Dr. Johnson said—"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." The present edition includes the whole of Bishop Hurd's edition, and several additions; among them Macaulay's Essay.

Literary Record.

Our Boston correspondent has sent us the following interesting

LITERARY LETTER.

Boston Merchants recently deceased—Monument to Franklin—Hour of Meridian from the Capitol—Athenæum—Encyclopædia Britannica—Interesting New Works—Boston Schools—Literary Notices.

The past year has been rendered memorable by the lamented deaths of an unusual number of that noble class of old Boston merchants, whose wealth has generously endowed the public institutions of a city which their honorable character and reputation had adorned and rendered illustrious. At its commencement, Amos Lawrence was borne to his grave amid the commingled benedictions of the friendless and the lovers of learning. Robert G. Shaw followed him, leaving behind him perpetual monuments of his thoughtful charity. Once more the sanctuary was opened to receive for the last time the body of Jonas Chickering, whose genius has filled thousands of homes with melody, and whose genial humanity has caused the sorrowing heart to sing for joy; and with the coming in of the present year, the city bells tolled again over the bier of Thomas H. Perkins, while a choir of blind children from the Asylum endowed by his wealth, sung a requiem around it. A strange panorama must have been the memory of this last venerable merchant, stretching back to the Boston massacre in State-street—that preliminary tragedy in the Revolutionary struggle. What a volume of history has been written upon the successive pages of that memory, and what marvelous changes and advances have occurred since, a boy of nine or ten years, he gazed in terror upon the victims of that memorable street-fight in the straggling town of Boston!

Boston has good reason to be proud of many of her children. There was one, at the time referred to in the last paragraph, in his mature manhood, whose embalmed memory has of late been brought forth from its sepulcher. In an admirable lecture before the Mechanics' Charitable Association, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop urged, with irresistible eloquence, the claims upon his native city, for a worthy and permanent memorial of Benjamin Franklin, the "Great Bostonian," as he styled him. This noble appeal was not ineffectual. On the 17th of January, the one hundred and forty-eighth anniversary of Franklin's birth-day, a committee of the Association met, with a number of public-spirited citizens, to discuss the preliminary steps for the accomplishment of this object; and from the harmonious and active measures then taken, there is no reason to doubt but that at an early day some monument worthy of his native city and his own great fame will bear upon it the venerable and memorable name of Franklin.

Every stranger coming to our city is struck with the commanding position of the State-House—in its center and upon the summit of the highest eminence. It is calculated that two hundred and sixty thousand persons, in and around Boston, can easily see the cupola of this edifice. It has been proposed to turn this fact to a valuable practical purpose. A ball, properly colored, and of sufficient magnitude, could be seen at almost every point in the city, suburbs, and harbor, for a radius of some ten miles. At five minutes before twelve o'clock, A. M., this ball could be raised to the top of a shaft, and be so secured by an electro-magnetic apparatus, in connection with the fire-alarm machinery, as to be released at the precise moment the hands of the clock in the fire-alarm office indicated the hour of twelve. By this process, uniform time could be readily and cheaply secured in the vicinity of the city, and a peculiar facility be furnished to the sailor for the adjustment of his chronometer.

You may recollect the elegant brown-stone edifice upon Beacon-street erected for the Athenæum—combining a library, reading-room, and gallery. It was proposed to unite the city library with this institution, and thus free it from a debt that embarrassed its operations. The suggestion, however, aroused the proprietors to a spirited movement against the proposal, and to a most liberal endowment of a favorite resort. Between one and two hundred thousand dollars were subscribed for this purpose, the income of which will bring large and valuable additions to its walls.

This paragraph, in reference to the library, suggests a new work now issuing from the press in Edinburgh, and from that of Little, Brown, & Co., in Boston—the eighth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The new edition has been greatly improved, the different departments brought down to the present time, and the illustrations are full and finely executed. The Boston edition is published at a very moderate price, and quite a large list of subscribers have already been received. The volumes being published successively, the expense of procuring so large and costly a work is divided over the space of several years. It is a full library in itself; and no one that can afford it, should deny himself the valuable aid it will bring to his reading and study.

Have your readers given themselves the pleasure of perusing the volumes lately issued by Gould & Lincoln, illustrating the times of the French Kings—Louis XIV. and XV.; and especially the sufferings and Christian heroism of the Huguenots? These volumes have all the charm of fiction, the actors and scenes being presented in a dramatic form; but all the statements and personages are historical verities. They give the best presentation of the Catholic question in almost all its aspects, and cannot be read without profit. The first volume is entitled "The Preacher and the King," and the second work, "The Priest and the Huguenot." We are confident that we are doing any intelligent family a kindness in recommending these volumes for social reading. The same house has also published a valuable addition to the theological library, in the form of Archdeacon Hare's "Mission of the Comforter"—a profound and thorough discussion of the office and attributes of the Holy Ghost.

A precious little volume of dayly meditations upon passages of Scripture, with lyrical illustrations, deeply evangelical, is "Tweedie's Glad Tidings; or, The Gospel of Peace." As a specimen of American bookmaking, it is faultless.

Abbot (Jacob) has commenced a new series of volumes for the young, under the general title of "Rollo in Europe." W. J. Reynolds & Co. are to publish the work; and the first volume, in beauty of execution and illustration, will make many a young eye glisten with pleasure. Rollo's Voyage across the Atlantic, I have known to beguile parents as well as children, throughout a long evening. Something of the same class, and a hopeful sign of the times, is a volume which Gould & Lincoln have just prepared for the boys; it is called "Clinton," and is a wholesome illustration of the usual temptations of the age, and a good defense against them.

This interest in the young reminds me of an item that came under my eye the other day, showing the amount of outlay for Common Schools in Boston. One million five hundred thousand dollars are invested in school-houses, and an annual appropriation of three hundred and thirty thousand of the one million two hundred thousand dollars raised for all expenses is devoted to the education of the young; all the other expenses of the city amounting to only eight hundred and seventy thousand dollars. Where can a parallel to this be found?

Preliminary measures have been taken to provide means for the reformation and moral training of that class of our population for whom so much has been done in New-York, under the auspices of the ladies and of Mr. Pease. Thus one noble charity provokes another.

The American Almanac has passed this year into the hands of Phillips, Sampson, & Co. To those acquainted with its character, it has become indispensable. It is a repository of almost everything connected with our general and state governments, with statistics and astronomical phenomena, that a professional or unprofessional man will ordinarily require. It is a perfect hand-book of valuable information.

A New-York firm, anxious to realize a little pecuniary benefit out of the general interest felt in the Life of Dr. Wayland, has announced a new memoir, in a cheaper form, by another editor. This may possibly be no infringement of the copy-right; but as a question of morals, there can be but one opinion of such a course. To meet this movement, Mrs. Judson is now preparing a single volume, comprising all the leading events in the doctor's life, and written in her charming style. The work will undoubtedly meet with general favor. The book is to be published by Phillips, Sampson, & Co. The same firm have just issued a handsome edition of the Poems of Campbell, with an admirable Life, by Epes Sargeant, Esq., in one vol., 12mo. Fifty poems, not hitherto published in any collected edition of his works, have been gleaned up by the editor, and made to adorn the pages of this beautiful edition. Mr. Sargeant is now preparing a similar edition of the Poems of Rogers.

A new work of De Quincey, entitled "Essays on Philosophical Writers, and other Men of Letters," has just been issued from the press of Ticknor & Co., in two volumes. A choice literary treat is this, giving the sharp and well-drawn criticisms of the author upon such men as Mackintosh, Hamilton, Bentley, Parr, Richter, Lessing, Kant, &c. There is but one more volume of the productions of this strong and elegant writer to be published, and this will contain his celebrated "Letters to a Young Man." The "town" has been thrown into quite a ferment by the announcement of a local tale, from the pen of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, which will soon be issued by the above firm. From the same house the public have received, with much favor, the pleasant pages of Grace Greenwood's new book of travels, styled "Haps and Mishaps," two editions of which have already appeared.

James Munroe & Co. are issuing new editions of Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind, and of President Woolsey's Electra. A second edition, in a beautiful form, of the "Huguenots in France and America," by the author of the "Three Experiments of Living," has also been published by this firm: a good subject well-digested, and presented in an interesting manner, by the authoress, Mrs. Lee. One of the pleasantest books for a quiet hour is "The Friends in Council," published by the same house; it imbodies the intelligent conversations of three thoughtful minds upon essays on popular topics previously read. It is a book of thoughts, and is suggestive of a thousand others also.

Dr. Cumming, one of the most popular English didactic writers, is to be introduced under favorable auspices to the American public. Jewett & Co. announce from their press, at an early date, six of his works, namely: "The Benedictions;" "Scripture Readings on Genesis," &c.; "Scripture Readings on the New Testament;" "Voices of the Day;" "Voices of the Night;" and "Apocalyptic Sketches." These will form a large and valuable addition to our popular religious literature.

B. K. P.

The Methodists in Maine are about to erect a new edifice in connection with the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hills. The building is to be one hundred and forty feet front; thirty-eight feet deep, with a rear extension of sixty feet; four stories high; and will be the most spacious and convenient academic edifice in the State.

Astor Library.—This Institution, founded by the munificence of the late John Jacob Astor, has been lately thrown open to the public. The amount expended in the purchase of the site and the erection of the building, was one hundred thousand dollars, being one-fourth of the whole bequest. The number of volumes at present on the shelves of the library is about eighty thousand. The books are arranged in departments, each department being complete in itself. The Library seems to be intended chiefly for the use of professional men and students in the various branches of literature. Arrangements are also made for the accommodation of ladies. The selection of books has been made with great care; and it is designed as a complement to the other libraries of our cities, so that whatever deficiencies exist elsewhere, the Astor Library is likely to make up. In this respect it is peculiarly valu-

able. The present library, however, is but a germ from which we may hope for still greater things. A fund will remain not only sufficient to pay the current expenses of the library, but some two or three thousand dollars per annum will remain to make additions—which, with presents, will make a handsome annual increase of books, and, with good management, will make the library eventually one of the finest in our country.

The collection of letters, written by Charles the First during his imprisonment at Carisbrooke Castle to Sir William Hopkins, have been sold for fifty-one guineas.

A monument to Franklin is to be erected in Boston. The mechanics of that city have taken the preliminary steps for that purpose.

The New-York Book Concern turns out about five thousand bound books dayly, or about ten per minute, allowing ten hours as a day's work.

A book has been published in England by Dr. Stowell, in which he undertakes to prove that "the forbidden fruit was the tobacco plant!"

A fresh book of the adventures of Madame Ida Pfeiffer may be expected in the course of the winter. Recent letters from San Francisco speak of this indefatigable traveler as being in that city.

The Midland Union of Mechanics' Institutes, England, are proposing to raise a fund for the endowment of a permanent and paid *lectureship*. Sir Robert Peel is enlisted in the object, and has promised to deliver a popular lecture in six several towns of the district in aid of the fund.

The booksellers and other citizens of Berlin, Prussia, have established four public libraries in different parts of the city, designed particularly for the working classes. These libraries already contain ten thousand volumes. Connected with each library is a reading-room, spacious and well-warmed, which is open from seven to eleven every evening. The number of workmen who frequent these establishments is continually increasing.

Some lover of the curious in literature asserts that the word *News* is not derived from the adjective *new*, as many suppose. He says, that in former times it was common to see on the newspapers of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:—

These letters were intended to indicate that the paper contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, but they finally came to assume the form of the word *news*, from which the term newspaper is derived. This explanation is certainly ingenious; but whether the true one, we cannot undertake to say.

The King of Bavaria has created a special order of knighthood for the reward of eminent literary, scientific, and artistic men; to which it is proposed that foreigners be eligible. This is the first *special* order ever created for these departments.

Mr. Choate is said to be engaged in writing a history of Greece, which will be published in the spring. It is for this, in part, that he will relinquish the State Attorneyship.

Charles Dickens is said to be preparing his autobiography.

There are now twelve dayly papers in San Francisco. Of these, two are evening papers, two are German, and three are party papers. Besides, there are two tri-weeklies, both French, and five weeklies. To this list it is confidently asserted that another evening paper and a monthly magazine will soon be added. As it is, seventy-three papers are issued weekly, without counting the weekly and steamer editions of the dayly papers. San Francisco now claims to be the third city in the world, inferior only to London and New-York, in her papers, quality and quantity both considered.

It is said that the present editor of the Edinburgh Review is Professor George Cornwall Lewis, late M. P., and Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and author of several works on political economy. The present editor of the North British Review is Professor Frazer. The Westminster Review is under the direction of several editors, male and female, with John Chapman, the infidel bookseller in London, at its head, both as editor and publisher. Blackwood is conducted by Professor Aytoun, son-in-law of Professor Wilson. And the London Quarterly, so long under the management of Lockhart, who has resigned his post on account of ill-health, is now under the editorial supervision of Rev. Whitewell Erwin, of Boston, who has been a contributor to the Review for some time past.

The first newspaper established in North America was the Boston News Letter, commenced April 24, 1704. It was half a sheet of paper, 12 inches by 8, two columns on a page. B. Green was the printer.

The late census for Indiana gives the following statistics of persons who cannot read or write: of whites there are 26,132 males; 44,308 females; making a total of 70,540 who cannot read or write. Of colored, there are 1,024 males; 1,246 females. Total, 2,170. Of the whites, 69,445 are natives and 3,265 foreigners that cannot read or write—or there are twenty natives to one foreigner that cannot read. There are only five States in the Union that have more persons in them that can read and write than Indiana.

Lady Nicolas, widow of the late Sir Harris Nicolas, has received a pension of one hundred pounds a year, in consideration of her husband's valuable services to the literature of his country.

Bayard Taylor, it is rumored, will shortly make public the story of what he has seen in China and Japan.

The annual catalogue of Lawrence University shows that the number of students attending during the past year was one hundred and ninety-six, of whom one hundred and fourteen are males and eighty-two females. This institution is to be, no doubt, in due time, a flourishing University, which the Methodists in Wisconsin will endow.

Arts and Sciences.

A MONUMENT to the memory of James Watt is about to be erected in Edinburgh, in Adam-square, in front of the Watt Institution and School of Arts.

The Recent Comet.—The erratic stranger that has so lately visited in the comparative neighborhood of our earth, and attracted the attention of so many curious eyes, is said, by Mr. Hind, to have measured in the diameter of its bright nucleus 8,000 miles, about equal to that of the earth; while the tail, according to the same authority, had a real length of 4,500,000 miles, and a breadth of 250,000, or rather over the distance separating the moon from the earth. When at its nearest point to the earth, the distance was 68,000,000 miles. When at its greatest degree of brilliancy, it appears to have terrified the inhabitants of Madrid as much as one would have done in the middle ages. They imagined that it predicted pestilence, scarcity, insurrection, and war.

M. Breant, of Paris, recently left one hundred thousand francs to be awarded to the discoverer of the *cause of the cholera*, or a cure for it. The interest of the money is, in the mean time, to be used in rewarding or encouraging the authors of any lesser discoveries in medicine.

The *geological survey of Scotland* is at length about to be commenced. This important branch of the government survey of the United Kingdom has hitherto been prevented by the want of the ordinance maps; but the trigonometrical survey is now so far advanced, and the number of officers and men upon it so much increased, that little fear is entertained but that its progress will now be sufficiently rapid to enable the geological surveyors to obtain the engraved plans as fast as they can require them.

We recommend our city readers to call in at Wood's beautiful gallery of Pictures, at 483 Broadway. His new system of drawing has extraordinary advantages, and the progress of his pupils is surprising. You can hardly spend a leisure hour more agreeably than in his gallery.

A new invention for *heating a room* is of Yankee origin. By its use, one pint of water is converted into steam, condensed, and reconverted to steam, *ad infinitum*, and does not need to be renewed; the heat is continually radiated, and in proportion to the degree of heat used, is the rapidity of the process, and the amount of the caloric evolved. It occupies but little room, may be painted in any style, and hung up on the wall; may be carried from one room to another; cannot be injured by careless servants, heats rapidly, and its cost is trifling; the expense of heating is about one-fifth that of coal or wood. The heat used is that of burning alcohol or other gaseous fluids.

A set of Maps and Views, with descriptive letter-press, illustrating the *Expedition to Central Africa*, from 1849 to 1853, is in course of preparation by Mr. Petermann, under authority of the British government.

A Portland gentleman has applied for a patent for an improvement in *pianos*, which he calls the "swell mute attachment." The object of this invention is to control and regulate the tone of the instrument—to make it louder or more gentle at will, so as to produce effects corresponding with the swell of the organ.

A French physician, Dr. Burk by name, alleges that copper and some other metals are preservatives against *cholera*; and in proof of it he declares, that in the different visitation of the cholera in France the men employed in copper and iron works, and especially in the former, entirely escaped any attack of the disease, though it caused devastation around them. The same fact he observed in Russia, in Germany, and other countries. He recommends, we understand, the wearing of a sheet of copper around the breast.

We see that it is proposed to apply the *electric telegraph* to the *piano*, so that Listz, for instance, may sit in his parlor in Paris, and playing on his electric piano, communicate by wires, at once, with corresponding instruments at Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Rome; or, going further even, might extend the same harmony to St. Petersburg and Constantinople. A submarine telegraph is all that is necessary to put us in the musical category of Monsieur Listz.

The King of Prussia has purchased for the Royal Museum at Berlin the collection of petrifactions, minerals, books, and papers, of the late naturalist, Leopold von Buch.

At the "*fish manufactory*," as it is called, at Huninguen—the establishment for producing fish on the artificial system—there are now 200,000 eggs of the Rhine salmon, and of the large trout of the Swiss lakes, duly fecundated: and there are 100,000 of the same description of eggs, also fecundated at the College de France, in Paris. These eggs are destined for distribution among the departments in which money has been voted for the application of the artificial system.

At the late Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society, London, after the President had delivered his annual address, the Copley Medal was awarded to M. Dove, of Berlin, for his work "On the Distribution of Heat over the surface of the Earth," and a Royal Medal to Charles Darwin, Esq., for his eminent services in the sciences of Natural History and Geology.

The Styrian peasants, says Professor Johnson, eat *arsenic* as the Chinese eat opium. They eat it for two specific purposes—to acquire plumpness and freshness of complexion, and to improve their "wind," so as to enable them to climb long and steep mountains without difficulty of breathing. And, strange to hear, these specific purposes *are* attained. But then the lives of those eating it are greatly shortened; and if they stop eating it, they have the horrors of the delirium tremens, and suffer all the agonies that a confirmed opium-eater or drunkard realizes.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1854.

CHURCH OF N. S. DA GLORIA.

SCENES IN BRAZIL.

ANXIOUS to repair his shattered health, the writer (no matter when) laid aside his business, bade adieu to friends and home, and embarked for Rio Janeiro. What happened on the ocean—how sublimely rose the foam-crested wave, how I admired a sunset and moonlight at sea, how my *heart* was impressed with a sight of the broad ocean, and my *head* with a blow from a flying-fish, how an unmannerly surge dashed into my state-room entirely uninvited, or how horribly sea-sick I was, the reader probably cares not—neither do I, now that all is over. But at the time, I will assure you it was with no small joy we found ourselves within the harbor, and feasted our eyes with a view of the far-famed Brazilian capital, looking to us just as presented to our readers in the illustration with which our article closes.

The harbor itself is beautiful and capacious, imbosomed among high and rocky mountains. The entrance to it is so narrow and its granite barriers so bold, that it cannot be seen from the ocean, and hence is known to the natives as "*Nithero-hy*," which signifies *hidden waters*. On the right as you enter is Signal Hill, and on the left the famous "Sugar Loaf." Passing through the narrow channel, with its mountain wall and frowning fortresses, the harbor suddenly appears to view—a bay some twenty-eight miles in length, studded with innumerable islands, some of them of great beauty.

The city itself has been often described, yet before we hie into the interior we will pause a moment, and look at a few of its many objects of interest. It extends along the shores of the bay for upwards of three miles in the form of an oblong quadrangle, several hills making the city appear larger than it really is, and adding greatly to its beauty. South-west rises the Mount of Corcovado, two thousand three hundred feet high, and on the west Tejuco. The most ancient part of the city is traversed by eight narrow streets, crossed by others

at right angles. Campo St. Anna, a large square to the west of the old city, separates it from Cidade Novo, new city, which has risen for the most part since 1808, when the royal family returned from Bihia.

The most striking object in the south part of the city is the Church of N. S. da Gloria, built on a rising peninsula, literally imbedded in tropical plants and shrubs. The view from thence is enchanting. Plants that are trained in hot-houses at home, flourish in all their beauty and luxuriance, indebted to man for nothing. Cocoa-nuts, palms, aloes, the graceful bamboo, and all other tropical plants, bloom on every side. A delicious fragrance ever fills the air. Joyous butterflies and humming-birds of various hues flit amid the foliage. Here groves of orange, laden with a fruit worthy of the name, large and luscious, and spreading palm-trees, form a delicious retreat from the unclouded blaze of the sun. A stream of sparkling water, gushing out from some jutting rock, invites us to drink of its refreshing waters—an opening in the trees presents a view of the bay with its numerous and picturesque islands, bounded only by the peaks of the lofty Organ Mountains—strange and beautiful notes reach the ear from every branch—all combining to make one forget for the moment he is not in the land of fairies.

At this point terminates the city of Rio; beyond is called Botafogo, comprising a fine street of one mile and a half in length, edging a beautiful bay of the same name. The streets of Rio are generally straight, but narrow, moderately well paved, and lighted by the old Portuguese lamps. The houses are usually one or two stories high, rarely three, and are built of granite, unburnt bricks, or plaster, and, strange to say, are without chimneys. The roofs are covered with red tiles. Formerly the houses had large projecting balconies with lattice-work, and sometimes a room; but in modern city structures this is done away with, although the old Portuguese style is still kept up in the interior. The new buildings have glazed doors and open balconies of iron work. The convents and churches are the only striking buildings.

The Emperor's Palace is a large square building, formerly the residence of the Viceroy. It is connected by a narrow gallery with the old convent of the Carmelites and the imperial chapel. The emperor comes into the city once a week to hold court, but never resides more than a day at this palace; his residence is at Boa Vista, and during the warmest season at Petropolis, near the summit of the Organ Mountains. The Convent of the Carmelites, founded in 1585, is a strong building with cloistered court, to be seen on the left of our cut. The church is still in an unfinished state. The imperial chapel is used as a cathedral, there being none other in the city. Closely adjoining this is the Church of Nossa Sra., (Our

THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

Lady,) seen on the right of our cut. A large brotherhood supports this establishment, who have an excellent hospital in another part of the city. The interior is decorated with carvings and gilding, particularly the sanctuary. The credence-table and stool of the official priests are of silver, richly ornamented.

One morning, Bosworth (my companion) and I were taking our usual passeio, about the break of day, when on passing the church we espied a scaffolding on the tower, which, with a natural love of adventure, we began to ascend. Bosworth at length challenged me to put my hat on the top of the cross, which it will be seen surmounts the tower. I took up the gauntlet: all was easy enough until I came to the cross itself, which, being composed of lead and about fourteen feet high, set as I afterward perceived in decayed timbers, which had borne their burden for a century. The exertion of climbing caused it to rock to and fro, which in my anxiety I did not observe until I reached the cross piece, when I perceived my danger, for my weight caused it literally to bend over the court below. I thought for a moment I was about to lose my life clinging to the cross; but balancing myself I slid down to the bottom, thankful to my Preserver for his mercy. About three or four hours afterward we heard that a beam from the scaffolding had fallen through the roof, and, to the horror of the superstitious, had demolished the infant in the arms of an image of the Virgin Mary.

South of the palace, and near the arsenal, is a place where congregate the most hideous and loathsome objects. Disease has rendered them utterly unfit to mingle with their more fortunate fellows. Their appearance beggars description. They are the victims of the erysipelas and elephantiasis, which are here to be seen in their worst forms, the latter swelling different members of the body into the most horrible shapes. Although their lot seems to be so miserable and melancholy, as a body the unfortunates appear to enjoy themselves much; they sang, and those that were able danced, apparently forgetful that disease might in a moment terminate their lives.

We present a cut of one of the most common of these dances, one that you see among the negroes at almost every corner. The instrument (marimba) is composed

BATUCCA DANCE.

of a half gourd crossed by strings of bamboo, into which are set four pieces of steel, played with the thumbs.

The tin mask, represented in the cut, is a punishment imposed on the slaves for drinking cachassa, the common rum of the country, and also for eating clay, a ruinous habit to which some of them are strongly addicted. Those condemned to this punishment, however, manage to evade

PUNISHMENT FOR INTEMPERANCE.

it in various ways, sometimes by twisting the mask around at the expense of suffering severe torture; others, with a patience worthy a better cause, will scratch a hole near the mouth large enough to admit a straw, and then regale themselves with additional satisfaction. The iron around the neck, as seen in the other figure, is a common punishment for thefts, &c.

By the side, and at the end of Palace Square already described, is the market, a large square building with a fine fountain

in the center. These fountains are very numerous in the city of Rio; no place has a better supply of excellent water. It is brought about four miles by an aqueduct from the mountain Corcovado. The aqueduct consists of two strong walls about six feet high, arched over with sufficient space for the workmen to enter and pass through the entire length; at intervals of four feet are loop-holes for the admission of air. It crosses the town or valley between the Mount St. Theresa and hill St. Antonia on a high bridge, where it terminates in a large reservoir or fountain from which most of the other fountains are supplied. This great reservoir was commenced by the Jesuits and completed by Don John, King of Portugal, in the year 1700. It is a magnificent work, covering a vast extent of ground, and built in a most substantial manner. One of the finest walks imaginable is to be enjoyed in tracing these water-works. The water is carried from the fountains by blacks in barrels on their heads. This city possesses a library of seventy thousand volumes, and has nine public schools, among which the Misericordia claims special notice. The Santa Casa da Misericordia (Holy House of Mercy) was founded in 1582, by José de Anchieta, a Jesuit. It is opened to the poor of every nation and religion, and affords a refuge to foundlings and orphans. The foundlings are deposited in a revolving wheel, which is placed perpendicularly in the wall. The wheel is divided into four apartments, one of which always opens without. The heartless mother who wishes to part with her infant child, has only to deposit it in the box, and a revolution of the wheel passes it within the walls, never more to be reclaimed. I do not doubt that this institution, with mistaken philanthropy, encourages vice in some of its most dreadful forms.

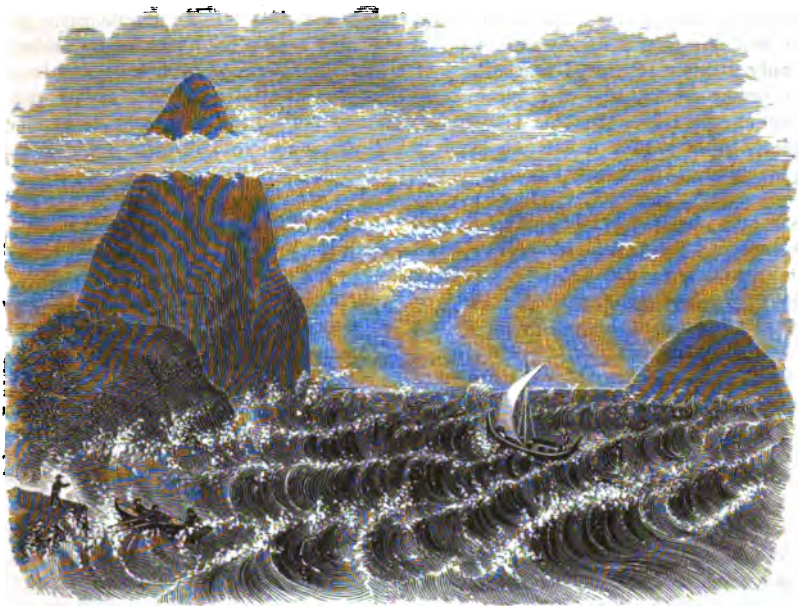
The Passeio Publico, (public walk,) situated on the seashore, is well laid out in shady walks overhung with the richest variety of tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers. A more delicious retreat from the crowded streets of the city could not be wished for. Some are covered with a foliage almost impenetrable to the light of day. At the further end is an extensive terrace overlooking the sea, and commanding an extensive and magnificent view of the entrance to the harbor; it is paved with black and white marble, and has a beautiful fountain and a monument.

As to climate, the average heat in winter is 75°, in summer 85°; sometimes it rises to 95° and 100°, but in winter it seldom falls below 70°. The sea-breezes commonly set in about noon and last till night-fall; sometimes there are sudden gusts and squalls. In winter it is generally dry and cloudless; in summer the rains usually fall in the afternoon, seldom lasting more than a day.

Nothing more forcibly strikes the stranger on entering the city, than the number of blacks and the scarcity, I might say absence, of women. The women peep through the lattices, and are only seen on festival occasions and going to mass; no bonnets are worn, but their long black hair is arranged in a particularly neat and pretty manner. They are well-formed, even elegant in person, and, as far as I know, do not wear that Parisian instrument of torture—a stay. The negro women have also fine forms, and are to be seen carrying their babies on their backs, —not in the upright manner of our North American Indians, but bent up in a heap, on which account many of the race are deformed.

The washerwomen represent the commoner class of slaves, and are almost entirely innocent of a garment. For their

WASHERWOMEN.



ASCENT OF THE SUGAR-LOAF.

business, they generally select the bank of a running stream, and finding a good broad flat rock, are all ready for operations. After letting the clothes lie in the stream long enough to become well saturated, and allowing time for a good dance, they commence by beating the clothes with a stone, then they gather them up and dash them on the broad rock, the process by no means improving their texture: they rub them with a root, which makes a lather, and answers the place of soap, and continue the process until they are cleaned. This is the usual course, although there are a few fountains in the city arranged with basins, for the purpose of washing. The principal one is in the Campo St. Anna.

A little journey of nine miles, and we come to the most prominent object of the vicinity—the Sugar-Loaf, or, as the natives call it, Pao de Assucar.

The difficulties and dangers attending the ascent of this lofty peak, and the many stories in circulation respecting the possibility of its being accomplished, had rendered it to us an exceedingly interesting, exciting, and desirable object. Bosworth, an American, though long resident in Rio, a man cut out for adventures, and therefore after my own heart, two others, and myself, left the city to accomplish the feat, and plant the American and Brazilian flags on this towering summit. All Rio were aware of our departure. Our little bark was soon rocking at the base of the mountain, where it was lashed angrily by the surges; from this point alone we knew the ascent could be made. Great caution and skill were requisite even to effect a landing on the bold jutting rocks, exposed as they are to the waves of the South Atlantic. But we had four bold Ilhoas, renowned for their skill even in Rio. It was necessary to land from the stern of the boat, watching the length and force of each wave; and as the advancing wave swiftly carried us along, our stout boatmen pulled from the shore with all their strength; and just ere the wave broke we, according to instructions, sprang over the boiling surf on to the rocks several feet below.

Our first passage is from rock to rock, over exhausted waves, and eddies formed by the breaking surf, and at times across chasms of no small extent, when we reach the first rock, as it is seen in the cut, slightly covered with stunted trees and shrubs. This is of comparatively easy ascent, but is only about one-fifth of the way, some two hundred and eighty feet, where we reach the first level point. It is here that most who endeavor to ascend

Sugar-Loaf give out and return, saying, they have been upon it. But here begins the real difficulty; for henceforward it is only possible to ascend by the help of the jutting rocks, and the shrubs that grow on the side. In this manner we succeeded in getting about two hundred and fifty feet further, when our party, pretty well fatigued, gave signs of surrendering the attempt; but I appealed to their courage, and finally induced them to follow me. Mounting a decayed tree, entwined against a perpendicular wall of granite, of about thirty feet in height, we came to a gorge or chasm, of unknown depth, about a foot and a half wide, and some twelve or fifteen feet long, which would have been an object of interest had we not been compelled to support ourselves by strength of arms and legs; but immediately above this you may see us at the point of greatest difficulty.

We are standing on a narrow ledge that winds a short distance around the rock, with a perpendicular wall about thirty feet high above, and an abyss of seven hundred feet below, into which the slightest faltering or misstep would have plunged us — the dashing surf or jutting rocks receiving our mangled bodies. Unanimously the rest of the party declared further progress impossible, but I was determined on an effort; so winding our rope of twelve feet tightly around my body, lashing thereto the American flag, which I was ambitious to plant on the summit, I prepared to ascend.

It was apparent, from trial, that one person only could ascend; for the only support was the stunted shrubs and vines that merely stuck to the sides of the rock; and after the ascent of one, they had become so detached and loosened, as to be insufficient to support another; but, with a beating heart, I proceeded. The first twelve or twenty feet I got along very well, although excessively fatigued; when, to my horror, I found as I advanced, the slighter was the hold of the plants. My first thought was to return; but equally terrific was the fact then revealed, that this, too, was impossible; for each loosened shrub was as little able to sustain my returning weight as it was the ascent of another. To go on was my only hope; and with almost suspended breath and a silent prayer, I endeavored to advance.

If the reader has ever in a night-mare imagined himself suspended over a precipice, or falling into an unfathomable gulf, he may have a faint idea of my feelings. The remembrance of friends and loved-ones at home—the scenes of my childhood—the pettiest incidents in my life—all seemed to rush through my brain in a moment.

My companions, as I afterward learned, were breathlessly watching me, and calling upon me to return; but I heard them not —my brain seemed to swim. I have recollections of plants giving way almost as soon as grasped. Moments seemed ages. My senses seemed leaving me; in fact, I *knew nothing*.

When I recovered, I was lying on the top; how I got there I hardly knew. As soon as I had somewhat regained my strength, I called to my companions below. Their joy and surprise almost equaled my own at finding myself alive. They supposed, from my sudden fall on arriving at the top, that it was abrupt on the other side, and that I had been precipitated below. I immediately went to work to get them up. Entwining my rope into three strands, I tied them together, and making one end fast to the rock, let down the other to them, by which they, with comparatively little effort, regained my side. The four hundred feet which remained we ascended in the same manner, and stood twelve hundred feet above the roaring waves, triumphing in the success of our adventure.*

It is here that we appreciate the value of the air-plant, as it is called—a shrub receiving its sustenance from the heavy dews and rain which are retained within itself, until absorbed or evaporated. The small hollow reeds that grow beside the plant enabled us to drink this water, to the great refreshment of our exhausted bodies. Near the top, and along the edge of the perpendicular portion of the rock, is an almost impenetrable thicket; but after passing this, the top of Sugar-Loaf is before us. When we reached it, we threw ourselves on the ground, overcome with heat and fatigue, having endured five hours of intense exertion. After sufficient rest

* It is but just to state, that since my ascent, a more easy mode of access has been found, and I believe some others have ascended it; also it was a stormy day, and a high wind blowing. When it has been calm for some days, you can sail almost to the base.

we raised the American flag, amid hearty cheers, three times three, and afterward a handkerchief, representative of the Brazilian, in honor of the emperor. On one side we perceived a portion of rock, about eight feet wide, rent from the main body, as if by a volcanic effort, leaving a fissure two or three hundred feet deep and four or five feet wide. Intoxicated with our success, and not satisfied with the dangers past, I madly sprang upon it—easy enough that; but how to return, there was the rub: for I found, what I had not till then perceived, that it was lower than the main rock, and my situation was truly alarming. Necessity, so fruitful in suggestion, led my companions to think of our flag-staff, on which, with their aid, I safely recrossed the frightful chasm. But never was my own folly or the divine goodness more apparent, than when I saw that, with our afore-mentioned staff, and but little effort, we caused the shelving rock to totter, and at length becoming detached, it fell with a thundering noise into the abyss below.

I cannot pause to describe the beautiful, picturesque, and sublime view we enjoyed from this bold summit. The descent was much less laborious, though great caution was needful, notwithstanding the aid of the rope. Having passed the gorge on our return, we set fire to the grass, which was here quite abundant; and in a few moments the conflagration was awful; the swiftness with which it spread absolutely threatening our lives. The startled lagartos, (lizards,) from one to three feet in length, sprang from their lairs, and rushing past us, many of them jumped into the sea. Our appearance on arriving at the bottom was anything but prepossessing; full of bruises and scratches, our clothes in tatters, covered with slime and wet moss, the reader would have thought us objects of pity.

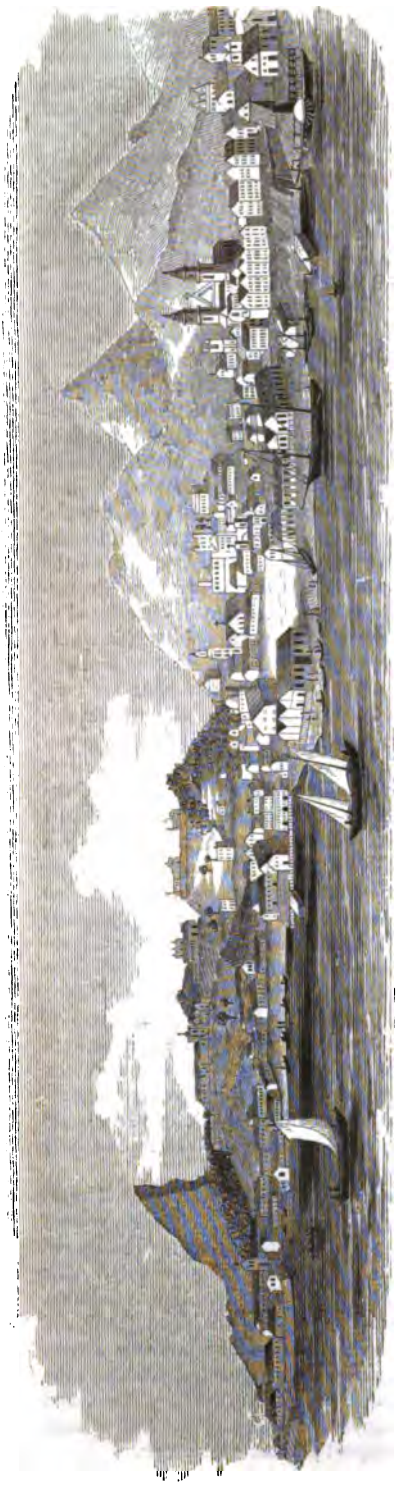
On arriving at the base, another impediment presented itself in the form of a tremendous surf, the tide running out and the wind increasing every moment; but embark we must; so I beckoned to the negroes, who had been lying outside the surf during our absence, to approach sternward, carefully watching the time after the wave had broke; but owing to their carelessness, or miscalculation, they allowed the boat to approach too near, and just at the time the wave was rising, so that in a few moments I expected to see our only hope cut off by the dashing in pieces of the boat; but a kind Providence otherwise directed—the boat rose on the huge wave several feet above the rock, and was carried completely over it. With much difficulty we were again embarked; and, as we pulled for the city, felt ourselves to be heroes of no common order.

Our readers have had enough of our wild adventures for the present. Henceforth, while in Rio, we were contented to lead a more prudent life, and our passeio day by day was amid the institutions of the city and the quiet beauties of the environs.

The Convent of San Antonio is situated on a hill of the same name, and has an imposing appearance. Adjoining the chapel is the church of the order of St. Francis, which is second in splendor only to that of San Bento; it is covered in the interior with carving and gilding of the richest description. At the entrance and on the walls are rather inferior paintings illustrating the life of St. Francis. Attached to this church is a beautiful oratory, in which the novices are received into the brotherhood. The vestments and plate are very ancient and splendid, and some of the relics are of solid gold set with costly gems.

The Convent of N. S. d'Ajuda consists of Franciscan nuns of the order of the Immaculate Conception. Of the interior I can say but little, as nunneries are not opened to visitors. It consists of an oblong pile inclosing a cloister, also a garden surrounded by a high wall: the chapel is one of the largest in Rio, having a plain exterior and interior, with the exception of a high altar, which is ornamented in the richest manner. In this place mass is celebrated on Sundays and holydays by a French abbe, on which occasion the French inhabitants, who are very numerous, attend. In the vault of this chapel are buried the remains of the royal family of Brazil.

The Convent of the nuns of St. Ursula (Carmelites) is situated on a rising ground to the south-west of the city. The chapel is small. The nuns sing sweetly. The abbot, one of the old Portuguese nobility, who descended from the royal family, is above ninety years old, but still very active. He is a fine old gentleman, and enjoys the decline of life, doing deeds of love, and residing on the brow of the hill whence the prospect is most enchanting.



HARBOR AND CITY OF RIO JANEIRO.

On Castle Hill is situated the Convent of the Capuchins, who are Italians, and when educated are sent into the interior of the country. On the other side of the hill is the ancient college of the Jesuits, the church attached to which is the oldest in the city, but is now used as a military hospital. The Monastery of San Bento, (Benedictines,) founded in 1596, is built on a rocky hill, opposite Ilha das Cobras, (Snake Island.) The building consists of a long pile in the form of a quadrangle, has a school of learning under the monks, a large library of theological works, a refectory, &c. Attached to it is a large chapel, the isles and in fact the whole interior of which is covered with carved wood, gilded and burnished, giving it a gorgeous, mellow appearance. The windows are but small apertures placed near the roof, from which four lamps are suspended by chains of solid gold and silver.

The environs are not less beautiful than the city itself. Along the bay and on the Mount Tejuco are the residences of the English and American merchants. Here the coolness of the air, the picturesque water-falls and rippling streams, and the magnificent prospect, somewhat compensate these foreigners for their absence from the land of their birth. On the opposite side of the bay are the towns of St. Domingo and Praya Grand, the capital of this province. The town is of considerable size, but consisting chiefly of private houses, coffee plantations, orange groves, &c. It is of low and sandy soil, and was supposed to have been formerly covered by the sea. Small steamboats and *falluas* run every hour between this place and the city. Among the islands of the bay, and at its widest point, is Governador, (Governor's Island,) which is about two leagues and a half in extent, on which is a large estate and monastery of the Benedictines. The Ilha de Paqueta, as to extremity, is the most picturesque of these islands.

It would be pleasant to linger awhile longer in the beautiful resorts of the city and vicinity; but we have a long journey before us. We are yet to carry you with us through the extensive campos, lofty mountains, and trackless forests of the interior. Here commercial interest and cupidity seldom lead the busy Yankee. What I saw and what I heard is yet to be told. Enough, then, of Rio, and for the present adieu.

THE BARBER IN THE EAST.

IN the East everything is systematic and grave, but it is especially so among the Turks. If, for instance, you can induce any one to sing you only a verse from some Turkish melody, the vocalist must needs go through many preparatives before he commences. First, he has his pipe fresh filled; then, he strokes down his beard; next, he looks gravely round to see that all are giving attention; after that, he hums a few words gently to himself, to see that there is no mistake about the words or the music; then again, he raises his right hand to his jaw, passes the thumb under the chin, and extends the forefinger to the right ear, and thus plays imaginary notes with the other three fingers in the air; finally, he stretches his mouth open to such an alarming extent that you prepare for a start simultaneously with himself, and the first quaver is an effort productive to European ears of the most discordant tones. But we have nothing particular at present to do with oriental musicians and strains, except to observe that as there is such etiquette to be observed in commencing a musical performance, so is it in every other pastime

or occupation of eastern nations generally, from the stout Brahmin, who ties a straw round his waist to regulate the quantity of curry and rice to which he is limited at each meal, or the sedate Turk, who has his head and limbs scalded at barbers' shops, and who then, as though to create a corresponding irritation, causes a shampooing-master to crack and stretch these already injured members to an extent that makes those not accustomed to the art shudder at the sight of the operation.

But, the better to understand these processes, we may imagine ourselves pacing a main street in Aleppo, and pausing at the open windows of a barber's shop to scrutinize the barber himself and the contents of his establishment, with the shampooing-master also and his victims. Barbers all over the East have been for many ages noted as important subjects of the State. In India, they are the great newsmongers of the town. Almost every English officer indeed, and every civilian, has his own particular barber; but it often happens that the same individual, with perhaps an assistant or two, serves the whole community. They are regular attendants at regular hours of the morning, and the *habitué* in India looks forward to their arrival with much impatience.

In China, a barber's experience is extensive; he has to do not only with the heads, but the tails of the people; and his skill is generally acknowledged by all, from the emperor downwards. In Siam, barbers are next in importance to prime ministers, and they rank with physicians, being usually conversant with blood-letting and a few other minor duties belonging to the apothecaries' art. But it is in Turkey, the land of the Califs, that we meet with the barber in his proper soil, enjoying all the dignity of his sharp profession, looked up to and honored by the multitude, and admitted to the confidence of the pasha. He is the advertiser of all the baths in the neighborhood, the terror of young gentlemen with a weak growth of beard or a tender head, and the aversion of laborers, who are compelled to submit an eight days' beard to his rough management; yet all flock to him and pay him lip-homage. Besides other things, the barber in Turkey is generally the vender of cunning drugs and charms, anti-fleabite mixtures, deadly doses for rats, with occasionally some favorite remedy for dangerous diseases. Exercising as he does such diversified functions, the Turkish barber has little spare time on his hands. He is always an early riser, and commences his day's operations by experiments upon himself. His moustache is a perfect pattern for curl, gloss, and enormous length; his head is as smooth and hairless as a monk's at eighty; his costume is in the height of Turkish fashion; and in the season he is sure to have a bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers in his bosom. Thus equipped, and having partaken of his early coffee and pipe, the barber sets forth for his shop, which is usually in the heart of the most thronged bazaar; and there, long before the busy world is astir, he and his assistant have set all things in apple-pie order; they have swept up the floor, dusted the shelves, spread out fresh napkins, rinsed the pewter basins, set on the fire huge caldrons of water to boil, garnished the soap-dishes with sweet-smelling herbs and flowers, set forth chairs and stools in goodly array, in preparation for the business of the day, which, by the time these arrangements are completed, commences in right earnest.

The first customer that comes in is an old man skilled in the art of shampooing, who undergoes the operation of being shaved gratis, he being a kind of sleeping partner in the barber's establishment. The napkin is no sooner removed from his throat than the usual every-day customers appear. Foremost among them is an old gentleman who is sadly tormented with rheumatism; he is very particular that not one item in the etiquette of Turkish shaving operations should be omitted; the barber is aware of this, and prizes him as a regular customer, and one that may be counted upon for at least ten paras (about one cent) a day. After a long string of compliments has been exchanged, and the fineness of the weather adverted to, the old man seats himself ceremoniously in the barber's state chair, and there groans involuntarily as he sees the mighty preparations going forward for an attack upon his head and beard. The barber next, drawing near, respectfully relieves him of his weighty turban, which is carefully laid upon a shelf and covered over with a white napkin. Then he is enveloped from his neck to his heels in a huge apron that ties behind, pinning his arms to his side. In this defenseless condition he immedi-

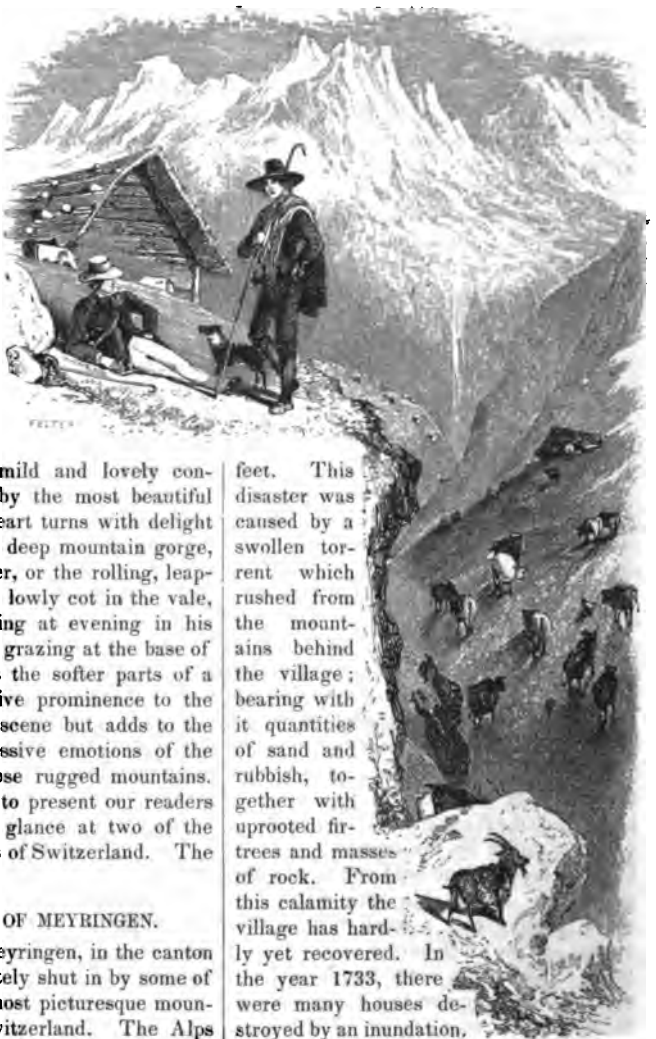
ately becomes the victim of half-a-dozen flies, which tickle his nose and flap against his eyes till he is reduced to the necessity of calling the barber to his assistance. On hearing the summons, this worthy, who has been preparing a huge basin of hot suds and sharpening his uncouth razors, rushes to the rescue, and in about a minute afterward we have lost sight of the old victim, whose whole face and head, and every visible portion of the neck, present one extensive field of soap-bubbles, froth, and hot vapor. Now the barber may be seen scrubbing away, with a huge hair bag on either hand; then he darts to one side and fetches a huge basinfull of very hot water; and the next instant the victim's head, soap-suds and all, are forcibly immersed in this. In a few seconds it emerges red and inflamed, with the eyes starting nearly out of their sockets, the victim meanwhile sputtering and grunting for breath. Barely has he had time to implore a few moments' respite before another basin is produced, and the head again disappears beneath its depths. This time the water is cold almost to freezing, and the whole frame quivers again, as though quite electrified by the sudden shock. On being withdrawn, a death-like pallor has taken the place of the rubicund complexion so lately exposed to view. Soon, however, the friction of a dry towel restores the circulation, succeeded by the application of lukewarm soap and water, after which the razor almost imperceptibly, certainly unfelt by the customer, passes from the crown of the head and rounds the promontory of the chin with marvelous speed, leaving only a small tuft on the crown, and the much-prized oriental mustache. Turks who wear beards seldom, we may observe, resort to a barber's shop, as their heads only require to be manipulated, and to dress these is a department in the barber's art which is generally left to young practitioners.

The ordeal just described having been passed through, the napkin is removed, and the customer is at liberty to rinse his hands and face; but before the turban is restored to his head he again submits himself to the barber's care, for the purpose of having all his minor joints cracked. First, the head is seized, and wrenched with such violent jerks from side to side, that one unaccustomed to the spectacle would think the barber intent on violence. After this, every tender bone of the ear undergoes a similar process, and the joints of the fingers go off like a small battery of Chinese crackers. This completes the cracking process, which is anything but agreeable to those who have not been inured to it. The Turks, however, like it.

The old customer now under consideration, released from the barber, calls loudly for pipe and coffee. When these are produced, he sips the one and whiffs the other, while seated in a large easy chair by the window-side, where the science of the shampooing-master is about to be put to the test. The leg of the old gentleman, tender perhaps from rheumatism, is hoisted upon a wooden stool, and the shampooer commences by gradually and softly pressing, between his fingers and thumb, the flesh from the ankle to the knee. By degrees, the nipping becomes harder and the movement more rapid, till by-and-by the cries from the old man, of *Thumum! thumum!* (It is enough!) indicate that the pressure has reached to such an extent as to be no longer endurable. The operation, however, has promoted a free circulation of blood in the ailing limb, and the old man stalks forth upon it as securely as though it were made of iron, and were impregnable to to-morrow's twitches.

The next customer the barber has to deal with is an oriental dandy, who, after undergoing the operation of being shaved, stands at least five minutes while he twists his mustaches into a variety of shapes, and gazes with evident complacency on both sides of the circular mirror; in one of these he admires a giant, and in the other a pigmy. At length he takes himself off, and a day-laborer, it may be, with his staff and bundle of day's provisions, heaves in sight, while shortly after him a whole posse arrive. By an hour before mid-day the barber's shaving and shampooing occupations may be said to be over, and he passes his afternoon in alternately notching scores against creditors and notching the bald heads of patients suffering from sick headaches. The latter is a common practice in Syria. Every man suffering from the headache goes to the barber, and gets him to make some half-dozen notches with a razor on his head, absurdly supposing that the blood thus escaping will immediately give ease. The remedy is a painful, and, in many instances, we should think, a dangerous one.

SWISS MOUNTAINEERS AND HERDSMEN.



WHAT a grandeur in Alpine scenery. Its stately mountains crowned with eternal winter, and its deep valleys blooming in perennial verdure, have been the theme of poets and orators from "times to which the memory of man runneth not." But as the face of the country presents such bold and striking outlines, the manners of the people in mild and lovely contrast are marked by the most beautiful simplicity. The heart turns with delight from a view of the deep mountain gorge, or the fearful glacier, or the rolling, leaping cascade, to the lowly cot in the vale, the herdsman, sitting at evening in his door, and the flocks grazing at the base of the mountain. As the softer parts of a picture serve to give prominence to the rest, so this rural scene but adds to the sublime and impressive emotions of the traveler among those rugged mountains. It is our privilege to present our readers with an illustrated glance at two of the most beautiful vales of Switzerland. The first is

THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

The Valley of Meyringen, in the canton of Berne, is completely shut in by some of the grandest and most picturesque mountain scenery in Switzerland. The Alps rise in rugged magnificence on every side, their snow-capped summits contrasting strangely with the verdant, flowery valley, dotted here and there with rustic *châlets*, and watered by the river Aar, which is crossed by wooden bridges, similar to the one represented in our sketch. This river is fed by the neighboring mountain torrents, which, when swollen by rain or snow, have several times threatened the village of Meyringen with destruction. In the year 1762 it was buried twenty feet in *débris* in one hour. The church was filled with sand and gravel to the height of eighteen feet. This disaster was caused by a swollen torrent which rushed from the mountains behind the village; bearing with it quantities of sand and rubbish, together with uprooted fir-trees and masses of rock. From this calamity the village has hardly yet recovered. In the year 1733, there were many houses destroyed by an inundation.

In this valley are to be seen some of the most celebrated falls of Switzerland—those of the Reichenbach—the principal of which is two hundred feet in height, and its column of water nearly thirty feet in diameter. If visited in the morning, when the rays of the sun are upon it, a triple bow or iris it to be seen on the spray, which has a very beautiful effect.

The wealth of the inhabitants of this valley consists chiefly in cattle, for which the mountains yield plentiful pasturage during the summer, and in the autumn the herdsman, anticipating the severity of the

THE SWISS HERDSMAN.

coming winter, descends with his flocks to seek shelter in the valley; for the weather is such during the winter months as to render it imminently dangerous to expose the cattle in the long cold nights. These herdsmen lead a migratory life, moving about from place to place with their flocks.

As spring approaches, the cattle, lying upon the grass, or perched upon the rocks and bridges as the artist has represented them in the accompanying illustration, throw longing glances toward their mountain home. Then, also, the herdsman, who loves his mountain life as the sailor loves the sea, joyously prepares to leave the valley. But when, like the man of whom we give a sketch above, he begins to reascend the mountain, he casts an affectionate glance on the *châlet* where he has just left his family. He can still see the smoke issuing from the roof, and think how they will miss him at the frugal meal. But he proceeds on his way, and now the projections of the rocks shutting out these cherished objects from

his view, he finds himself alone with his flocks among the grand and towering Alps.

The athletic man represented on the preceding page, carries upon his broad shoulders his household furniture, holding in one hand his milk-pail, in the other a thick staff, pointed with iron, upon which he leans, and which would be a formidable weapon in his powerful hand. A large basket on his back contains his milk strainer, some straw, a one-legged milking-stool, a cheese mold, the stand on which the cheeses are placed to drain, and the great kettle in which the milk is collected, heated, and made into curds.

The Swiss herdsman's is, in reality, not so idle a life as it is often described to be; he has to collect eighty or ninety cows twice a day to be milked, many of which have often strayed away in different directions. Besides this he has to make the cheese, and keep all his utensils scrupulously clean. Hardy, robust, and indefatigable, inured to exposure from earliest childhood, his weather-beaten frame is indifferent to the vicissitudes of climate. He is wild, uncultivated, and ignorant of the usages of other people, but simple and uncontaminated by the vices unfortunately too common among the laboring population of most other districts.

The short summer soon passes away, and the herdsman again prepares to descend to the valley, to shelter his flock from the storms of an Alpine winter.

THE VALLEY OF SALZA.

On a fine evening in autumn, in passing through the valley of the Salza, which is surrounded by some of the richest Alpine pasturages, I met numerous herds of cattle descending from their summer pastures in the mountains. The herdsmen were laden with the pails, churns, and other utensils used in the making of the cheese in the mountains; and here and there were seen happy groups of wives and children coming out to greet them after their long sojourn in the Alps. The accompanying sketch represents a party who had just reached their native village after an absence of three months, each heavily laden with the produce of the summer pasturage. As the village was in sight, and their toilsome journey nearly ended, I felt something of regret at stopping them, even for a few minutes while the sketch was made; but a zwanziger (about 6d., and there equal to an English half-crown) appeared completely to compensate for the short delay.

In all the Alpine ranges of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Italy, on the approach of summer the peasants lead their herds

PASTURES OF THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

ALPINE PEASANTS RETURNING HOME.

up to the pasturages on the mountains. These, from their height, are uninhabitable during the winter and early spring months. They are resorted to at different seasons, according to their heights; and some of them, placed at an elevation of six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, afford food for the cattle but for a short period, the covering of snow not disappearing till June, and winter closing in at the end of August, or beginning of September. In these Alpine heights are built log-huts, called châlets, in which the herdsmen and their cattle are sheltered. In some parts of the higher Alps the peasants remain during the whole season, without returning more than twice or thrice to fetch up a scanty supply of meal, the remainder of their food being the milk of the cattle and the cheese made in the châlets. As the higher grounds are only accessible by steep and winding foot-paths, the few articles of food, and the churn and pails necessary for the preparation of the cheese, are carried up on the backs of the herdsmen, who thus pass their time with their cattle in entire solitude. Sometimes a single man has the charge of ten or fifteen cows, and remains for ten or twelve weeks hung up amid pine-forests, rocks, and glaciers of ice, without seeing a human being. Their appearance is in general wretched and dull; and when by chance a wandering traveler visits their haunts, they will follow him for miles, in order to exchange with him a few words of conversation. On the approach of winter they return with the cattle and the stock

of cheese that has been made in the mountains.

The following extract from M. Simond's "Travels in Switzerland," describes one of these mountain châlets; but those in the higher mountains are far more dreary, and possess even less of comfort and convenience:—

"The higher ridge of the Scheideck, when we passed it, was crowded with cattle, assembled there for miles to avoid the flies, which in more sheltered situations torment them during the heat of the day. The natural process by which soil is made was everywhere observable on the Eselsrücken, (Ass's Back,) where the uncovered edge of the slate is so far decomposed by exposure to weather, that large fragments, apparently sound, crumbled into black dust under our feet. This dust, fertilized by the cattle, is in some places covered with grass; in others it is washed away to lower grounds, leaving the surface of the slate again exposed to the weather, to be further decomposed.

"Some way beyond this ridge we came to a châlet, which, being occupied by the shepherds, afforded more conveniences than our halt of yesterday. Here a fire was already blazing in a sort of pit or trench dug around by way of a seat, and a huge kettle hung over for the purpose of cheesemaking. We had plenty of cream furnished us, in which the spoon literally stood on end, a kettle to make coffee, and wooden ladles by way of cups. All the utensils were made of maple, of linden, and of a sort of odorous pine, (*pinus cembra*,) by the shepherds themselves, who bestow much time on this manufacture. We noticed the portable seat with a single leg, oddly strapped to the back of those who milk the cows; the milk-pails, the milk-hod fastened to their shoulders, the measures, the ladles made in the shape of shells, the milk strainer, (a tripod funnel full of pine leaves,) the vase in which rennet (used to coagulate milk) is preserved, the press, the form, and many other implements of their trade, all elegantly shaped, and very clean.

"The châlet itself was an American log-house of the rudest construction; the roof, composed of clumsy shingles, gave vent to the smoke in the absence of a chimney; this roof, projecting eight or ten feet, formed a sort of piazza, called the *melkgang*, a German word, which, like many others in that language, needs no English translation.

"The bed-room of the shepherds in these summer châlets is a wooden gallery, hung up over the melkgang, close to the projecting roof; they go up to it by a ladder, and all herd together on a little straw, never changed. The cows come home to be milked, attracted from the most distant pastures by a handful of salt, which the shepherd draws out of a leathern pouch hanging across his shoulder. The ground round the châlet is so broken, poached, and made filthy by treading of cattle, that without stepping-stones it would be difficult to reach the door; to finish the picture, a herd of swine ranges about, waiting for the allotted portion of butter-milk and curds. All this is, no doubt, very different from Rousseau's charming description of a châlet; but the châlets about Heloise's residence were family dwellings, inhabited the whole year round, and such as are found on lower mountains only; they are kept perfectly clean and comfortable, and are in all respects different from those on the High Alps, constructed for mere temporary shelters during a few months: no women live in the latter.

"When the weather is tempestuous, the shepherds, or rather the herdsmen, are up all night in the mountains with their cattle, calling to them, as without this precaution they might take fright, run into dangers, and be lost. A few places of shelter, built of logs on the principal pastures, would, it seems, answer the purpose better with less trouble. The cattle look very beautiful and active, full of spirit and wild sport; they show much more curiosity and intelligence than the rest of their kind, and often follow travelers from rocks to rocks a long while, merely to observe them. Bulls, notwithstanding the fierceness of their looks, never attack anybody. Mr. Raymond, in his Notes on Cox's Travels, tells an interesting story concerning these animals, which, if it should happen not to be quite true, at least deserves to be so. Speaking of their antipathy for bears—'It is impossible,' he says, 'to restrain a bull when he scents a bear in the neighborhood; he comes up to him, and a running fight begins, which often lasts for several days, and till one of the two is killed. In a plain the bear has the advantage; among rocks and trees the bull. [I should have thought just the reverse.] Once, in the Canton of Uri, a bull went in pursuit of a bear, and did not return: after searching for him three successive days, he was found motionless, squeezing against a rock his enemy, which had been long dead, was quite stiff and cold, and almost crushed to pieces by the pressure: such had been the efforts of the bull, that his feet were deep sunk into the ground.'"

Old Age.—Beautiful is old age; beautiful as the slow, drooping, mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruit of a well-spent life; and surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with a blessing. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow, the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave; which she grasps to finish before the victory is won; and, strange that it should be so, this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this.

THE HUNGARIAN GIPSIES.

AMONG the arteries wherein the national life of Hungary circulates, the microscopic eye may discern a minute vein, that, by its pallid hue and diverging course, leaves the observer in doubt as to the real cause and utility of its existence. In this isolated channel the remnant of the voluntary Pariahs of Hungary—the Gipsies—moves slowly onward to final extinction.

On inquiring into the means by which this handful of people have maintained themselves for centuries as a distinct race, we find it is owing to their unconquerable antipathy to any fixed abode and intermixture with other nations. It would appear as though the unseen power that once scattered their tribes had condemned them to perpetual wandering, and quenched in the core every germ of mental development, so restlessly have the gipsies roamed over the earth during the memory of man, evincing no inclination for culture, regardless of the morrow, without a remembrance of yesterday, guided in their joyless and dreary path by their uncontrolled instincts and the impulse of the moment. No age, no climate, no example, has exercised any influence on this infatuated race. Whether among nations refined or uncultivated. idle or industrious, they remain the same thoughtless and indolent nomades, clinging pertinaciously to their ancient customs.

The first mention made of the gipsies by the Hungarian historians was in the beginning of the fifteenth century, during the reign of King Sigismund. In the year 1417 bands of strangers appeared on the borders of Wallachia and Moldavia—then Hungarian provinces—to solicit admission into the interior of the realm. Their singular manners and appearance created much attention, and betokened them a migratory people, inasmuch as they were accompanied by their wives and children, and carried with them their goods and chattels. These strangers had tall muscular figures, olive complexions, long black hair, dark fiery eyes, and white teeth. The agility of their limbs they best displayed in their original dances. They wore garments of an oriental and fantastic make, dwelt under tents, the men occupying themselves with the forge, music and dance, and the women chiefly with fortune-telling. They were led by chiefs—*vajdas*—and called themselves *Tschingan*, or *Czigány*, which name they retained in Hungary. These

bands formed the vanguard of those migratory Hindoo tribes, about half a million of whom, driven from their homes in Hindostan, by that fearful scourge of mankind, Timurlan, had successively traversed Affghanistan, Asia Minor, and Thrace, and whose influx to Europe to this day has not ceased. Their language among each other, however corrupted, bore, and still bears, an unmistakable affinity to the Hindostanee, the words of dayly use sounding alike in both languages, from which their Indian descent may best be inferred.

We will now turn to a closer examination of the propensities and manners of the Hungarian gipsy or *morre*, as he is also called by the people.

The gipsy is very fond of a joke. But the shafts of his wit are generally aimed at himself, his timid nature not venturing, even in jest, to offend another. When merry, he is exceedingly loquacious and jocular, outdoing himself in punning, and keeping a whole company for hours on the laugh. However he may seem to submit to the contemptuous treatment of his superiors with an apparent good grace, still he is secretly revengeful, and his curses are truly terrible. Where he thinks himself a match, the gipsy is overbearing and a great bully; but, if blows ensue, he is the first to take to his heels. Of his bravado and mock-courage the following anecdote conveys a tolerable idea. A *morre*, when traveling with his old mare on a very bad and muddy road, remarked another cart approaching. He called to the driver from afar with threatening gestures, that if he did not make room for him, he would just see what he would do. The intimidated Jehu instantly pulled up. As the gipsy triumphantly drove past, the other asked, "What would you have done if I had not got out of the way?" "Why, you stupid fellow," replied the *morre*, with his shrewd grin, flourishing his whip, "in that case I should have made way for you."

Although uncultivated and ignorant, the *morre* is uncommonly cunning in business, and can scarcely be surpassed in inventing lies and subterfuges. Communistic propensities, as well as dislike to any regular occupation, are striking traits in his character; but more remarkable than all, is his decided aversion to stationary property, in which his race is a peculiar exception to the rest of mankind.

His idea of God is connected with fear, for, as he says, God takes away his dearest possession—his life. Of a continuation of our existence in a happier state he has no conception. "When my *dade*—father—died," he remarks, "he laid motionless; he no longer cared for his *purdés*—children—and, although we offered him the best part of a beef, his favorite dish, still he would not eat. Now, if the smell of fine roast meat would not awake him, so much the more improbable is it that he will wake up in a Christian paradise, where they have nothing to afford pleasure to a gipsy." Nor does he ever trouble his mind with religious scruples; and to the forms of worship he is quite indifferent, becoming Catholic, when dwelling in a Catholic community, with the same unconcern that he turns Protestant or Mohammedan, when induced to do so by fear or profit. To this ready compliance it may be attributed that in Hungary no gipsy has ever suffered persecution on account of his faith.

For obvious reasons, the gipsy has a great objection to be watched in his proceedings, and therefore always pitches his tent, or, if he is likely to remain for some time in one place, builds his hut, at a distance from the towns and villages. The huts are partly dug into the earth and thatched with turf, leaving a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape. The contents of this miserable dwelling consist solely of a couple of violins and the implements for forging; and yet, as soon as the fire is kindled, and the kettle hung over it, the gipsy, with his *gast*—helpmate—and *purdés*, feels perfectly comfortable. There the *morre* passes a part of his life in sleeping and smoking, exposed to want and the inclemency of the weather, but bearing his misery with such a cheerful spirit, that he may truly be called a Diogenes, though without his lantern, as he searches not for men but for their goods, and in looking after the latter he needs no light. A *morre* was once found sitting on the banks of the Theiss, supping the water from the river with a spoon. On being asked what he was about, he gravely replied, "I am eating fish soup." "Well, but where are the fish?" "In the river," was the rejoinder. Another went into the market to buy something to satisfy his appetite, which was just then larger than his means. He therefore tried to get the cheapest and the greatest quantity of eatables for his money. After long search, he purchased

a large bunch of horseradishes, and began greedily to chew the pungent roots. Tears soon streamed from his eyes upon the unpalatable food, but still he went on appeasing his hunger, only remarking to his eyes, "Weep on, ———, it was all your fault; why did you not look better after what you purchased?"

The gipsy's food consists chiefly of meat and bread; the latter his wife prepares in the eastern fashion, in flat cakes, baked in red-hot ashes. All animals, except horses, which have died a natural death, are considered dainties. "What is destroyed by God," he says, "is better than that killed by men." Cattle destroyed by fire he prefers to all. As the vultures scent the presence of a carcass, so instinctively does the gipsy discover in which village in the neighborhood an animal lies dead. Such an event is hailed with ecstasy by them. Young and old hasten to the spot, each endeavoring to save the largest share for himself. They then boil and roast the meat, and feast during several days; while the rest is smoked or dried in the sun, and then eaten without further preparation. Their usual beverage is water; and of spirits they give the preference to brandy. Both men and women are passionately fond of smoking, in the enjoyment of which they gladly renounce nourishment. The pipe is only removed from their mouths to make way for rolls of tobacco; and if no supply of this is at hand, they chew the other end of their pipe-tubes.

In their clothing they show the same disregard of decency and indifference to the changes of climate as in their other habits. The children are left to run about naked; the adults of both sexes are dressed in rags and tatters, and generally go with uncovered heads and bare feet. But their lively dispositions make up for all their privations. A gipsy, running across a field in the most piercing cold, having only an old net for a covering, when asked if he were not almost frozen, poked a finger through his airy garment, and although shivering, replied with perfect good temper —"O dear no, but I think it must be mighty chilly outside." Another, strolling through a village on a rainy day, in a pair of torn boots, was accosted by a passer-by, who suggested that his boots were much too bad for such weather; "You are mistaken, sir," the *morre* said proudly, "it is the weather that is too bad for my boots." The want of food and other commodities of life has no influence on the gipsy's health. As children, they learn to endure every sort of privation and neglect, and thus become hardened against illness. Cripples are seldom seen among them; they are generally blessed with sound limbs and muscular frames.

An extraordinary attachment to life renders the gipsy timid; his cowardice is proverbial. As he possesses nothing but his life, he says he must preserve it by every means, and thus never resorts to suicide. Still, in illness, he does not seek medical aid; saffron, taken in soup, bleeding or cupping, being the only remedies he uses—the rest is left to nature. No Jew ever abhorred fire-arms more than the *morre* does; therefore his services as a soldier are of no value. In that capacity alone he loses his gayety, and becomes a misanthrope. His despair is graphically pictured in the following laconic letter, which a gipsy recruit sent to his mother. As he could not write, he requested a comrade to indite a letter for him. "Write to her," he said, "'woe,'—again, 'woe,'—and a third time, 'woe,' even to the soul of my grandmother! Not a word more—my mother will understand me perfectly."

History has only one fact on record, where the *morre*, musket in hand, faced the enemy. This happened in the middle of the seventeenth century, when a Hungarian commander, in want of better troops, intrusted the gipsies of Nagy-Ida, with the defense of an intrenchment near Kaphan. The affair, as usual with the gipsy, took a comic turn, but unfortunately terminated in a sad tragedy. On the commander's assuring the brown warriors that no enemy's balls would hit them in the front, they not only courageously met the attack, but repelled the Austrians after a fierce combat with great loss. On seeing them retreat, the *morres*, elated with victory, mounted the breastwork, calling out after them, "You stupid fellows, you are running away just as we had used up all our powder." The enemy on hearing this, and taking it for a fact, as it really was, returned again to the attack, and as the garrison had no ammunition, carried the intrenchment, putting the gipsies to the sword. Since that fatal day, whenever a *morre* speaks of a friend's misfortune, he exclaims, "It happened to him just as to our brothers of Nagy-Ida."

It is not to be denied that the gipsy is gifted with much natural talent, which, with a little goodwill and perseverance, might be turned to great advantage. His admirable genius for music, particularly on the violin, deserves the first mention. On being asked what he is, the *morre* replies, with a shrug, "I do n't know!" adding, in a dreamy way, "ask my violin!" And he is right. As soon as he begins playing his untaught melodies, the violin seems inspired with life, as though it really were a member of the doomed race and felt their misfortunes, telling of the long series of their ancient and present sufferings; and its plaintive tones are so touching, so melancholy, that the listener is imperceptibly overcome by deep sadness; but more so the performer. An unusual animation overspreads his countenance, his eyes flash, large tears roll down his hollow cheeks, and his fingers sweep more impetuously over the strings. The gentle complaint changes into a wild, warlike strain. It is a call to arms—a challenge for vengeance against his oppressors. The storm gradually melts into a cheerful melody. The victory is gained, the long-forgotten home is reconquered, and the air ends with a sudden shout of triumph. The bright vision is gone, and the musician passes his hand across his eyes to efface the last trace of his emotion. He is again the thoughtless and frivolous *morre*.

We seldom find a gipsy without a violin or hammer—his helpers in time of need. Both playing and forging he practices from his childhood; and no doubt his ability as a musician was one of the primary causes of his toleration in Hungary, its inhabitants being passionate lovers of music.

In his perpetual roving throughout that country the gipsy has completely caught the character of the national music. He acquires at the source the countless sweet and melancholy airs, composed and sung by the people, and plays them, without knowing a single note, with such animation and correctness, that he has acquired, as the national musician of Hungary, rank and superiority over all competitors. Whenever a particular air is called for, the gipsy only asks for the first few tones to be whistled or sung to him; during this he toys with the strings, then making a sign that he already knows his part, he plays it off with astonishing exactness, as if some invisible hand had held the notes before him;—and on this he prides himself not a little.

Besides the many small strolling bands of ragged *morres*, who gain a living by their art in towns, inns, at weddings, and at fairs, there are others, more respectable and numerous, who are kept in the pay of magnates and rich landed proprietors, and dwell in their castles, playing during dinner and on other occasions. These bands are clad in the Hungarian costume, and usually consist of twelve performers, namely, eight violins, two clarionets, one bassviol, and a cymbal.

The harvest-time of these musicians is winter, during which season most of the weddings among the people take place. Long before that period the gipsy enjoys in imagination the abundant meals and copious draughts which await him, as an important person at those festivals. It may fairly be stated, that his life, during two of the winter months, is a continual wedding feast. Certainly only the elastic constitution of gipsies could bear the unceasing uproar and want of rest to which they are then exposed; they, however, become so habituated to playing, that they can doze on their seats round the large ovens, without once losing time, or stopping in their performance. Such bands number three or four persons—not unfrequently a *dade* with his *purdés*.

As we have already remarked, the gipsy with his violin exercises great power over the feelings of his auditors. Of this he is well aware, for he often approaches one or other of them; and while giving the air a pathetic turn, that vibrates through every nerve, he asks, naively—"Do you not feel it?" The person thus addressed, who understands the implied challenge, and is in truth enraptured with the strains, rarely lets the musician go without ample remuneration.

In the ancient *Rákóczy*-march the gipsy displays the full force of his art. This martial air, a masterpiece of its kind, which the Hungarian can never listen to without enthusiasm mingled with sadness, was compiled more than two hundred years since from old popular war songs by a favorite gipsy-musician of Prince George Rákóczy, and since then has often inspired and accompanied that nation in its countless battles.

Among the brown composers many have acquired lasting celebrity in Hungary.

The names of Bihari, Bunkó, Boka, Martinovics, &c., are familiar in the mouths of the people; one of whom, Barna Mihály, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was made musical director to Cardinal Emeric Count Csáky, who had his portrait painted, and himself wrote beneath it—Magyar Orpheus, the Hungarian Orpheus.

When his violin is less in demand, that is to say, during the summer months, the gipsy takes to his hammer, and the brown Apollo is transformed to a sooty Vulcan. He is a skillful smith, particularly in horse-shoeing and manufacturing nails, knives, steels, &c., which alone would enable him to gain an ample livelihood, were he not apt to throw his hammer aside in the midst of his work, and lie down either to smoke or to sleep. He makes his fire on the ground, at which he plies his trade cross-legged, on anvils, often pieces of stone, assisted by his wife and children, who work the bellows. No sooner has he fashioned a part of the old iron he has collected or occasionally stolen into nails and other small goods, than each member of the family takes his portion and runs off with it to the village, where it is sold or bartered for bread, bacon, eggs, &c. He also engraves seals, mends kettles, and, when living in forests, makes wooden wares.

In several parts of the country he also washes gold found in the rivers. For this permission he pays eight shillings yearly to the treasury, and has to deliver up all the gold he collects at a stipulated price. The manipulation thereof is very simple. A board of limewood, three feet long by one broad, in which fifteen to twenty notches are cut, is used for washing the sand; the gold drops into the notches, and is then thoroughly cleansed in troughs filled with water. The boards are occasionally covered with flannel, the better to gather up the minute particles of the precious metal. At the time of the heavy rains in the mountains, when the rivers are swollen, the gold-washing is the most productive.

Pilfering is the innate, darling occupation of the *morre*. Wherever he goes or stays, or whatever he is about, he keeps a sharp eye upon everything he can carry off unobserved; and the shamefacedness with which he denies his deed is truly amazing. On one occasion, a gipsy, while in the presence of a nobleman, skillfully pocketed his watch, which was lying on the table. The owner, hearing a ticking at the gipsy's side, asked what the sound proceeded from? Whereon the thief replied, with perfect self-possession, "From my spurs;" although he was barefooted. A *morre*, sent to prison for horse-stealing, when asked what he had to say in his defense, replied, with an air of injured dignity,—"I did not steal the horse, the horse stole me. As I was walking through a hollow-way, I saw a horse lying across the path. Owing to the steep slopes of the ravine I could not get out of his way, without coming in contact with him, and I thought to myself, if I pass by his head he will bite me; if by his tail he will kick; so I decided to step over him: at the very moment I did so, the wild animal sprung upon his legs and ran off with me, in spite of all my efforts to stop him."

As the *morre* loves his ease better than work, he often remains in his hut sleeping, and dispatches his wife and children in quest of provisions. The hungry foragers sally forth to one of the neighboring villages either to beg, tell fortunes, or sell their small wares; and while the mother occupies the attention of the inhabitants by her volubility, the *purdes* prowl about and steal whatever comes within their reach.

When telling fortunes—a monopoly of the women—they offer amulets of leaven with curious hieroglyphics and charmed knots for sale, which are to bring certain luck to the possessor in gambling, love, and such-like hazardous affairs. When begging, they sing and dance, making diverse comic gestures, between-times throwing somersets and poising themselves upon their heads.

Other branches of their industry consist in the discovery of stolen goods and in doctoring cattle. In the first instance, it is readily to be conceived that the gipsy, who is perhaps himself the thief, or, from his connection with all the thieves in the neighborhood is well-informed on such points, may, without the aid of the black-art, seem to possess a supernatural power in detecting the stolen property. When called upon for help, on such occasions, by the party who has been robbed, he assumes an air of mystery, offering his aid for a due reward to be paid in advance. The oracle then usually appoints a meeting on the third day, at some lonely place, for the restoration of the missing property, which is of course forthcoming, and the possessor loudly extols the gipsy's power.

The cure of cows rejecting their food is intrusted to the women, the simple owners little dreaming that they were the primary cause of the malady. The affair is conducted as follows:—A gipsy-woman, acquainted, or even in league, with the herdsman of a drove, repairs to the pasturage where the cattle are grazing, and rubs the mouth of one of the cows with tallow, the poor animal thus becoming disgusted with every kind of food. No sooner has the farmer remarked this, than he sends for the wise gipsy-woman, who, after remaining a short time in the stable with the cow, charms away its ailment, which consists simply in carefully wiping off the tallow from its mouth. The animal greedily takes its food again, and the gipsy walks off with the reward of her double-dealing.

There is perhaps no business within the reach of a *morre* which better suits his shrewd nature than that of horse-dealing, which opens for him a field in stealing as well as in cheating. His artifices in changing the appearance of a stolen horse, and in metamorphosing an old hack into a magnificent charger, are numberless. Whoever buys a horse from a gipsy, however cheap, may be sure that, in one respect or another, he has been imposed upon.

The social life of this outlawed race bears the impress of great moral depravity. Under a tent, or in a narrow hut, containing one single room, the whole family live, however numerous, without any furniture, even without a bed. In the middle of this room, a fire, their never-failing companion, burns alike in winter and summer, over which hangs the large soup-kettle on two forked sticks. Into it they throw pell-mell all the eatables they procure during the day, consisting of the most curious medley of gipsy dainties—from a rotten egg to a dead cat.

As soon as the boy gnters manhood, he himself seeks for a companion among the swarthy beauties of his tribe, and after a short courtship makes his proposals to the object of his choice, the consent of parents being not much cared for by either of the parties.

On the wedding-day, the bridegroom and bride don their best apparel—that of the former consisting of a hussar-cloak, probably older than himself, of a red or green color, furred and braided, and on which, if the owner be wealthy, glitter large zinc or silver buttons. The bride wears a red petticoat of many folds, and a white shirt with short, full sleeves, her hair and neck adorned with copper coins. If they are not compelled to go to church, the matrimonial ceremony is performed in a hut by the *vajda*, or the oldest *dade* in the band, the bridegroom pledging his faith in the following manner:—"I take thee for my hut-companion as long as thou canst carry the *szatyor*"—a sort of basket—that is to say, till death, for a gipsy-woman is never without her *szatyor*, in which she collects all the odds and ends she picks up during her rambles. Then comes feasting and dancing, in which each member of the tribe shares. On the third day the merry-making terminates, and the newly-wedded couple build a hut, procure the implements for forging, and commence their domestic life, with all its piquant dayly occurrences of begging, pilfering, idling, &c. The *ménage* is regarded incomplete until an old jade, and, under very favorable circumstances, even a cart, is procured for the transport of the *purdés* and utensils.

The parents never omit to have their children baptized, repeating the ceremony, no matter whether Catholic or Protestant, as often as they, in their roving, arrive at a fresh village. This they do in order to extort rich baptismal gifts, with which the children are usually presented by their god-parents, who are chosen from the wealthiest and most zealous inhabitants; but, notwithstanding the administration of all forms of Christian baptism, the brown progeny remain as much heathen as their unbaptized ancestors. A gipsy-mother rubs the body of her baby with an ointment, to give it a swarthy complexion; the little one is then exposed to the sun, or placed before the fire, to complete the darkening process. The parents are much attached to their children, and infanticide is unknown among them. Whenever the authorities want to compel a gipsy to confess some misdeed or other, they have only to carry off his *purdés*, and they are sure to gain their point.

In removing from place to place—which they do without regret—without casting back one sad farewell glance—they always destroy their huts, that when they leave all traces may disappear with them.

The migration and the encampment of

those nomades called "Wallachian gipsies," who are allowed to remain only for three days within the landmark of a village, afford many an enlivening and peculiar scene. The procession, often consisting of ten to fifteen families, is headed by the old *vajda* on horseback, followed by horses laden with every sort of chattel, and accompanied by the men on foot, tall, robust fellows, clad in dirty shirts and drawers, the head and feet bare, each carrying a bundle, and vociferating in a most animated manner. Then come the carts, covered with tarpaulin, and dragged at a slow pace by worn-out hacks. From each of the vehicles a dozen *purdés* peep forth with their little glistening eyes, one singing, another crying; some wrestling, or trying to play on different instruments; others conversing with their mothers, who walk by the side of the carts, generally leading a *purdé* in either hand, most of them having also babies on their backs. On arriving at the banks of a river, near a village, the caravan stops, and for several moments a noisy, bustling scene ensues, until each family has found the spot best fitted for their tents. Hereupon, as on a given sign, the whole tribe swarm like locusts into the village, where, in defiance of locked doors and savage dogs, every house is compelled to contribute to their wants. Toward evening, they again assemble in the camp, preparing and consuming their spoil, amid jests and merriment. Wherever these ravenous guests make their appearance, the inhabitants of the village surround their camp with sentinels; yet, notwithstanding their precaution and vigilance, the predatory gang commits merciless ravages among the poultry.

The gipsy despises all possessions he cannot carry along with him. For silver utensils, particularly goblets, he has a great fancy; and in general every family has a piece of plate, an inheritance from father to son, which during the march is hung in a knapsack round the *dade's* neck, and in the hut buried under the fire-place, to save it from being stolen.

At the demise of a member, the whole tribe weeps and howls round the corpse, while the most skilled *dades* try to restore animation. After vain attempts the *vajda* exclaims, "He is gone!" Whereupon the corpse is committed, without any ceremony, to some lonely and quiet grave, and, after momentary mourning, the survivors continue their thoughtless existence.

There are about forty thousand gipsies in Hungary; but they appear to be more numerous, from their incessant wandering over the country. Their numbers, however, yearly decrease, owing to their receding before the tide of advancing civilization; and they would probably become soon extinct, if new bands did not immigrate from time to time from the East.

HUNTING THE HYENA IN ALGIERS.

THE Arabs have a most singular way of catching hyenas. We find the following account credited to the Paris *Constitutionnel*, the editor of which obtained it in a letter from a French officer in Algiers. "A short time since the commandant of the battalion of Turcos, or native soldiers, was informed that a female hyena had been seen in the neighborhood of Mostaganem, near Mazagran, and that she had taken refuge in a cave about one hundred yards in depth. Orders were immediately given to carefully guard the entrance to the cave. Two Turcos, provided with a simple cord and a small chain, went into the cave, without weapons, and merely carrying a candle, and in about an hour, to the great astonishment of the spectators, an enormous hyena appeared, muzzled, and allowing itself to be led along with the docility of a sheep. According to the account given by the Arabs, the animal, dazzled by the light of the candle, allows itself to be handled and caressed like a young dog, and during this time the hunter takes care to muzzle it, and thus prevents the possibility of its doing any mischief. Two soldiers were, however, two days after, seriously wounded by one of these animals, which suddenly resumed its ferocity, and, after biting through its muzzle, and knocking down its two assailants, took to flight. It is hardly possible for anything to equal the courage and temerity shown by the natives in these sports."

OLD AGE.—Winter, which strikes the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed, says Jean Paul; and so does old age rob us of our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.

THOMAS COLE.*

FIVE or six years have now elapsed since the death of Thomas Cole, during which time the public, or that portion of it who are interested in such matters, have been on the look-out for some biography of him. Hints were from time to time thrown out, that one of his friends was engaged in such an undertaking; and it has proved true in the main, for here at last we have it in a handsome 12mo. volume of four hundred and odd pages. It is not exactly what we could have wished in some respects—for instance, in the way of criticism on his pictures; but we welcome it nevertheless, and commend it to all the admirers of Cole. It bears evidence of having been made up from authentic memoranda; at least half of it consists of extracts from Cole's own letters, and takes a fair and truthful view of a really beautiful character. Differing from the editor in our criticism, we condense from his book the following sketch of Cole's life:—

Thomas Cole was born at Bolton-le-moor, Lancashire, England, on the 1st of February, 1801. His father, a woolen manufacturer of that place, who was better fitted to spend a fortune than to make one, eventually failed in business, and removed with his family to Chorley, a town in the same county. In his ninth year, Thomas was sent to school at Chester, where he suffered severely from poor fare, harsh discipline, and sickness. When the time came for him to leave school and begin the busi-

* "The Course of Empire, Voyage of Life, and other Pictures of Thomas Cole," by Louis L. Noble. New-York: Cornish, Lamport & Co., 1853.

ness of life, he entered a print-works at Chorley as an engraver of designs for calico. His father wished to apprentice him to an attorney, or to an iron manufacturer; but that something, which is the germ of what we call genius, led him to prefer calico engraving, and the designs and colors with which it familiarized him were more charming in his eyes than a thousand Cokes upon Lyttleton, or the ringing of innumerable hammers and anvils. The boys that were learning their trades with him were uncongenial, and his work was hard and confining; he had occasional intervals of leisure, however, and was quite happy in them. Even then he had a taste for landscape, which was fed by the park scenery and the ivy-mantled walls in the vicinity. He was a musician, too, and might be seen with his flute wandering in search of the picturesque; now alone, if a dreaming child can ever be said to be alone, and now in company with his youngest sister, who sang old songs, while he played the accompaniment on his flute, as they picked their way through the woods.

He was fond of reading books of travel, especially those in foreign countries, and none, it is said, made so lively an impression on him as one which set forth in glowing language the natural beauties of North America; the broad lakes, and shining rivers, particularly the Ohio. The flowery plains and lofty mountains kindled his enthusiasm; he dreamed of them, talked of them, longed to cross the ocean to behold them; and his eloquence is said to have influenced his father in his determination to emigrate to America, which he at length did, in the spring of 1819.

The family arrived in Philadelphia on the 3d of July of that year, and the elder Cole rented a house and shop, and opened in the drygoods line with a small stock which he had brought over from the old country. The drygoods business was no more to the liking of Thomas than the law, or the manufacturing of iron; so he turned his attention to his old trade, and presently found employment with a wood engraver. Instead of working in the shop as he had done in England, he was permitted to take the blocks home, and work on them there. This, though less to his profit, was more to his liking, for he could now be surrounded all day with the sounds of home; could hear the footsteps of his mother, the voices and music of his sisters: occasionally he could join them with his flute, (be sure he did not fail to bring that to the new world with him,) and sometimes with his voice, trembling with sensibility and genius. And when the hour of recreation came, he could walk with them around the woody squares of the city, or through the green pastures on the banks of the Delaware and Schuylkill.

In this manner passed the summer and a portion of the autumn, when his father, becoming dissatisfied with his prospects in Philadelphia, set out for the west in hopes of being able to do better there. Thomas remained behind and diligently pursued his occupation, working on a series of illustrations for Bunyan's *Holy War*. In the course of the fall a law student came to board in the family with whom he lodged, and was his room-mate. Through the day they sat in their chamber together, the one engaged in scratching his blocks, the other in poring over the mysteries of Blackstone for the benefit of the blockheads. The student's health was bad: so he and Cole made up a short trip to the south, sailing for St. Eustatia in the beginning of January, 1820. The brig in which they sailed was boarded by pirates one night; but as it was not the one they were after, they merely drank up some of the superfluous liquor on board, frightened the crew and passengers handsomely all round, and departed.

Cole was charmed with St. Eustatia. In England he had seen only cultivated landscapes, shaven parks and lawns, and old ivied halls; in Philadelphia only the squares scattered through the city, or at most its suburban outskirts: but here he stood face to face with nature, in her most beautiful and untamed realms. Overhead the deep blue sky, now furrowed with snowy clouds, and now transfigured with sunsets and studded with stars; and underfoot, seas of flowers and vines. Along the horizon stretched the belted forests, and rose the jagged mountain peaks; the sea breaking at the feet of the cliffs, and the seamew screaming in the waves. Everything was tropical and of an exuberant richness. Among his many excursions, there was one to the summit of a mountain; he started at daybreak alone, and returned late in the evening broken down with fatigue. In his leisure moments he busied himself in sketching the island, and drew some heads in crayon, which were among his first artistic efforts. In

May he returned to Philadelphia, and from thence, with a companion, proceeded to Steubenville, where his father's family were now residing, performing the greater part of the journey on foot. Rising at daybreak, they jogged merrily along, talking, singing, and playing on the flute; when noon came they took their scanty dinner, and perhaps a short siesta, under the wayside trees; and at night put up at some cheap tavern, or hospitable-looking farmhouse. When they wished to be particularly merry of a morning, they broke the oiled paper windows of some of the houses, by thrusting their heads through, and bade the startled inmates a glad "Good Morning!" It was probably from this journey that Cole acquired his habit of pedestrian traveling.

For the next two years, in many respects the most important in his life, he resided with his father at Steubenville, helping him in his business, (he had a little manufactory of paper hangings,) and helping himself in the vocation he was soon called to fill. From the first he had desired loneliness and beautiful scenery, and here they both were, bathed in the light of his dreams. The dreams of his boyish years were more than surpassed; the ideal of the Old World was outdone by the reality of the New. About this time a portrait painter, named Stein, arrived in the village, and Cole became his friend; his pictures and conversation, and above all a treatise on painting which he lent him, determined Cole to become an artist. "I too am a painter," said his young ambition. He had already acquired some knowledge of, and facility in drawing; the sketching in childhood of the pictures of the old family clock, and the figures on the china dishes, the subsequent copying of engravings, and the occasional sketching of heads, together with the designs which he had cut while working at his trade, all combined to feed and strengthen his early predilection for art. Nothing now was wanting but the materials to work with. He made his own brushes, and obtained his paint from a neighboring chair-maker, for whom he occasionally worked. Of a piece with this was his pallet, canvas, and easel. His first efforts were landscapes, partly drawn from fancy and partly from recollection. One of them attracted the attention of a gentleman of the town, an amateur artist, and he invited him to look at his own pictures, gave him some good advice, and, what he needed much more, a few pencils and colors. As no young painter ever yet succeeded in maintaining himself at the start, by painting landscapes, it is no wonder that Cole failed, and took to the portrait line. Nor in the then state of the money market, (the phrase "provision" would perhaps be better than "money," since most of the currency consisted of this latter article, many of the banks having suspended payment:) in the then state of the times, we say, it is no wonder that even portrait-painting failed to remunerate him properly.

His first three sitters were his father, a friend of the family, and a little girl, all of whom were pronounced "like." With this encouragement, and a light heart in his bosom, he commenced his artistic life, just as he commenced his twenty-first year, by migrating in the winter of 1822 to St. Clairville, a town about thirty miles off. Away he started in the keen frosty morning, with his worldly goods and chattels in a green baize bag, and all his ready money in a small purse. Till noon all went capitally, the air was so sharp and bracing; but then he found a fine "opening" for a young man of his condition in a frozen stream which he had to cross: breaking the ice with one hand, and holding his green baize bag, high and dry, with the other, he managed to reach the farther side, and climb the bank. Two miles farther brought him to Mount Pleasant, where he found a kind inn-keeper, who supplied him with dry clothing and a bed for the night.

The next morning he arrived at his place of destination, and prepared to astonish the natives by painting their portraits. A German artist had preceded him, and filled nearly all the orders there: he felt himself as good as the German, however, and determined to compete with him. Presently a saddler gave him a job, and sat to him five whole days, much to his own satisfaction, and that of the oracle of the town, an old man who knew the world, being once in Philadelphia! From the saddler he received a saddle. His next two customers were an ugly-looking militia officer, and a snug tradesman. Their united contributions were an old silver watch (real) and a gold chain and key, which eventually turned out pinchbeck. He was also called upon to retouch the works of his German rival, for which he received one dollar in hard money, and a

pair of shoes! His ancient friend the flute was not forgotten; he played upon it at odd intervals, and it introduced him into the first society in the town, and into a country singing-school, of which he was elected an honorary member. In the spring he started for Zanesville to try his fortune there. His expenses amounted to all that he had made, and a bar-room scene into the bargain.

For three days (Zanesville was a hundred miles from St. Clairville) he journeyed on with his light purse and his green baize bag. That abominable German had been before him there; the tavern-keeper and his family were all newly painted: to encourage art, however, he intimated that Cole might paint him an historical picture for his board. He painted a portrait or two, made a few friends, among whom was another student at law, finished his historical picture, and prepared for another tramp. Mine host, however, would take nothing but the ready money; in default of the payment of which, he threatened him with a jail. The law student and one or two others became his security for the debt, which amounted to the small fortune of thirty-five dollars; and he shook the dust from his feet and departed from Zanesville.

Three days afterward he was in sight of Chillicothe. "Here," said he to himself, "here goes poor Tom, with only a sixpence in his pocket." The tears gushed to his eyes: he sat down on a fallen tree, and produced the faithful flute: his heart grew lighter while he played: he rose and took a bath in the Scioto, and in due time entered the town. He had two letters of introduction, which he delivered at once, saying to himself, "Tom, my boy! hold up your head, and look like Michael Angelo!" The hotel-keeper with whom he lodged, engaged him to paint his family; a few sat for their portraits, a few took lessons in drawing, and he sold a picture or two; but affairs soon grew as bad as before. Not only had he no money to pay for washing his linen at last, but he had no linen to wash. But for the kindness of a young M. D. he would have left the town minus a shirt. Intelligence now reaching him of a proposed removal of the family to Pittsburgh, he started for home. At Zanesville he painted a moonlight scene for his friend the law-student, and, traveling at the rate of sixty miles a day, he at last arrived at home, with his goods and chattels in the same old green baize bag.

In the ensuing spring he removed with the family to Pittsburgh, where he remained till autumn, when he took a final leave of the west, and started for Philadelphia. His luggage consisted of one small trunk and a purse of six dollars: in lieu of an overcoat he wore a cloth cover, which his mother drew from the table, and threw over his shoulders, with her parting blessing. It was the month of November, 1823: the weather was cold and gloomy, and his fellow-traveler was a drunken wagoner: between both he had a pleasant time of it: his clothing was not sufficient to protect him from the mists and chills, and his morals were not flexible enough to allow him to be at home with his friend the wagoner, and the noisy tipplers whom they met in the bar-rooms of an evening. The annoyance of his travel was nothing to the suffering which awaited him in Philadelphia. He lodged with a poor family in the humblest quarter of the city: his room was an attic, without bed, fire, or furniture, save what was indispensable to paint with; a pallet and easel, and perhaps a broken chair: the table-cloth served him for a cloak by day and a quilt by night. An excess of cold, and a lack of good substantial food, gave him the inflammatory rheumatism. Driven to the wall by necessity, he somehow procured a stove; a model stove, that smoked abominably at the seams, and had no doors to the oven. From time to time he might have been seen, as Mr. James says, trying to warm himself over his mockery of a fire; now rubbing his benumbed hands over the smoky top, and now thrusting his limbs up to the body in the oven. Failing to warm himself in-doors, he sometimes diversified his attempts by going out, and running up and down an alley hard by, whipping his hands under his arms, and vigorously stamping his feet. Occasionally he grew a little down-hearted; but the old flute (that dear old flute!) revived him, and he worked away merrily, singing the old tunes. He painted a number of pictures, sketched from nature, and drew in the Academy. His subjects were mostly of a comic cast; so Hamlet jested with Polonius in the midst of his woes. Flemish pictures would sell in barbers' shops and oyster saloons, when high art,

landscapes, and so forth, would not have been taken as a gift.

A gentleman gave him a commission to paint a couple of landscapes for his parlor. Taking them home, he was accosted by an artist who wished to see them: when he showed them, the artist inquired who painted them. "I painted them myself," said Cole, timidly. "Indeed!" said the other; "and what do you ask for them?" "Eleven dollars." "Eleven dollars! is that all? Young man, you are doing wrong; you are lowering art; it is by no means their value." Cole walked on, pleased with the rebuke. "I, too, am a painter!"

Besides comic scenes and landscapes, he ornamented bellows, lamps, and Japan ware. Among many other disagreeable engagements was one to take a portrait after death. His easel, paints, and pallet, were removed to the solemn chamber: the friends of the dead man, desirous of having a good work, he bestowed uncommon pains on the drawing, and painted as fast and as fine as possible. Necessity compelling them to bury the corpse before the picture was done, he was obliged to finish it from memory. When it was done, it did not quite suit the loving relations; "it lacked the fine expression!" Cole was roused, a suit was instituted, and he recovered thirty dollars; little enough, in all conscience, for such a job.

Painting was not his only employment; from boyhood he had possessed a talent for writing verses, and it was now called into requisition. He wrote numberless poems, or what he thought such, mostly of a religious cast, and a tale called *Emma Moreton*, which was published in *The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*. The scene is laid in the West Indies, chiefly we believe in St. Eustatia, and may be regarded, romance excepted, as a reminiscence of his voyage there.

In April, 1825, Cole removed to New-York, where the family were then residing. For the first two years of his New-York life, his studio was in Greenwich-street, in the garret of his father's house. The room was so small that he could hardly retreat the necessary distance from his canvas; and so badly lighted, for it owned but the half of a small window, that it lay in a kind of twilight all day. His first pictures were placed for exhibition in the shop of an acquaintance: three of them were sold to one person for twenty-one dollars, and one to another for ten; the subject of the last is not known. Trifling as were the sums which they brought, Cole had no reason to be dissatisfied in the end, for they were the means of introducing him to the New-York public. Through the liberality of the gentleman who purchased the three pictures alluded to above, he was enabled to suspend for a while his labors at the easel, and to devote himself to drawing and painting from nature. The romantic cliffs of Weehawken, the blue sweep of the Hudson, and the distant Palisades, entranced him beyond measure; and not only at that time, when flushed with the warmth of a first love, but even till the day of his death. The mountains and rivers of Europe, which he soon after visited, failed to displace them from his memory.

Returning from this, his first proper artistic jaunt, he painted *A View of Fort Putnam*; a *View*, the locality not named; a *Lake with dead trees*; and *The Falls of Catterskill*. Three of them were purchased at twenty-five dollars apiece, by three prominent artists, Trumbull, Dunlap, and Durand. His unaffected simplicity and genius recommended him to them, and through their appreciation and kindness, the attention of the public was roused, and the way to success opened. He soon received abundant commissions, some from distant cities. "His fame," said Durand, "spread like fire." The ensuing winter found him painting for a would-be gentleman somewhere on the banks of the Hudson. Entrapped by fine promises, not one of which were ever redeemed, he sketched and painted for him, enduring all kinds of discomfort and mortification. His aim was art, "one and indivisible;" the gentleman's was to make his pictures an advertisement of the beauty of the country, where he probably owned a few lots which he wished to sell. Cole retained one of the many pictures which he painted for him, and returned to the city again. In the spring, it was the year 1826, he exhibited it at the first exhibition of the National Academy of Design, then newly formed. In the autumn he made another trip to the Cattskills; and the ensuing summer he took lodgings in the town of Cattskill, and fitted up a painting-room.

From pictures merely descriptive of nature, he passed to those which were poeti-

cally descriptive of himself, making natural scenery, as far as it was possible for him to do, a reflection of certain moods of mind. As we shall perhaps have something to say on this point by-and-by, we will not enlarge on it here. Among his pictures exhibited at the Academy of Design in 1828 was *The Garden of Eden* and *The Expulsion*. They were a long time in finding a purchaser, and the key-note of that censure, which afterward overwhelmed Cole from certain quarters, was then struck. In the following autumn he visited the mountains of New-Hampshire. During the winter he painted much and well; among his pictures was one of a New-Hampshire Mountain. "Your clouds, sir," said a visitor, "appear to move." "That," said the artist, "is the effect that I desire." In the spring of 1829 he prepared to visit Europe, heralded by the following sonnet, addressed to him by his friend Bryant:—

"Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies;
Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
A living image of thy native land,
Such as on thy own glorious canvas lies:
Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—
Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—
Skies where the desert eagle wheels and screams—
Spring blooms and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,
But different, everywhere the trace of men,
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen,
To where life shrinks in the fierce Alpine air.
Gaze on them till the tears shall dim thy sight,
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright!"

On the 1st of June he sailed for London, where he remained for nearly two years, painting and studying art. His sketches show how much he studied nature, and how little the picture-galleries. Of elaborate studies in the galleries, there is not in his collection a single specimen; a few minute but hasty sketches from Turner, and one or two others, and a copy of a pastoral by Wilson, was the sum-total of his indebtedness to English art. English landscapes, however, fascinated him; "Nothing," says he in his Notes, "nothing can be richer than the green of an English lawn." Among his English friends were Samuel Rogers, author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the distinguished painter. One or two of his pictures were exhibited in the British Gallery—in the most unfavorable positions of course—for who cared for a young and unknown American painter? His coloring, we have somewhere read, was severely criticised—so ignorant were the English of the warmth and richness of American scenery.

In May, 1831, he left London for Paris. He made a few notes on the Louvre, expressing his disgust at modern French art, sailed down the Rhone to Marseilles, from whence he proceeded to Florence, *via* Genoa and Leghorn. At Florence he lived in the same house with Greenough the sculptor, sketching, rambling, and playing on the flute, (that indispensable flute!) sketching, rambling, and playing on the flute again: such was the even tenor of his way in Florence. Among his Florentine pictures was *A Sunset on the Arno*, and *A Wild Scene*, never finished, originally designed for a gentleman of Baltimore. The Arno picture was exhibited at the Academy of St. Luke, and attracted the attention of the Grand Duke.

In February, 1832, he left Florence for Rome, traveling most of the way on foot. While in Rome he lodged on the Pincian Hill, and painted in a room which tradition has consecrated as the studio of Claude. His industry surprised the easy and lazy Italians; his landlady thought he worked like a crazy man. The galleries of Rome attracted him more than those of Paris and London. He did not at first feel the greatness of the master pieces of painting and sculpture; he waited for them to reveal themselves, and was not disappointed. It was an instinct with him to keep still till he felt that he comprehended his artist, "holding himself ignorant of his understanding, until he understood his ignorance." It was at Rome, sitting one sunset on a falling column, that he conceived his *Course of Empire*. After a residence of three months at Rome he visited Naples, where he conceived the idea of painting, on his return to America, a panorama of the bay and city. He made a few sketches of scenery; but the thick-headed authorities not permitting him to make drawings of the castle, he abandoned the undertaking. While residing at Naples he visited Pæstum, and painted a view of the ruins.

Returning to Florence, he painted in-

numerable pictures, surpassing in some respects all his previous ones. A large *View of the Claudian Aqueduct*, *A View in the Apennines*, *Il Arco di Nerone*, *A Small View near Tivoli*, *The Cascatelles of Tivoli*, *The Fountain of Egeria*, with several others, large and small, succeeded each other in the small space of three months. News of the cholera in New-York, and the illness of his parents, brought his labors to a close, and hastened his departure to America, where he arrived in November, 1832, after an absence of nearly three years and a half.

For some months after his arrival, Cole had rooms at the corner of Broadway and John-street. While there, he became acquainted with Mr. Luman Read, for whom he afterward painted *The Course of Empire*. His first commission was for an Italian landscape. During the winter he painted a large picture, *The Angels Appearing to the Shepherds*; it is now, we believe, in the Boston Athenæum. Early in October, 1836, *The Course of Empire* was finished, and shortly after exhibited by the consent of the family of Mr. Read, who died before the series was completed. In November of the same year Cole was married.

During the winter he painted four pictures, *A View on the Cattskill*, *An Autumnal Scene*, *A Small Landscape*, and a *View of Florence*, and received a number of profitable commissions; among others, one for two pictures, representing morning and evening, entitled *The Departure and Return*. In the winter of 1838 he received another commission, which resulted in two fine pictures, entitled *The Past and Present:* in the spring he painted his *Dream of Arcadia*. To his other accomplishments he added a knowledge of architecture: a specimen of his ability in this line is the State House of Ohio, now in the process of erection. Sketching, painting, with an occasional journey farther back into the country, (his home was at Cattskill,) formed the staple of his life for two or three years. In the summer of 1839, while on a sketching tour to the banks of the Genesee, he conceived the plan of his *Voyage of Life*, and reproduced in it, to some extent, the feeling of the landscape with which his spirit then held communion. The picture of a *Cascade on the Upper Waters of the Genesee* was painted from a sketch made on this tour. He now busied himself with the *Voyage of Life*, which was finished and exhibited in the autumn of 1840. About this time he produced *The Architect's Dream*, which was exhibited at the Academy of Design. Criticism was severe on the *Voyage of Life*, and the style of most of his then painted pictures: his reputation was declining with the public, his private patronage was lessened, and ill health was gradually undermining his constitution. There was a chance of his obtaining lucrative commissions in Europe; besides, he needed its warm and genial skies: so he determined to visit it again, which he accordingly did, sailing from New-York in the summer of 1841.

He passed through London and Paris, as on the former trip; through Neufchatel and Lyons; from Berne to the Lake of Geneva; and from thence to Rome, where he arrived in November. While at Rome he attended a party of the Prince Torlonia's, and one at the house of the French Ambassador; he also repainted the *Voyage of Life*, which had the good fortune to please Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor. Mr. Green, the then consul at Rome, describes the event in the following manner:—

"Cole was naturally anxious to have Thorwaldsen see the Voyage of Life, and I arranged the interview. At the appointed hour, ten in the morning, the old gentleman came. The four pictures were standing in a row, the first three completed, the last still wanting in some finishing touches; but all that was essential to the story was there. I never saw Cole so nervous as when Thorwaldsen opened the door. Common criticisms he did not mind, but this was an ordeal to shake even his practiced nerves. He walked directly to the first picture, and, taking the words from Cole's mouth, as he began his explanation, went through the whole story, reading it from the canvas as readily as if the trees and flowers had been words. When he came to the last scene, he paused and stood solemnly before it, musing on that cloud-veiled ocean, upon which he too was to sail so soon. Twice he returned to examine the other three, and twice returned to gaze again at the closing scene with the same deep expression of earnest sympathy. I hardly ever passed an hour with him after that day, but what he would bring in some allusion to Cole. 'When I had heard from him? What was he doing? A great artist! What beauty of conception! What an admirable arrangement of parts! What an accurate study of nature! What truth of detail!' I have often heard him speak of artists, friends and foes, the living and the dead, but never with such a glow of heart-felt enthusiasm as when he recalled his visit to the studio of Cole."

In April, 1842, Cole visited Sicily, calling at Palermo, Segeste, Selinunte, Agrigentum, and Syracuse. From Syracuse he proceeded to Mount Etna, which he ascended on the night of the ninth of May, arriving at the crater in time to witness the sunrise. The summer of 1842 found him at home again, with his health much improved.

Among the pictures painted by him at this time was a *View of Mount Etna at Sunrise*, painted for the American Art Union; a small *View of Torri di Schiave*, *Campagna di Roma*, *Ruins of Temples at Agrigentum*, *Temple of Segeste*, *Kenilworth Castle*, *Rubligh Mountain*, *Switzerland*, *Aqueducts*, and another *Campagna di Roma*. Then came *The Angels ministering to Christ in the Wilderness*. The ensuing fall and winter he exhibited a collection of his pictures in Boston and New-York. Not being able to obtain, as he had wished, *The Course of Empire*, he painted a *View of Mount Etna from Taermina*. Mr. Bryant calls it "a miracle of rapid and powerful execution." *The Mill at Sunset*, one of his finest landscape poems, was painted at this time.

In 1845 and 1846 he painted a number of pictures, large and small, several of which are among his finest landscapes. *Twilight on the Cattskill*, *The Cross in the Wilderness*, *The Mountain Ford*, *Campagna di Roma*, *Torri di Schiave*, *The Cattskill Mountain House*, *L'allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *The Picnic Party*, *Home in the Woods*, *The Hunter's Return*, *The Arch of Nero*, *A Sea View on the Coast of Maine*, *Elijah on Horeb*: such are the names of some of them. In 1847 and 1848 he was engaged on *The Pilgrims of the Cross*, *The Pilgrims of the World*, *The Good Shepherd*, and several small landscapes for the Art Unions of New-York and Cincinnati. During this season of sacred pictures he occasionally rested his mind, if we may be allowed the expression, on classic subjects, and painted his *Prometheus Vinctus*, *and Proserpine gathering Flowers in the Fields of Enna*. The last was left unfinished by him; an Italian pine, one of his most perfect and beautiful trees, was the last point on the picture upon which he worked.

On Saturday, the 5th of February, he laid his colors under the water, cleansed his pallet as usual, and left his studio, never to return to it again. Sunday he engaged in the services of the Church and partook of the communion. In the following night he was taken with a disease which terminated in an inflammation of the lungs. Early in the evening of Friday he felt the touch of death, and partook of the Lord's supper. At the close of the service, through all of which he went with a deep and pure devotion, he sank exhausted on his pillow, and said, "I want to be quiet!" These were his last words. At eight o'clock he expired, aged forty-seven years and a few days.

Such was the life and death of Thomas Cole; and it is by no means an uncommon one either in its struggles or final end. There is something very affecting, and at the same time very brave to our minds in the history of his early sufferings; they show him to have been a deep and sincere man, and a true genius. The sham would have given out long before the day of reward came; talent would have gone into some other business—into the law, or the iron line, or anything else that would have paid; but the true genius persevered, and would have done so till death, being "its own exceeding great reward." The latter years of his life are not very interesting to read about, being for the most part but a list of dates and events, the journeys that he made and the pictures he painted. We have recorded them, however, with fidelity, that the reader, while he fills them up to his own satisfaction, may have a proper base of facts, and an authentic catalogue of his works. As we do not at present intend to describe or analyze his pictures in detail, their names may prove suggestive; at any rate they show the extent of his genius, and the qualities which it was requisite they should possess to make them successful.

Whatever excellences Cole may have possessed in other branches of the profession, he was emphatically a landscape painter, and one of the finest that this country has produced, perhaps the finest. Of the merit of his landscapes, especially those which he painted when he first removed to New-York, there is no doubt, and was none from the start; they brought him fame at once. Their fidelity to nature was as evident as their beauty. This, however, was to have been expected from Cole; for nature was always the goddess of his idolatry. From boyhood he was enamored of her outward forms, and was a close student of her peculiarities. While others

were content to admire her at a distance, thinking in their ignorance that the distance was the enchantment, he pursued her into her obscurest haunts, and compelled her to disclose her secrets. He was always a careful and minute copier of nature. Even before he began his portrait excursion, when art was but a vague and undefined longing, we hear of his wandering on the banks of the Monongahela, and drawing the scenery there, from the leaves under his feet to the clouds over his head. Till within a few days of his death he pursued his sketching: he could not have existed without his sketch-book. "Why do not the younger landscape painters walk—walk alone, and endlessly?" said he to a friend, as they were one day walking from Glenn's Falls to Lake George, over which wild track he was a solitary pedestrian some twenty years before. "How I have walked, day after day, and all alone, to see if there was not something among the old things which was new." That searching for something new in nature—and it was his belief that there always *was* something new, among her infinite variety of forms—is the secret of his eminence in landscape.

"You say," said he in one of his letters, "that Mr. —— has failed in his compositions; perhaps the reason may easily be found—that he has painted from himself, instead of recurring to those scenes in nature, which, formerly, he imitated with such great success. It follows that the less he studies from nature, the further he departs from it, and loses the beautiful impress of which you speak with such justice and feeling. But a departure from nature is not a necessary consequence in the painting of compositions; on the contrary, the most lovely and perfect parts of nature may be brought together, and combined in a whole, that shall surpass in beauty and effect any picture painted from a single view. I believe with you that it is of the greatest importance for a painter always to have his mind upon nature, as the star by which he is to steer to excellence in his art. He who would paint compositions and not be false, must sit down amidst his sketches, make selections and combine them, and so have nature for every object that he paints."

Cole was excellent in his compositions, though he painted but few, and those at a late date. His first notable departure from public taste, and from the rules of art, if we understand them rightly, was when he began to make nature symbolical of himself, and to paint pictures that reflected his own mind. How far he succeeded or failed in his undertaking, we know not; it was but a hazardous one at best, and one in which no glory was to be obtained. To the really appreciative mind, (and to whom else does nature reveal herself?) or, in the words of Bryant—

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings with a mild
> And gentle sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness ere he is aware,"—

Nature, just as she is, is enough for a picture, for an infinity of pictures, even by a Claude or a Cole. Unadorned, she is adorned the most; she refuses to bear the weight of any man's thought, to wear the mantle of even genius, though it may be richer than the light of setting suns. God pronounced nature "good!" and who shall gainsay him? To the reflective mind, every landscape is a thought, every scene an embodyment of a mood; so that Cole's attempt, even had it been successful, would have been thrown away. It belongs to poetry, rather than to painting, to do what Cole attempted with nature. In many of his pictures he trenches on the peculiar vocation of the poet. What no painter could embody, and in fact nothing save the vague suggestions of poetry, he tried to paint. Painting, because it appeals to the eye more directly than does poetry, is more circumscribed, though in some respects more powerful in its effects upon the soul. Bryant, in a criticism on Cole's *Garden of Eden*, says:—

> "A single flower, or a group of several, may be very well managed by the artist; but when he attempts to portray an expanse of bloom, a whole landscape, or any large portion of it, overspread and colored by them, we feel the imperfection of the instruments he is obliged to use, and are disappointed by the want of vividness in the impression he strives to create. The *Eden* of Cole has great merits as a scene of tranquil beauty, but there was that in its design to which the power of the pencil was not adequate."

After Cole's return from Italy a change was visible in his style of painting and choice of subjects. The landscapes of the New World were those of nature alone; there was no human interest about them,

save what results from the gratification of taste and feeling: the forests were unpeopled, save by the shyest deer, the lakes without a sail, save that of some stray Indian, or wandering hunter. In Italy all this was changed; the landscape there was cultivated, and every wood, plain, and river redolent of historic associations. Nature there, grand and beautiful as she certainly is, to the eye of a dreamer and a poet like Cole, is inferior to man, to the human interest of the past, the historic figures for which she is a fitting background. To dwell upon these, upon man in connection with nature, upon *the moral of the scene*, was henceforth Cole's object in art. To this we owe *The Course of Empire*, and *The Voyage of Life*, and his growing fondness of allegory. For the last eight or nine years of his life, Cole was an allegoric painter alone; and his aim was to teach the world great truths through the medium of the pictorial art. His success was not what was looked for from a man of his genius; it was trivial in comparison with his early efforts; but just what might have been expected from the difficulties and impossibilities attending his undertaking. However men like Thorwalsden might understand *The Voyage of Life*, it was, and is, and will be "caviare to the general:" the mass of picture-lovers cannot follow out its design, without its being explained to them; the key which Cole prefixed to it was really necessary, which proves it to have been defective as a work of art. A true work of art always explains itself; just so far as it comes short of this requisition, it fails in an art point of view. As a landscape, simply, *The Voyage of Life* is beautiful; and it is as landscapes alone that most of Cole's allegories are entitled to consideration and fame.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE IMPRISONED MADIAI.

BY REV. GEORGE LOVERME.

Harshly on its iron hinges
Grates the prison door;
Dingy are the walls, and filthy
Is the stubborn floor;
Vapors, fetid stench of demons
Poison every breath;
Gloom, that words can ne'er translate
From the bony hand of death,
Snatches all that mortals fear,
Takes from life what mortals prize,
Shuts us, desolate and drear,
From the light of sunny skies.

Could the hand of Tuscan summer
Reach my Rosa dear,
One lone note of birds that warble
Fall upon her ear—
Blushing roses, lilies smiling,
Wet with holy dew,
Blend their sweets upon that forehead
Lusterless, of faded hue—
I could, like the Horeb rock
Smitten by the prophet's rod,
Drop the tear of resignation
Burning at the feet of God.

Murmur never, never murmur,
Martyr trials dare;
Shadows from the face of darkness
Swing in upper air;
Devils shriek, the night of sorrow
Quickly disappears;
Hope is with me in the dungeon,
Faith is planting all my tears;
Mountains rise where these are planted,
Fountains from their summits flow,
Pouring floods of light and gladness
On the famish'd world below!

Welcome, felon chain and fetter;
Tyrant power is strong;
Right may suffer for a season
By the hand of wrong:
But the pulse that raseth cities
Chain it if ye can.
Thus shall muzzled thought in triumph
Overthrow the Vatican:
When the moral earthquake heaveth,
Truth shall perch on freedom's dome;
Vipers creep, with vultures brooding
O'er the fallen towers of Rome!

Now the heart with warm emotion
Waits to learn thy will;
Do, or suffer in submission,
Thou art with me still.
In thy word is consolation
None can take away;
Love and mercy, just as ever,
Teach me for my foes to pray:
They may rob me of my treasure,
Take from me the *written word*,
But the soul is not excluded
From communion with its Lord!

Let the seed, Eternal Spirit,
In this prison sown,
Ripen, under smiles propitious;
Then in every zone
Scatter'd, bring forth fearless heroes,
Mighty in thy name,
Who shall guard religious freedom,
Like a wall of living flame!
This their mission, I will suffer
Just as seemeth good to thee,
"Do or die"—awake, Almighty,
And declare the *nations free*.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart: a gem in the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outer objects; a perpetual sun, imparting warmth, light and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

THE PREACHING REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

WE have discussed the defects of the modern pulpit—defects in both the subject matter and the critical form of the sermon—its slight contribution to our permanent literature—its lack of popular interest—its lack of moral power. Why is it so? is the question which remains to be answered.

We shall not attempt an elaborate reply, but submit only a few suggestions on the subject, detaining the reader with but one of them at present.

The pulpit fails to apply sufficiently to current events, and common life, the great evangelical principles which are its habitual themes. And herein, we think, will be found a chief reason of its lack of both popular interest and moral power. Our actual preaching presents two extremes in this respect, the "*Evangelistic*" and the "*Rationalistic*;" and, as usual, the right course will be found about midway between them.

The former incessantly repeats the great elementary truths of inward religion—repentance, faith, justification, regeneration, sanctification, &c. And these are, indeed, the real elements of power in Christian theology—the most legitimate themes of preaching. They should enter directly or indirectly into all preaching, and the desk where they are not familiar subjects is shorn of the distinctive strength and brightness of the pulpit. Our objection, then, is not to their habitual reiteration, but the want of a more *specific application* of the moral standard which they imply to *common life, and to the current events, and even the public questions of the day.* Cannot this pure and powerful "evangelism," now so continually exhibited in our stricter pulpits, and yet so almost exclusively applied to the Church altar, or the vestry meeting, the closet, or the inward life of the individual,—can it not be brought out more into the arena of ordinary life, and its sanctifying power be made to reach all interests of men? That is the question.

And that is the grandest question that we think can be put to the Christian world in this day. Most certainly the metaphysical, the dogmatical, and (if we may use the word) the strategetical managements heretofore not uncommon to the Church, are soon to be obsolete. Their day is fast departing, and God speed it! Evangelism, as contrasted with "Ecclesiasticism," is hereafter to be the true form of the kingdom of God on earth, as it was during the first century and a half. The pulpit should be aware of the fact, and hail it with welcomes. While by the application of the great vital truths above mentioned, it aims at the cure of individual souls as its immediate end, it should also demand a still larger sway for them; it should insist that they are applicable to all the external life of the times, as well as to the "interior life" of individual Christians—are the tests of all moral questions, public as well as private—that, in fine, the essential "spirituality" of the Christian religion is its only law for all human conduct.

Is it not the capital defect of the Church of our times, that it admits a distinction between its ethics and its spiritual life,—contracting the latter (with the idea that it is "enshrining" it) to its own altar, or to private life, and seeming to allow the former to be alone applicable to the exterior, or common life. And is not this the reason that saintship, not obscure at our altars or in our vestries, is so undistinguishable in the mart, or on 'change, or even in ordinary social life?

This defect comes of our defective preaching. Our more evangelic pulpit is forever reiterating the elementary truths referred to,—it defines them, and urges them; but fails in the largeness of their application. Religion, primarily a personal matter, becomes exclusively so. The religious life of the individual is defined off into a sanctification that pertains too much to the Sunday pew, or the vestry meeting, the closet, or even the moral pathology of his secret emotions.

And hence it is that our congregations sleep so soundly under what is called orthodox preaching. They know, when the subject is announced, what the tenor of the discourse will be; its spiritualizations or etherializations have become commonplaces to most of them.

And hence, also, is it, that the preaching of these high and holy truths have so little practical effect beyond the mere personal limits described. Men believed to be sincerely devoted to their Church and closet duties, mingle almost undistinguishably with the godless multitude, in those habits of business, those stratagems (not to use

a worse word) of political party, and customs of social life, which these great truths, rightly applied, would annihilate.

And hence, also, comes that astonishing anomaly, that, during periods when these vital truths have been thoroughly exhibited, in their mere personal applications, great public evils, no more reconcilable with them than light with darkness—such as war, intemperance, the slave-trade, &c.—have nevertheless prevailed, and been scarcely questioned. But when we drag these subjects forth into the light of our Christian altars, how do they start up into gigantic apparitions of immorality, to be denounced and thundered down by the oracles of our God?

Let then the "evangelical" pulpit ever hold up, with a high and energetic hand, these great lights of truth; but not to shed their quickening illumination merely within the surrounding altar or the individual soul, but out, far out upon all life. Let it affirm that "holiness to the Lord" is the only morality it recognizes, because the only morality promulgated from the Ruler of the universe—that "holiness to the Lord" is not an admonition merely for the altar or the closet, but for the place of business, the political canvass, the public office, the social company, the deck of commerce, and (if so startling a thought is admissible) the field of battle, for if men cannot be holy in fighting they ought not to fight. Let it apply its "*evangelism*" to these and all other practical topics. What then would be its moral power? What then the variety and freshness of its themes, and the interest with which the now sleeping multitudes would look for its discussions?

What may be called the *Rationalistic pulpit* among us, errs in the opposite extreme. In its fear of being too theological it has become almost purely didactic. It delights in ethical and often in even esthetical themes. We give it credit for many accomplishments; it is polished and scholarly, and of a very beneficent tone, and hitherto of remarkably unsullied moral character; but what is its moral power, especially over the masses? And can we even conceive of its ever wielding a moral power which can reach the great stout heart of our common depraved humanity or startle the common conscience? By its Rationalistic views of divine retribution, it has abandoned the power "to persuade men" by "the terrors of the Lord;" and by divesting Christ and his missions of their highest significance, it has lost the chief argument of the "goodness of God," which "should lead men to repentance." It has broken away, very happily, from the old homiletic technicalities of the sermon; but its prelections have generally become mere "essays" on the moralities of life. Some of them are commendably, some even heroically bold in their application of the Christian ethics to public questions; but the great elements of life and power in Christianity are wanting, and they "fight as one that beateth the air." Channing, Worcester, Greenwood, Dewey, Bellows, Osgood, Chapin, and their associates, have given us some of the most beautiful and also some of the most conclusive elucidations of Christian morals ever written, and Parker and his class, with all their heresies, wage heroic war against some public vices; but have they ever routed the enemy or shaken one of his positions? Do their Rationalistic dissertations ever break up the great deep of the hearts of hardened men? Do you ever hear of even an individual conscience powerfully awakened by them, of a libertine reclaimed, of an infidel blasphemer convinced, and made to smite upon his breast and cry out, God be merciful to me a sinner? It would, indeed, be singular if these, or even less direct means, did not have some moral effect; for a temperance speech may reclaim a drunkard from his one bad habit, but do ever individual cases of moral *renovation*—of change from vice or even indifference to profound penitence and to an earnest consecrated life—occur under this partial exhibition of the truth? The question is not whether devout men coming under such a ministration through accident, speculative error, or otherwise, may not continue devout—that is not a relevant point here—but is it a ministration of "salvation," of moral recovery to the lost, even in individual cases? And as to its public influence, was there *ever* a case known in which the attention of a vicious or heedless community was powerfully arrested and impressed by its influence as has been the fact not merely under the ministry of great leaders of the Evangelical school—Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards, and Davies—but is commonly the case in most towns and villages in which are found Evangelical Churches,

however humble? Can it be said of these "Rationalistic" prelections, without a feeling of the almost ludicrous inaptness of the language, that they are "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," that they are that "word of God" which "is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart?" And can any thoughtful man suppose, for a moment, that such a ministration of Christianity is the one ordained from Heaven to beat back and finally overthrow the terrible energies of moral evil in our world?

No, no; it has some of the appliances of the truth, but not their central energy. "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself" is the fact in which inheres that central energy. It is not a mere sentiment of "evangelistic" fervor, but the highest dictate of a right "Rationalism" that subordinates all the ethical claims of Christianity to a personal and renovating faith in Christ himself, uniting the soul to him as the ingrafted branch to the vine—loving him because he first loved us—receiving his adorable name with those of the Father and the Spirit in baptism—meeting him in our Christian assemblies of even "two or three"—praying to him as did the dying Stephen—"worshiping him" with "all the angels" who themselves were made by him—trusting in him as "our wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," and refusing every other name given among men as the title of salvation. Christ, the creator, by whom "all things were made," and yet the sufferer who "bore our sins"—the great *teacher*, but the greater *redeemer*—Christ in Gethsemane and in the highest heaven—Christ on the cross and on the throne of the universe—Christ paramount over all things in heaven or earth, to the trusting and adoring affection of the renewed heart—this is the foundation and the culmination of all Christian truth. What is Christianity without Him but a mockery? A mockery of our weakness and despair would it be, indeed, were it not for this its characteristic doctrine, with its accompanying supernaturalism of faith and grace; for in that case, the very purity of its ethical system would become its most formidable difficulty. Of the mere morals of Christianity can be affirmed what cannot be said of any heathen or infidel ethical system—that they are, of themselves, impracticable. The sermon on the mount is above the capability of human nature—it is a mockery, we repeat, of our weakness,—if those doctrines of grace which are distinctive of the Evangelical school and inseparable from the Messianic office, are not recognized as its essential conditions. The Scripture sentiment expresses a deep fact in the philosophy of our spiritual nature,—"Without me ye can do nothing. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

What then is the true preaching of Christianity? Not that which deals only in the moral lessons of the Great Teacher on the one hand; nor that, on the other, which treats forever of the special graces of the Spirit, the "gifts" procured by him for men. Not that which sends the inquirer with Nicodemus to Jesus by night to learn of the inward regeneration, and then to be scarcely distinguishable on the morrow among his unbelieving associates; but that which, sending him thither, sends him ever after a renewed man, along with the apostolic band, in the footsteps of Jesus; which never forgetting Christ on Calvary, forgets him not also on the mountain side, repealing traditional lies and teaching the lowliest charities—at the wedding of Cana consecrating harmless festivity—amid the people overwhelming their hypocritical teachers with the most terrific denunciation ever recorded (Matthew xxiii)—in the temple, scourge in hand overturning the tables of the money changers—in the field, feeding the hungry multitude, not only with the bread of life, but with "food convenient for them"—on the public road, not fearing, at the fitting time, to denounce the godless sovereign of the land in terms even of indignant satire.

Such was Christ as teacher and Saviour, and such is the true application of Christianity to the world.

The man whose ministry gives it such an application will never lack hearers: he will be interesting; he will be powerful; he will keep the minds and consciences of men astir; he will have both friends and enemies; and both will alike sustain in him the consciousness that he is not living in vain.

First, then, to deal more with *current*

interests and questions in the pulpit; and, secondly, to apply to them not merely *the didactics, but the highest forms of evangelical truth*, are what the preaching of our day needs, to give it at once popular interest and power. We do not say that this is not done in instances—as in the case of Chalmers, who applied his noble evangelism not only to "mercantile life," but to science itself, as in his Astronomical Discourses—but we do say, that it is not generally characteristic of our modern preaching. And the pulpit has not only technicalized its discourses into dry homiletic forms, but also to a great extent circumscribed itself within a professional area of thought, into which the people venture once a week with, it is to be feared, less interest than they have for any other discussions, or any other public assemblies.

But would such latitude be allowed the pulpit? Most certainly it would, and it would secure it indefinitely more respect, as well as interest and power. We believe the restrictions on the pulpit are mostly self-imposed—it has but to lay them aside to find the people speedily recognizing its right to discuss all subjects to which Christian truth has any relations. It would be subject to animadversions, to be sure, and so is the press; it would produce agitations, but these even it ought, to a certain extent, to covet, as its right and advantage; yet very soon would its appropriate freedom be conceded, and the people, instead of resorting to it to slumber over moral common-places, or spiritual generalities, would crowd to it with all their varieties of opinion, to hear with respect, if not with full concession, the matured opinions of the men whom they sustain for the purpose of the more thorough study of truth, and who, by their professional isolation and sacred character, are placed beyond the sordid personal motives which affect its discussion in secular life. More freedom, we were about to say more frankness, on the part of the clergy would, we believe, be quickly understood and approved by the popular mind, especially in this country. We are not without individual proofs of the fact: where is there a man of true earnestness, who has taken the stand we have recommended, and who has not gained by it—gained in the number of his hearers, and the whole effectiveness of his ministrations?

Of course we presuppose here all those counsels respecting "good sense," "moderation," "discretion," &c.,—the convenient common-places of "wisdom,"—with which a certain class of minds would have us round-off a discussion like the present. Unfortunately the danger seldom lies in the direction suspected by such caution-mongers—most of the personal interests of the preacher will incline him otherwise. His office, too, and his professional tastes, are well adapted to produce habits of consideration and prudence—and the man who is not qualified to use in the pulpit aright the freedom we have recommended, has no right to be there.

We have been the more emphatic in urging these views upon the "Evangelical ministry," so called, because it is unquestionably the policy of the Rationalism and infidelity of the day to place themselves in contrast with the Church in these respects. They are attempting to signalize themselves as the *practical reformers* of the times, not merely in matters which are yet in public controversy, but in admitted charities and reforms. A sentimental philanthropy is the very characteristic of modern infidelity; and let us have the honesty to say that, with many doubters, it is not a merely sentimental, but an earnest, working philanthropy. The Church and its ministry are incessantly assailed by scorners, and sometimes by honest but erring men, as responsible for the great grievances which yet afflict Christendom, and schemes amounting to a conspiracy for its overthrow are prosecuted as necessarily preliminary to their reform. All this may be called preposterous, to be sure; but it is not without its disastrous influence on innumerable minds among the young and ingenuous, as well as the decrepit in error and vice. We are disposed to think that it is among the most melancholy signs of the times. And these complaints extend not only to public questions, but to the common moralities and common evils of the Christian world. The Church is held responsible for them; she is challenged to purify the business, to remedy the pauperism, to educate the ignorance, to repress the prostitution, to expurgate the jurisprudence, and reform the politics of Christian lands. The challenge, with some qualifications, is a most rightful one. The Church cannot evade it; her moral power

does not reach those evils as it should; the pseudo-philanthropy of her opponents cannot reach them at all, except to exasperate them by absurd experiments; the task is with the Church—let her accept the challenge, and the hour as the propitious time in which to show her "power unto salvation." Let her watchmen, especially, see if they cannot more effectually silence these clamors—if there is not more for them to do than they are doing, and a better way to do it.

[For the National Magazine.]

FANCY'S TOUR.

BY H. C. GARDNER.

Beside a placid summer lake,
Beneath an oak's umbrageous shade,
I watch the eddying ripples break
On velvet banks with flowers o'erlaid.

I dream of England's castled towers,
Of marble hall and gilded dome,
The silver founts, the palace bowers
And sculptures of imperial Rome.

My fancy pictures all the place—
The grandeur of the long facade,
And each minute and varied grace
That forms the pillar'd colonnade.

I linger 'mid the splendors bright
Of which immortal Tasso sings;
And hear with ever fresh delight
The murmur of Castalian springs.

There is no power the thought to bind;
Those quick electric sparks that roll
Across the mirror of the mind—
The scintillations of the soul.

Hark! o'er the prairies of the West,
Beside Niagara's thundering fall,
Within the mammoth cavern's breast,
I hear the voice of Nature call.

The forest in the distance blue
Rings with the wild bird's echoed tune;
The Indian in his birch canoe
Speeds o'er the glittering lagoon.

Anon, with some poor trembling wight,
Who braves the Alpine solitude,
I 'm gazing from its dizziest hight
Far down where brawls the torrent rude.

I watch the dazzling rays of light
Upon the glacier's broad expanse;
I hear with terror and delight
The thunder of the avalanche.

Out with the hardy Laplander
All fearlessly I venture forth,
And watch with eyes that never tire
The bright auroras of the North.

Beside the Russian on his sledge,
I 'm scouring o'er the whiten'd plain;
Or gazing from some trackless ledge
Upon the sunny fields of Spain.

Paris! proud city of the Gaul!
Thy splendors gleam in vain for me:
Dark'ning thy beauty, like a pall,
Thy black historic stains I see.

There is no charm in scenes of blood,
Though garnish'd with the song and dance;
No beauty in the crimson flood
That steeps in gore the soil of France.

A circuit wide my fancy takes;
Unbridled is its reckless bent:
Beneath a scorching sun it wakes
The swarthy Arab in his tent.

Across the sands with noiseless step
I see the hot sirocco haste—
Or drain with parch'd and burning lip
The cool nepenthe of the waste.

'T is sunrise on the Bosphorus!
The slight caique doth swiftly glide;
I watch the turban'd Osmanlis
Who float upon the polish'd tide.

The loud muezzin's call to prayer
Rings on my startled hearing yet;
And O! how beautiful and fair
Is burnish'd mosque and minaret!

Afric! with shadows overcast!
Here may I pause to trace awhile
The ruin'd altars of the past
All o'er the region of the Nile.

Colossal statues guard each shrine;
There time its crumbling hand forbids:
Cyrene's necropolis is thine,
And Egypt's towering pyramids.

Ah! plume thy drooping wing once more,
My fancy! let thy mystic spell
Illume the classic Grecian shore,
Where Missolonghi's hero fell.

Tell of the old heroic time,
Long centuries removed from this;
Of Athens in its glorious prime,
And of the famed Acropolis.

The light gondolas softly glide
Where Venice, like a peerless queen,
Upon the bosom of the tide
In regal loveliness is seen.

The oarsmen chant their measured notes,
Till o'er the Adriatic Sea
The wild, bewitching cadence floats,
And fills the air with melody.

Yet plume thy drooping wing again;
I fain would tread where He hath trod,
The Saviour of rebellious man,
The meek, incarnate Son of God.

I climb to Calvary's sacred steep:
Jerusalem, I gaze on thee;
And 'mid thy olives pause to weep,
O mournful, sad Gethsemane!

O Palestine! 't were sweet to stay
Awhile beside each hallow'd shrine;
O'er Tabor's sacred hight to stray,
On Carmel's summit to recline.

So truant thought doth hie away,
So doth my uncheck'd fancy roam,
Till wearied with the vision gay
It seeks the quiet haunts of home.

[For the National Magazine.]

LETTERS.

MAIL-BAGS have contained much of the most precious literature of the world—a literature holding more of life and heart-history than has ever been published, appearing in no other type than the inscriptions of the pen. The correspondence of friendship is the great confidential publishing-house of the human heart and brain, whose circulating pages contain the greatest part of the originality of the people, of the real thought and feelings of the nations. There is almost an approach to creative power in thus making the blank pages of paper hold the scenery of the soul, the lights and shadows which brighten and eclipse the inner landscape of spiritual life. In this dropping of words along the vacant page there is something which resembles, at a distance, the falling of the illuminating words of God upon the void and darkness at the creation. What a contrast there is between the empty sheet and one full of luminous, stirring, and talking words!

Letters of correspondence are one of the largest and most influential agencies in history. The most remote and solitary home has had at least the advent of a letter, or has sent away a silent commission to the loved who are afar. Civilization has derived much advancement from the assisting influence and transforming power of letters. The culture, enlightening, and happiness of the people, have been very dependent and very much enlarged through the epistolary communion of families and friends. By the migration, wandering, and interspersion of the children of foreign countries, messages have been sent back to the father-land, describing the character of the new institutions they have found, the opportunities and compensations of labor, the avenues of progress, and the rights and destinies of humanity. Regal authority, and the confederated wisdom of Senate and Parliament, have not had so controlling and reforming power as the silent tidings and pleadings within the epistles of kindred and acquaintances. How much intelligence and news that appear not in any journal, have been communicated by letters; how much wiser have many been made by the instructive narratives and description in correspondence!

But we think its largest range of activity has been in social life, in the inciting and culture of feeling. When have brighter smiles glowed upon the face than when the tidings of safety, peace, and blessedness, have appeared before it? Where have the eyes rained out more tears of bliss and sorrow than over the glad throbbing or death-like pulsation of the sentences in epistolary writing? What painful suspense has been relieved, and what a joyful surprise has been introduced, by the revealings of the pen? How the stone-like, rebellious, and sinful wanderer has been reached, softened, and redeemed, by messages from beneath the home-roof? There are some thoughts and feelings we can speak, but cannot write. They need the soul-lighted eye, the crimson tide upon the cheek, the trembling or bold movement of the lips; the rich, burning, uplifting intonation and emphasis of the voice, or the personal presence of unutterable language. Yet at certain times and in certain ways there is an enchantment, an ideal presence and beauty, and silent profound grief, which we cannot speak but may write. Rapture and sorrow dare whisper to the calm message-sheet what they dare not whisper to the ear. There are some burning crystal thoughts lodged in the holy and awful Sinai of the soul, which we cannot break out without spoiling, and thus they can only be seen by those eyes which can penetrate within the deep and clouded crystalization: but there are some delicate blossoms and leaves growing upon it, which are the more precious when gathered by the hand of friendship, and sent within the letter of the absent. There are some crimson drops of sympathy which must fall from the thorn-crowned brow of the martyr upon the adoring head beneath; at other times the after-death message, read when the loved are within their sepulcher, has a holier baptism and a sublimer consecration.

Another thought which occurs to us in this meditation upon letter-writing is, the contrast between the silent circulating of the sorrowful messages concerning the sick, afflicted, dying and dead, with the tumult, excitement, and thoughtlessness along the ways of commerce and travel. How unconscious seem the moving multitude of pleasure and business of the lonely grief, the abandoned sadness, the terrible

suspense, the tear-blotted words, the faint and fluttering lines, the final death-agony, and the dead hopes which are being transported by the mails of the country! The rapid careless passengers along the post-roads of the land, heed not the immense burden and freight of sorrow which is being carried onward with them. Little think they how often the stage-coach is bearing messages which will soon strike before the chambers of some heart, like the tramping feet of the "pale horse?" how often the flying train of cars is speeding on the dreadful intelligence, which will crush out life as beneath their iron wheels? how often the steamboat, swiftly plowing through the waves, is bearing letters which will roll surges of grief upon the shore of many a soul? Now would it not be wise for us to remember on our journeys, that there may be on board the faint words of the dying which have been breathed over pale lips; that there may be corpse-like lineations passing along with the crowd; that in an invisible funeral procession dead and sheeted forms are moving forward to be placed in the sepulcher of human hearts? Along the busy routes of adventure, enterprise, and expectancy, would it not be wise to recollect how many death-seals are being carried on their dread mission? to solemnly ponder, that in our company there are death annunciations to companions in the dearest fellowship: to tender and noble mothers; to sensitive and loving children; to widowed, bereaved, and orphaned hearts. Too seldom do we reflect how, in this visible, noisy world, there is an unseen silent one, where there is conflict, storm, and desolation going on invisibly, yet affecting and changing the deepest currents of life. Too seldom do we think of the solitary living cemeteries along the wayside of our tumultuous and laughing existence, whose statuary is the pale brow and white cheek; whose sepulchers are built out of fragments broken from the temple of hope; whose inscriptions are fading lips and unbeaming eyes; and whose gates are the slowly-moving or the locked foldings of the heart.

Another mournful and painful fact in correspondence is, the "dead-letters," which have failed to reach their intended destination. Few more sickening and distressing failures happen than the non-appearance of expected letters from friends. Some mistake or accident has caused a lasting and languishing privation in many a spirit. It seems to us one of the most cruel of misfortunes, when letters of blessed tidings, of sustaining sympathy, of gushing affection, of inspiring promises and of cheering prophecies, never reach those to whom they were addressed. But we will not spend much lamentation over this, for we believe it is not a general calamity nor a frequent one, compared with the number which arrive safely.

Old letters are one of the richest inheritances of history, and the most precious memorials of the past. The words written by the hands of the loved, the good, and the great, are enriched by the lapse of time, and by age become the costliest treasures in our possession. They are lodged away in the safest and most sacred places. How carefully does the old mother "lay away" their worn and ancient pages! What inspiration does earnest piety find in the bold and trusting writings of the good old fathers! How proudly do we show the correspondence of departed illustrious men! What a rich, yet solemn beauty and divine emphasis rests around the pure words of the dead! What a soulful nearness moves and shines along their inscriptions, which makes us long

> "For the touch of a banish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

How to do Good.—Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; one shovelful at a time. Thus, drops make the ocean. Hence, we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another; speaking a word here, giving a tract there, and setting a good example all the time; we must do the first good thing we can, and then the next, and the next, and so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.

[For the National Magazine.]

SKETCHES IN EUROPE.

LONDON—CITY-ROAD CHAPEL—WESLEY'S PARSONAGE AND TOMB—ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH—MELVILLE'S GOLDEN LECTURE SERMONS—THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH—HYDE PARK.

I LEFT the reader at the door of Dr. Cumming's Church, and went home to lunch. That *quasi* meal being finished, I shall ask him to join me again, for the purpose of making our way to the old City-Road Chapel, the Cathedral Church of the Wesleyans in England. But having already walked four miles this morning, and having stood an hour in the church aisle beside, I am too tired to go to "City-Road" on foot; I must ride or stay at home. Riding in an omnibus on Sunday is not sightly to American eyes, nor comfortable to an American Christian conscience; but then the immense distances of London have placed the use of omnibuses alongside of pulling an ox or an ass out of the ditch. The one seems just about as much a dictate of humanity as the other. The omnibus in which I have taken my seat is thronged with persons going to church or returning from it, at least so I judge from the prayer-books and hymn-books in their hand. I arrived in front of the Methodist Cathedral about five o'clock, and as the service began at six I had an hour to look about. The inclosure in which the church stands is a large one, containing five different buildings: two parsonages, two smaller houses, one for the sexton and the other for class-meeting purposes, and the chapel itself. The parsonage, on the right as you enter, is the one built by Mr. Wesley for himself, and made sacred in the eyes of every Methodist by his long occupancy of it. The chapel is a plain building, of about the dimensions of our largest Methodist churches in America, and in its appearance resembling the Union Church in Philadelphia, or the Light-street Church in Baltimore. Just behind the church is the principal burial place, where repose the mortal remains of Wesley, surrounded by those of his brethren and sons in the ministry. As I stood among these buildings and in the presence of these graves, I felt that I was not a stranger, nor in a strange place, nor among a strange people. Indeed, I seemed in a good degree at home—more at home than I had been since I lost sight of the shores of my native land. I had heard of this chapel and this parsonage from my infancy, and the names on these tombstones had ever been associated in my mind with whatever is blessed and holy. And here I was, on what had always seemed to me, and to my parents before me, sacred ground: there stood the old chapel in which Wesley had so often preached, and the dwelling where he had read, and studied, and prayed, and where he died, saying, "The best of all is, God is with us;" and there lay his dust and the dust of Clarke, and Watson, and of others, less known, but equally precious. As I stood and looked and thought, I strongly felt my relationship to the place, and to the buildings, and especially to the graves. To the place and the buildings I felt myself related only through the men, and by many pleasant memories; but to the occupants of the graves my heart owned a stronger tie—a tie of experience, of doctrine, of discipline—a tie which has been of binding force in my humble family for five generations without interruption, and has given its moral and intellectual tinge to the life of my great-grandfather, and of my own children.

I heard singing in one of the smaller buildings and felt myself drawn by it—it had a sound of home about it; but when I reached the door, it had ceased, and I heard the voice of prayer. If the very *place* had a home-like feeling for me, and if the *song* went thrilling and pulsing through my heart like the sweet voices of friends just returned from a long journey, this prayer completed the feeling of domesticity, and my melted heart heard my friends in America praying; or rather it became lost to all national tones and local ideas, and in the glowing earnestness and pleading importunity of that prayer, rose to the contemplation of the house of many mansions, the home of all the faithful. In another moment I was knocking at the sexton's door, which was opened by no less a personage than that officer himself; a man of no little influence at City Road, as I afterward had an opportunity of knowing. He directed me to the house of Mr. Pope, the minister who was to officiate that evening, where I took a cup of tea and spent a short time in pleasant intercourse. I declined the invitation to preach, but went back to the chapel to hear Mr. Pope. The interior of the building, like the exterior, was very plain, and finished

much like the plainer churches of our own denomination at home, except that the backs of the benches were very high, almost reaching the back of one's neck, and the pulpit, which is high enough to make the preacher's head swim, and only wide enough to contain one person at a time, stands out about twenty feet from the back wall, with a communion railing in the rear. This tower is ascended by a narrow, winding staircase, up which the minister is escorted by the sexton, as if to see that he reaches his elevated destination without accident. There was no organ nor any other instrument of music used in the service; and the exercises were begun by simply giving out two lines of the hymn, and then two more, and so on until it was finished. The last two lines, as among the Methodists of the South, were repeated; and when we were called to prayer, to my astonishment and mortification, I saw no one kneeling but the minister and myself; they kept their seats. The sermon, on the text, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" was excellent in matter and composition, but greatly deficient in life and energy; and indeed this was characteristic of all the Wesleyan preaching I heard in England. But still it was highly acceptable, not only as an intellectual, but also as a spiritual and religious repast. The English Methodists are, perhaps, more exact in their theology than those of America, but the latter are an age ahead of them in pulpit fire; both have the same doctrines, but, perhaps, the English have more of them than America; both have the same spirit in their preaching, but beyond all doubt the Americans have much more of it than the English.

After service we went into Mr. Wesley's parsonage, now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Prest, preacher in charge of the circuit, who was then from home attending Conference at Bradford. His wife, an intelligent and affable lady, gave us an English supper and then showed us into Mr. Wesley's study, where we found the very chair in which he used to sit, that is, when his apostolical labors allowed him the luxury of an hour at home. This relic is of oak, plain and strong, without rockers, (as all chairs are in England,) and, no doubt, has passed through many editions of drapery and varnish since it was occupied by its original owner. As I gazed upon it, and much more as I sat in it and clasped its arms with my hands, I felt that the worship of relics in the Romish Church, idolatrous and preposterous as it is, had taken its rise from a feeling, in itself, most noble and generous. We were also shown into the room in which Mr. Wesley died, from within whose sacred walls his holy soul, ripe in every grace, and rich in abundant labors, and followed by the tears and grateful acclamations of thousands whom he had been the means of blessing, had taken its flight to heaven, and entered forever into rest. I returned to City-Road several times, and always with undiminished interest. Once I went there on a week evening to hear preaching, and the kind and polite old sexton who has been mentioned above as a person of influence at City-Road, shook his head significantly at the preacher, who entered as I did, and reminded him that he was *too late*. As the minister complained of being sick, I consented to preach; and when the service was over, a man followed me into the vestry to tell me that he was surprised that I had said nothing against American slavery in my sermon.

The next time I visited these sacred premises was in the afternoon, in company with one of the ministers of the circuit, Rev. Mr. Williams. My object was to wander among the graves once more, to get the appearance of the place fully imprinted upon my mind, so that it might not easily be forgotton; to catch something of the spirit of the fathers by looking at once upon the monuments of their Christian energy and of their human frailty, and finally to carry away some memento of the place. At the head of Mr. Wesley's grave, there grows a bush of English elder; the thought struck me that one of its stalks would make a fine cane, and I modestly hinted it to the sexton, telling him, however, that I could hardly think of asking such a favor. The good old man told me that he had planted it with his own hands, and that I might make my own selection, and he would cut for me the chosen branch. I need not tell the reader that I was not slow in accepting this offer, nor that I was very soon the joyous possessor of the straightest and fairest limb of this sacred tree. True, I did not expect this stick to make the lame to walk or the blind to see; I did not intend to use it as a charm against light-

ning or evil spirits, and yet I felt as happy to be its owner as a genuine Papist does in the possession of a piece of the true cross. The good sexton would take nothing for it but the promise that if I should ever meet his brother, who is a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Illinois, I should affectionately remember the English to the American brother.

What I missed in London, in the preaching line, was no doubt better than anything I heard. I went to St. Margaret's Church to hear Melville preach one of his Golden Lecture sermons, but was disappointed. His place was occupied by a young man who managed, I hardly know how, to read a very pious and sensible essay on the text, "Jehoshaphat made ships of Tarshish to go to Ophir for *gold;* but they went not, for they were broken at Ezion Geber." So that although we missed the golden lecture we had a golden text. However remotely the text and the sermon may have been related to each other, the principal proposition was a bold assault upon all alliances, both of business and friendship, between Christians and mere men of the world, and, carried a little further, might have been made to tell with terrible effect upon the English union of Church and State.

As I have now mentioned the Established Church, I will here remark, that before visiting England, there was no subject on which I had held opinions so utterly erroneous. I had supposed that the great body of the people cherished toward it the most energetic hatred, regarding the bishops as pampered drones, the inferior clergy as leeches, sucking the blood of the people without their consent, but according to law, and its whole table of livings and taxes as an enormous system of wrong, making all who held them detestable and detested. Indeed, we had frequently seen it asserted in the newspapers with the utmost assurance, and had sincerely hoped it might be true, that it would not be many years before the bond, holding Church and State together, would be broken, or, at least, that the vast sums now appropriated to the Episcopal Church would be divided among all the Churches according to population. But I found the very reverse of this to be true. No doubt, there are in England many hearty haters of the English Establishment; but there are many, many more who firmly adhere to it. About four out of every five persons, with whom the traveler accidentally meets, consider themselves as belonging to the Church of England. And although one might at first be disposed to wonder at this, and to pronounce British love of liberty and the love of the hierarchy irreconcilable, yet there are many strong and natural reasons why the English people love their Church. This very Church has furnished the martyrs whose blood has been offered for Christ, and whose names illustrate their history. English literature, the richest in the world, beyond all question, almost everywhere emits an odor of the Church, or, at all events, recognizes the Church as an element of society. Nay more, the Church herself has been the principal source of that literature. So that the men who read and write, and the men who pray, are accustomed to associate genius and goodness, integrity and learning, with their national Church. The rich are attached to her from natural affinity—it is the Church of the sovereign and of the court, of the nobility and the gentry, of the money and the blood aristocracy. Those who have no religious convictions, but consider religion an essential attribute of respectability and a mark of public decency, patronize the Establishment as decidedly the best thing they can do in the line of spiritual things, just at the mammon worshipers in our American cities, without respect to minister or doctrine, feel bound to go to that church which is visited by the grandest equipages and displays the greatest quantity of the finest silks and broadcloth. The poor take the same direction, and are found in the Church, because there they have nothing to pay, but are frequently paid for going: the distribution of temporal benefits, in the shape of food and clothing, quickening their spiritual perceptions, and giving them a most savory and warming evidence of the beauty and force of the liturgy, of the infallible truth of apostolic succession, and of the value of beeswax, especially when burned in daylight before a crucifix.

But with all the faults of the English hierarchy, and with all the senseless driveling of some of her priests about succession and candles, and notwithstanding the number of them, half coxcomb, half gamester, who spend their lives between cards,

fox-hunting, and the theater, while they have curates starving on fifty pounds a year, she can boast of hundreds who have not bowed the knee to Baal, who are neither ashamed of the poor nor afraid of the powerful, who have no particular fondness for hounds or whist, no skill in setting up crosses or criticising surplices, but are devoted to their work, and jealous for the Lord of hosts.

To me the British government itself appeared to be no more likely to stand than the British national Church. Her enemies have not made an impression upon her walls, nor even carried a single outpost, although they have brought to their work a settled hatred and a most untiring zeal. The bishop of Exeter and his sympathizers and imitators would fain take the Church back to the bosom of holy mother, and their efforts have sometimes given a gleam of hope to the man of sin; but this light has only been the sudden and momentary glare of the *ignis fatuus*, which has left the darkness the more profound. The power of Rome in England itself is almost inappreciable. The masked Papists, with this man of Exeter at their head, remind one of the martial music we sometimes hear in the streets,—we crowd to the doors and windows, expecting to see almost an army, and find only three or four men with a paltry drum and fife. A few noisy boys will sometimes make more fuss than all the men and women in the village. As to Popery without a mask, a stranger in London will find it hard work to hear anything about it, and especially to find its local habitation. If we would listen to the Romish press in this country we should be compelled to believe that Cardinal Wiseman's scarlet breeches and sacred hat possessed a power almost equal to that of the scepter of the queen, and that his name was as familiar to the people as Wellington's, when, in truth, it is hard to find a man in London who can tell you where he lives. There is no chance for the English Church being perverted to Rome; she can put everything bearing the mark of the beast in her pocket without the slightest inconvenience. The Dissenters of England are a noble body of men, laboring with the Papists, but on the other side of the building, for the overthrow of the Church: but in spite of all these efforts the hierarchy only seems to grow stronger. The nation is willing to be told of the abuses of the Church; but instead of the ax she uses the pruning hook, lopping off the decayed or sickly branches, and laboring to make the barren fig-tree less offensive and less assailable to its enemies, and more lovely and attractive to its friends. Parliament hardly ever meets without doing something calculated to benefit and popularize the Church. In spite of our republican wish to the contrary, we must be honest, and confess that we see no signs of the overthrow of the English Church.

On Tuesday, after hearing the sermon on the "ships of Tarshish," and the storm and shipwreck "at Ezion Geber," I went to Hyde Park, a vast field, containing about four hundred and fifty acres, and kept entirely for the pleasure and advantage of Her Majesty's subjects. As I had missed hearing Melville in the morning, so I missed seeing the queen in the afternoon, but not with the same regret. The truth is, I never had any particular fancy for royalty—from childhood kings and queens have been among the objects of my antipathy. Her Majesty and myself were in the park at the same time, but the wish to see her never entered my mind: I wished rather to see the common life of the people; but if I had known how I should be teased with the question, "Did you see the queen?" I should certainly have encountered any reasonable amount of toil to get myself ready to answer. This park, one of a number in the great metropolis, is the place of resort and recreation for all classes of the people, from Victoria and her Coburg consort, down to the blind beggar led by his dog. Here are the gilded carriages, containing the blood of the realm—the nobility—both old and new, drawn by sleek, glittering prancing horses, and attended by handsome footmen, with powdered heads, dressed finer than their masters. Here are innumerable nurses and poor mothers, walking to and fro with their pale babies, trying if, haply, they may not bring back the roses to their cheeks and flesh to their bones. And here and there, all around, are the romping groups of school children, enjoying the vacant hours in innocent mirth. There, at the base of the great bronze statue of Achilles, erected by the women of England in honor of Wellington, I see three little boys who seem to play most earnestly, and yet to keep apart from the crowd; they remind me of my own little fellows at home,—just three,

the same number, and nearly the same size. I address the youngest, a lovely little boy, "Well, my lad, what is your name?" "My name is Willy Parker, and that's John Parker, and that's Tom Parker. Mother's gone to grandfather's, and she gave us a whole loaf a-piece before she left." A little off yonder, and, indeed, in every direction, I see persons lying in almost every position, drunk, sleeping away the energy of their recent potations of beer and gin, and attracting no more attention from boys or men than the trees under which they lie. And here are the sparrows, freed from all timidity by the vigilance of the London police, hopping, chirping, flying, or feeding on the crumbs which are left from the children's outdoor dinners, or which have been brought for the purpose of enjoying the innocent pleasure of giving these sweet little birds a meal and seeing them eat it. The sparrow seems to be perfectly at home, not only in Hyde Park, but in every part of the city; he lights at your very feet, among the drays, and carts, and cabs, and omnibuses, and even boys, in the most crowded streets. What would become of the poor little things among the young republicans of one of our American cities? Yonder is the artificial river called the Serpentine, with its neat little boats and its various descriptions of waterfowl gracefully floating on its surface. The children feed the ducks and geese as they do the sparrows. But with all this fellow-feeling for birds, there is none for fish; nobody feels for them, neither in Hyde Park nor anywhere else. Naturalists tell us that the nervous system in fish exists in a very low state; and every urchin seems to know this by intuition, and consequently feels no compunction at the agony of a perch: the tender and gentle heart of childhood sympathizes with quills and feathers, but acknowledges no fellow-creatureship with fins or scales. Every boy, as soon as he can hold a rod or impale a worm with his hook, becomes a killer of fish, for the mere fun of it. The banks of the Serpentine are dotted, here and there, with these youthful disciples of patient, amiable Izaak Walton, content, like their great prototype, with moderate luck, and considering (especially in scarce times) an afternoon by no means thrown away, if, at night, they can report not a decided bite, but a "glorious nibble."

(To be continued.)

[For the National Magazine.]

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE POET?

WHO is your favorite poet? How easy the question! How difficult the answer! Who can tell the fairest countenance, the sweetest fragrance, the richest stone, the most beautiful scene. And yet, either of these are as easy as the question proposed. Yet to me there is a favorite poet—he may not be the greatest, but there is none better. Ascribe this preference if you will to the influence of prejudice and early associations. So let it be. Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is associated the name and poetry of the "Sheffield Bard." Preceded only by—

> "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child," &c.,

was the repetition of his "Grave," which I well remember mimicking from my mother, as I sood elevated on the old oak table, muttering after her, sadly and slow—

> "There is a calm for those who weep,
> A rest for weary pilgrims found;
> They softly lie and sweetly sleep
> Low in the ground."

Long before "Montgomery's Poems" were put into my hands, and almost before I could decipher his name, many of his pieces were familiar to me as household words. With what pride would mother dwell on her townsman's history as frequently she would present snatches of it to stimulate our zeal! His birth, his parentage, and Moravian connections—the early development of poetic genius—his willful determination to see the world—leaving his guardian and starting on foot to reach the great city of London with only a few shillings in his pocket, a distance of near two hundred miles from the village of Mirfield, in Yorkshire, where he had some time resided with his guardian—in those days a feat of herculean nature—his disappointment in London and return again to the country, and first entrance into Sheffield a poor penniless lad—the struggles he encountered here, and all his subsequent history—his character as a man and as a Christian—the inestimable virtue so apparent throughout his life, were subjects upon which she would frequently dwell, with the ardor which a fond admirer is wont to bestow. No wonder, then, that my first interview

with the saintly bard should have partaken somewhat of the idolatrous, for young hearts are not apt to yield grudgingly; and no wonder either that even yet my veneration rises at the name of "James Montgomery."

The good people of Sheffield have reason to feel proud of their Montgomery, for few men have done so much to raise its intellectual and moral character as he. Among the foremost of England's charitable institutions stands the Sheffield Infirmary, a noble monument of Christian philanthropy, and of which our poet was, we believe, one of the projectors, and remains to the present day one of the warmest advocates and patrons, and perhaps the most constant weekly visitor the hospital enjoys. Mechanics' Institutes, Literary Societies, Reading Rooms, and every other medium of public instruction and improvement have ever had in him not only a ready patron but a sturdy pioneer.

His political struggles are well known to the world. Unfortunately for him his principles were much in advance of the age. Rushing upon a political career when there was no intermediate state between lewd Jacobinism on the one hand, and rank Toryism on the other, his liberal views were readily caught at by the dominant party as evidences of disaffection to the crown, and hence his incarcerations. Reference, however, to the paper, *The Iris*, of which, at that period, he was editor, will cast no shadow on his brow. His articles were all written in a temperate and candid spirit, and marked by perspicuity and elegance, for which he was always noted. At times his irony was very biting, but owed its keenness mostly to its truthfulness. During this period of his history, he wrote a caricature of a parish vestry meeting, which he entitled "The Church and Warming Pan," a castigation of a very severe nature, and altogether, both in style and spirit, unworthy of its author. This tract was greedily devoured by the "low party;" but had scarcely gained a circulation, before the writer bitterly repented its issue, and bought back the copyright from the publisher, making also liberal offers for all single copies which could be procured, hoping thereby to stop its progress. The term of copywright having expired, an infidel publisher in the town reproduced the lamented pamphlet, and among this class of readers it is now in common circulation, notwithstanding the author's public remonstrances and constant endeavors to buy up the copies. Probably, this unfortunate publication induced his retirement from the field of politics.

The effect of his imprisonments was most disastrous to his constitution, and threatened for some time to bring him to a premature grave. Probably, the gloom of the prison tended much to give that tinge of melancholy to his mind, which seems to rest on many of his pieces, and make him in a double sense the "Modern Bard of Olney." How keenly he bore the loss of liberty is evinced in the character of his "Prison Amusements," which he published after his liberation in a small volume. In verses addressed "To a Robin Red-Breast who visits the Window of my Prison every Day," he thus gives utterance to his feelings:—

"Welcome, pretty little stranger,
Welcome to my lone retreat;
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat:
Robin, how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty.

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Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin,
And confine thee in a cage,
Then, poor prisoner! think of me;
Think—and sigh for liberty."

Immediately after his liberation, he repaired to Scarborough, a sea-board in Yorkshire, for the benefit of his health, which place has since been of frequent resort to the poet. And, probably, we owe "The Ocean," a poem which he published soon after his first visit to that place, to his first sight of the sea, on the occasion referred to. His chief productions as a poet are his "Wanderer in Switzerland," "The West Indies," and his "World before the Flood." His "West Indies" shows the goodness of his heart, and his yearnings for universal liberty; but his "World before the Flood" is the poem which, of all others, gives him claim to a first rank among the poets of old England.

In addition to his acknowledged publications as an author and public editor, are numerous tracts and pamphlets, written for the times, and all tending to the moral and spiritual elevation of the race.

He continued the editorship of *The Iris* for some years after his return from York

Castle; and when eventually he resigned this post, he found, as is too commonly the case, that to cater for the public is a thankless and profitless office, and he was followed into privacy with the slander of recreancy to his political trusts, and the barter of his freedom for state gold. In the consciousness of purity and uprightness, he regarded such insinuations as too base to need reply, and has long since lived them down.

For many years he has lived in respectable retirement in a small house about a mile from the town of Sheffield, on the west side of it, and very near to the Wesley College, of which he is a generous supporter. Like Cowper, Mr. Montgomery was never married, and like Cowper's, in many other respects, are his domestic relations.

Although of Moravian persuasion, he has ever been the warm supporter of all denominations of Protestant Christians; and especially since his retirement from the field of politics, have his time and energies been devoted to the service of the church, in whatever department offered him opportunities for usefulness. And for years he has had a family pew in some one church of each of the numerous Protestant denominations of the town, itinerating among them as is convenient and profitable to himself; confining himself mostly (in the absence of a Moravian church) to the service of the Church of England and the Wesleyans—an Episcopal church being nearer to his residence than any other. Perhaps the Methodist Society has shared more largely in his liberality and active coöperation, than any other division of the Church, owing probably to the similarity and natural affinity of the Moravian and Methodist faith and practice; and, undoubtedly, much also to the fact, that among the Wesleyans Mr. Montgomery has found more congeniality of spirit and sentiment with the clergy of that denomination, than with any other. The close intimacy between our subject and Dr. A. Clarke is well known, and will be matter of record, wherever and so long as "Clarke's Commentary on the Psalms" is in existence; and for many most valuable hymns from his pen are we indebted to this friendship with these men of God.

The well-known hymn, "Watchman, tell us of the night," is his, as is also that beginning—

"Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar."

The "Centenary Hymn," composed on the occasion of the Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism, was from his pen:—

"A hundred years ago! What then?
There rose, the world to bless,
A little band of faithful men,
A cloud of witnesses.
It look'd but like a human hand,
Few welcomed it, none fear'd;
But, as it open'd o'er the land,
The hand of God appeared."

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It is the custom in the town of his residence, on Whit-Monday, for the different Sunday schools to meet at eight o'clock in the morning, at their respective churches, and thence proceed under the escort of their teachers to some public square, there to exchange fraternal greetings, and engage in a united service, previously arranged, of which singing the hymns, which have been written and set to music for the occasion, forms a considerable part. These hymns are furnished by different poets at the request of the committee of arrangements. Our poet has, as long since as we can remember, been a regular contributor to these jubilant occasions, and of course for him is reserved the "leader" on the list. We are not aware that any collection of them has yet been made; but what a noble volume of Sunday-School Hymns, arranged to music, such a collection would make!

On the occasion of the Sunday-school jubilee, there must have been collected together, in one place in the poet's town, not less than twenty thousand Sabbath scholars—and throughout the kingdom, in like proportion, the various Sunday schools met in their own towns and villages, to celebrate that joyful day. What a chaplet of undying green did those congregated hosts of "little children" wreath for the brow of Montgomery, as with free and gladsome voice they sung his "Jubilee Hymn:"—

"The flowers of fifty summers gone,
The leaves that then were green,
Have nothing left to look upon,
To tell that they have been."

He usually presides at the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary, and will address the assembly on these occasions. As a speaker, he is not usually fluent, and sometimes is even hesitant in speech. He

never aims at display, but in spite of his careful avoidance of show, he will sometimes shine forth in surpassing brilliancy. At such times his numbers seemingly flow from his lips in unconscious rapidity; his poetry, like a rich mine of ore, yields to the hand a constant supply, and frequently reveals itself in protruding veins when you least look for it. The last occasion which memory now serves of one of the missionary meetings above referred to, and at which he presided, was in the year 1845. The gathering was large and highly respectable, and the array of talent was fine. I do not remember the names of all the speakers; but among the number was that devoted and now sainted servant of the Church, the Rev. Abraham Farrar. In the course of Mr. Farrar's remarks, he made some delicate allusions to the distinguished honor conferred on the society, in having the person of "the sweet psalmist of our Israel," preside at its annual meetings successively, from the first to that meeting; but he was "admonished by the flourishing of the almond-tree, that their distinguished chairman would soon have to bid a final adieu to their platform." When the reverend gentleman took his seat, the venerable president arose to introduce the next speaker, and took occasion to acknowledge the compliment just paid, and to reply to the allusion of his rapidly declining years. He said, "It must be so, and yet I scarcely feel it:"

"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age;
And none lies heavier, for it never melts!"

The following incident will show how he is regarded even by the vicious:—While he and his housekeeper were at church on Sabbath evening, his house was broken into, and a quantity of valuables taken away. No clew could be obtained, either to the stolen goods, or parties implicated, for several days. Some days after, a strange person left a parcel at the house, and on opening it was found to contain the lost articles and a note. The note explained that the writer, and a companion in guilt, broke open the house, but that on looking over the stolen goods, he, the writer, was struck with an inscription on a silver ink-stand, purporting to be a testimonial of esteem by the ladies of Sheffield, to James Montgomery, Esq., underneath which was written a verse of one of the poet's own hymns, which the thief at once recognized as belonging to the hymn with which his own mother used to lullaby his infant slumbers. Struck with remorse, he could not rest until he had restored the stolen property to its rightful owner, which, after some opposition from his colleague in crime, he at length effected, concluding his note with humble entreaties for forgiveness and prayers. The poet afterwards referred to this circumstance in one of his public addresses, as the most valuable compliment he had ever received.

"I met him," said a gentleman to me the other day, alluding to the poet: "I met him a day or two before I left Sheffield, in July last, and he seemed in every respect the same good old man I have known him to be for many years. His chin passed in and out of the wide socket which his loose cravat forms, just as it always did. Everybody loves Montgomery, and the children bless him as he goes."

Will you repeat the question? "Who is your favorite poet?" You have my answer—James Montgomery!

[For the National Magazine.]

THE BLOOMING OF VIOLETS.

BY JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

Ay! cast those gloomy thoughts aside,
The genial Spring is here;
She comes with all her violets
To bless another year:
Lo, rising at her welcome voice,
They steal in gladness out,
And wish'd for long, the light warm south
Is harping all about.

By garden walk and rustic fence,
Fair bush and rude gray stone,
They laugh among the leaves and grass
In starry clusters strewn:—
Retiring from the gaze of men,
They lurk, a bashful race;
But every breeze, that wanders by,
Reveals their hiding place,

While, heedless of their own sweet worth,
They quaff the shining dew,
Or catch, from God's eternal arch,
Its deep and stainless blue.
Go, mark thou well the scents and dies
To them so freely given,
And own that weak and lowly things
Are yet most loved of Heaven.

Then drop this weary load of care,
Be meekly glad as they,
Nor fear to live like them unseen,
To pass unseen away:—
Learn thou with joy to stand or fall
Where sacred duty leads,
And prize, above renown or gold,
Pure faith and holy deeds.

A VILLAGE TALE.

FROM this time, and for several years, there were no changes in the village shop, but such as were necessarily wrought by time. Goods were bought, and goods were sold; apprentices grew up from boyhood to whiskerdom, and then quietly made way for others: but still over the door was the broad board which announced, in letters annually touched up and regilded, that Robert Godfrey, grocer, draper, and general dealer, was licensed to sell tea, tobacco, and snuff; and that he was agent to the Farmers' Fire Insurance Company, and so forth; and still, in white linen apron and sleeves, the old tradesman kept his post behind the counter, from year to year, as blunt, and positive, and obstinate, and as good tempered withal, when not crossed, as ever he had been. And his niece, kind and gentle as ever, and only a little changed in outward aspect, was still manager and housekeeper, and vice-president of the entire establishment, from cellar to attic. Only a little changed; but that little was significant. The bloom had left her cheek, and her eye had lost something of its quick, sparkling brightness, but none of its soft benevolence. She was as actively industrious as in former years, but her step was not so light as it had been. Her attire was as neat and becoming as ever, but the few ornaments she had permitted herself to wear in her more youthful days were discarded. Her dark hair, which used to hang in natural and luxuriant curls around her fair face, was here and there streaked with a light line of premature silver, and was kept in confinement by a matronly cap. Altogether, there were more than two or three touching and prominent indications that Rebecca had resigned herself to the unenvied, if not unenviable, condition of a perpetually single life. Not for want of opportunities of changing that condition, however. It was, at any rate, whispered that after her cousin's abandonment, one offer after another of hand and heart had been duly made, and as steadily but thankfully refused. It was even currently reported that still, for Rebecca's sake, and in the hope of softening her obduracy, the young farmer at the Grange kept himself disengaged, and, year after year, as regularly as his harvesting was over, and he had time to think of his forlorn condition, renewed his protestations of undiminished admiration, and his humble suit for the favorable regards of the obdurate one. But, if it were so, he made no progress. Perhaps he was awkward and bashful; but, at all events, he showed no resentment, and plodded on from harvest home to harvest home, hoping humbly, but hoping always. But enough of this; we must turn now to another scene.

Fifty miles and more from our village, in the sitting-room of a tradesman's house in one of the principal streets of a large town, and at midnight, or near upon it, a wife sat alone, waiting the return of her husband from the weekly meeting of his "club." How she had employed the time of his absence might have been guessed from the last new novel which lay before her; but the enjoyment and solace thus derived did not prevent the gathering cloud of discontent and sullenness when, at length, steps were heard on the pavement below, and a latch-key was applied, with an unsteady hand, to the unbarred door, and, following upon that, the steps were transferred to the passage and staircase, and finally, to the room in which the lady was watching and waiting.

"Louisa, why did you sit up? what occasion is there for it?" The speaker was Robert Godfrey the younger; ten years had passed away since his marriage, but there were marks, perhaps of care, perhaps of dissipation, or it may be of both, on his countenance, which added at least five more years to his natural age. He threw himself on a chair as he spoke, and glanced uneasily at his wife, for he saw the lowering, overcast brow.

"Why do you always ask me that question?" she sharply responded. "You may as well keep your breath for some other use. You go out every night to please yourself, and I sit up till you choose to come home, to please myself."

"I don't go out every night, Louisa; so you are wrong there. And if you sit up to please yourself, why ar'n't you pleased? It is n't much pleasure you show. Come now, my darling," he added, in a softer and more conciliatory tone, "don't look so dark and gloomy. I came away early that you might not be put out."

But the injured lady was not to be thus easily conciliated. Her lip curled disdainfully, as she replied with ironical softness: "Early! O yes, very early, my dear.

There is the church clock, only striking twelve; but it is n't near midnight yet, of course. Why did n't you stop till one, or two; it would have been a good deal earlier then, would n't it? *I* think so. And then you would have had time, you know, for another glass or two of brandy and water. What a sad pity you came away so early—so very early, Robert!"

We have somewhere seen it remarked, that married men will bear being argued with, contradicted, and even abused, better than being either laughed at or pshawed at by their wives. Robert Godfrey was not above this weakness; and though it was nothing particularly new to him to receive marks of contempt from Louisa, he was in no humor to control his temper. He was not absolutely intoxicated; but he had taken enough at his club to make him irritable; and breaking out into loud and angry invectives, he declared that from that time forward he would take his wife at her word, and *would* stay out till one, two, or three o'clock if he pleased, or all night, if it suited him better. And that she might sit up till she was tired, if *she* pleased.

"Why do n't you tell me something new, Robert?" she asked, when he stopped to breathe, very little moved by his violence; "and why do n't you talk louder, so that all the house may be woke up and hear? You have said *that*, you know, time out of mind. I am sick of hearing it; and now you are come in, if you have nothing else to say, I shall go to bed; if you are not tired, *I* am."

"Stop a few minutes," Louisa, said her husband, as she made a movement, candlestick in hand, toward the door; "you may as well put the light down. It is something new you want to be told? Very well; I have got something new to tell you then, or something as good as new;" and he took a crumpled letter from his coat pocket, and threw it on the table toward his wife.

"O, do n't put your letters here," Louisa exclaimed pettishly. "If it is another dunning letter, there 's nothing new in that. And whatever it is, you can tell me. I am not going to strain *my* eyes reading such dirty scrawls by candle-light."

"O, no! you have cried them out over this precious stuff, I suppose," said he, tossing aside contemptuously the book from the circulating library. "It is enough to make one mad," he exclaimed, in an altered tone, "to see you all day long maudling over a parcel of novels, instead of——"

"Instead of going out shooting and fishing in the day, and going to the club at night, I suppose. I think you might have the decency, Robert, to hold your tongue about my reading, if I do read all day long, which you know I do n't. But 't is just like you. And what is this news you have got to tell? I am not going to stop to hear it, till 't is time to get up, I can tell you."

"You might have heard it before if your tongue did n't run so fast," he responded. "The news is, that my father won't help me out with a single penny, and that it wont be another week before there 's an execution in the house. There, my say is soon said;" and Robert Godfrey paced the room gloomily.

Louisa turned pale, but soon rallied. "You have said that before, or something pretty near it; and you only say it now to vex and frighten me, Robert."

"I do n't, indeed," he replied earnestly and sadly, and in a slightly more affectionate tone than he had before used; "what I mean is, that unless *your* father comes forward, there is no help for us anywhere else. It is the only chance we have now of getting over this stile."

Mrs. Godfrey wrung her hands despairingly.

"You know, Robert, that he is n't able; and how *could* you go out to that horrid, horrid club, with this on your mind? It shows how little you care for me; but you might have some thoughts for our boy—poor, poor little Robert! what will become of him?" and the unhappy wife and mother wept passionately.

"There, there, Louisa; now you need not take on so. We are not going to be hung, drawn, and quartered, I dare say; and as to going out, what would have been the good of my stopping at home? But I sha 'n't go to the club many more times, if it will do you any good to know that. There, now do leave off fretting, love. That can't be of any use."

But whether of use or not, the wife sobbed and wept. At length, suddenly breaking off, she exclaimed, "I think it is very unnatural and cruel of your father, Robert; but what does he say?"

"O, it will do you no good to hear it; all he says is, that he reckons I have had

my share, and he means to keep to his word—that's about all."

"'T is Rebecca Kennet's doings, that's what it is," said Louisa; "'t is just like her—so scheming and artful, and revengeful too. Why do n't you act like a man, and go and see after your rights? A pretty thing it is, I think, for you to be kept away from your natural home, and to have your father's ear poisoned every day against you, by a vile——"

"Hold, hold, Louisa: there—least said will be soonest mended about *that*. I tell you, man or no man, I am not going to that place. If father wants to see me he may come here again, only he must come pretty soon to find us here. And as to Rebecca Kennet, I say you know nothing about my cousin, and I do. You have no right to call her scheming, and artful, and revengeful; and I won't hear her spoken of so. I tell you, and you know *that* as well as I do, that it was she got me the five hundred pounds to start with; and it was she, too, that persuaded my father to come and see us when he did; and I must say, Louisa, that you did n't behave to him in such a way, when he did come, as to make him want to come again in a hurry. And I would venture anything, that if Rebecca knew we were in want of help now, she would n't leave a stone unturned to get it for us. There—I have never said so much to you about my cousin before, and you can make what you like of it; but if I did use her badly once, poor girl, *you* know how that was; and I won't stand by and hear her abused."

If Mrs. Godfrey had not been struck temporarily dumb with amazement, her husband would not have got through this long harangue uninterruptedly. The silence was soon broken, however, with a storm of jealous wrath. Was n't Mr. Godfrey ashamed to say that to her face? Had n't she always thought—and now it was plain—that he had a stronger liking for his cousin than he ever had had for her, his own wife? Why did n't he marry her, as he was going to do? Why did he make such pretences as he did, before they were married? It was only her money he was after—she could see that now; and what was become of that, she should like to know. Was n't it spent at the club? and did n't he go idling about, and let everything go to wreck and ruin? And now, here was a nice ending to it; and to crown all, he must be insulting her by praising his beautiful cousin. O, yes, she knew his thoughts; well, it did n't signify; it would n't last long; he would soon be at liberty again; and then—O, yes, then, he would find his way to that dirty village fast enough, and her poor child would have a step-mother, and——"

"For shame, Louisa!" Robert was at length able to gasp out: "if you have no regard to my feelings, have some to common decency. What have I done or said to deserve this? And, once for all, I won't put up with these tantrums; it is n't the first time, nor the second; but, before long, I shall be desperate, and then you must take the consequences."

It was of little avail, however; the whirlwind would spend its fury, and then a moody, sullen lull succeeded.

One day, a few weeks after the midnight conference, of which we have ventured to give a modified abridgment, Rebecca Kennet, in traveling dress, was seen to ascend the outside of the coach at her uncle's door. It was quite an event in that household; and when the coach was out of sight, though the sun might shine as brightly and warmly as ever, a deep gloom seemed to settle upon the entire establishment, from the head of it to the shop-boy and servant-maid. To the old shopkeeper there were also other causes of gloom. His son had committed an act of bankruptcy by a hasty flight, which subsequent investigation proved to have been taken to avoid the disgrace of an imminent and inevitable commercial failure. His wife was alike ignorant of his intention and destination, and it could only be surmised that he had left the country. In consequence of this, his creditors had entered into possession, and his wife was abandoned to helpless destitution. There was matter for self-reproach here, to the troubled father, who reflected that he had in some measure been accessory to this misery, by refusing assistance when it had been sought; and, taking advantage of his softened mood, Rebecca, like the patient and gentle peacemaker she was, had obtained his reluctant consent to seek out the deserted wife, and invite her to his home, till some plan could be devised *for* her maintenance. This was the more necessary, since the door of her own father's house was harshly closed against her.

"I never thought," said old Godfrey, "that I should ever bring myself to see that false-hearted woman under my roof; but Rebecca has more cause than I to dislike her, and since she has set her mind so much upon it, I could n't hold out."

And so, after a few days' absence, Rebecca returned, but not alone. It would be difficult to say with what feelings Louisa had received the visit of her injured former friend, in the miserable lodgings to which distress had driven her, and had suffered the persuasions of that friend to remove her from the scene of her later sorrows to that of her earlier treachery. But whatever were her mental emotions, there were no signs of remorse, and she entered the house of her father-in-law, as into an asylum to which she had an undoubted claim, and with a show of injured innocence and condescending magnanimity, which argued unfavorably for the future comfort of Mr. Godfrey and his niece.

The old shopkeeper pished and pshawed sometimes, when, after the experience of a few weeks, it was found that his daughter-in-law was too much of a lady—in her own estimation—to do anything useful; that she preferred taking her breakfast in bed; and that her chief occupation through the day was to recline languidly on the sofa, and listlessly turn over the leaves of sundry novels and romances, a fresh supply of which she ordered and received weekly from the nearest town which boasted of a circulating library. And especially, when he saw that the entire care of little Robert—a neglected, weakly, and fretful child, about five years old—was added to every other care, and ruthlessly laid on Rebecca's shoulders, he broke through the silence which, until then, he had imposed on himself.

"I tell you what, Rebecca, this won't do. Why does n't that idle woman wash and brush her own child? The least she could do, I should think, would be to see after him, and keep him out of harm's reach. But instead of that, she makes a complete slave of you, and never a 'Thank you' either, as far as I can see, for anything you do for her. I don't like it, Rebecca."

But Rebecca had the soft answer ready—the kind of answer that turns away wrath. She pleaded for "poor Louisa," by saying it was no wonder she had lost heart and spirit after the sad blow which had fallen upon her; that, indeed, she really seemed unwell, and unable to exert herself; but that by-and-by, with fresh air and quiet, she would get stronger and move about more, she hoped and thought; and that, as to herself, she did not mind a little extra work. Then she coaxed her uncle to admire little Robert, and coaxed the boy to sit on his grandfather's knee, and found out that when he smiled he was like some one whose name she whispered, and whom they might never see again, till Mr. Godfrey was fairly overcome, and was even prevailed upon to put on his hat and take the little fellow under his protection into the meadow, to gather a big handful of the staring moon-daisies, which were just then in full flower.

And then, on the other hand, when the deserted wife gave way to idle lamentations over her hard lot and desolate condition, there was Rebecca at hand to whisper comfortable words of condolence and encouragement, and to suggest some active occupation, to banish unprofitable reflections. And though very little success attended these efforts, she went on in the exercise of that charity which "is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things;" bearing with mild patience the frequent fits of sullen discontent, and humoring almost all the strange whims—and their name was legion—of her unhappy visitor.

At length, Mrs. Godfrey was induced so far to rouse herself as to attempt the establishment of a village school in the neighboring cottage, which had some pretensions to gentility, and which Rebecca prevailed upon her uncle to furnish for his daughter, though he predicted that she would never make a living at it, nor half a living either. However, as he must do something for her support, he said he might, in fact, as well do it one way as another, and he should be glad to have his own house to himself and his niece again.

Years, more years rolled on, and other changes were wrought by time. Old Robert Godfrey had been compelled to stoop under the weight of age, and his eyes had become dim, and his ears hard of hearing, and his hands shook sorely when he twisted the string round his packages of tea and sugar, and he talked tremblingly of the former days being better

than these, and of the decay of trade, and the ruin of credit, though, for anything that could be seen, his shop was as thronged and his business as flourishing as ever; for there was Rebecca, now a matronly woman, to superintend his affairs, post his ledgers, look to his outgoings and incomings, and to rectify his mistakes when he made them, which was not seldom, as well as to mollify his customers when he offended them, which was not seldom either; for age had added the infirmities of temper to the infirmities of frame, and the generation of old ladies in red cloaks having passed away, or near upon it, another generation had succeeded, who did n't wear red cloaks, and who did n't reverence the ancient shopkeeper's gray hairs, and who "would have found another shop long ago," they said, "if it had n't been for Miss Rebecca Kennet, who was the cleverest and best-tempered body that ever did stand behind a counter, or ever would."

And there were other changes. There was a smart youth, for instance, in apron and sleeves, who called Miss Kennet aunt, though everybody knew that there was n't so close a relationship as that between them, and who also called the old shopkeeper grandfather, which was in strict accordance with literal fact; and whom both grandfather and aunt called Robert, and who was known all over the village as Robert the third. It would have been hard to recognize in him the half-spoiled, neglected, sickly child who came into the village ten years ago or more, with his mother, and who had been brought up ever since by our kind friend Rebecca, who had nursed him when sick, and kept him in order when well, and sent him to school, and paid for his schooling, and clothed him, and loved him, and won his affections, and so skillfully managed matters that he became such a favorite with his grandfather that nothing would serve but young Robert must be taken into the shop when he had done going to school.

And there were other changes. The young farmer at the Grange—when no longer very young—had made a final and unsuccessful effort to win the lady of his love, and then, submitting to his cruel fate, had suddenly bethought himself that "there are as good fish in the sea as there are out of it," or if not as good, passable fish, at any rate. So he cast his matrimonial net into the sea, and chuckled hugely that he had got a Rebecca at last. And so he had, and a very good Rebecca, and at the date to which our story has brought us, there were sweet sounds of infantile music at the once solitary Grange. We might speak also of Mr. Peacock, once cordwainer and bell-ringer, in honor of whom a muffled peal had been rung years before, and whose debt to his neighbor Godfrey had never been paid, and never would be. But we pass by Mr. Peacock, and glance at Eglantine cottage—so named by Louisa Godfrey, because there was a smack of romance in the name, which she had picked up in some interesting novel, and rescued from oblivion to bloom anew in our village. The school had been a failure, as the old shopkeeper predicted, and the triumph his sagacity thereupon obtained had partly reconciled him to the maintenance of his daughter-in-law, who "did not think she had anything to thank the old man for, considering it was his own son who had reduced her to eat the bread of bitter dependence," as she said; and who likewise predicted that her husband would come home some day soon, to see after his rights, and her rights, and their son's rights; and then they would know whether Rebecca Kennet was going to have it all her own way, to the end of the chapter. And there were those who would have made mischief of these oft-repeated words if it had been in their power, which it was not, for Rebecca Kennet, with all her sweetness, had a certain look of her own, which could stop the glibbest tongue and put the boldest tale-bearer out of countenance.

But what had become of Robert Godfrey?—of Robert, the husband of Louisa? For a year or two after his flight he wrote, at uncertain intervals, to his deserted wife, bidding her be of good heart, for he would return some day, when fortune had smiled upon him, to take her to the land of his adoption. But then came a long interval of silence—a silence never more to be broken by him, for tidings came at last that his wanderings were over—he was dead; he had died on some prairie in the far west, whither he had accompanied a band of adventurers, who, too much engrossed by their own concerns to mourn long or deeply for the lonely stranger, had buried him, and so far forgotten him and his dying requests, that years passed away

before his last farewell, with a packet containing a lock of his hair and a breast-pin, which Rebecca well remembered, together with a circumstantial account of his death, written by one who had helped to dig his grave in the wilderness, reached, by a circuitous route, his native village.

There were mourning and lamentations then. Tears there were, and there was sorrow too deep for tears. From that day of sad tidings, the aged shopkeeper drooped and drooped; his faculties failed rapidly. A few months of painful imbecility, and then the utter decay of bodily power, and then death.

"Robert Godfrey, grocer, draper, and general dealer. Licensed to sell tea, tobacco, and snuff. Agent to the Farmer's Fire Insurance Company," and so forth. What with its new front and oak graining and varnish, the village shop, in these later days, is brighter and smarter than ever. There is a good substantial air of respectability about it, moreover, which is quite pleasant to contemplate. And the name! still the same name over the door, newly painted and gilded too—"Robert Godfrey." "There 's a story about that," says an aged gossip of ours, as we stand admiringly at her cottage door; "and if you 'll come in and sit down, I 'll tell it."

We like a story dearly, so we accept the invitation, and listen to the village tale which we have amplified here, and curtailed there, and fitted together, and narrated.

"But Rebecca—good Rebecca Kennet, what further of her?"

"My story is n't all told yet," says our friend. "When old Robert died, there was a search for his will, of course; and it was found: and, as was expected, every stick and straw was left to Miss Rebecca. The will had been made years and years, and had never been altered. Well, would you think it, before the dear creature had time to turn round, she had notice given her that Mrs. Godfrey—that was the old man's daughter-in-law—meant to dispute the will, and get hold of the property for her son, thinking, perhaps, if she could do that, she might manage to get hold of her share. It was plain enough how it was: there was a gay sort of man who had lodged a good bit of time at her cottage—Eglantine Cottage, she called it—who had been brought up to the law, it seems, and he persuaded Mrs. Godfrey that there was what he called a flaw in the will, and he could overturn it for her, if she would promise to marry him when it was done. So she gave the promise, and he set to work. Poor young Robert! he was almost out of his mind, when he found out what was going on; but he could n't help it; only he would n't leave his aunt, as he called Miss Rebecca, in this new trouble. And then there was a trial, and great expense attending it, no doubt; for, kind as Miss Rebecca was, she would n't give in, as perhaps it was thought she would, but went through it all quietly. So, at last, the will was proved to be a good will, and Mrs. Godfrey lost her second husband along with the cause, and went clean away from the village.

"And then, would you think it, as soon as the law-suit was over, Miss Rebecca called in a lawyer, and after she had settled a good income, for life, upon Mrs. Godfrey, she made over all the rest to young Robert, because he was the rightful heir of his grandfather, only keeping back enough for herself to live upon as a single woman, in case she should get past work. And then, till master Robert was of age, she managed the business and kept house for him; and when that time came, she gave all up into his hands; and that 's how it is the name stands as it always did over the door."

"And now?"

"Why, now, have n't you heard about it? Mr. Robert is just going to be married; and a nice, open-hearted young man he is; he takes after Miss Rebecca, I think, more than anybody else: well, he is going to be married, and Miss Rebecca is going to leave the old place at last, though 't is much against his wishes; but she won't live far off, and she says it is best for married people to have a clear house to themselves, so she is going to retire, as she calls it; which means, I take it, that she will lay herself out, more than ever, to do good, all sorts of ways, to everybody around, and never lie down in peace, if she thinks there 's anything left undone that might be done to make another happy:—bless her!"

Yes, old friend, and blessed are such as she, with all the blessings which belong to the peacemakers, the meek, the poor in spirit, the pure in heart. The Master has spoken it.

THE ECCENTRIC DR. ABERNETHY.

THERE are few names around which more public interest, and one might say amusement, hangs, than that of the celebrated and eccentric Dr. Abernethy. Known to an almost by-gone generation as the plain and practical expounder of medical science; a man great in the application, if not in the discovery, of physical laws; concerning whose wit, wisdom, and want of common courtesy, there exists such a mass of floating anecdote; it seems strange, in these printing times, that the first regular history of his life has been only just published, from which work the following particulars are extracted.

John Abernethy was born in 1764, the second son of a London merchant, whose father and grandfather had been Presbyterian ministers. He received the rudiments of education at Dr. Robertson's school, in Wolverhampton. The discipline of this seminary was, like that of most schools of the period, harsh and severe; and though young Abernethy made pretty fair progress under it, the boy's natural shyness, which had been remarkable from infancy, was thereby aggravated to a nervous irritability, to which those who knew him best attributed his singular and uncourteous manner. Notwithstanding this impediment, Abernethy would have selected the law as his future profession; and it was a saying of his, that had his father permitted him to be a lawyer, he should have known every act of parliament by heart. The great surgeon's memory was, indeed, capacious; and there is an instance on record of his having astonished a gentleman, who wrote some complimentary verses to Mrs. Abernethy on her birthday, by repeating the poem, word for word, some hours after he heard it first read. It is probable, however, that Abernethy's father acted more wisely for him in apprenticing the youth to Sir Charles Blicke, then chief surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Here the opportunities enjoyed by modern students were not granted to him. There were no lectures on either surgery or anatomy delivered in the hospital at this period; but he made up for this deficiency by attending the lectures of Sir William Blizard, at the London Hospital, and those of the celebrated Dr. Hunter, at the College of Surgeons. While that great man was announcing his own researches and discoveries in science, it is said that the lively portion of his audience were tittering over student jokes, the stupid dozing on the benches, and a very few seriously and anxiously attending to the lecturer. Among the few, Abernethy was preëminent. It was his policy to get as near as possible to Dr. Hunter, and assist his strong memory with shorthand notes of the discourse. Hunter himself is said to have observed: "This young man will one day come to something in his profession. No one was ever so diligent for nothing."

Though not his early choice, Abernethy seems to have thrown himself heart and hand into medical studies; and when, in 1780, he was appointed assistant surgeon in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, we find him opening a class of his own, and delivering lectures to students in the institution. There was no salary annexed to this appointment, and Abernethy filled the office gratuitously for twenty-eight years; but as his practice extended, his fame increased. In 1813 he was appointed surgeon to Christ's Hospital, and in the following year professor of anatomy and surgery to the College of Surgeons. It was at Christ's Hospital that his notable controversy with Mr. Lawrence, on the subject of vital force, occurred; but however interesting to students, it only affords to the thoughtful mind another proof that men's unruly tempers often go with them, even to the heights of science.

Of Abernethy's unpolished peculiarities there are many instances in print; but we prefer some that show the man in his better moods. "He was just stepping into his carriage to go and see the Duke of ——, to whom he had been sent for in a hurry, when a gentleman stopped him, to say that he should be very glad if he could, at his leisure, pay Mr. —— another visit at Somers Town. Abernethy had seen this poor gentleman before, and advised a course which it appeared that the patient had not resolution to follow. 'Why,' said Abernethy, 'I can't go now; I am going in haste to see the Duke of——.' Then, pausing a moment, before he stepped into the carriage, he looked up to the coachman and said, quietly, 'Somers Town.' This is very characteristic; the fidgety irritability of his first impression at interference, and the beneficence of his second thought."

On another occasion, a friend mentioned

to him the case of a literary gentleman, in very embarrassed circumstances, who had been long suffering under a painful disease, and wished for his advice, but could not afford the famous surgeon's fee. "Where does he live?" said Abernethy. The place was mentioned—full two miles distant. Abernethy immediately rung the bell, summoned his carriage, and never showed so much politeness to his most wealthy and distinguished patient as he exhibited when gratuitously visiting that afflicted man of letters.

He had a great objection to amputation when it could be avoided. He used to say that any sort of a limb was better than none; and regarding his success, in the application of this principle, the following amusing anecdote of hospital practice is given us. "It was on his first going through the wards, after a visit to Bath, that, passing up between the rows of beds, with an immense crowd of pupils after him —myself among the rest—the apparition of a poor Irishman, with the scantiest shirt I ever saw, jumping out of bed, and literally throwing himself on his knees, at Abernethy's feet, presented itself. For some moments everybody was bewildered; but the poor fellow, with all his country's eloquence, poured out such a torrent of thanks, prayers, and blessings, and made such pantomimic displays of his leg, that we were not long left in doubt." The man had come into the hospital about three months before, with a diseased ankle, and it had been at once condemned to amputation. Something, however, induced Abernethy to try what rest and constitutional treatment would do for it, and with the happiest result. With some difficulty the patient was got into bed; and Abernethy took the opportunity of giving us a clinical lecture about diseases, and their constitutional treatment. Every word he uttered Pat confirmed. 'Thrue, yer honour; you're the great doctor, intirely!' while, at the slightest allusion to his case, off went the bedclothes, and up went the leg, as if he were taking aim at the ceiling. 'That's it, and a better leg it is than ever was owned by the craythur that wanted to cut it off.' I was much struck with Abernethy's manner in the midst of the laughter; stooping down to the patient, he said with earnestness, 'I am glad your leg is doing well; but never kneel except to your Maker.'"

Even this trait of religious feeling, small though it be, is gratifying to meet with in a life wherein it appeared but too seldom. Abernethy's inclination to simplify matters rendered him a most efficient teacher. He never used a technical term when a popular one could be employed; and made no parade of learning in his lectures, but showed an intense desire to tell his students all they did not know. In common with men who have attained excellence themselves, he was a great admirer and encourager of it in others. One of his most attentive students was a Mr. Davis, who settled at Andover, and obtained considerable practice. One of his patients met with a severe accident, which caused a compound dislocation of the ankle. The young surgeon did the best he could, and then said: "Now, when you have got well, and have, as you most likely will, a stiff joint, your friends will tell you, 'Ah, you had a country doctor;' so, sir, I would advise you to send for a London surgeon, to confirm or correct what I have done." The patient consented, and sent to London for Abernethy, who reached the spot about two in the morning. He looked at the limb, and heard what had been done. "I have come a long way, then, to do nothing," was his characteristic observation. "You are in very good hands, and may have a stiff joint, but that's better than a wooden leg." And Abernethy departed. Some time after, a gentleman, also under Davis's care, wished to consult him in preference to the country surgeon; but his answer was: "I told him all I knew about surgery, and I'm sure Davis has not forgotten it."

Abernethy's punctuality in the discharge of his duties might be an example to men of inferior attainments. On his wedding day he delivered the accustomed lecture; and, when full of honors, at the head of his profession, and the father of a grown-up family, an acquaintance, who complimented him on his better than ordinary attire, as he came to the hospital, received for answer, that one of the girls was married that morning. But the long career of fame, usefulness, and eccentricity, closed at last. "And he died," concludes the story of all men in this world, which Abernethy left (we know not with what preparation for a more enduring heritage) in the year 1831, at the age of sixty-seven.

STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I HAVE always been interested in the conversation of any one who could tell me anything about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith, in 1593, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by this act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, if the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered that "the first-named monarch feared them, and the latter loved them; but he neither feared nor loved them." The extermination of the Huguenots was a favorite project with Cardinal Richelieu, and it was at his instigation that the second siege of Rochelle was undertaken—known even to the most careless student of history for the horrors of famine which the besieged endured. Miserably disappointed as they were at the failure of the looked-for assistance from England, the mayor of the town, Guiton, rejected the conditions of peace which Cardinal Richelieu offered; namely, that they would raze their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. But there was a traitorous faction in the town; and, on Guiton's rejection of the terms, this faction collected in one night a crowd of women and children and aged persons, and drove them beyond the lines; they were useless, and yet they ate food. Driven out from the beloved city, tottering, faint, and weary, they were fired at by the enemy; and the survivors came pleading back to the walls of Rochelle, pleading for a quiet shelter to die in, even if their death were caused by hunger. When two-thirds of the inhabitants had perished; when the survivors were insufficient to bury their dead; when ghastly corpses out-numbered the living—miserable, glorious Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, opened its gates to receive the Roman Catholic Cardinal, who celebrated mass in the church of St. Marguerite, once the beloved sanctuary of Protestant worship. As we cling to the memory of the dead, so did the Huguenots remember Rochelle. Years—long years of suffering—gone by, a village sprang up, not twenty miles from New-York, and the name of that village was New-Rochelle; and the old men told with tears of the sufferings their parents had undergone when they were little children, far away across the sea, in the "pleasant" land of France.

Richelieu was otherwise occupied after the second siege of Rochelle, and had to put his schemes for the extermination of the Huguenots on one side. So they lived in a kind of trembling uncertain peace during the remainder of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. But they strove to avert persecution by untiring submission. It was not until 1683, that the Huguenots of the South of France resolved to profess their religion, and refuse any longer to be registered among those of the Roman Catholic faith; to be martyrs, rather than apostates or hypocrites. On an appointed Sabbath, the old deserted Huguenot churches were reopened; nay, those in ruins, of which but a few stones remained to tell the tale of having once been holy ground, were peopled with attentive hearers, listening to the word of God as preached by reformed ministers. Languedoc, Cevennes, Dauphiny, seemed alive with Huguenots—even as the Highlands were, at the chieftain's call, alive with armed men, whose tartans had been hidden but a moment before in the harmonious and blending colors of the heather.

Dragonnades took place, and cruelties were perpetrated, which it is as well, for the honor of human nature, should be forgotten. Twenty-four thousand conversions were announced to Le Grand Louis, who fully believed in them. The more far-seeing Madame de Maintenon hinted at her doubts in the famous speech, "Even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be Catholics."

And then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A multitude of weak reasons were alleged, as is generally the case where there is not one that is really good, or presentable; such as that the edict was never meant to be perpetual; that (by the blessing of Heaven and the dragonnades) the Huguenots had returned to the true faith, therefore the edict was useless—a mere matter of form, &c., &c.

As a "mere matter of form," some penalties were decreed against the professors of the extinct heresy. Every Huguenot

place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the Hôpitaux des Forçats at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal, he was to be considered "obstinate," and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. The children of Huguenot parents were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns.

And now come in some of the traditions which I have heard and collected.

A friend of mine, a descendant from some of the Huguenots who succeeded in emigrating to England, has told me the following particulars of her great-great-grandmother's escape. This lady's father was a Norman farmer, or rather small landed proprietor. His name was Lefebvre. He had two sons, grown men, stout and true; able to protect themselves, and choose their own line of conduct. But he had also one little daughter, Magdalen, the child of his old age, and the darling of his house; keeping it alive and glad with her innocent prattle. His small estate was far away from any large town, with its corn-fields and orchards surrounding the old ancestral house. There was plenty always in it; and though the wife was an invalid, there was always a sober cheerfulness present, to give a charm to the abundance.

The family Lefebvre lived almost entirely on the produce of the estate, and had little need for much communication with their nearest neighbors, with whom, however, as kindly, well-meaning people, they were on good terms, although they differed in their religion. In those days coffee was scarcely known, even in large cities; honey supplied the place of sugar; and for the potage, the *bouilli*, the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the garden, farm and orchard of the Lefebvres was all-sufficient. The woolen cloth was spun by the men of the house on winter's evenings, standing by the great wheel, and carefully and slowly turning it to secure evenness of thread. The women took charge of the linen, gathering, and drying, and beating the bad-smelling hemp, the ugliest crop that grew about the farm; and, reserving the delicate blue-flowered flax for the fine thread needed for the daughter's *trousseau;* for as soon as a woman child was born, the mother, lying too faint to work, smiled as she planned the web of dainty linen, which was to be woven at Rouen out of the flaxen thread of gossamer fineness, to be spun by no hand, as you may guess, but that mother's own. And the farm-maidens took pride in the store of sheets and table napery which they were to have a share in preparing for the future wedding of the little baby, sleeping serene in her warm cot, by her mother's side. Such being the self-sufficient habits of the Norman farmers, it was no wonder that in the eventful year of 1685 Lefebvre remained ignorant for many days of that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his coreligionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and salt for the winter's provision. Accordingly, the large-boned Norman horse was accoutred, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheepskin, scarlet worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre, slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse block by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nodding and kissing her hand as he rode away. When he arrived at the fair, in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learned for the first time, of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his sons would sacrifice anything—would be proud of martyrdom if need were—but the clause which cut him to the heart, was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent. A convent, to the Huguenots' excited prejudices, implied a place of dissolute morals, as well as of idolatrous doctrine.

Poor Farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death—nay, the salvation or damnation—of his darling, seemed to him to depend on the speed with which he could reach his home, and take measures for her safety. What these were to be he could not tell in this moment of bewildered terror; for, even while he watched the stable-boy at the inn, arranging his horse's gear with-

out daring to help him—for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him—even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight, for ever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old horse: but the road was hilly, and the steed had not had his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and, at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, and ran by the horse's side up every hill, pulling him along, and encouraging his flagging speed by every conceivable noise, meant to be cheerful, though the tears were fast running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revulsion of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun, playing with the "fromages" of the mallow-plant, which are such a delight to Norman children. He got off his horse, which found its accustomed way into the stable. He kissed Magdalen over and over again, the tears coming down his cheeks like rain; and then he went in to tell his wife—his poor invalid wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest, "That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some of the people, who had called at the farm, on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. The captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake—"

"But we must part from *her*—from Magdalen, the apple of our eyes. And she—she has never left her home before, never been away from us—who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child?" And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer, and said:—

"God will take care of our precious child, and keep her safe from harm, till we two—or you at least, dear husband, can leave this accursed land. Or, if we cannot follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion, and we shall never see her again—never!"

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the little girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but straw, and a new mattress rolled up, and peeping out of a sack-cloth covering. The mother blessed her child, with a full conviction that she should never see her again. The father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in her strange imprisonment. He stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labor-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her feet were cold; he took off his warm flannel jacket to wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hiding-place at the quay at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected *trousseau*; the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her eventually in London. But the father—moaning to himself, "If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved," saying that pitiful sentence over and over again, as if the repetition could charm away the deep sense of woe—went home, and took to his bed, and died; nor did the mother remain long after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughter's descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and many other particulars relating to the exiled Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revocation were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole congregations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and

intelligent of the Huguenots, (who, as a people, had distinguished themselves in manufacture and commerce,) when the king's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life; imprisonment for life, including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests. Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend:—A husband and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him; and, after vainly using argument to endeavour to persuade him to renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest, with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with an iron floor, and no seat, nor means of support or rest; into this room the poor Huguenot was introduced. The iron flooring was gradually heated: (one remembers the gouty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in "Sandford and Merton;" but there the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case:) still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burned off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by and by they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last, my informant could not tell. He only knew that, after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor gray cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, making vain inquiries for his wife in his broken English, as little understood by most as the Moorish maiden's cry for "Gilbert, Gilbert." Some one at last directed him to a coffee-house near Soho-square, kept by an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even then national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple hied himself; but no one knew of his wife: she might be alive, or she might be dead; it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a pedler listening to everything, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbors of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crape; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried on one or two delicate employments, such as jewelry, wax-bleaching, &c. The pedler took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there, earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believing her husband to be either a galley-slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the pedler's tale, she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterward in Canterbury, supported by his wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby? If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the baby into a formless bundle; to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advantage of the deep gutter which runs in the centre of so many old streets in French towns, they placed the baby in this hollow, close to one of the gates, after dusk. The gend'arme came out to open the gate to them. They were suddenly summoned to see a sick relation, they said; they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother would willingly leave behind to be brought up by Papists. So the sentinel concluded that they were not going to emigrate, at least this time; and locking the great town gates behind them, he reentered his little guard-room. "Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick. There in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried! Pray God the sleeping-draught be not too strong!" It was not too strong: father, mother, and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading this very paper.

England, Holland, and the Protestant states of Germany were the places of refuge for the Norman and Breton Protestants. From the south of France escape

was more difficult. Algerine pirates infested the Mediterranean, and the small vessels in which many of the Huguenots embarked from the southern ports were an easy prey. There were Huguenot slaves in Algiers and Tripoli for years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Most Catholic Spain caught some of the fugitives, who were welcomed by the Spanish Inquisition with a different kind of greeting from that which the wise, far-seeing William the Third of England bestowed on such of them as sought English shelter after his accession. We will return to the condition of the English Huguenots presently. First, let us follow the fortunes of those French Protestants who sent a letter to the State of Massachusetts (among whose historical papers it is still extant) giving an account of the persecutions to which they were exposed, and the distress they were undergoing, stating the wish of many of them to emigrate to America, and asking how far they might have privileges allowed them for following out their pursuit of agriculture. What answer was returned may be guessed from the fact that a tract of land comprising about eleven thousand acres at Oxford, near the present town of Worcester, Massachusetts, was granted to thirty Huguenots, who were invited to come over and settle there. The invitation came like a sudden summons to a land of hope across the Atlantic. There was no time for preparations; these might excite suspicion; they left the "pot boiling on the fire," (to use the expression of one of their descendants,) and carried no clothes with them but what they wore. The New Englanders had too lately escaped from religious persecution themselves, not to welcome, and shelter, and clothe these poor refugees when they once arrived at Boston. The little French colony at Oxford was called a plantation; and Gabriel Bernon, a descendant of a knightly name in Froissart, a Protestant merchant in Rochelle, was appointed undertaker for this settlement. They sent for a French Protestant minister, and assigned to him a salary of forty pounds a year. They bent themselves assiduously to the task of cultivating the half-cleared land, on the borders of which lay the dark forest, among which the Indians prowled and lurked, ready to spring upon the unguarded households. To protect themselves from this creeping deadly enemy, the French built a fort, traces of which yet remain. But on the murder of the Johnson family, the French dared no longer remain on the bloody spot; although more than ten acres of ground were in garden cultivation around the fort; and long afterwards those who told in hushed, awe-struck voices of the Johnson murder, could point to the rose-bushes, the apple and pear trees yet standing in the Frenchmen's deserted gardens. Mrs. Johnson was a sister of Andrew Sigourney, one of the first Huguenots who came over. He saved his sister's life by dragging her by main force through a back door, while the Indians massacred her children, and shot down her husband at his own threshold. To preserve her life was but a cruel kindness.

Gabriel Bernon lived to a patriarchal age, in spite of his early sufferings in France and the wild Indian cries of revenge around his home in Massachusetts. He died rich and prosperous. He had kissed Queen Anne's hand, and become intimate with some of the English nobility, such as Lord Archdale, the Quaker Governor of Carolina, who had lands and governments in the American States. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees repaid in part their debt of gratitude to Massachusetts in various ways during the War of Independence; one, Gabriel Manigault, by advancing a large loan to further the objects of it. Indeed, three of the nine presidents of the old Congress, which conducted the United States through the Revolutionary War, were descendants of the French Protestant refugees. General Francis Marion, who fought bravely under Washington, was of Huguenot descent. In fact, both in England and France, the Huguenot refugees showed themselves temperate, industrious, thoughtful, and intelligent people, full of good principle and strength of character. But all this is implied in the one circumstance that they suffered and emigrated to secure the rights of conscience.

In the State of New-York they fondly called their plantation or settlement by the name of the precious city which had been their stronghold, and where they had suffered so much. New-Rochelle was built on the shore of Long Island Sound, twenty-three miles from New-York. On the Saturday afternoons, the inhabitants of New-Rochelle harnessed their horses to

their carts, to convey the women and little ones; and the men in the prime of life walked all the distance to New-York, camping out in their carts in the environs of the city, through the night, till the bell summoned them on Sunday morning to service, in the old Church du Saint Esprit. In the same way they returned on Sunday evening. The old longing for home recorded in Allan Cunningham's ballad—

"It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be;
O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!"

clung to the breasts, and caused singular melancholy in some of them. There was one old man who went every day down to the sea-shore, to look and gaze his fill toward the beautiful cruel land where most of his life had been passed. With his face to the east—his eyes strained, as if by force of longing looks he could see the far-distant France—he said his morning prayers, and sang one of Clément Marot's hymns. There had been an edition of the Psalms of David put into French rhyme, ("Psaumes de David, mis en Rime françoise, par Clément Marot et Théodore de Bèze,") published in as small a form as possible, in order that the book might be concealed in their bosoms, if the Huguenots were surprised in their worship while they lived in France.

Nor were Oxford and New Rochelle the only settlements of the Huguenots in the United States. Farther south again they were welcomed, and found resting-places in Virginia and South Carolina.

PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

THE CROCODILE.

IN ancient times a crowd of men left their homes, and journeyed to the land through which the Nile flows. They were delighted with the fine river, and its refreshing water; and built houses on its banks. But it was not long before the enormous reptile, called the crocodile, came up from the water, and devoured men and animals with its fearful jaws. The men then prayed to their god, Osiris, and entreated him with a loud voice to deliver them from the monster. But the god, Osiris, sent their wise priests with this reply: "Is it not enough for the Deity to give you strength and understanding? He who appeals to him for help, without putting out his own strength, prays in vain."

They then took swords and clubs in their hands, and attacked the monster in its dwelling in the reeds; they built up banks and bulwarks, and performed tasks in one day which they would before have thought impossible. And thus they first found out that they possessed that strength by which they afterward erected the immense pyramids and obelisks, and also invented many an art and implement, which were, till then, entirely unknown.

For a man's struggles with difficulty and opposition call out and increase his slumbering powers.

The dwellers on the Nile, however, had not yet means enough completely to conquer the mailed monster in his watery bed. They could only keep him back for a short time, and with this they were content.

Their zeal then gradually declined. And as the reptile grew and increased, its fierceness became the greater the longer it continued. The foolish and cowardly people then determined to worship the crocodile as a deity. Fat offerings were brought to him, and the monster grew stronger, while the people sank into ignorance and cowardice.

At last the bow was overstrained, and broke, and vengeance reached the tyrants. Osiris took the helpless under his protection, and encouraged them by the mouth of the wise priest to renew the struggle. The bank soon rang with the shouts of the combatants; and the stream was reddened by the blood of the slain. But the exertions of the people began to weary them, and the priest and distressed people entreated help of Osiris, who now heard their prayer. A small animal, called Fezendah,* appeared on the banks of the river Nile. "Look," cried the priest, "Osiris is sending you help here." "What? you are mocking us," cried all the people at once.

Then the priest replied: "Wait for the issue, and trust to the higher power. In its hand the smallest means are enough to remove the greatest calamities."

The number of the monsters soon visibly decreased. The people looked with amazement at the little animal, as it went

* Commonly called the Ichneumon, or Pharaoh's mouse.

about, searching, with quiet diligence, for the eggs and young of the crocodile.

"Look," said the wise priest: "if you want to put an end to an evil, attack it in the germ and in the root. Very small means will then accomplish what afterward an army will be unable to perform."

SIN.

On a fine autumn day, Richard was keeping his twelfth birthday. He was the son of kind and pious parents, who had given him a large number of presents of different kinds, and had allowed him to-day to invite a party of friends.

They were playing together in the garden, in which Richard had a small garden of his own, with flowers and fruit-trees in it. On the garden wall there were growing some young peach-trees, which were bearing fruit for the first time. The fruit was just beginning to ripen, and the red cheeks were showing through the delicate bloom which covered them. They looked so beautiful that the boys began to long for them.

But Richard said, "My father has told me not to touch these peaches; for it is the first fruit which the trees have borne. I have all sorts of fruit in my garden. Let us all go away, or we might be tempted to pick them."

Then the boys said, "Why should we not taste them? To-day you are king of the garden, and no one else. Besides, is not this your twelfth birthday? You are a year older to-day. You don't mean always to be a child in leading-strings, do you? Only come into *our* garden! No one tells us not to pick things there."

But Richard said, "No, come with me. Father has told me not to touch them."

Then the boys answered, "But your father will not see you; and how is he to find it out? If he asks you, you can say you know nothing about it."

"Fie!" replied Richard, "that would be a lie, and my cheeks would turn red and soon betray me."

Then the oldest said, "Richard is right. Just listen; I know another way. Look here, Richard; let us pick them; then you can say you did not do it." Richard and the others agreed to this. So they broke off the fruit and shared it.

As soon as it was getting dusk the boys went home. But Richard was afraid to meet his father; and, whenever he heard the house door opened, he was frightened, and began to tremble.

At last his father came, and when Richard heard his footsteps, he ran, as quickly as he could, to the other side of the garden, where his own little garden was. But his father went and saw how the young trees had been stripped, and called, "Richard, Richard! where are you?" When the lad heard his own name, he trembled still more from fear.

And his father came to him and said, "Is this the way you keep your birthday? and are these the thanks I receive, that you rob my trees?"

But Richard replied, "I have not touched the trees, father. Perhaps one of the boys did it."

Then his father took him into the house, and placed him in front of him in the light, and said, "Do you still want to deceive your father?" And the boy turned pale, and trembled, and, with tears, confessed the whole. But his father said, "From this time you are never to go into the garden again."

With this his father left him. But Richard could not sleep all night; he felt miserable as he was lying in the dark; he could hear his heart beat; and whenever he was falling asleep he was frightened by dreams. This was the worst night of his life.

The next day he looked pale and wretched, and his mother began to grieve for the boy. So she said to his father, "Look how Richard is taking it to heart, and how low-spirited he is. The locking up of the garden is a sign to him that his father's heart is locked against him too."

And the father said, "That is what I wish. That is the reason that I locked up the garden."

"But, then," said his mother, "it is so bad a beginning to the new year of his life."

"It will, for that very reason, be the happier afterward," was the father's reply.

After a few days, the mother said again to the father, "I am afraid of Richard's despairing of our loving him again."

"There is no fear of that," replied the father, "his own guilty heart will assure him of the contrary. Hitherto he has enjoyed our love; now let him learn how to know and admire it, that he may recover it again."

"But," said the mother, "does not it seem to him now to be somewhat serious and stern?"

"That is true," answered the father; "for it appears as justice and wisdom. But let him learn in this way, through the consciousness of his sin, to fear and honor it. And in due time it will appear to him again in its original shape, and he will again, without timidity, call it love. His present trouble is a proof that he is sure to do this by-and-by."

Some time had again passed by, when Richard came one morning out of his bedroom, with a quiet, but serious face. He had put together, in a basket, all the presents which he had ever had from his parents; and he now brought the basket and put it down before his father and mother.

Then his father said to him, "What does this mean, Richard?" and the boy said, "Father, I do n't deserve your kindness, so I have brought back the presents. But my heart tells me that I am beginning to be a new child. So pray forgive me; and take me and everything you have so kindly given me."

Then the father folded his child in his arms, and kissed him, and wept over him. And his mother did the same.

HILLEL AND MAIMON, OR PRAYER.

The wise Hillel had a pupil named Maimon, and Hillel was greatly pleased with his talents and his good understanding. But he soon discovered that Maimon was trusting too much to his own wisdom, and had entirely given up prayer.

For the young man said in his heart, "What is the use of prayer? Does the omniscient God need our words before he helps us? He would then be like a man. Can a man's prayers and sighs alter his plans? Will not the gracious God give us of himself whatever is good and useful?" These were the thoughts of the youth.

But Hillel was troubled in his heart that Maimon should think himself wiser than the word of God, and he determined to teach him better.

When Maimon went to him one day, Hillel was sitting in his garden, under the shade of a palm-tree, meditating, with his head resting upon his hand. And Maimon said to him, "Master, about what are you meditating?"

Then Hillel lifted up his head, and said, "I have a friend, who lives on the produce of his estate. Till now he has carefully cultivated it, and it has well repaid his toil. But now he has thrown away the plow and hoe, and is determined to leave the field to itself; so that he is sure to come to want and misery."

"Has he gone mad?" said the young man, "or fallen into despondency?"

"Neither," said Hillel. "He is of a pious disposition; and well grounded in learning, both human and divine. But he says, 'The Lord is omnipotent, and can easily give us nourishment without our bending our head to the ground; and as he is gracious, he will bless my table, and open his hand. And who can contradict him?'"

"Why," said the young man, "is not that tempting God? Have you not told him so?"

Then Hillel smiled, and said, "I will tell him so. You, dear Maimon, are the friend I am speaking of."

"I?" said Maimon, and started back.

But the old man replied, "Are you not tempting the Lord. Is prayer less than work; and are spiritual blessings inferior to the fruit of the field? And He who tells you to stoop your head to the earth, for the sake of earthly fruit, is he not the same as he who tells you to lift your head toward heaven, to receive his heavenly blessing?"

Thus spake Hillel, and looked up to heaven; and Maimon went away and prayed, and his life was a very godly one.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

The angel of slumber was journeying once through the earth, hand in hand with his brother, the angel of death. Evening came on, and they rested upon a hill, not far from the dwellings of men. There was a solemn stillness around them; and even the vesper bell of the distant village was not heard.

The two good angels of man sat, in their usual way, in perfect silence and loving embrace till the night approached.

The angel of slumber then rose from his mossy couch, and scattered with his gentle hand his invisible sleep-bringing dust. It was carried by the evening breeze to the quiet homes of the weary villagers. And soon the tenants of the rural cottages, from the hoary-headed old man, who went leaning on his staff, to the infant in its cradle, were folded in the arms of welcome.

sleep. The sick forgot their pains, the sorrowful their troubles, the poor their cares. The eyes of all were closed.

When his work was done, the friendly angel of slumber again laid himself by the side of his more serious brother. "When the morning breaks," said he, with cheerful simplicity, "I am praised by every man as a friend and benefactor. How delightful it is to do good in secret and unseen! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How charming our quiet vocation is!"

Thus spoke the friendly angel of slumber.

The angel of death looked at him in mournful silence, and a tear, such as immortals shed, came into his large dark eye. "It is sad," he said, "that I cannot, like you, enjoy their cheerful thanks. The earth calls *me* its enemy, and the destroyer of its peace!"

"My brother," replied the angel of slumber, "will not the good man, when he awakes, see that you, too, were his friend and benefactor, and thankfully bless you? Are we not brothers, and messengers of one Father?"

Thus he spoke, and at his words the eye of the angel of death brightened, and the twin angels embraced each other more warmly than before.

CATCHING A BUTTERFLY.

It was early on a summer morning, that little William went running into his father's garden, to gather a nosegay of pinks and stocks from his own flower-bed, as a present to his mother; for it was her birthday.

Just as he came into the garden, he caught sight of a beautiful butterfly, which was settling first on one plant and then on another. His mother's flowers were soon forgotten, in the boy's eagerness to catch the butterfly.

At first he followed it with light steps, and in a stooping posture, that he might come upon it unperceived. But his longing increased with every step, and the farther it flew away the more beautiful the color of its wings appeared. At last it flew to a little fruit tree, which was just in bloom, and settled there. This tree was close to William's flower bed, and the little tree itself had been given him by his father. For this reason he was very fond of it, as well as because it was so small and had so beautiful a head.

But as soon as he saw the butterfly resting on the bloom, he rushed quickly toward it, and struck it so violently with his hat, that all the blossom fell off the tree, and two branches were broken.

The boy looked down in dismay at the branches which had fallen at his feet, and then discovered that he had trampled down all his hyacinths, and pinks, and stocks, and that the butterfly lay dead and shattered on the ground.

And William had to return to the house, crying and in great trouble, without either butterfly or flowers—a picture of youthful gayety, which runs eagerly after every pleasure.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

The angel which tends the flowers, and drops the dew upon them in the stillness of the night, was sleeping on a bright spring day, in the shade of a rose-tree.

And when he woke, he said, with a loving countenance, "Dearest of my children, I thank you for your delicious fragrance and cooling shade. Were there anything you could ask of me, how gladly would I grant it."

"Then adorn me with a new charm," said at once the spirit of the rose-tree.

Thereupon the angel of flowers adorned the queen of the flowers with simple moss.

And lovely in its modest ornament stood the *moss-rose*, the most beautiful of its kind.

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Fair reader, give up your finery, and shining jewelry, and follow the guidance of maternal nature alone.

Angel Whisperings.—Some one said, "When a babe smiles in its sleep it is talking with angels." It may be so. If we could pass the portals that conduct to the dreams of a slumbering infant, we might behold scenes that would render the gorgeous visions and splendid imaginations of manhood most meager in comparison. Peradventure we might hear the angel also, would we but pause and listen; but, alas! there are too many voices in our preoccupied hearts, and the multiplied sounds of the busy world drown these angel whisperings, so that we may hear them not. Heaven grant that those heavenly visitors to young innocence may ever linger near them, and that when these children mingle with the world, they may still talk with angels.

GHOSTS AND SORCERESSES OF INDIA.

THE superstitious fears which in Europe make the heart beat, the limbs tremble, the cheek grow pale, the brow beat with perspiration, the hair rise upon the head, are almost wholly unknown in India. The Hindoo, old or young, is not haunted by the vague, undefinable terror which makes the children of the English strangers hide their heads under the bed-clothes. He knows very well what he dreads; and that is neither sights nor sounds abhorrent to nature, but substantial and tangible inflictions—such as a sound drubbing. Colonel Sleeman tells of villages that are absolutely persecuted by the spirits of their old proprietors; and a native friend of his informed him, that in such cases he always considered it his bounden duty to his tenants to build a neat little shrine to the ghost, and have it well endowed and attended. Some go still further to propitiate the defunct proprietor: they have their leases made out in his name. The English authorities were much puzzled by this whim. On one occasion Mr. Fraser, who managed the settlement of the land-revenue of the Saugor district for twenty years, had drawn the renewal of a lease according to his own ideas, in the name of the head of the family; but this threw the party concerned into great consternation. He assured him that the spirit of the ancient proprietor was still dominant in the village; that all affairs of importance were transacted in his name; and that if the living estate-holder appeared in the lease otherwise than as the manager or bailiff of the dead one, the consequence would be the destruction of him and his.

There is, of course, no want of coincidental circumstances to confirm this belief. When Colonel Sleeman himself was in charge of a district in the Valley of the Nerbudda, a village cultivator came into disastrous collision with the spirit of the next village. This spirit was of so violent a temper, that the lands hardly fetched anything, so difficult was it to find anybody bold enough to risk his displeasure. Nevertheless, the cultivator in question, when plowing one day at the border of the two estates, was so foolhardy as to drive his plow a few yards beyond his own boundary, and thus add to his own about half an acre of the deserted land. That very night, we are told, his only son was bitten by a snake, and his two bullocks were seized with the murrain! The smitten sinner at once rushed to the village temple, confessed his crime, and promised not only to restore the stolen land, but to build a handsome shrine upon the spot to its true proprietor. The ghost was appeased; the boy and the bullocks recovered; the shrine was built, and is the boundary-mark to this day. At another time this same spirit was so tyrannical, with his whip literally of serpents, that the estate fell into a waste, although the soil was the best in the district. At length the governor, determined to shame the people out of their prejudices, took the lease himself, at the rent of one thousand rupees a year, and at the head of a procession of twelve plows, proceeded from his own residence, a dozen miles off, to superintend personally the commencement of proceedings at the perilous spot. Here Goroba Pundit—for that was his name—paused on the top of a gentle hill, crowned with a great and beautiful banyan-tree, the lands that had become his swelling in their neglected luxuriance around him. His attendants spread a carpet for him under that fine tree, and alighting from his horse, he sat down to preface operations by indulging himself with his hookah, and moralizing the while on the superstitions of men, as unsubstantial as the fragrant smoke that floated around and above him. "So beautiful an estate!" thought he! "so noble a tree!" and he raised his eyes and looked through the smoke at a branch of the banyan hanging like a canopy over his head, close almost to touching. On that branch there was coiled an enormous black snake! Goroba Pundit looked into the glittering eyes of the reptile without being able to move. But presently desperation gave him strength to break the enchantment. He started to his feet; sprang with one bound upon his horse; galloped madly down the hill; and never drew bridle till he reached home. Although afterward in office, as a native collector, nothing could induce him to revisit the beautiful estate, even after it had passed into other hands; but he was sometimes heard to execrate his folly in having neglected to propitiate, before taking possession, that awful spirit which had glared down upon him from the tree.

It might be supposed that "christened men" are exempt from the interference

of these pagan ghosts; but this is by no means the case. Mr. Lindsay, while in charge of the same district, made another attempt to overcome the prejudice of the people respecting this fine property. The lands had never been measured; and he was assured by the revenue-officers, as well as the farmers and cultivators of the neighborhood, that the spirit of the old proprietor would never permit such a liberty to be taken with it. Mr. Lindsay, however, was a practiced surveyor, and he saw no difficulty in the case. To avoid accidents, which he knew would have a bad effect on such an occasion, he caused a new measuring-cord to be made on purpose for the adventure; and so provided, he entered the first field, his officers following him in alarm and expectation. The rope was applied—and what followed? If the men of the village are to be believed, who related the circumstance some years after, it flew into a thousand pieces the moment it was stretched. At all events, it broke—that fact is certain; and Mr. Lindsay was taken ill the same morning, returning to Nursingpore, and soon after died of fever.

This superstition is not confined to the part of the country now alluded to; but in other quarters it receives different modifications. On the Malabar coast, every field of corn, every fruit-tree, is confided to the care of some spirit or other, by being dedicated to him; and from that moment the preternatural guardian feels himself responsible for the safety of the property, and punishes the smallest theft either with illness or death. One day, a man rushed up to the proprietor of a jack-tree, threw himself upon the ground before him, embraced his feet, and piteously implored his mercy.

"What is the matter?" asked the proprietor in surprise—"what do you apprehend from me?"

"I was tempted," replied the man, "as I passed by at night, and took a jack from your tree. This was three days ago; and ever since, I have been suffering unspeakable agony in my stomach. The spirit of the tree is upon me; and you alone can appease him." In England, we should probably have thought, "The fruit was doubtless unripe;" but in India, they reason as well as act differently. The proprietor picked up from the ground a bit of cow-dung, moistened it, made a mark with it in the name of the spirit upon the forehead of the penitent, and then put the remainder into the knot of hair on the top of his head. The thing was done; the man's pains left him instantly, and he went off, vowing to take good care never again to offend a guardian spirit.

The devils of India are quite as practical personages as the ghosts; and sometimes, indeed, it is difficult to distinguish between them. When there is no vested interest in the grave to refer the infliction to, it is tolerably safe for the victim to believe that his sufferings proceed from a devil. In like manner, when Hindoo science is at fault as to the natural origin of some disease, the doctor sees very clearly that it must have a preternatural one. Thus, in epileptic and other fits, and more especially in some obscure diseases, such as those of the liver and spleen, to which children are subject, the devils always get the blame. In Dr. Wiseman's curious and instructive *Commentary on Ancient Hindoo Medicine*, he gives a complete account of the doings of these anti-doctors, with a description of the treatment resorted to for casting them out. This treatment, in the present day, consists in great part of prayers and incantations; and when a cure is effected, it is set down as owing to the preternatural power of the doctors. The inconvenience of this is, that a man who has it in his power to cure is supposed likewise to have it in his power to kill; and when the death of the patient takes place, it is not unfrequently regarded as a murder. Numerous instances have occurred of medical practitioners on this consummation occurring being put to death by the incensed relations; and several are on record in which a father has stood over the doctor with a drawn sword by the bedside of his child, and cut him down the instant the patient died.

It frequently happens that in India, as well as in other countries, the devils do not act independently, but under the direction of some human being who has contrived to get one of them under control. Such human beings are of the female sex, and of that mature age at which they receive from the unpolite the disrespectful name of elderly or old women. There is this difference, however, between the belief of the east and that of the west: in the west, it was the spirit who bribed the woman with his services; while in the

east, it is the woman who bribes the spirit with hers. She ministers to him by means of sacrifices, and pampers his unclean taste with the livers of human beings. She makes no scruple of digging young children out of their graves, and bringing them to life with the assistance of the expectant gourmand, so that the latter may feast on the part he covets.

The power thus acquired does not seem to be exercised on objects as important as one might suppose from these shocking preliminaries. Colonel Sleeman mentions the case of a trooper in the employment of Major Wardlaw, when the latter was in charge of the Seonee district. The fellow went to an old woman for some milk for his master's breakfast, and supposing her to be without any resource against his tyranny, carried it away without paying—intending, no doubt, to charge the major for it all the same. Before Major Wardlaw, however, had finished his breakfast, the dishonest trooper was down upon his back, writhing and yelling in an agony of internal pain. It was quite clear that the man was bedeviled, and that the old woman was the sorceress. She was immediately apprehended, brought to where her victim lay, and commanded to cure him. The old woman denied her guilt, but admitted that some of her household gods, without her knowledge, might have thought fit to punish the dishonesty. This would not do. The bystanders would take no denial; and, on their compulsion, she set about collecting materials for the poojah (worship). This being effected, she began the ceremonial; and before she had proceeded very far, the object was attained—the man was cured. "Had we not been resolute with her," says an eye-witness, "he must have died before the evening, so violent were his torments."

It is fortunate that the power of these sorceresses is confined as regards space; that is to say, if a man who has offended one of them escapes to a distance of ten or twelve miles, she is unable to harm him. A respectable native merchant having visited Ruttunpore on business, was one day walking through the marketplace eating a piece of sugar-cane. He was so much abstracted in this pleasing employment, that he jostled unintentionally an old woman as he passed. Looking back with the intention of apologizing, he heard her mutter something; and straightway he became uneasy—for he was a man who knew a thing or two. He forced himself, however, to resume his occupation as if nothing had happened; but when raising the sugar-cane to his lips—although hardly a minute had elasped—he saw that the juice had all turned to blood! The terrified merchant immediately collected his followers, left his agents to settle his accounts as they might, and was beyond the bounds of the sorceress's jurisdiction before dark. "Had I remained," said he, when relating the circumstance, "nothing could have saved me; I should have been a dead man before morning."

This conversion of the juice of sugar-cane to blood is not uncommon; but sometimes it is attended with more terrifying circumstances. At a fair held in the town of Raepore, there were two women, apparently not much more than of middle age, tempting the passers-by with some remarkably fine sugar-canes. A grave and reverend seignor, who afterward related the adventure, observed them. This gentleman, be it observed in passing, was the representative of a native prince, the Shahgur rajah, and described in perfect good faith what passed before his eyes. While looking at the women with the sugar-canes, there came up to them a stranger, like himself, who wanted to purchase. The price demanded, however, was exorbitant; and the man became angry, thinking they were trying to take advantage of what they supposed to be his ignorance. He took up one of the canes; the women seized the other end, and a struggle ensued. The purchaser offered a fair price; the seller demanded double; and the crowd which had collected, taking part on one side or other, a considerable quantity of the usual abuse was lavished on the female relations of each other. While this scene was going on, and the cane still grasped between the principals, a sipahee of the governor came up, armed to the teeth, and in a very imperious tone commanded the intended purchaser to let go. He refused; and old Jungbar Khan, the relator of the story, who had by this time become much interested, told the soldier that if he so unreasonably took the part of the women, they—the bystanders—would befriend the man and see fair play. Upon this the functionary, without further ceremony, drew his sword and severed the cane through the middle.

"There," said he, "you see the cause of my interference;" and sure enough the horrified crowd observed a stream of blood running from the two ends of the cane, and forming a pool upon the ground! Whence came the blood? It had deserted the body of the would-be purchaser; the sorceress had drawn the stream of life through the cane, to gratify the foul-feeding devil to whom she owed her power; and the poor man fainted from exhaustion, and fell to the ground. So little blood was left in him that he was unable to walk for ten days. So flagrant a case, occurring in the presence of a man so high in rank as the khan, could not be allowed to pass. The bystanders went in a body to the governor of the town to demand justice, declaring that unless an example was made of the sorceress, the fair—at which it was seen no stranger's life was safe—would be deserted. The women were accordingly sewn up in sacks, and thrown into the river. But he whose appetite they had so lately ministered to stood their friend, and they would not sink. The governor, it was thought, ought to have put them to death in some other way; but he did not relish having anything to do with such customers: in fact, he was afraid to meddle further, and ordering them to be released from the sacks, allowed them to go about their business.

The victim of such sorceries—or, as the skeptics of Europe will say, of his own imagination—does not always escape with a fainting-fit and a ten days' illness. When Mr. Fraser was in charge of the Jubbulpore district, he sent one of his chuprassies to Mundlah one day with a message on some official business. In the course of this expedition, the man, who was as tyrannical and rapacious as the rest of his class, bargained with an old woman for a cock she had to sell, and carried off his acquisition without performing his share of the contract. In due time he became hungry; and on arriving at a fitting place, he sat down under a tree to enjoy at his leisure the dinner he had so thoughtfully provided. Kindling a fire, he broiled the cock very nicely—first one part, then another, and another, till he had devoured the whole animal. After making so egregious a meal, he doubtless sat for some time full of a vague sense of happiness, and felicitating himself dreamily on the cleverness with which he had obtained so cheap and excellent a dinner. But here he reckoned without his hostess. He had no sooner renewed his homeward journey than he felt some compunctious visitings within; and they increased as he proceeded, till he thought the cock had come alive again in his internals. By the time he reached home he was shrieking with agony, and throwing himself upon the floor, he had every appearance of being at the point of death. In such circumstances, a man stands upon no punctilios with himself. He related everything that had taken place; and it became only too apparent to every observer that he was suffering from the vengeance of a sorceress.

It is possible that some of the Europeans present—for the room was soon crowded with spectators of all sorts—may have hinted at the illness being probably an indigestion, occasioned by his gluttony. But if so, the idle notion was dispelled in a very remarkable manner, for there was speedily heard a half-articulate sound, which would have made the lank hair of the Hindoos—if such a thing had been possible—stand upright with terror. It was the crow of a cock—and in the same room. All listened breathlessly, striving to believe that what they had heard was an illusion; but out it came again, a regular barn-yard chant—a distinct and indisputable "Cocki-lilli-la-a-a-w!" From whence did it proceed? Is it in the air or the earth? All looked at one another as if with suspicion. But a third chant removed every particle of doubt from their minds; the cock was crowing in the man's belly! As the groans of the dying wretch grew fainter, the note of unearthly triumph swelled the fuller; till at length death put a period to his sufferings, and to the crow of the phantom cock.

Such are the ghosts and witches of India; and they present, it will be seen, some remarkable contrasts with those of Europe. But in one thing the two systems of superstition are alike—it would be hard to say whether in the east or the west the imagination plays the more extraordinary and extravagant part.

A MAN's own conscience is his sole tribunal; and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion," than he should fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the churchyard at dark.—*Bulwer.*

ALLIGATORS OF THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

AT Villanova, we left the Amazon, and entered what are called the Paranà mirés, extending into the country, where the greater part of the salt pirarucú—a very large fish weighing seventy pounds or more—is prepared. We expected to be occupied here some twelve days, instead of which thirty elapsed ere we got out of the upper mouth of the Paranà miré dos Ranos, a little below Serpa, but on the opposite shore. I mention this to introduce you to the alligators—called here "jacarés." Above Obidos, we began to fall in with these elegant creatures in considerable numbers, especially when we were anchored at night in the still bays. In the bright moonlight we could see them floating about in every direction, sometimes quite motionless on the surface, and only distinguishable from logs by careful inspection. The noise they make is a sort of grunt, such as a good-natured pig might make with his mouth shut, only rather louder. By imitating it, we drew them quite near us, and it is little they care for a musket-ball. We shot a young heedless fellow, however, one morning, as he was skulking under a dead trunk by the shore. When we got into the Paranà mirés, and especially when we visited the pirarucù lakes, with which the country is interspersed, we saw jacarés lying about in them like great black stones or trunks of trees. It is amusing to observe what a perfectly good understanding seems to subsist between the jacarés and the fishermen, the former waiting very patiently for their share, which is the offal. When a large fish is hooked, the fishermen leap into the water, in the very midst of the jacarés, which merely sheer out of the way until their turn comes; and such a thing as a jacaré attacking a man is very rarely known.

That this, however, does occur now and then we saw fearful evidence. When we were placed near a sitio, a little below the upper mouth of the Rano, I learned that the "Victoria" had been seen in a small lake near; and as I wished to trace the distribution of this plant in the Valley of the Amazon, I was anxious to verify the report, and likewise to procure specimens; but there was no *montaria*—as canoes hollowed out of a single trunk of a tree are called—and I was told I might probably borrow one at a sitio a little higher up. I accordingly proceeded to this sitio, and found there an old man and his three sons, men of middle age, with their children. Two of the sons had just come in from a distant fishing expedition, the third had his arm in a sling; and on inquiring the cause, I learned that, seven weeks ago, he and his father had been fishing in the very lake I wished to visit, and were embarked in a small montaria which remains constantly in the lake, the outlet of which is dried up in summer. They had reached the middle of the lake, and were looking out for fish with their bows and arrows, when, unseen by them, a large jacaré came under the montaria, gave it a jerk which sent them both into the water, and, seizing the son by the shoulder of the right arm, dived with him at once to the bottom, the lake being about four fathoms deep. In this position of fearful peril, he had sufficient presence of mind to thrust the fingers of his left hand into the monster's eyes, and after rolling over three or four times, the jacaré let go his hold, and the poor fellow rose to the surface, though mangled, bleeding, and helpless, when he was rescued by his father.

The sight of the wounded man was no encouragement to me to prosecute my enterprise: but I was very anxious to procure the fruit of the Victoria; and as three of the little fellows who were running about offered to row me over, and their grandfather made no objection, I did not hesitate to avail myself of their services. The mouth of the lake was on the opposite side of the Ranos, and a little below the sitio. Having reached it, we entered a dense forest, following the dried bed of the igarapé, in which my guides were not slow to detect the recent footsteps of a jacaré. Five minutes brought us to the lake, and we embarked in the frail montaria, in which it was necessary before starting so to stow ourselves as to preserve an exact balance. We then coasted along toward the Victoria, which appeared at a distance of some one hundred and fifty yards. We had made but a few strokes when we perceived by the muddy water ahead of us that a jacaré had just dived. As we passed cautiously over the troubled water, a large jacaré came to the surface a few yards from the offside of our montaria, and then swam along, parallel to our

course, apparently watching our motions very closely. Although the little fellows were frightened at the proximity of the jacaré, their piscatorial instincts were so strong, that at sight of a passing shoal of fish, they threw down their paddles, and seized their mimic bows and arrows—the latter being merely strips of the leaf-stalk of a palm, with a few notches cut near the point—and one of them actually succeeded in piercing and securing an arnará, of about eighteen inches long. Our scaly friend still stuck to us, and took no notice of our shouting and splashing in the water. At length, the eldest lad bethought him of a large harpoon which was laid in the bottom of the montaria; he held this up and poised it in his hand, and the jacaré seemed at once to comprehend its use, for he retreated to the middle, and there remained stationary until we left the lake.

RUINED CITIES.

THE great basin in the middle of our territory, bounded on the north by the Wahsatch Mountains and the settlements of the Mormons in Utah, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, skirting the right bank of the Rio Grande, on the south by the Gila, and on the west by the Sierra Nevada, is a region still almost unknown. Trappers and mountaineers have passed all round the inner side of its rim, but none have ever crossed it, with the exception of Mr. Beale, who traversed on his recent trip its northern slope, and Captain Joe Walker, the famous mountaineer, who passed nearly through its center in the winter of 1850. But little, therefore, is known regarding it; but that little is exceedingly interesting, and fills the mind with eagerness to know more. From Captain Walker we have gathered many particulars regarding his celebrated trip, and the character of this mysterious land, which have never before been brought to light. There is no lack of streams within it; the Rio Colorado Chiquito, or Little Red River, runs entirely across it, about one hundred miles to the north of the Gila, and almost parallel to it, and empties into the Colorado. About one hundred and twenty miles still further north the San Juan follows exactly the same course as the Little Red River, and empties in Grand River, the most important branch of the Colorado. Grand River itself pursues a course a little south of west across the northern part of the basin, while the Avonkaree, a large river discovered by Mr. Beale, Green River, and the Rio Virgen, are all large streams, which drain the northern mountain-rim, and run in a southerly direction into the Colorado.

The great basin between the Colorado and the Rio Grande is an immense tableland, broken toward the Gila and the Rio Grande by detached sierras. Almost all the streams run through deep canons. The country is barren and desolate, and entirely uninhabited. But though now so bleak and forbidding, strewn all around may be seen the evidence that it was once peopled by a civilized and thickly-settled population. They have long since disappeared, but their handiwork still remains to attest their former greatness. Captain Walker assures us that the country from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, between the Gila and San Juan, is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on the tableland. Although he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry and numberless specimens of antique pottery, such as have been noticed in the immigrant train south of the Gila, it was not until his last trip across that he ever saw a structure standing. On that occasion he had penetrated about midway from the the Colorado into the wilderness, and had encamped near the Little Red River, with the Sierra Blanca looming up to the south, when he noticed at a little distance an object that induced him to examine further. As he approached, he found it to be a kind of citadel, around which lay the ruins of a city more than a mile in length. It was located on a gentle declivity that sloped toward Red River, and the lines of the streets could be distinctly traced, running regularly at right angles with each other. The houses had all been built of stones, but all had been reduced to ruins by the action of some great heat, which had evidently passed over the whole country. It was not an ordinary conflagration, but must have been some fierce furnace-like blast of fire, similar to that issuing from a volcano, as the stones were all burned—some of them almost cindered, others glazed, as if melted. This appearance was visible in every ruin he met with. A storm of fire seemed to have swept over the whole face of the country, and the inhabitants must have fallen before it. In

the center of this city we refer to rose abruptly a rock twenty or thirty feet high, upon the top of which stood a portion of the walls of what had once been an immense building. The outline of the building was still distinct, although only the northern angle, with walls fifteen or eighteen feet long, and ten feet high, was standing. These walls were constructed of stone, well quarried and well built. All the south end of the building seemed to have been burned to cinders, and to have sunk to a mere pile of rubbish. Even the rock on which it was built appeared to have been partially fused by the heat. Captain Walker spent some time in examining this interesting spot. He traced many of the streets and the outlines of the houses, but could find no other wall standing. As often as he had seen ruins of this character, he had never until this occasion discovered any of the implements of the ancient people. Here he found a number of handmills, similar to those still used by the Pueblas and the Mexicans for grinding their corn. They were made of light porous rock, and consisted of two pieces about two feet long and ten inches wide, the one hollowed out, and the other made convex like a roller to fit the concavity. They were the only articles that had resisted the heat. No metals of any kind were found. Strewn all around might be seen numerous fragments of crockery, sometimes beautifully carved, at others painted. This, however, was not peculiar to this spot, as he had seen antique pottery in every part of the country, from San Juan to the Gila.

Captain Walker continued his journey, and noticed several more ruins a little off his route next day, but he could not stop to examine them. On this side of the Colorado he has never seen any remains, except of the present races. The Indians have no traditions relative to the ancient people once thickly settled in this region. They look with wonder upon these remains, but know nothing of their origin. Captain Walker, who, we may remark, is a most intelligent and close observer, far superior to the generality of the old trappers, and with a wonderfully retentive memory, is of opinion that this basin, now so barren, was once a charming country, sustaining millions of people, and that its present desolation has been wrought by the action of volcanic fires. The mill discovered proves that the ancient race once farmed. The country, as it now appears, never could be tilled; hence, it is inferred, it must have been different in early days. They must have had sheep too; for the representation of that useful animal was found carved upon a piece of pottery.

Lieutenant Beale states that on his first trip across the continent he discovered in the midst of the wilderness north of the Gila what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it, and found it contained forty-two rooms. In the vicinity numerous balls of hard clay, from the size of a bullet to that of a grape-shot, were met with. What was singular about them was the fact, that frequently ten or twenty were stuck together like a number of bullets run out of half-a-dozen connecting molds, or like a whole baking of rolls. It is difficult to say what these were intended for. They were so hard, however, that the smaller ones could be discharged from a gun. And now it remains for the antiquary to explore this most interesting region in the very heart of our country, and to say who were the people that inhabited it. They may have been the ancestors of the Aztecs whom Cortes found in Mexico; for they were known to have come from the north. Tradition relates that they sailed out from their northern homes, directed by their prophets not to cease their march till they came across an eagle sitting upon a cactus with a serpent in its claws. This they found where the city of Mexico now stands, and there they established their dominion. This legend is still preserved in the device upon the Mexican dollar. Some remnants of the Aztecs still remained within a few years past at the ruined city of Grand Quivera, or Pecos, in the wilderness of New Mexico. Here, in deep caverns, they kept alive with reverential care, the sacred fire, which was always to burn until the return of Montezuma. It only went out about ten years ago, when the last Indian of the tribe expired. It may be that the Pimos, south of the Gila, are an offshoot of the great Aztec nation, left behind in their march to the south.

Would that some Stephens or Layard would arise to explore the wonders that lie concealed within this great basin, and bring to light the history of the strange people that once inhabited it!

PSEUDO-DRUIDICAL ROCKS.

MANY structures exist in England manifestly of Druidical origin, such as the unhewn rocks of Stonehenge, Abury, &c. But scattered up and down are many stones of singular form and position, which have been *called* Druidical from the difficulty felt by the observers to account for them in any other manner, yet which prove to be, when examined, referrible only to natural laws. Some such will be here mentioned; and no doubt many of our readers will be familiar with others which might be added to their number.

A few miles from Liskeard, in Cornwall, on one of the great moors which distinguish that part of the British dominions, stand several remarkable objects, among which some, as being undoubtedly of Druidical origin, we shall pass by, in order to notice a remarkable pile of granite rocks occupying the summit of a steep hill, and known by the name of "the Cheese-wring,"

THE CHEESE-WRING.

from its supposed resemblance to a cheese-press. The visitor who looks upon it, if he possess any imagination of a certain kind, can readily suppose gaping jaws and fishes' heads in the stones of the structure, and such marvels readily impose on the ignorant and unwary. But as one looks on the seven stones, some of them of enormous weight, which compose this singular edifice, nineteen feet high, it is not easy to form a reasonable conjecture how they came there, bearing such an undue weight at their top, yet so accurately adjusted as to brave the highest winds that can blow across that unsheltered moor. No one, of course, can tell with certainty how the "Cheese-wring" came into its present position. One conjecture is, that these stones were originally thrown one upon another by the force of the earthquake or earthquakes, which scattered the rocks around them, and that they were at first imbedded in earth. The rains, however, which prevail to so great an extent in Cornwall, have gradually washed away the soil from their sides, and, as they happened to balance themselves so firmly as still to maintain their center of gravity, they have been left upstanding, a remarkable beacon in their vicinity. Dr. M'Culloch's opinion is, however, that the Cheese-wring is only part of a much larger heap of granite which has been gradually disintegrated by the action of the atmosphere and the natural tendency of the rock to split into fissures. As the stones in question happened to have the center of gravity precisely in the perpendicular of the whole, they have retained their singular position, while neighboring masses, wanting that condition, have been totally overthrown.

A similar natural curiosity exists in the West Riding of Yorkshire, not far from Harrogate, and constitutes one of the attractions of that popular watering-place. On a wild hilly moor, some great convulsion of nature, at a distant period, has scattered rocks of immense magnitude like nine-pins, strewing them in the wildest disorder over a large tract of land. As these masses of stone are composed of successive layers of mill-stone grit, some of which are softer than others, and therefore more liable to be affected by the action of the atmosphere, the decay of these parts, while others remain entire, exhibits many singular phenomena. One of these masses, termed the Idol rock, from the erroneous supposition that it was erected by the ancient Druids, is given on the following page. The circumference of the upper part is forty-six feet, and the height above twenty, the whole resting upon a stem of only one foot in diameter.

The same scene—Brimham rocks, as it is called—exhibits that natural phenomenon, a rocking-stone, resolvable into the same general explanation as the former.

THE IDOL ROCK.

Whether ancient idolatry may have availed itself of these wonders to mystify the minds of the common people, cannot now be ascertained, but such a fact is extremely probable. It is easy to conceive how the lower part of the mass in the above engraving, if the upper part were thrown off, might, with a little more corrosion to destroy its pedestal, be converted into a rocking-stone, easily movable by the application of some force, yet still maintaining its perpendicular position. Two such rocks are close by, calculated to weigh a hundred tons each, and which are yet capable of being moved by the hand with perfect ease.

The most remarkable rock of this kind, called Logging or Loggan stone, is near the Land's End, in Cornwall, situated on a peninsula of granite. The stone is poised upon a pyramid of rock, very near the edge of the precipice, down which it seems to threaten, every instant, to fall. A very small force, or even a strong wind, will put this stone, though computed to weigh upward of eighty tons, into a state of vibration, which continues for some minutes. The common report is, that, after the occurrence we are about to relate, it has never vibrated so well as formerly. The narrative is extracted from a lively book, called "Rambles beyond Railways:"—

"In the year 1824, a certain lieutenant in the royal navy, then in command of a cutter stationed off the southern coast of Cornwall, was told of an ancient Cornish prophecy, that no human power should ever succeed in overturning the Loggan stone. No sooner was the prediction communicated to him than he conceived a morbid and mischievous ambition to falsify practically an assertion which the commonest common-sense might have informed him had sprung from nothing but popular error and popular superstition. Accompanied by a body of picked men from his crew, he ascended to the Loggan stone, ordered several levers to be placed under it at one point, gave the word to 'heave,' and the next moment had the miserable satisfaction of seeing one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in the world utterly destroyed, for aught he could foresee to the contrary, under his own directions!

"But fortune befriended the Loggan stone. One edge of it rolled over, and became fixed by a lucky chance in a crevice in the rocks immediately below the granite slab from which it had been started. Had this not happened, it must have fallen over a sheer precipice, and been lost in the sea. By another accident, equally fortunate, two laboring men, at work in the neighboring place, were led by curiosity secretly to follow the lieutenant and his myrmidons up to the stone. Having witnessed, from a secure hiding-place, all that occurred, the two workmen, with great propriety, immediately hastened off to inform the lord of the manor of the wanton act of destruction that they had seen perpetrated.

"The news was soon communicated throughout the district, and thence throughout all Cornwall. The indignation of the whole country was aroused. Antiquaries who believed the Loggan stone to have been balanced by the Druids; philosophers who held that it was produced by an eccentricity of natural formation; ignorant people who cared nothing about Druids or natural formations, but who liked to climb up

THE LOGGAN STONE.

and rock the stone whenever they passed near it; tribes of guides who lived by showing it; innkeepers in the neighborhood, to whom it brought customers by hundreds; tourists of every degree, who were on their way to see it—all joined in one general clamor of execration against the overthrower of the rock. A full report of the affair was forwarded to the Admiralty; and the Admiralty acted vigorously for the public advantage, and mercifully spared the public purse.

"The lieutenant was officially informed that his commission was in danger unless he set up the Loggan stone again in its proper place. The materials for compassing this achievement were offered to him gratis from the dockyards; but he was left to his own resources to defray the expense of employing workmen to help him. Being by this time awakened to a proper sense of the mischief he had done, and to a tolerably strong conviction of the disagreeable position in which he was placed with the Admiralty, he addressed himself vigorously to the task of repairing his fault. Strong beams were planted about the Loggan stone, chains were passed around it, pulleys were rigged, and capstans were manned. After a week's hard work and brave perseverance on the part of every one employed in the labor, the rock was pulled back into its former position, but not into its former perfection of balance; it has never moved since as freely as it moved before.

"It is only fair to the lieutenant, to add to the narrative of his mischievous frolic, the fact that he, though a poor man, defrayed all the heavy expenses of replacing the rock. Just before his death he paid the last remaining debt, and paid it with interest."

We must not omit to mention the rocks, very similar to the Loggans, which are called in Cornwall Tolmen—Tolmen meaning a mass of rock poised upon two separate summits. In the parish of Constantine, a large mass, computed to weigh upward of seven hundred and fifty tons, is found thus resting upon two points of subjacent granite. In the same county are found the Kilmarth rocks, one of which, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, stands more than twelve feet out of the perpendicular, though, having its center of gravity within the base, it is perfectly solid. Though art cannot certainly have caused many of these phenomena, it may have done something, by removing obstructions, to heighten their effect and to increase their wonderfulness.

Many natural phenomena of a similar kind are to be found in various parts of the British empire. The natural rocks in Derbyshire, especially those of Dovedale, and the singular castellated appearances which crown the hills overlooking the banks of the Wye in Worcestershire, will readily occur to the traveler. They present the appearance of art, though they are simply the effect of physical causes. It is only possible to account for some of them by reference to volcanic agencies upheaving at some distant period the solid contents of the globe beneath us.

It is, after all, a poor philosophy which seeks to resolve all apparently inexplicable phenomena into the artificial. Though the laws, as we call them, of nature, are few and simple, they are susceptible of endless varieties of application beyond all ordinary conception. By their wonders the human mind is at once humbled and stimulated. Happy are they who can behold fingers pointing to the skies, not only in those edifices especially dedicated to God's worship, but also, though not equally, in all the marvels which proclaim the Almighty's "eternal power and godhead."

[For the National Magazine.]

HARPS AND HEARTS.

BY MRS. A——.

THERE are harps in our breasts
Of most delicate make,
And many the tones which are heard;
Now plaintive, now gay,
Now so soft is their lay
Their notes seem like those of a bird.

These harps God has tuned;
Though broken they seem,
They respond to their Maker's command,
And mortals too play them,
Words, deeds, and looks sway them,
A breath has these instruments fann'd.

Our hearts are these harps;
How sweet are their strains
When sympathy touches the chords;
Then such melody 's given
It is echoed in heaven,
Though scarce whisper'd on earth are the words.

Then strike these harps dayly,
By deed, look, and word,
Hearts around us are sighing for aid;
Since many are sad
Whom a word can make glad,
Say, shall not the kind word be said?

Though countless the stars,
Heart-harps are not less,
They are playing below and above;
But, wherever they be,
They have one master-key,
And the name of that one key is Love.

TRUE RELIGION shows itself in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree which penetrates the most distant boughs.

GROTTO OF ST. PAUL AT MALTA.

IN the Mediterranean Sea, about fifty miles from the coast of Sicily, is the Island of Malta. It was in the olden time known by the name of Oberia, afterward Ogygia, and was called by the Greeks Melita, from which, at last, the Saracens formed the appellation of Malta. It is little else than a bare rock, about twenty miles in length and twelve in breadth, and although it is sometimes called by its inhabitants the flower of the sea, possesses little to deserve that name. It produces no more corn than barely suffices to maintain its residents for six months in the year. Many expedients have been resorted to for the purpose of rendering the ground more fruitful, but all have failed. Ship-loads of earth have been brought from Sicily, and the rocky bottom covered therewith; but the soil has in a short time crumbled into dust, there being but little rain to preserve it in a proper adhesion. Its inhabitants amount to about sixty thousand. The common language of the country is a corrupt Arabic, but Italian is spoken in some of the towns.

Malta has had many masters. It is supposed to have been originally peopled by the Phœcians; but these were driven out by the Phœnicians, who, in their turn, were conquered and expelled by the irresistible power of the Grecian army. The Carthaginians won it from the Greeks; but the Roman eagle alighted on its craggy heights, and the Carthaginians were subdued. Upon the declaration of the Roman empire, Malta was taken by the Goths; the Goths were beaten by the Saracens;

the Saracens by the Normans. From 1090 to the reign of Charles the Fifth it had the same masters as Sicily, but was then presented to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had been successively driven from Palestine and Rhodes. The order took possession of their island home, and were henceforth recognized in history as the Knights of Malta.

The Grand Master of the order immediately employed himself in putting the island in a state of defense. The news had reached him that the Turkish emperor, Soliman, had given orders to Sinan Bassa, whom he had sent to besiege Tripoli, to destroy in his passage the Knights of St. John, whom he was pleased to designate as a nest of robbers. Time was precious, the danger was imminent, but the knights and people labored hard to prepare for the defense; and when Sinan landed, and attentively considered the Castle of St. Angelo—

> "Whose stony strength
> Would laugh a siege to scorn"—

he said to his corsair, Dragut, who pressed him to begin the attack: "Dost thou see that castle? The eagle, certainly, could not place its nest on the summit of a steeper rock; to reach it we ought to have wings like the eagle, for all the troops in the world would not be able to force it." He, however, ravaged the island, and laid siege to the capital, from which he was repulsed with great slaughter.

In 1565 another attack was made by the Turks upon the island. The battle was long and terrible, and the siege protracted to a very lengthened period. The knights exhibited the utmost bravery and activity. La Valette, the Grand Master, was dangerously wounded; and when some of his friends wished him to retire, he replied, "At seventy-one, can I finish my life more gloriously than by dying among my brethren?" The Turks were repulsed with the truest courage, and never again set foot in Malta. La Valette built a town on the theater of his glory, which he called by his own name. Thither was removed the convent of the knights, and in order that the work might be free from all pecuniary interruption, when money failed they paid in copper, which was afterward called in, and the full value given for it. In 1798 the island was surrendered to the French, and the order of knighthood suspended, while the knights themselves were dispersed. In 1800 it was taken by the English.

But apart from all this, there is a peculiar interest attaching to the Island of Malta, from the episode in the life of the great apostle which there occurred. On his voyage to Rome, "there arose a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon," which drove the vessel out of her course, and filled those ancient mariners with fear and trembling, and falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground. "And the centurion commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea: and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land. And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita."

The remembrance of the visit of St. Paul to the island is preserved by the people, and the recollections of the viper which fastened on his hand, the sick men which he healed, the wonder of his short residence, are still cherished. Tradition points out a grotto where it is said the apostle dwelt. There an image of the saint had been erected and a chapel built. Say the people, when the sainted missionary shook the viper off his hand, he pronounced a malediction on all venomous reptiles in the island, and that thenceforward they disappeared entirely. Curative properties are attributed to the white substance which is taken from the damp walls of the grotto, and which resembles magnesia in its appearance. This is sold very extensively in Malta, and is also an important object of commerce.

Malta was then in a state very different from the splendid condition in which the knights left it in our days. There was only one town in the island, called "Città Notabile," (now Città Vecchia,) but which was a miserable, half-deserted place, partially surrounded by a moldering wall; there was only one fortress, named St. Angelo, and it was partly in ruins, while the whole of its artillery consisted of one small cannon, two falcons, and a few iron mortars. The entire population amounted only to twelve thousand, and these were poor and wretched, owing to the barrenness of the soil, and the frequent descents of the Barbary corsairs, who frequently carried off the inhabitants of the villages into slavery.

THE CRUSADES.

THE first operation of the armies after they had crossed the Bosporus was the siege of Nice, to gain possession of which all their efforts were directed. Godfrey of Bouillon and the Count of Vermandois were joined under its walls by each host in succession as it left Constantinople. Among the celebrated Crusaders who fought at this siege we find, beside the leaders already mentioned, the brave and generous Tancred, whose name and fame have been immortalized in the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, the valorous Bishop of Puy, Baldwin, afterward king of Jerusalem, and Peter the Hermit, now an almost solitary soldier, shorn of all the power and influence he had formerly possessed. Kilij Aslaun, the sultan of Roum and chief of the Seljukian Turks, whose deeds, surrounded by the false halo of romance, are familiar to the readers of Tasso, under the name of Soliman, marched to defend this city, but was defeated after several obstinate engagements, in which the Christians showed a degree of heroism that quite astonished him. The Turkish chief had expected to find a wild undisciplined multitude, like that under Peter the Hermit, without leaders capable of enforeing obedience; instead of which, he found the most experienced leaders of the age at the head of armies that had just fanaticism enough to be ferocious, but not enough to render them ungovernable. In these engagements, many hundreds fell on both sides; and on both sides the most revolting barbarity was practiced: the Crusaders cut off the heads of the fallen Mussulmans, and sent them in panniers to Constantinople, as trophies of their victory. After the temporary defeat of Kilij Aslaun, the siege of Nice was carried on with redoubled vigor. The Turks defended themselves with the greatest obstinacy, and discharged showers of poisoned arrows upon the Crusaders. When any unfortunate wretch was killed under the walls, they let down iron hooks from above, and drew the body up, which, after stripping and mutilating, they threw back again at the besiegers. The latter were well supplied with provisions, and for six-and-thirty days the siege continued without any relaxation of the efforts on either side. Many tales are told of the almost superhuman heroism of the Christian leaders—how one man put a thousand to flight; and how the arrows of the faithful never missed their mark.

One anecdote of Godfrey of Bouillon, related by Albert of Aix, is worth recording, not only as showing the high opinion entertained of his valor, but as showing the contagious credulity of the armies—a credulity which as often led them to the very verge of defeat, as it incited them to victory. One Turk, of gigantic stature, took his station day by day on the battlements of Nice, and, bearing an enormous bow, committed great havoc among the Christian host. Not a shaft he sped but bore death upon its point; and although the Crusaders aimed repeatedly at his breast, and he stood in the most exposed position, their arrows fell harmless at his feet. He seemed to be invulnerable to attack; and a report was soon spread abroad, that he was no other than the Arch Fiend himself, and that mortal hand could not prevail against him. Godfrey of Bouillon, who had no faith in the supernatural character of the Mussulman, determined, if possible, to put an end to the dismay which was rapidly paralyzing the exertions of his best soldiers. Taking a huge cross-bow, he stood forward in front of the army, to try the steadiness of his hand against the much-dreaded archer: the shaft was aimed directly at his heart, and took fatal effect. The Moslem fell amid the groans of the besieged, and the shouts of *Deus adjuva! Deus adjuva!* the war-cry of the besiegers.

At last the Crusaders imagined that they had overcome all obstacles, and were preparing to take possession of the city, when, to their great astonishment, they saw the flag of the Emperor Alexius flying from the battlements. An emissary of the emperor, named Faticius or Tatin, had contrived to gain admission, with a body of Greek troops, at a point which the Crusaders had left unprotected, and had persuaded the Turks to surrender to him rather than to the crusading forces. The greatest indignation prevailed in the army when this stratagem was discovered, and the soldiers were with the utmost difficulty prevented from renewing the attack and besieging the Greek emissary.

The army, however, continued its march, and, by some means or other, was broken into two divisions; some historians say accidentally, while others affirm by

mutual consent, and for the convenience of obtaining provisions on the way. The one division was composed of the forces under Bohemund, Tancred, and the Duke of Normandy; while the other, which took a route at some distance on the right, was commanded by Godfrey of Bouillon and the other chiefs. The sultan of Roum, who, after his losses at Nice, had been silently making great efforts to crush the Crusaders at one blow, collected in a very short time all the multitudinous tribes that owed him allegiance, and with an army which, according to a moderate calculation, amounted to two hundred thousand men, chiefly cavalry, he fell upon the first division of the Christian host in the valley of Dorylæum. It was early in the morning of the 1st of July, 1097, when the Crusaders saw the first companies of the Turkish horsemen pouring down upon them from the hills. Bohemund had hardly time to set himself in order, and transport his sick aud helpless to the rear, when the overwhelming force of the Orientals was upon him. The Christian army, composed principally of men on foot, gave way on all sides, and the hoofs of the Turkish steeds, and the poisoned arrows of their bowmen, mowed them down by hundreds. After having lost the flower of their chivalry, the Christians retreated upon their baggage, when a dreadful slaughter took place. Neither women, nor children, nor the sick were spared. Just as they were reduced to the last extremity, Godfrey of Bouillon and the Count of Toulouse made their appearance on the field, and turned the tide of battle. After an obstinate engagement the Turks fled, and their rich camp fell into the hands of the enemy. The loss of the Crusaders amounted to about four thousand men, with several chiefs of renown, among whom were Count Robert of Paris and William the brother of Tancred. The loss of the Turks, which did not exceed this number, taught them to pursue a different mode of warfare. The sultan was far from being defeated. With his still gigantic army, he laid waste all the country on either side of the Crusaders. The latter, who were unaware of the tactics of the enemy, found plenty of provisions in the Turkish camp; but so far from economizing these resources, they gave themselves up for several days to the most unbounded extravagance. They soon paid dearly for their heedlessness. In the ravaged country of Phrygia, through which they advanced toward Antiochetta, they suffered dreadfully for want of food for themselves and pasture for their cattle. Above them was a scorching sun, almost sufficient of itself to dry up the freshness of the land, a task which the firebrands of the sultan had but too surely effected, and water was not to be had after the first day of their march. The pilgrims died at the rate of five hundred a day. The horses of the knights perished on the road, and the baggage which they had aided to transport was either placed upon dogs, sheep, and swine, or abandoned altogether. In some of the calamities that afterward befell them, the Christians gave themselves up to the most reckless profligacy; but upon this occasion, the dissensions which prosperity had engendered were all forgotten. Religion, often disregarded, arose in the stern presence of misfortune, and cheered them as they died by the promise of eternal felicity.

At length they reached Antiochetta, where they found water in abundance, and pastures for their expiring cattle. Plenty once more surrounded them, and here they pitched their tents. Untaught by the bitter experience of famine, they again gave themselves up to luxury and waste.

On the 18th of October they sat down before the strong city of Antioch, the siege of which, and the events to which it gave rise, are among the most extraordinary incidents of the Crusade. The city, which is situated on an eminence, and washed by the river Orontes, is naturally a very strong position, and the Turkish garrison were well supplied with provisions to endure a long siege. In this respect the Christians were also fortunate, but, unluckily for themselves, unwise. Their force amounted to three hundred thousand fighting men; and we are informed by Raymond d'Argilles, that they had so much provision, that they threw away the greater part of every animal they killed, being so dainty, that they would only eat particular parts of the beast. So insane was their extravagance, that in less than ten days famine began to stare them in the face. After making a fruitless attempt to gain possession of the city by a *coup de main*, they, starving themselves, sat down to starve out the enemy. But with want came a cooling of enthusiasm. The chiefs began

SIEGE OF ANTIOCH.

to grow weary of the expedition. Baldwin had previously detached himself from the main body of the army, and, proceeding to Edessa, had intrigued himself into the supreme power in that little principality. The other leaders were animated with less zeal than heretofore. Stephen of Chartres and Hugh of Vermandois began to waver, unable to endure the privations which their own folly and profusion had brought upon them. Even Peter the Hermit became sick at heart ere all was over. When the famine had become so urgent that they were reduced to eat human flesh in the extremity of their hunger, Bohemund and Robert of Flanders set forth on an expedition to procure a supply. They were in a slight degree successful; but the relief they brought was not economized, and in two days they were as destitute as before. Faticius, the Greek commander and representative of Alexius, deserted with his division under pretence of seeking for food, and his example was followed by various bodies of Crusaders.

Misery was rife among those who remained, and they strove to alleviate it by a diligent attention to signs and omens. These, with extraordinary visions seen by the enthusiastic, alternately cheered and depressed them according as they foretold the triumph or pictured the reverse of the cross. At one time a violent hurricane arose, leveling great trees with the ground, and blowing down the tents of the Christian leaders. At another time an earthquake shook the camp, and was thought to prognosticate some great impending evil to the cause of Christendom. But a comet which appeared shortly afterward raised them from the despondency into which they had fallen; their lively

imaginations making it assume the form of a flaming cross leading them on to victory. Famine was not the least of the evils they endured. Unwholesome food, and the impure air from the neighboring marshes, engendered pestilential diseases, which carried them off more rapidly than the arrows of the enemy. A thousand of them died in a day, and it became at last a matter of extreme difficulty to afford them burial. To add to their misery, each man grew suspicious of his neighbor; for the camp was infested by Turkish spies, who conveyed dayly to the besieged intelligence of the movements and distresses of the enemy. With a ferocity, engendered by despair, Bohemund caused two spies, whom he had detected, to be roasted alive in presence of the army, and within sight of the battlements of Antioch. But even this example failed to reduce their numbers, and the Turks continued to be as well informed as the Christians themselves of all that was passing in the camp.

The news of the arrival of a reinforcement of soldiers from Europe, with an abundant stock of provisions, came to cheer them when reduced to the last extremity. The welcome succour landed at St. Simeon, the port of Antioch, and about six miles from that city. Thitherward the famishing Crusaders proceeded in tumultuous bands, followed by Bohemund and the Count of Toulouse, with strong detachments of their retainers and vassals, to escort the supplies in safety to the camp. The garrison of Antioch, forewarned of this arrival, was on the alert, and a corps of Turkish archers were dispatched to lie in ambuscade among the mountains and intercept their return. Bohemund, laden with provisions, was encountered in the rocky passes by the Turkish host. Great numbers of his followers were slain, and he himself had just time to escape to the camp with the news of his defeat. Godfrey of Bouillon, the Duke of Normandy, and the other leaders, had heard the rumor of this battle, and were at that instant preparing for the rescue. The army was immediately in motion, animated both by zeal and by hunger, and marched so rapidly as to intercept the victorious Turks before they had time to reach Antioch with their spoil. A fierce battle ensued, which lasted from noon till the going down of the sun. The Christians gained and maintained the advantage, each man fighting as if upon himself alone had depended the fortune of the day. Hundreds of Turks perished in the Orontes, and more than two thousand were left dead upon the field of battle. All the provision was recaptured and brought in safety to the camp, whither the Crusaders returned singing, *Alleluia!* or shouting, *Deus adjuva! Deus adjuva!*

This relief lasted for some days, and, had it been duly economized, would have lasted much longer; but the chiefs had no authority, and were unable to exercise any control over its distribution. Famine again approached with rapid strides, and Stephen, Count of Blois, not liking the prospect, withdrew from the camp with four thousand of his retainers, and established himself at Alexandretta. The moral influence of this desertion was highly prejudicial upon those who remained; and Bohemund, the most impatient and ambitious of the chiefs, foresaw that, unless speedily checked, it would lead to the utter failure of the expedition. It was necessary to act decisively; the army murmured at the length of the siege, and the sultan was collecting his forces to crush them. Against the efforts of the Crusaders Antioch might have held out for months; but treason within effected that which courage without might have striven for in vain.

Baghasihan, the Turkish prince or emir of Antioch, had under his command an Armenian of the name of Phirouz, whom he had intrusted with the defense of a tower on that part of the city wall which overlooked the passes of the mountains. Bohemund, by means of a spy who had embraced the Christian religion, and to whom he had given his own name at baptism, kept up a dayly communication with this captain, and made him the most magnificent promises of reward if he would deliver up his post to the Crusaders. Whether the proposal was first made by Bohemund or by the Armenian is uncertain, but that a good understanding soon existed between them is undoubted; and a night was fixed for the execution of the project. Bohemund communicated the scheme to Godfrey and the Count of Toulouse, with the stipulation that, if the city were won, he, as the soul of the enterprise, should enjoy the dignity of Prince of Antioch. The other leaders hesitated: ambition and jealousy prompted them to refuse their

aid in furthering the views of the intriguer. More mature consideration decided them to acquiesce, and seven hundred of the bravest knights were chosen for the expedition, the real object of which, for fear of spies, was kept a profound secret from the rest of the army. When all was ready, a report was promulgated that the seven hundred were intended to form an ambuscade for a division of the sultan's army, which was stated to be approaching.

Everything favored the treacherous project of the Armenian captain, who, on his solitary watch-tower, received due intimation of the approach of the Crusaders. The night was dark and stormy; not a star was visible above, and the wind howled so furiously as to overpower all other sounds: the rain fell in torrents, and the watchers on the towers adjoining to that of Phirouz could not hear the tramp of the armed knights for the wind, nor see them for the obscurity of the night and the dismalness of the weather. When within shot of the walls, Bohemund sent forward an interpreter to confer with the Armenian. The latter urged them to make haste, and seize the favorable interval, as armed men, with lighted torches, patrolled the battlements every half hour, and at that instant they had just passed. The chiefs were instantly at the foot of the wall: Phirouz let down a rope; Bohemund attached it to the end of a ladder of hides, which was then raised by the Armenian, and held while the knights mounted. A momentary fear came over the spirits of the adventurers, and every one hesitated. At last Bohemund, (vide William of Tyre,) encouraged by Phirouz from above, ascended a few steps on the ladder, and was followed by Godfrey, Count Robert of Flanders, and a number of other knights. As they advanced, others pressed forward, until their weight became too great for the ladder, which, breaking, precipitated about a dozen of them to the ground, where they fell one upon the other, making a great clatter with their heavy coats of mail. For a moment they thought that all was lost; but the wind made so loud a howling as it swept in fierce gusts through the mountain gorges—and the Orontes, swollen by the rain, rushed so noisily along—that the guards heard nothing. The ladder was easily repaired, and the knights ascended two at a time, and reached the platform in safety. When sixty of them had thus ascended, the torch of the coming patrol was seen to gleam at the angle of the wall. Hiding themselves behind a buttress, they awaited his coming in breathless silence. As soon as he arrived at arm's length, he was suddenly seized, and, before he could open his lips to raise an alarm, the silence of death closed them up forever. They next descended rapidly the spiral staircase of the tower, and opening the portal, admitted the whole of their companions. Raymond of Toulouse, who, cognisant of the whole plan, had been left behind with the main body of the army, heard at this instant the signal horn, which announced that an entry had been effected, and, leading on his legions, the town was attacked from within and without.

Imagination cannot conceive a scene more dreadful than that presented by the devoted city of Antioch on that night of horror. The Crusaders fought with a blind fury, which fanaticism and suffering alike incited. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately slaughtered. Darkness increased the destruction; for when morning dawned the Crusaders found themselves with their swords at the breasts of their fellow-soldiers, whom they had mistaken for foes. The Turkish commander fled, first to the citadel, and that becoming insecure, to the mountains, whither he was pursued and slain, and his gray head brought back to Antioch as a trophy. At daylight the massacre ceased, and the Crusaders gave themselves up to plunder. They found gold, and jewels, and silks, and velvets in abundance; but of provisions, which were of more importance to them, they found but little of any kind. Corn was excessively scarce, and they discovered to their sorrow that in this respect the besieged had been but little better off than the besiegers.

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?—There is no place like a death-bed to answer the great question—"What is your life?" Then, if not before, will the folly or wisdom of all life's doings be manifest. To have then a good hope through grace will be above all price. But to "die and give no sign"—to face death without a Saviour—to pass away to the world of spirits under a cloud of gloom, must be dreadful indeed. To escape such an hour, and all of evil that lies beyond, is surely worth any worldly sacrifice.

FRENCH EXPERIMENTS IN ENTOMOLOGY.

AT intervals during the last three years, Parisian savans have been occupied in various curious researches of equal importance to the entomologist and the physician. Every one knows how extensively leeches are used in medicine, and how efficacious their application frequently is. But leeches are every day becoming rarer and more expensive, especially in France, where the efforts made to naturalize them have hitherto been neutralized by various obstacles, and among others, by a destructive agency long unknown to science, which has at length been discovered and revealed to the world by a learned Frenchman—M. Soubeiran.

In April, 1850, M. Soubeiran began his experiments. He caused a large basin of a peculiar construction to be placed in the central surgery of the hospitals, in which basin he deposited a number of leeches, with the intention of watching their habits and ascertaining the best mode of treating them. The basin was circular, and lined with lead; a stream of water could be turned through it at will by means of a *jet d'eau*, from the head of a watering-pot; and there was an opening for the escape of the surplus water, covered with clear muslin, to prevent the leeches from getting out. At the bottom of the basin was a thick bed of potter's earth, in which were placed a number of aquatic plants, such as the *Iris pseudo-acorus*, the *Typha angustifolia* or reedmace, the *Caltha palustris* or marsh-marigold, &c.; and above all, some of the *Chara*. In one part of the basin was an island level with the water, composed of a bed of clay covered with a layer of light soil and turf, in order that the leeches might bury themselves at pleasure in the light earth. Three hundred fine Hungarian leeches were placed in the basin thus prepared, where they were left undisturbed until the end of September. During this time they were fed three times—twice with blood and once with frogs.

But the animals did not multiply, as was expected. When the harvest came to be looked for, only about one hundred young ones were to be found. These were mostly hidden within the folds of the leaves of the plants, and attached to each of them was a small, pale, tetradecapodous animal with a flat elongated body. It had four folded antennæ, two of them longer than the others, and a biforked tail composed of a single segment. Beneath this tail were appendages that continually agitated the water, to renew it at the surface of the respiratory organs; the feet were furnished with a hook. The animal did not swim, but walked at the bottom of the basin, or along the stems of the plants beneath the water. It was found in great numbers upon the sieves used in fishing up the leeches, and upon the stems of the iris and typha; but the greater number lay within the interior folds of the leaves with the young leeches.

M. Soubeiran placed a few of these insects in a jug filled with water, and threw in among them some young leeches. The animals speedily seized upon the leeches, which could not shake them off, but, in spite of all their efforts, were speedily overpowered. Wishing to satisfy himself whether they would attack full-grown leeches in the same way, the experimentalist put several of them, together with two adult leeches, into another jug likewise filled with water. At the end of a few minutes they had fixed themselves upon the poor animals, which struggled violently, and endeavored to escape from their enemies, but could not make them quit their hold. This scourge of young leeches is very common in the Seine, and in some of the stagnant pools in the environs of Paris. Naturalists call it the Softwater Asellus.

From these observations, M. Soubeiran concluded that the great numbers of the *Aselli* frequenting the waters of the Seine and the stagnant pools above referred to, render the propagation of leeches impossible, unless this water could be kept from the basins where these useful animals are reared; and even in that case, this method of rearing them is costly, and not easily practicable.

Another insect to which the Parisian naturalists have lately been directing special attention, is the *Acarus* of the itch. The repugnance and disgust excited from remotest antiquity by this disease are well known. There is a reference to it in the thirteenth chapter of Leviticus. It is mentioned by Hippocrates, by Aristotle, by Galen, by Horace, by Cicero, by Juvenal, by Rabelais, and by a hundred others. Some of these, and especially

Rabelais, give unmistakeable indications of being acquainted with the singular insect that causes the disease. But it was reserved for a Corsican student, M. Renucci, to demonstrate the existence of the acarus in such a manner that no one could dispute its authenticity; since that time people have troubled themselves very little about it. The experiments of a learned French physician have at length rendered the observations on this insect conclusive and complete.

These observations at first presented great difficulties. Dr. Bourguignon could readily study the acarus with the aid of an ordinary microscope. He could define its form; he could even delineate its anatomy and reproduction; but how was he to arrive at a knowledge of its habits?

To arrive at this knowledge, the doctor had recourse to a peculiar species of movable microscope, invented by himself, which enabled him to observe the acarus on the diseased person. This microscope is very simple: it is composed of the frame of an ordinary microscope, the optical and essential part of which has been raised from the socket that supported it, and articulated to a movable knee at the extremity of a lever; the instrument can thus be transported to the part under inspection.

Another difficulty, however, presented itself in the fact, that the ordinary light is obscurity for opaque bodies seen through the microscope. Dr. Bourguignon was forced, therefore, to have recourse to artificial light, the luminous rays of which he concentrates into a brilliant focus by the aid of a round magnifying-glass, which focus he directs upon the chosen point of observation.

We will not here speak of the fantastic form of the acarus—of its forepaws, which, armed with a kind of sucker, enable it to fasten itself in the furrow which it digs under the skin; of the movable points which it carries on its back, to fix itself more firmly in these furrows; of its terrible mandibles, and all the other weapons with which nature has armed it, to accomplish its destructive mission. We shall merely notice one or two curious details concerning its habits.

The acarus is a kind of microscopic tortoise. In the moment of danger or sleep, it draws in its head and feet. If pushed out of its burrow, it turns its head from right to left, to find out where it has been placed; and speedily regaining its form, it squats in it instinctively, for it has no eyes. Its march is precisely that of the tortoise. Notwithstanding all his optical resources, Dr. Bourguignon has not yet been able to discover a single male acarus. All those observed by him were females fecundated, doubtless for many generations, as is the case with several other insects — the gnat, for example. The acarus usually lays sixteen eggs, which are carefully deposited in a furrow under the epidermis, where they are ranged in pairs. They are hatched in about ten days.

Thanks to the observations of Dr. Bourguignon, the disease caused by this insect, so terrible to our ancestors, can now easily be cured in two days.

[For the National Magazine.]

NATURE.

Where is the mind, can the skeptic tell,
That form'd this beautiful earth?
Did chance, so blind, weave the magic spell,
Or bear such a wondrous birth?

Who gave the moss to the cold gray stones?
Green leaves to adorn the trees?
To the dreary, midnight winds their moan,
And the sigh to the gentle breeze?

Who form'd for the ocean his foaming crest?
For the tempest his dismal howl?
Crimson and gold for the glowing West,
And for night her sable pall?

Who clothed the morn in her rosy light?
The hills in etherial blue?
Who deck'd the heavens with gems so bright?
And the grass with sparkling dew?

The glowing light on the verdant lawn,
The blue lake's placid breast;
The fitting shadows, just seen and gone,
The cloud and the gathering mist;

The glorious sun as he sinks to rest,
And is lost in a golden flood;
And the "still small voice" in the human breast,
All, all, are the works of God.

J. H.

It is wrong to believe that frank sentiments and the candor of the mind are the exclusive share of the young; they ornament oftentimes old age, upon which they seem to spread a chaste reflection of the modest graces of their younger days, where they shine with the same brightness as those flowers which are often seen peeping, fresh and laughing, from among ruins.

The National Magazine.

APRIL, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY.—During the "commencement season" of last year, about *one hundred* reverend gentlemen were dubbed with D. D. by American colleges. The absurd extravagance with which this now very questionable honor is dealt out by our learned institutions, has drawn forth no little animadversion from the press. It would be well, perhaps, if our newspaper critics would castigate the learned folly a little more in anticipation, than to wait, as usual, till its annual perpetration, and then uselessly fling at it their satirical shafts.

The mischief complained of is not a mere bagatelle—a harmless folly. It may be considered with a little gravity. Its moral aspect is certainly not very sublime; the eager earnestness with which so many of our "devoted, self-sacrificing pastors" aspire to the distinction, cannot be very edifying to their flocks, or very admirable to worldlings and gainsayers. If it cannot be said that they "seek honor one of another," rather too devotedly in this respect, yet the public is certainly inclined to suspect them of an entirely too liberal exegesis of that other passage, which enjoins them to "prefer one another in honor." As the clergy are not only the recipients, but mostly the donors, of the so-called honor, they are held doubly responsible for its abuse; and the amiable generosity and inconsiderateness with which they both receive and give it, is a little too noticeable to escape criticism.

Besides this view of the matter, the critics allege that the *importance* of the title is in danger of being nullified by the indiscriminate manner in which it is given. Usage takes precedence even of etymology, in determining the sense of words; however, therefore, the original meaning of the title may apply to all public religious teachers, unquestionably usage has given it a specific sense, and, until within a few years, made it applicable only to men preëminent in the profession, and preëminent, too, in one or two special respects, namely, in purely theological ability, and particularly theological *learning*. Thus limited, the title would have an appreciable significance, and might also have some utilitarian tendencies. But how many of the one hundred, dubbed the last year, are at all known by any such preëminence? Our learned institutions must, assuredly, bethink themselves and reform, if they would not soon, by the law of lexicography above mentioned, revolutionize entirely the sense of the title. There is some hazard even that they may fix upon it the definition which the keen witted Mariners' preacher of Boston, "Father Taylor," has given it: "D. D." said he, "stands for double dunce."

One of the worst evils of the profusion with which this honor is given, is the fact, that it places so many men, of mere mediocrity, if not inferiority, in a false position. Titled as "Doctors," the public feels that it has a right to expect more ability from them than from the untitled mass of the profession. But how often is this expectation, now-a-days, vexatiously disappointed! The popular mind will have its revenge in such cases, and title-burdened inferiority must not expect to escape with sympathy or mere tolerance: it has a harder fate. The noble horse when overburdened, commands compassion; but his inferior, long-eared fellow-laborer finds no sympathy: kicks and blows are the only courtesies the multitude have for him.

The title, if given unsought in such cases, is a cruel infliction; if sought, it is a self-injurious blunder: and our grave Academic Boards should be above either alternative. Their boundless liberality, however, seems to defy all admonitions. We are almost tempted to believe that, contrary to our remarks above, some of them are actuated at last by a compunctious sentiment of compassion—that seeing the hopeless multitude of their victims, they have resolved, as the only remaining relief for them, to continue so to spread the title as to render it universal, and thus save the poor sufferers from "invidious distinctions."

If this is not the fact, then we have another quite sober objection to the inappropriate gift of this title. It is a disparagement to all the untitled in that grade of the profession from among whom these favored cases of mediocrity or inferiority are selected. The former have as good a claim to it as the latter, and the distinction is, therefore, a fallacy and a reflection—save that it is likely soon to have no meaning. While, however, it has meaning, to confer it upon any one, is to declare to all who hear him, that he is superior to the untitled mass of the profession, from among whom he has been discriminated—that is, in other words, that they are *inferior* to him. They must, therefore, be disparaged in proportion to his mediocrity or inferiority. They have a right to protest against the unjustifiable distinction. It would be an egregious wrong were it not that its abuse is fast giving it all necessary qualification in the popular mind.

One thought more. The preposterous liberality with which the title is now-a-days lavished, by detracting from its worth, detracts from the men who worthily bear it. It is a downright wrong against intellectual merit in this respect. So egregiously has the distinction been abused, that we really doubt whether it can be longer considered of any literary worth whatever. We suspect the case to be even worse than this: we are not certain that "D. D." affixed to the name of an author, on the title-page of a *purely literary* work, would not be to literary men, and general readers, a cause of prejudice; not only would the *odium theologicum* be associated with it, but also restricted professional views—a want of those cultivated, varied, and liberal tastes which are wont to be attributed to men of letters. Put the distinction on the title-pages of Bancroft or Prescott, Macaulay, Rogers, (the reviewer,) or Sir James Hamilton—would it add to or detract from their authority?

The ablest Biblical scholar of our country, Professor Stuart, declined the title, and died without it. Jay of Bath, Robert Hall, Barnes of Philadelphia, Kirk of Boston, and not a few others have refused to accept it: some of them from moral considerations, doubtless; but we

doubt not that its literary significance, or rather insignificance, had some influence upon their resolution.

We have no "radical" or whimsical prejudice against the title—we object only to its abuse. We would vindicate it—and these remarks are in behalf, alike of those who worthily and those who unworthily bear it. The remedy is with our colleges: some of them have taken warning and showed last summer, a determined purpose to reform; a few seemed even to have adopted the creed of "total abstinence," judging an extreme remedy necessary in so extreme a case; while others seemed determined to befool themselves beyond precedent. It may be hoped, however, that the example of the former will have some influence on the coming "commencement season."

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Barking at the Moon.—A story is told of the late Judge Olin, of Vermont, father of President Olin, that he was once presiding upon a certain occasion in court, when a waspish little lawyer, full of ignorance and conceit, who was pleading a case before him, took occasion, in the course of his remarks, to address some very contemptuous language to the bench.

Every one in the court turned instinctively toward the judge, expecting a severe rebuke would at once be administered to the insolent offender: but what was their surprise to see the judge sitting with brow serene and unclouded, quietly making his notes, as if he had not heard the language, or as if nothing out of the way had been uttered.

After the adjournment, as most of the officers of the court met round the dinner table of the hotel, a friend asked the judge for an explanation of his strange forbearance—why he had taken no notice of one who so justly deserved to be committed for contempt of court? "I'll tell you a story," said the judge, the quiet humor beaming from his eyes the while: "my father once had a *dog*—a mere wiffet of a thing—that had a strange fashion of going out every moonlight night and barking furiously at the moon!" Here the judge paused and went on deliberately eating his dinner, as if he had finished the story. "Well?"—"Well?"—said several voices—"*what of that?*" "O! nothing," said the judge: "*the moon went right on!*"

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There is something rather moonish (lunatic is rather too technical a term) about Ralph W. Emerson; but there are also gems of good common sense as well as of fine fancy in his pages. Here is one:—"If we study great men, we shall find they were not so much distinguished by originality as by range or extent of thought. If we require of them that absolute originality which consists in weaving, like the spider, their web from their own bowels, we shall not succeed in obtaining it. No great man was original. Least of all does originality consist in unlikeness to other men. A great man is a center of things—seeing the wants of other men, and sharing their desires. The greatest genius is the most indebted man—the greatest poet is a man who does not wake up and say, 'I will square the circle, ransack botany, and discover another food for man; I have a new architecture in my mind; I will foresee a new organic power.' No, he is forced on by the genius of his cotemporaries. He stands where all the eyes of men look, and their hands all point the way he should go. He finds the materials ready to his hands; they have sunk the hills and bridged the rivers for his road. Men, poets, women, all have worked for him, and he has entered into their labors. Great general power, we might almost say, consists in not being original at all, but to the greatest extent receptive."

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The Long-Beard Movement.—We have before referred to the so-called "reform" in beards, now in progress in England. The papers and magazines discuss it with spirit; it is becoming a "national affair." An anonymous London correspondent of the *New-York Tribune*, says:—"England will shortly be able to beard the world in arms. Capillary attraction is increasing rapidly. The barbers recently struck against the public and half-penny shaving, and now the public strike against the barbers and intimate that they don't care one half-penny for them. Altogether, our mustache movement may be denominated a barbarous proceeding. That Norman institution, the razor, is threatened; the Saxon spirit revolts against its hair's-breadth escapes; and instead of turning up the chin, it turns up the nose at it. Seriously speaking, we have had no such innovation for a long time, or one that so completely alters the face of things. It might perplex an Austrian detective to tell who is foreign and who is n't. Friends that were wont to meet you with smiling smoothness on their faces, now glower at you from behind a bush or hedge of hair. The guards on the rail, and smiths in the red forge-light, and engineers in the factories, appear like a new race of stalwart Saxons. Mr. George Dawson was the first, and for a long time the sole person who durst mount the pulpit and a mustache at the same time. Others, however, are following his example, and large numbers of our literary men may be seen 'bearded like the pard.' If the movement goes on as it has commenced, the wearing of hair around the mouth will be soon a national as well as a natural custom; and if the ladies object, their errors must be kissed out of them. May we hope that this is a sign to all the world that henceforth no one—whether he be czar, kaisar, king, or barber—will be permitted to tweak an Englishman by the nose?"

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Great Men in Love.—Of John Abernethy, one of the most eminent surgeons and medical writers of the last century, many anecdotes are recorded. He was extremely eccentric, or rather extremely manly. He acted and spoke always as nature dictated, and not as custom ordained. To a rich valetudinarian gentleman he once said, "Live on a sixpence a day, and earn it;" and to a lady of the same species who offered him a fee, he said: "Madam, keep your money, and buy a skipping rope." When he loved he still continued to despise the forms with which society ever seeks to encumber the sayings and doings of men. He did not waste his time in courting, nor did he prostrate him-

self as is usually the case before the relatives of his Eve. He met her in the streets, revealed his affections for her, and offered her his hand. She accepted it, and he immediately gave her a purse with orders to furnish a house.

Of the courtship of Sir Isaac Newton there is a well-known anecdote; although it is not to be found in any lives of him. He was often absent-minded: for example, he would sometimes rise and sit for several hours by his bed-side undressed, and absorbed in thought; he would often forget to dine until reminded by his domestics, that to live it was necessary to eat. Once and once only he loved a young woman. One evening they were seated by the fireside together. He sat silently smoking. She was too proud of his love to be offended by his conduct. At length he took his pipe from his mouth and seized her hand. She expected that he was about to kiss it. Instead of doing so, however, he stirred the tobacco in the head of his pipe with her finger—a rather odd substitute for a pin! She was angry with him, and their courtship ended.

The father of Lord Eldon, the Chancellor of England, having resolved to marry, rang his bell. A female servant answered it. He told her to dress herself in order to repair to the altar with him. She thought he was jesting and disobeyed. He rang his bell again. A second servant appeared. To her he gave the same command. She attired herself, and was made a bride.

Robert Hall, when on a visit to a brother clergyman, went into the kitchen, where a pious servant girl, whom he loved, was working. He lighted his pipe, sat down, and asked her—

"Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I hope I do," was the reply.

He immediately added—

"Betty, do you love me?"

They were married.

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THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—This institution has nearly completed the first half-century of its existence; and we understand that timely measures have been taken to make the celebration of its semi-centennial anniversary (in Nov., 1854) worthy of its highly honorable and useful career. It was founded in 1804, and incorporated in 1809; and through various fortunes has steadily accumulated treasures of historical material, which are as steadily increasing in value and importance. "Those who are to come after us" only can fully realize the importance of these collections.

The Society has numbered among its most active and zealous members many, perhaps most of the great citizens of New-York, who have been its cotemporaries; and it has always been one of the most efficient and valuable of our literary and scientific institutions.

A building fund has been created within the few years past, which is now sufficient for the purchase of the site and erection of a fire-proof building for the reception of the library and collections; and the trustees of the fund are actively engaged in the prosecution of their designs. The location selected is in Second Avenue, corner of Eleventh-street; and the building will be erected in the course of the ensuing year. This fund is constituted by the subscriptions of various citizens of New-York, and includes, also, the legacy of Miss ELIZABETH DEMILT, of $5,000, and the donation from Mr. JAMES LENNOX, of a like amount, and one also from Messrs. WILLIAM B. ASTOR and WILLIAM CHAUNCEY, of $1,000 each.

The limits of the present notice forbid any detailed account either of the history of the society, or its library and collections. We must only say, the library contains at present,—Printed books and pamphlets, 22,000; manuscripts, 15,000; maps and charts, 2,500; engravings, 500; medals, 200; coins, about 1,400. Also, an extensive collection of Indian relics, curiosities, &c., and a valuable gallery of portraits, busts, &c.

We will rejoice to see these things all duly arranged on the shelves of the new building, instead of being huddled within the narrow compass of the society's rooms in the N. Y. University. Certainly no one would ever conceive the value of this institution by a cursory glance at the library in its present condition. All success to these libraries, several of which we have lately brought to public attention.

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THE BIBLE IN OUR COMMON SCHOOLS is a subject which has been lucidly treated by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, in a work elsewhere noticed. This writer, in his accustomed style of Saxon strength and beauty, has insisted that the land in which we live is not an infidel land—that it is, indeed, a Christian land; and that infidelity has no right to insist upon the exclusion of our holy religion. He, moreover, claims that the Bible is not a sectarian book;—that when read without note or comment in our public schools, it can promote no sectarian views;—that to exclude it at the behest of a single denomination, especially in opposition to the wishes and consciences of other denominations, more particularly when these other denominations constitute a very large majority, would be, to the highest extent, narrow and sectarian. To exclude the Bible, in his view, would be contrary to all the rights and interests of our country, and most destructive to the principles of civil and religious freedom. That in order to exclude sectarianism from our public schools, it is by no means necessary to exclude the Bible;—that its banishment would be a trespass on the rights of a most overwhelming Christian majority, who are taxed for the support of these schools, and to whose judgment in this matter the minority are bound to submit. If divers translations exist, he would allow them all a place—only let not the Bible be exiled from the institutions where our children take in their first draughts of knowledge. He discourses eloquently betimes—for example:—

"The Bible is unsectarian and pure light. The sectarian schools distribute it as through a prism; but the common school takes it from the sun, admits the sun's light, hangs up the sun itself within the school-house. Now, you might as well shut out the sun-light, and light up your school-houses at noonday with gas because there are prisms, as exclude the Bible because there are various sects. In fact, we have no more right to exclude the Bible than we have to exclude the sun, for they are both God's provision of light for us. We have no more right to exclude the Bible from the schools, and from the use of our children in them, than we have to exclude the common air, and to pass a law that the children, while in the schools, shall breathe nothing but sulphuretted hydrogen, or exhilarating gas.

"Indeed, this universality of the sun-light, as opposed to any monopolies, affords us a good illustration. Let us suppose the Manhattan Gas Company to enter a conscientious plea against the sun-light in our school-houses, on the ground that the use of the sun-light prevents the use of their gas, and consequently deprives them of the benefit that might accrue to them and their families from a monopoly of light. Besides, they have among themselves a church canon, interdicting their own families from the use of any light but the company's gas. Under these circumstances, the sun-light becomes Protestant light, for all except those connected with the company, and under its authority, protest against the monopoly of light; *ergo*, the sun-light is Protestant light, and it is against their consciences to endure it, or to permit the use of it; and though they wish to send their children to the public schools, yet they are prevented from that privilege, if the children are compelled to read by sun-light; they cannot conscientiously put their children under any light but that of the company's gas. By that light, they may read and study arithmetic, history, and even Martin Luther's character, and what not, but never by the Protestant sun-light. Whose picture is this, the counterfeit presentment of what faith?

"And now suppose you make a compromise, and say to them, 'Well, to make all fair, you shall have the privilege of introducing the *gas*-light for *your* children, but at the same time the sun-light shall come in also, so that all may be satisfied.' Ah, but that will not answer; the sun-light must not be let in at all, for wherever it is, it absolutely puts theirs out. 'T is of no use whatever, they say, to attempt a competition; it is a gone case with us, if the sun-light is let in at all. Our gas in competition with the sun? Why, the children would read on, and read on, and not even know that our gas was lighted.

"Well! so it is, in very truth, and we cannot help it, that the Bible really does give so clear and beautiful, so pure and powerful a light, that all other lights beside it are but winking tapers, and you can scarcely even see that they are lighted. In the language of Cowper's exquisitely beautiful hymn,—

> 'A glory gilds the sacred page,
> Majestic like the sun;
> It gives a light to every age—
> It gives, but borrows none.'"

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No subject seems to furnish richer themes of merriment than matrimony. One of the best double puns we have ever heard was perpetrated by a clergyman, as he had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both *annie-mated* and *bennie-fitted*," was the ready reply. Jerrold said that young boys who marry old maids "gather in the spring of life the golden fruits of autumn." And old Thomas Fuller many years ago wrote, that "they marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them—hang themselves in hopes some one may come and cut the halter."

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It is a fact generally unknown, even to writers on the English Reformation, that the Puritans had the courage to bury their dead without the customary forms of religious service, common even to our own day. We are reminded of this by a paragraph in the address delivered by Professor Stowe, on the occasion of his inauguration to the professorship at the Andover Theological Seminary:—"Our Puritan fathers," says the author, "were averse to prayers at funerals, and often their dead were buried without this religious service. The Episcopalians read the Scriptures and repeated the Lord's Prayer in their religious service; the Puritans would do neither; and it was one of the great *heresies* of the Brattle-street Church, (Boston,) in 1700, that the minister was *permitted*, and even expected, to read the Scriptures and repeat the Lord's Prayer as a part of public worship." To these remarks is appended a note from a distinguished antiquary in Boston—the Rev. Joseph B. Felt—from which we make the following extract:—

"As our fathers abstained from marrying with a ring and baptizing with marks of a cross, and from organs in their churches, lest such forms should bring them back to the Papacy, which they believed still lingered in the national Church of England; so, in all apparent probability, they abstained, for a long period, from offering prayer at funerals. Confirmatory was the example of the English Geneva Church, as described in 1641. 'They had the corpse carried to the grave, and the 'minister, if present, goes to the church and makes suitable remarks.' In 1645, the Congregationalists of England had serious remarks at their funerals. Lechford, in 1641, observed as to Massachusetts—'At burials *nothing* is read, nor any funeral sermon made; but all the neighborhood, or a good company of them, come together by tolling of the bell, and carry the dead solemnly to the grave, and there stand by them while he is buried. The ministers are most commonly present.' From the fact that Congregationalism was greatly promoted in England by the influence of New-England ministers, either *viva voce* or by their writings, it is very likely that there was a mutual consent and action on both sides of the Atlantic as to the offering of serious remarks at funerals by or even before 1645. The first instance of prayer at a funeral that I have met with is recorded in Sewall's Diary, and had reference to the Rev. William Adams of Dedham, in 1685, when he was buried. A Boston newspaper of 1730 has the subsequent remark:—'Before carrying out the corpse, (Mrs. Sarah Byfield,) a funeral prayer was made by one of the pastors of the old church, which, though a custom in the country towns, is a singular instance for this place.'"

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Eccentric Rebukes from the Pulpit.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was remarkable for his eccentric rebukes from the pulpit. He once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many people are to blamed for making religion a CLOAK; but I do not think that those are much better who make it an UMBRELLA!" Again, after receiving some anonymous letters from some of his congregation—"If you want me to read your anonymous letters you must inclose a £5 note in them for some good charity!" On another occasion—"I do not wish the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only LOWERED, that we may shake hands a little easier over them."

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Passports.—Of the strictness of the passport system, and the danger from new-comers which haunts the Neapolitan official mind, a good story has just been told. A lady, expecting her confinement, was at Capri with her husband. Wishing that the child might be born on the main land, they sailed across the bay; but the youthful Neapolitan having unexpectedly made his appearance during the three hours' voyage, they were not allowed to land, because the infant was not in the passport!

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The whereabouts of the following sentence, though not definitely known, is said to be taken from a volume of sermons published during the reign of James I. It certainly is a curiosity in its way:—"This *dial* shows that we must *die all:* yet notwithstanding, *all houses* are turned into *ale houses;* our *cares* into *cates;* our *paradise* into a *pair o' dices;* *matrimony* into a *matter of money*, and *marriage* into a *merry age;* our *divines* have become *dry vines:* it was not so in the days of *Noah*,—O no!"

We insert the following dialogue as a literary curiosity :—

"*A Dialogue between a Glutton and Echo.*

Gl. My belly I do deifie.
Echo. Fie.
Gl. Who curbs his appetite 's a fool.
Echo. Ah, fool!
Gl. I do not like this abstinence.
Echo. Hence.
Gl. My joy 's a feast, my wish is wine.
Echo. Swine!
Gl. We epicures are happie truly.
Echo. You lie.
Gl. Who 's that which giveth me the lie?
Echo. I.
Gl. What? Echo, thou that mock'st a voice?
Echo. A voice.
Gl. May I not, Echo, eat my fill?
Echo. Ill.
Gl. Will't hurt me if I drink too much?
Echo. Much.
Gl. Thou mock'st me, Nymph; I 'll not believe it.
Echo. Believe 't.
Gl. Dost thou condemn then what I do?
Echo. I do.
Gl. I grant it doth exhaust the purse.
Echo. Worse.
Gl. Is 't this which dulls the sharpest wit?
Echo. Best wit.
Gl. Is 't this which brings infirmities?
Echo. It is.
Gl. Whither will 't bring my soul? canst tell?
Echo. T' hell.
Gl. Dost thou no gluttons virtuous know?
Echo. No.
Gl. Wouldst have me temperate till I die?
Echo. I.
Gl. Shall I therein find ease and pleasure?
Echo. Yea, sure.
Gl. But is 't a thing which profit brings?
Echo. It brings.
Gl. To minde or bodie? or to both?
Echo. To both.
Gl. Will it my life on earth prolong?
Echo. O long!
Gl. Will it make me vigorous until death?
Echo. Till death.
Gl. Will't bring me to eternal blisse?
Echo. Yes.
Gl. Then, sweetest temperance, I 'll love thee.
Echo. I love thee.
Gl. Then, swinish gluttonie, I 'll leave thee.
Echo. I 'll leave thee.
Gl. I 'll be a belly-god no more.
Echo. No more.
Gl. If all be true which thou dost tell,
They who fare sparingly fare well.
Echo. Farewell."

—

Dignity of an Indian Chief.—We doubt if the annals of ancient history furnish a reply surpassing in eloquence and grandeur the following, from an untutored savage :—As Tecumseh proudly approached, General Harrison rose to receive the chief, and pointing to a bench prepared for the purpose, said: "Your white father requests you to be seated." Tecumseh cast upon the American general a look of unmitigated scorn and indignation. "You my father?" said he. "No! The sun," pointing to the luminary in the heavens, "is my father! The earth," pointing to the ground, "is my mother!" And, throwing himself on the ground, "I will rest nowhere but on her bosom!"

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The following from Dr. Newman's Discourses on Universal Education, in a most pointed manner hits off one of the views of the times :—"An intellectual man, as the world now conceives of him, is one who is full of 'views' on all subjects of philosophy, on all matters of the day. It is almost thought a disgrace not to have a view at a moment's notice on any question from the Personal Advent to the Cholera or Mesmerism. This is owing in a great measure to the necessities of periodical literature, now so much in request. Every quarter of a year, every month, every day, there must be a supply for the gratification of the public, of new and luminous theories on the subjects of religion, foreign politics, home politics, civil economy, finance, trade, agriculture, emigration, and the colonies. Slavery, the gold fields, German philosophy, the French empire, Wellington, Peel, Ireland, must all be practiced on, day after day, by what are called original thinkers."

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There are no less than one hundred and twenty ragged schools in London, which include nearly fourteen thousand scholars, taught by two hundred and twenty-one paid, and one thousand eight hundred voluntary teachers. With a view to the better organization of these invaluable institutions, the Committee of the Ragged School Union have appointed the Rev. E. J. Hytche and Mr. Milne as school agents or inspectors of the schools situate in the southern and western districts of London. "There can be little doubt," says a cotemporary, "that should this effort at systematic action prove successful, it will tend still further to ameliorate the social and religious condition of those outcasts for whose spiritual welfare ragged schools were orginally established." We perceive that there are also a number of ragged churches supplied by various clergymen and competent laymen. This is the true way to reform our great cities.

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Statistics of Cathedrals.—A German magazine makes the following arrangement of the largest edifices in the world. The cathedral of Speyer is the greatest monument of the Romanesque style in Germany—larger than the cathedrals of Ulm and Strasburg, and therefore still larger than the buildings of Mayence, and St. Stephen of Vienna—and is only surpassed by the *Dom* of Cologne. Considering the churches out of Germany, the largest throughout the world are—St. Peter's, at Rome; the *Dom* of Milan; St. Paul's, at Rome; St. Sophia's, at Constantinople; the Cathedral, at Florence; and St. Paul's, in London. All these churches, enumerated here according to their size, are larger than Cologne Cathedral, in its completion. St. Peter's, at Rome, occupies an area three times that of the Cologne *Dom*; of similar size with the Speyer cathedral is that of Antwerp; and only next to that is Notre Dame, of Paris.

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A very curious incident in the life of the late Lord Plunkett is talked of in well-informed circles of Dublin society. It appears that in his declining years he had occupied himself with drawing up some particulars of events in his public career. But his mind, as was not unnatural at his protracted years, was subject to aberration; and not long since he chanced one day to meet with the papers, which he had composed in perfect health, and seizing them he suddenly cast them into the fire and destroyed them! This loss will be severely felt by all, but especially by Mr. Edward Berwick, who is spoken of as the biographer of this famous Irish barrister.

SENSATION OF LIGHT.—Mr. Jones, in a recent paper before the Royal Institution, remarks, that the sensation which we experience in consequence of an impression upon the eye is called light, and the external agent which commonly causes the impression is also designated by the same name. But the sensation and the external agent, which, by its impression on our optic nerve, excites in us the sensation, are totally different things. Some years ago a remarkable medico-legal case occurred in Germany, in which the sensation of light excited by a blow upon the eye was confounded with the agent light. In this case a worthy clergyman was assaulted one dark night by two men, one of whom struck him on the right eye with a stone. By the light which streamed from his eye in consequence of the blow, the clergyman alleged that he was able to see and recognize the man who committed the outrage. The question whether this were possible having been raised, it was referred to the official district physician, who thought that there was some probability in the clergyman's allegation, though he did not fully admit it. Professor Müller, of Berlin, in commenting on this curious case, very justly observed that, if the physician had pressed upon his own eye in the dark, and tried to read by the light thereby emitted, he would probably have come to a more decided conclusion.

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THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.—"The idea you have once spoken," says Carlyle, "if it even were an idea, is no longer yours; it is gone from you—so much life and virtue are gone, and the vital circulations of yourself and your destiny and activity are henceforth deprived of it. If you could not get it spoken, if you could still constrain it into silence, so much the richer are you. Better keep your idea while you can: let it still circulate in your blood, and there fructify; inarticulately inciting you to good activities; giving to your whole spiritual life a ruddier health. When the time comes for speaking it, you will speak it all the more concisely, the more expressively, appropriately: and if such a time should never come, have you not already acted it, and uttered it as no words can? Think of this, my young friend; for there is nothing truer, nothing more forgotten in these shabby gold-laced days."

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"UNDER THE ROSE."—The origin of the phrase *under the rose* implies secrecy, and had its origin during the year B. C. 477, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the confederate fleet, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes, for the marriage of his daughter, and subjugation of Greece to the Median rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured *under the rose*. It was discovered, however, by a slave; and as the sanctity of the place forbade the Athenians to force Pausanias out, or kill him there, they finally walled him in, and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying, *sub rosa*, among them, and now almost all Christian nations.

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When may we hope that there will be a reform in the nomenclature of the printing-office? We now hear of a devil and a hell—the origin of which terms is stated as follows:—In the year 1651 a book was printed, called the "Anatomy of the Mass." It had only one hundred and seventy-two pages in it; but the author, a pious monk, was obliged to add fifteen pages to correct the blunders. These he attributed to the special instigation of the "devil," to defeat the work; and hence may have come the use of the title, "Printer's Devil."

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In King-street, Norwich, England, at the sign of "The Waterman," kept by a man who is a barber, and over whose door is the pole, are these lines:—

"Roam not from pole to pole,
But step in here;
Where naught exceeds the shaving
But the beer."

Poor stuff it must be, then, and the whole establishment is really *barbarous*.

—

SUBLIME GESTURE.—A pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Doncaster, England, a boy about ten years of age, on being asked by signs, "Who made you?" uncovered his head, assumed a reverent expression of countenance, and with his open hand pointed upward. There was a simple grandeur in the act never to be described or forgotten; a mental acknowledgment, which no words could have more emphatically conveyed.

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SENSIBLE ADVICE.—It is said that when Sir G. Murray attempted to excuse himself from taking office under the Duke of Wellington, on account of his inexperience in public speaking, "Poh, poh!" said the duke, "do as I do; say what you think, and do n't quote Latin."

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The following curious epitaph was recently discovered on a tombstone:—

"Here lies the body of good Humphrey Cole;
Tho' black his name, yet spotless is his soul;
But yet not black tho' Carbo is the name,
Thy chalk is scarcely whiter than his fame.
A priest of priests, inferior was to none,
Took heaven by storm when here his race was run.
Thus ends the record of this pious man;
Go and do likewise, reader, if you can."

—

HUMBOLDT ON TABLE-TURNING.—This great philosopher speaks of table-turners as "those who now seek for some superior nourishment of their mystic appetite in the spiritualization of pine, and the oracles of inspired legs of tables."

—

A young Irishman, who had married when about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would "never marry so young again if he lived to be as ould as Methusalem."

Book Notices.

"*The Old Brewery, and the New Mission House at the Five Points*," by Ladies of the Mission. A most interesting volume of 304 pages, containing a history of the "Five Points," and of the mission there established by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, and some most thrilling tales of *real* life in the murky cellars, and garrets, lanes and alleys of this moral ulcer—this plague-spot of the American metropolis. We are glad to find "facts" set forth, without the flimsy adornings of "fiction," but with all the life and power of reality. Dropping, too, from the earnest pens of the heroines who first dared to enter "Murderers' Alley" and "Cow Bay," with no other weapon than the word of God. Here will be found the story of the two "Maggies"—"Wild Maggie Carson," and "Maggie Ryan"—and "The Last of the Blennerhassets," worth the price of the volume. Late experience may teach the editors of magazines and newspapers to be careful in noticing a work on matters so difficult to treat with propriety as life at the Five Points, and hence this volume may be more slowly commended; but we believe that nothing will be found to offend in the least the most refined delicacy. The book is beautifully "got up," and handsomely illustrated; and the profits, moreover, will put into the hands of the ladies additional means to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and, as it were, put crowns of honor and glory upon heads that now lie low in filth and debauchery. May God speed all missions to the degraded—all preaching of the gospel to the poor.

"*Classic and Historic Portraits*," by James Bruce, is an attempt to give a description of the personal appearance, dress, manners, &c., of the distinguished personages of history. The task has been one of great labor, as the materials lay scattered throughout all literature; but it has been well executed; and the reader of history will find the book one of some interest. (*Redfield*, 110 *Nassau-street, N. Y.*)

"*The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star. A Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. Vanderbilt's Party to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, &c., by the Rev. John Overton Choules, D. D., author of the 'History of Missions,' 'Young Americans Abroad,' &c.*" (*Boston, Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street.*) The title-page, which we have fully copied, is sufficiently explicit as to the nature of the book. The expedition was one which attracted the attention of all the nations of Europe, and was, from all accounts, a brilliant affair. This volume gives, in some 353 pages, a plain, but interesting narrative of the excursion. It is, indeed, a book of travels. We do not see in the volume any excess of adulation for the "Commodore," or indeed anything that may be regarded as out of taste. It is beautifully illustrated; and is a credit to the enterprising publishers.

"*Alcohol and the Constitution of Man*," by Edward L. Youmans. (*New-York, D. Appleton & Co.*, 200 *Broadway.*) It was our privilege to hear the author expound his principles in a public lecture, and perform his experiments; we therefore examined the book with the more interest. It is a popular dissertation on the chemical properties of alcohol, and its effects on the human constitution. For the sake of humanity this work deserves a most extensive circulation.

"*The Working Man's Way in the World; being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer.* (*Redfield*, 110 *Nassau-street, New-York.*) These reminiscences of personal history were first partially published in Tait's Magazine, and there attracted some attention and elicited some discussion. We have not read the entire volume; but so far as we have proceeded, find it a racy, well-told tale, containing some point and sarcasm, and calculated to suggest some reforms among the laboring classes—printers in particular—and especially in England. The whole concludes with a good paper, containing the author's notions on socialism.

The "*Theological Essays*," by Frederick Denison Maurice, M. A., have also been laid upon our table by *Redfield*, for which we have reason to thank them. We had heard of Professor Maurice, and his peculiar theological views; of his essays, and his expulsion from his professorial chair; and had a desire to read what he had to say. Now that we have read, we are scarcely at liberty to express our views; but one thing is certain, no divine who pretends to be a man of the present age will be willing to let the work pass without a careful examination. It is written in a clear and lucid style; and there is no mistaking the author's sentiments. The mode in which he treats of the Trinity, and of eternal life and eternal death, are specially worthy of notice in view of his relation to the Established Church; and the whole work shows the workings of a powerful and independent mind.

"*Right of the Bible in our Public Schools*," by George B. Cheever, D. D., (303 pp., 12mo.,) has been recently issued by *Robert Carter & Brothers*, No. 285 Broadway, N. Y. The book is just what we might expect from the well-known character of the author—clear, forcible, and betimes exceedingly beautiful. No one will read it without being impressed with the weakness of the argument by which the exclusion of the word of God from our public schools has been urged. We shall hope for it a most extensive circulation, and a most thorough and general perusal. For we confess our fears, that there has been a disposition in some quarters to concede far too much to those who would take from the little ones the bread of heaven. Read an extract in our Editorial Gleanings.

"*Sketches of the Irish Bar, by the Right Honorable Richard Lalor Sheil, M. P., with Memoir and Notes, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L.*" 2 vols.; pp. 388, 380. (*Redfield*, 110 *Nassau-street, N. Y.*) The publication of these sketches was commenced in 1822, in a London periodical, called the *New Monthly Magazine*. The idea was first suggested to Sheil by William Henry Curran, son of the great Irish orator and patriot,

but executed entirely by himself. The paper on O'Connell has been read almost everywhere, and has given to its author a world-wide fame. Mr. Sheil assumed to be an impartial "Englishman," and continued to wear his mask long after public rumor had assigned the articles their true paternity. Our own views on many points are very far from being in harmony with those of our author; yet we conceive that the sketches will be read with much avidity. Sheil was certainly one of those brilliant lights which have almost always dazzled the world's eye in the murky horizon of poor Ireland, only to show what might be expected from her sons, if those clouds of ignorance and superstition could be dispelled, and the pure light be allowed to shine.

The "*Troy Conference Miscellany*," edited by Rev. Stephen Parks, and published by *J. Lord, Albany; W. H. Young, Troy, and S. Huntington, Burlington, and to be had of Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street*, comes to us in one volume, with three parts, and an appendix. Part I. contains an historical sketch of Methodism, within the bounds of the Troy Conference. Part II. Reminiscences of deceased members of the Troy Conference. Part III. Contributions, by living members of the Troy Conference. The appendix contains some interesting and valuable tables. The whole is prefaced by a fine engraving of Bishop Hedding; and contains also wood cuts of Troy Conference Academy, and the Richmondville Seminary. It cannot be other than an interesting collection to the Troy Conference, and to many others in whose hearts the names of Levings, Carpenter, Scholefield, Sherman Covel, Saxe, Lindsay, Eames and others, have been embalmed. The book was certainly worthy of much better paper; although Carlton & Phillips are turning it out in the best style possible.

"*The Iliad of Homer, according to the Text of Wolf, with Notes, for the use of Schools and Colleges*," by John J. Owen, D. D., Professor of Latin and Greek in the Free Academy, N. Y. (*Leavitt & Allen, 27 Dey-street, N. Y.*) We have had occasion before to commend the classical school books of Professor Owen. The above-named is not less meritorious than his other works. The author is one of the best of classical teachers and text-book manufacturers.

"*Home Scenes: a Family Story*," by Amanda Weston. (*L. C. Mallack, 60 South Salina-street, Syracuse.*) A simple truthful story of scenes at home, interspersed with wood-cuts; and presenting a good little volume of 160 pages, 12mo., for the young.

"*Grace and Apostleship illustrated in the Life of Judson*," by R. W. Cushman, author of "*A Pure Christianity the World's only Hope*," &c., &c. This little volume is an address delivered before the Maryland Union Association, Nov. 5th, 1851. No man's life could more fitly illustrate grace and apostleship than that of this prince of missionaries,—Judson. Though a Baptist, his name and its precious associations are the inheritance of the entire Church We warmly recommend a perusal of this volume. (*Baptist Publication Society, 118 Arch-street, Philadelphia.*)

Literary Record.

Our correspondent from Boston has, as will be seen, presented us the present month with a contribution of even more than its ordinary interest. Every month adds to our obligation to B. K. P., although the early hour at which we necessarily go to press often deprives these communications of the interest and value which otherwise would attach to them.

BOSTON LETTER.

Medal Scholars—Central Railroad—Harvard Library—Dr. Hitchcock—Amherst College—The Mastodon—Mercantile Library—Bungener Literary Notices.

A very pleasant illustration of the old apothegm—*the child is the father of the man*—has been suggested by the movement now in progress in our city to erect a monument to Franklin. A legacy was left by the sagacious and benevolent philosopher to provide for the annual distribution of medals among the most deserving boys in our common schools. The first recipients of this honorable decoration were members of the schools in 1792; and Dr. John C. Warren, and several others of this class are still living. Two thousand five hundred medals have been awarded in sixty-two years, and about one-half of those who received them are now alive. A meeting of the survivors has been held to make arrangements to aid as a body in the erection of the proposed monument, and in the published list of the names of these medal scholars are to be found some of the first citizens of Boston—her most noted senators, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and merchants. The foremost boys of the city have come to be the foremost men.

With the opening of spring we are to have another inland route from Boston to New-York. The connecting links of the line of the Central railroad through the Blackstone Valley, and by the way of Norwich, New-London, and New-Haven, are now about completed, and a rapid flight through a beautiful country will carry the passengers nearly upon an air line from one city to the other. This route, both on account of its directness and from the variety and beauty of the country through which it passes, will, undoubtedly, become popular with the traveling public.

The library of Harvard University, although numbering a large amount of volumes, has been crippled for the want of a fund providing for an annual outlay for the valuable current works in the various departments of literature. A committee of the Board of Overseers has recommended that an effort be made to raise $100,000 among the friends of the university for the benefit of its library, and its due and faithful administration. Honorable Jonathan Phillips, whose name is so often attached to munificent public donations, has given $10,000 to increase the endowment of the Elliot Greek Professorship in Harvard College.

There is a field of charity which might be profitably cultivated by our wealthy citizens in connection with our collegiate institutions, and that is the endowment of scholarships for the gratuitous tuition of indigent, but deserving students. Provision has been made in Amherst College for the free instruction of over fifty, thus affording valuable and material service to young men, struggling for an education under the crushing pressure of poverty. The reference to Amherst College, reminds me of the lectures of its president, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, before the Young Men's Christian Association, upon the relation of Geology to Religion. This course has been full of instruction, suggesting

clear philosophical confirmations of the inspiration of the Bible, and turning the attention of the young to one of the most inviting fields of natural science. The experiment of interspersing religious discourses with scientific lectures of a high moral character has proved eminently successful.

A gift of about $2,000 to Amherst College for the purchase of a telescope, by the Honorable Rufus Bullock, of Royalston, Massachusetts, has brought to light the fact that we have near us an amateur manufacturer of these instruments of extraordinary skill and success. The telescope is to be the work of Mr. Alvan Clark, of Cambridgeport. Besides being one of the best portrait painters in Boston, he has prosecuted with extraordinary zeal the study of astronomy, and has made several considerable discoveries. He makes better refracting telescopes than any other manufacturer in the country, and is just about to dispatch one to England, for Mr. Dawes, the celebrated English astronomer.

Dr. Warren has just erected a large fire-proof edifice, at an expense of $10,000, for the reception and preservation of his wonderful skeleton of the Mastodon. This solitary representative of a far-distant age was discovered, as some of your readers may remember, some eight or nine years since, in Newburgh, N. Y., and was dug up with so much care that not a single bone was broken. As it stands now, it reaches twelve feet in height, and weighs twenty-two thousand pounds. A skeleton of one of the largest elephants ever brought to this country stands by its side, appearing comparatively diminutive in the presence of its monstrous companion. In the same building are to be seen the vertebræ of a sea-serpent, placed bone to bone, and extending seventy feet. It is not stated where these bones were found!

The Mercantile Library Association have been enabled to add about $2,000 worth of books to their already valuable library. Mr. Poole, their accomplished librarian, has placed the reading public under peculiar obligation by his Index of Reviews; the first edition of which is about exhausted. The association has been eminently successful in securing, during the winter, lecturers for its two courses. The temple has been crowded with an interesting audience; and the considerable sum of $1,700 has been realized above all expenses, to be added to their $20,000 fund for the proposed edifice which the association intends to construct for its library and lectures.

The great interest excited by the two volumes translated in this country from the works of Bungener, author of the Priest and Huguenot, &c., has awakened inquiry in reference to the antecedents of so popular, and, until within a short period, so comparatively unknown a writer. Lawrence Louis Felix Bungener is a native of Marseilles, France, and was born in 1814. He was of poor parentage, and the liberal education which he enjoyed was obtained through the aid of the Protestant consistory of Geneva. Attention was called to him by a sermon which he wrote when he was eleven years of age, upon the consecration of a new Protestant Church. This remarkable production for a child, falling into the hands of his pastor, he induced the consistory to defray the expenses of young Bungener at the college of Marseilles. In 1839 he was ordained in Geneva, but never entered upon the parochial duties of his office, his talents and scholarship seeming to draw him rather toward literary and scholastic pursuits. In 1843 he became head-master of the college in Geneva, which office he held until 1848, when he was dismissed by the new radical government. Bungener's great fame as a preacher has arisen from one or two extraordinary efforts called forth within a few years. In 1858, the supporters of Romanism in Geneva, having made extraordinary efforts to give new vigor to their cause and become bold in their calumniations of the Reformed Faith, the consistory determined upon a series of discourses in which the principles of Protestantism should be confronted with those of Rome. The first of these was preached by Bungener from the text "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Says an English writer in reference to this sermon, "It was a masterly condensation of the causes, mental and material, that brought about the Reformation. The effect of the discourse was unparalleled. This one brilliant display of oratorical genius triumphantly established M. Bungener's fame at home, on that proud eminence to which his works had long exalted it abroad."

The translation of the volumes already published has been the work of a talented daughter of Dr. Potts of your city: and the most critical French scholars have expressed their admiration and even surprise at the success of the translation. It is one of the happiest attempts to present the French idiom in an English garb: the nicest shades of meaning, the sharpest expressions, and even the most delicate puns are all preserved in the foreign utterances through which they are made to speak. M. Bungener himself has expressed his satisfaction with this admirable performance and his obligation to the fair American. The English editions have been published from the American thus far. The Boston publishers, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, have received a fine engraving of Bungener, which will appear in a future volume of his works. They have in press and will shortly issue, "Julian; or, the Evil of an Age," which will be accompanied with a Life of the Author; and also "Voltaire and his Times." These works it is said will fully sustain the interest which has been so widely excited by their predecessors. The same publishers have in press a work that has lately made no small stir in the scientific and religious world in England; it is entitled, "Of the Plurality of Worlds." It is pronounced by those who have examined its proof pages, to be one calculated to be deeply interesting and instructive to the theologian, scientific, and to the general reader. The "Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1854," with a fine engraved portrait of President Hitchcock, fully sustains the reputation gained by the preceding volumes. Dr. Choules's lively description of the "Cruise of the North Star" reached a second edition as soon as it could be provided. Gould & Lincoln also announce two more volumes by Dr. Tweedie: "A Lamp to the Path; or, The Bible in the Heart, the Home, and the Market-Place;" and "Seed Time and Harvest; or, Sow Well and Reap Well." A book for the young.

The sixth volume of Mr. Bancroft's History, being the third volume of the "History of the American Revolution," will be published in March. The entire work will extend to nine volumes.

Two additional volumes of the works of Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli will be published at Boston during the spring.

The second edition of "Passion Flowers" has been issued. This volume of poems has elicited more commendation than any other of the season.

Phillips, Sampson, & Co. have in press "Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad," by Elihu Burritt. "The History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the Beginning of the Reformation to 1850," by Rev. J. H. Craig, D. D., and J. H. Merle D'Aubigne. "The Complete Works of Samuel Rogers," edited by Epes Sargent, Esq. One vol. 12mo. "The City Side; or, Passages from a Pastor's Portfolio." One vol. 18mo. "Ironthorpe, the Pioneer Preacher," by Paul Creyton. One vol. 18mo. "Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, with Notes and Introduction," by Rev. Alexander Dyce. Two vols. octavo. "Works of Massenger and Ford, with an Introduction by Hartley Coleridge." One vol. octavo.

John P. Jewett & Co. are just issuing large editions of the local romance, which they publish under the title of "The Lamplighter." It is said to be a work of great power and ability.

Little, Brown, & Co. still continue the publication of their elegant and cheap edition of the British Poets. The works of Thomson, Swift, and Dryden form the last issues of this series to the present date. The editorial supervision of the work is in the hands of Professor Childs, of Harvard University; and it is the intention of the publishers that this edition shall embrace all that is of general interest and permanent value in English poetry, from Chaucer to Wordsworth. The whole works of the most distinguished authors will be given, and selections from the writings of the minor poets. Pains will be taken to secure a correct text; and each work will be accompanied with Biographical, Historical, and Critical notices, and with glossaries where such assistance is needed.

B. K. P.

A letter from the pen of M. Thiers informs us that, in all probability, the three volumes necessary to complete his "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*," will be given to the public about the end of this present year.

The philologist, Mitscherlich, the Nestor of the German schools, died at Gottingen on the sixth of January, in the ninety-fourth year of his age. Dr. Mitscherlich was uncle of the famous chemist of the same name.

Mr. George Finley, whose work on Byzantine History was published last year, has sent from Athens to Messrs Blackwood, of Edinburgh, the concluding volume. This work will soon be followed by another from the same pen, embracing the History of Greece under the Turkish, Venetian, revolutionary, and Bavarian dominations, terminating with the complete establishment of the independence of Greece by the adoption of a national system of representative government on the 15th of September, 1843.

Hebrew.—A French lady at Athens established in 1849 a prize of five thousand francs for the Jewish damsel who, after close examination, should be declared the most proficient in the Hebrew language. It has been divided between a young lady of the city of Nancy and another of Strasburg—two thousand seven hundred francs to one, and two thousand three hundred to the other. The three Grand Rabbis of the Central Consistory of France and several eminent Hebrew scholars were the judges. They found the competitors thoroughly versed, and worthy in an absolute sense of what was awarded.

Libraries in Constantinople.—There are numerous libraries at Constantinople: the number of volumes which they contain may be estimated at eighty thousand, reckoning both MSS. and printed books. The literature of Arabia, Persia, and Turkey, is represented in them; and the collection includes philosophical and theological works, poetry, history, books of science, and an immense number of those treatises on conduct and manners to which the Turks attach almost as much importance as the Chinese themselves.

Cham, the Parisian caricaturist, represents Dumas seated on a car, writing with one hand, working the crank of a printing press with the other, and distributing his books right and left with his feet.

A new book on discussing "Spiritual Manifestations" is out in London. It is entitled, "The Testers Tested; or, Table Moving, Turning, and Talking." The Rev. F. Chase is the author.

"Uncle Tom" has been introduced into Athens under the gentlemanly title of "Omparpas Thomas."

Epigram.—In an old book is found the following epigram, published in 1660. Any one will appreciate it by just remembering that the Latin word "amor" means *love*.

ON ROME.

"Hate and debate Rome through the world hath spread;
Yet Roma *amor* is, if backward read:
Then is it strange, Rome hate should foster? no,
For out of backward love all hate doth grow."

Belgian Libraries.—The number of public libraries in Belgium is twenty-one. The principal of them is, of course, the Bibliothéque Royale at Brussels. It contains 180,000 volumes, 19,688 manuscripts, 30,000 engravings, and 14,000 medals and coins. It increases its collection by, on an average, 3,000 volumes a year. The libraries next in importance are those of the University of Louvain, which has 60,000 volumes; the University of Ghent, 59,650 volumes; Tournay, 26,230 volumes; Antwerp, 19,148 volumes: Namur, 17,000 volumes; Mons, 15,000 volumes; Bruges, 10,500 volumes; and Ypres, 9,500 volumes.

There has recently been discovered in the library of the Royal Academy of Music at Stockholm the autograph manuscript of a mass composed by Michael Haydn, brother of the illustrious composer. The author presented it to the Academy in 1800, and it was executed for the first time on Christmas day last in the Catholic chapel, in presence of the queen and the queen-dowager.

Dr. Jules Bonnet, who has devoted five years to the work, announces the publication of the unpublished letters of Calvin.

A new quarterly—the *Ethnological Journal*—has been started by Mr. Luke Burke, who announces the discovery of a new inductive science—*Mythonomy*—which is to throw great and unexpected light upon all the old mythologies and legends.

A new "Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton," is in course of preparation by Sir David Brewster, materially differing from his former life of the philosopher. The materials for the present undertaking are entirely new, and are chiefly furnished from the family papers of the Earl of Portsmouth, and other manuscript collections to which the author had access.

Walter Savage Landor, the only living compeer of the great English poets and writers, from Byron to Sir Walter Scott and Southey, writes thus of his own present position:—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to nature, art:
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Alexander Smith soon issues a third volume of his poetical effusions.

Montgomery, the Quaker poet, is now editing a volume of his miscellanies. He is in his eighty-third year.

Bulwer, the English author, is expected to have a place in the next English Conservative Ministry.

An association has lately been formed, of which Nathaniel Morton, of Taunton, Mass., is the president, to be called the *Old Colony Historical Society*, for the purpose of preserving and perpetuating the history of the old colony in Massachusetts, and of collecting and holding documents, books, and memoirs relating to its history.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, announce the publication, in May, of another work from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe. It will be entitled, "Sunny Memoirs of Foreign Lands;" and will appear in two volumes, illustrated with designs from Billings.

Kaminagadeyathoorooscomokanoogonagira.—In an appeal to the Privy Council from Madras, the above unparalleled long word occurs as the description of an estate. Its extreme length and unpronounceable appearance is believed to be without an equal. The following is another of the same sort with the same import:—*Arademaravasadeloovaradoogou.*

Arts and Sciences.

CRAYON, for writing on glass, has been prepared by M. Brunquell, so as to enable the contents of glass vessels to be inscribed on them at once. He takes four parts of spermaceti, (stearine,) three parts of tallow, and two parts of wax, and melts them in a cup; six parts of minium and one part of potash are then stirred into it, and the whole is kept warm for half an hour, and then poured into glass tubes of the thickness of a lead-pencil. After quickly cooling, the mass may be screwed up and down in the tube, and cut to a fine point with a knife. This crayon, it is said, will readily write on clean, dry glass.

Reflecting Lighthouses originated thus:—At a meeting of a society of mathematicians at Liverpool, in the last century, one of the members proposed to lay a wager, that he would read a paragraph of a newspaper, at ten yards' distance, with the light of a farthing candle. The wager was laid, and the proposer, having covered the inside of a wooden dish with pieces of looking-glass, fastened in with glazier's putty, placed his reflector behind the candle, and won his wager. One of the company marked this experiment with a philosophic eye. This was Captain Hutchinson, the dockmaster, with whom originated the first reflecting lighthouse, erected at Liverpool in 1763.

A new roofing design has been patented. It is composed of a tile, or plate of thin sheet-iron, coated with enamel, to protect the metal from the weather.

The Institute of France has completed its annual organization. In the Academy of Moral and Political Science, M. Guizot, Vice-President of the previous year, was elected President. M. Amédée Thierry was named Vice-President. In the Academy of Fine Arts, M. Forster was elected President, and M. Amb. Thomas, Vice-President. The place of M. Jussieu, in the botanical section of the Academy of Sciences, has been filled up by the election of M. Tulasne.

The London *Athenæum*, in reviewing Dr. Kane's narrative of the United States Grinnell expedition, which has been published in London, acknowledges that this expedition was the first to discover "Grinnell Land," which the British authorities have called Prince Albert Land, claiming that it was first discovered by the British explorers.

Traveling by Steam around the Planet Uranus.—The circumference of the orbit in which Uranus revolves about the sun is 11,314,600,000 miles, through which it moves in 30,686 mean solar days, or about eighty-four years; it is the slowest-moving planet in the system, and yet it pursues its course at the rate of 15,000 miles an hour. Were a steam-carriage to move round the immense orbit of this planet at the continued speed of about thirty miles an hour, it would require no less than 64,570 years before this ample circuit could be completed; and yet a globe eighty times larger than the earth finishes this vast tour in eighty-four years.

Early Use of Tin.—Mr. Layard, in his work on Nineveh, in reference to the articles of bronze from Assyria now in the British Museum, states that the tin used in the composition was probably obtained from Phœnicia; and, consequently, that that used in the Assyrian bronze may actually have been exported, nearly three thousand years ago, from the British Isles.

Titian.—The German papers speak of a newly-discovered Titian, which they class among the best works of that artist. The subject is the liberation of Andromeda from the sea-monster by Perseus, mounted on the winged horse Pegasus. The picture is a little more than four feet long, and a little less in width: and from a passage in one of Titian's letters, is supposed to have been painted for Philip II. It was brought to Germany by a French general some forty years ago.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—At Udina, in Friuile, a poor man suffering under the tortures of hydrophia, was cured by draughts of vinegar, given him, by mistake, instead of another potion. A physician, of Padua, got intelligence of this event, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the hospital, administering a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, and the man was speedily and perfectly cured.

Egypt.—M. Mariette, a French savan, is said to have discovered a secret entrance into the Egyptian Sphinx.

Professor John Lea, of Cincinnati, states, as a verified fact, which will stand the test of the strictest investigation and eventually obtain universal credence, that rain-water, used for drinking, instead of the hard mineral water of wells, acts as a prophylactic (or preventive) in cases of cholera. He says:—"The calcareo-magnesian properties of the water unite with the miasma of cholera. A diarrhœa ensues, more water is taken, and death soon closes the scene. It appears that comparatively few cholera cases occur on ships coming from Bremen. This will be found to proceed from the pure quality of water furnished at that port." He says further, that "no city exclusively supplied with rain-water, as Charleston, or with soft pure water, as Mobile, or district, as West Tennessee, suffers from epidemic cholera; and in the same category may be ranked all the small islands of the West Indies, where none other than rain-water can be obtained. A very small portion of the New-England States suffer by cholera; primary formations prevail generally, and the water is rarely imbued with calcareous elements."

Greek Marbles.—A letter from Athens states that a German sculptor, named Siogel, has discovered the long-lost quarries of the red and green antique marbles; the red antique on the southern part of the chain of Taygete, and the green on the northern side of the island of Tinos.

Dr. Robert de Lamballe, a physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life.

A new quarterly has been started at Belfast, Ireland, called the *Irish Archæological Journal*, to which Dr. Reeves, a celebrated Irish antiquarian, is the chief contributor. It is designed to place within reach of the public the most interesting antiquities relative to the early history, race, manners, religion, and politics of the Irish, which had been contained before in rare and voluminous books, such as the "Annals of the Four Masters," "The Hibernia Dominicana," Archdall's Monasticon," and many others. Ireland has been conquered, and ruled, and peopled by many different races—Partholanians, Nimhedians, Firlbogs, Damonii, Milesians, Gauls, and Danes, who have all left behind them marks and indications of their existence, now, after so many centuries, to be disemtombed and deciphered of their mystery. Fragments of the old ecclesiastical furniture of the Irish Church have been brought to light by Dr. Reeves, and placed in a curious attitude with reference to existing ecclesiastical organizations.

A *machine* for boring rocks has been patented, consisting of an apparatus in which a series of cutters, or chisels, are caused to cut out segments of circles from the center to the periphery of the opening to be excavated, and by a continuous succession of instruments the whole of the rock is cut away.

Ink in linen can be expunged in this way: take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow; the linen may then be washed, and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

White Silkworms.—Count Bruno Bronski, a Pole, has discovered the art of crossing silkworms, a process through which he obtains silk of a splendid whiteness. Baron Meyendorff has made him brilliant offers, for the purpose of securing for Russia the benefit of his invention; but the Polish emigrant has refused through patriotism, and has offered his secret to the India Company.

Mr. Hayes, of Philadelphia, has invented an improvement in *hot air furnaces*, which consists in a peculiar arrangement of hot air tubes, and passages, whereby the heat from the fire chamber of the furnace is more perfectly radiated. A perforated chamber is placed above the upper part of the fire-chamber, which is connected with an air pipe communicating with the external air. The chamber allows the cold air to escape in small jets into the fire-chamber, and the oxygen uniting with the gases in the fire-chamber, causes a more perfect combustion.

The great bell of St. Paul's, London, weighs 8,400 pounds; the great bell of Lincoln, 9,894 pounds. Great Tom, in Christ Church, Oxford, the largest bell in England, weighs 17,000 pounds. The bell in Palaz Vecchio, at Florence, suspended 295 feet from the ground, weighs 17,000 pounds. The great bell of St. Peter's, at Rome, weighs 18,600 pounds. The bell at Erfurt, 28,200. But large as are these bells, they shrink considerably when compared with those of Russia. The bell in the tower of St. Ivan, in Moscow, weighs 100,000 pounds; and the fallen great bell which lies at the foot of the same tower, 443,772 pounds. Its height is over 21 feet, and its diameter at the rim is 22 feet. The metal in it is estimated to be worth about £70,000.

The bones of a mastodon were recently found in the neighborhood of San Francisco, at a depth of eighteen feet from the surface. They were embedded in sand and gravel. At a distance of eighty feet from the surface the remains of a tree were found, and about twenty feet lower was a deposite of blue clay with stones, rounded by the action of the water.

Singular Application of the Stereoscope.—The Emperor of Russia is building a large bridge over the river Volga; and in his impatience to have it completed, has been accustomed to make frequent long expeditions to the works, to see what progress has been made, and to hurry the workmen. Now, however, the architect saves all trouble to his imperial master, and maintains his own credit, by having a couple of true and undeniable copies of the works taken once a fortnight by the sun, and sent to St. Petersburgh. There they are put into a stereoscope, with which the Emperor may sit in his own room, and in which he may count every dam and post, and see every ripple of the distant tide.

Deep-Sea Soundings.—Recent soundings have shown that there are profundities in the ocean much greater than any elevations on the surface of the earth, for a line has been veered to the extent of seven miles. In a communication on the subject before the British Association, Dr. Scoresby has stated his belief that the first soundings beyond a mile were made by himself, when quite a lad, in the arctic regions. Since then, it appears that, in 1849, Her Majesty's ship, "Pandora," had obtained soundings in the North Atlantic, at 2,060 fathoms. Captain Basnet, in 1848, in the North Atlantic, got soundings at 3,250 fathoms; and, in 1849, Lieutenant Walsh, of the U. S. navy, got soundings at 5,700 fathoms. But a much greater depth has been obtained by Captain Denham in the South Atlantic, who, in 1852, run out 7,706 fathoms of line before the lead found the bottom. It was then raised a little, and then let out again, when it came to a pause at precisely the same point. The line used was a silk one, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, weighing about one pound to every hundred yards, the plummet weighing about nine pounds, and being about eleven inches long. Dr. Scoresby, however, suggests that implicit reliance cannot be placed upon these deep soundings, as the strata currents of the ocean are very likely to cause considerable divergencies from the perpendicular.

The adaptation of purified white India rubber to the manufacture of artificial teeth, gums and palates, has been patented in England. Many advantages, hitherto deemed unattainable, are combined in this substance. The adhesion is complete; it can be molded with perfection to suit every inequality of surface, and supplies an artificial periosteum, as it were, to the teeth, when they become painful by the wasting away of the gum.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1854.

FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D.

A VERY few years ago there died, in the State of New-York, an aged and highly venerated Baptist clergyman, Francis Wayland, Sen., a native of England, who emigrated to this country about the beginning of the year 1796. He was possessed of talents which were highly respectable, and of learning and piety which commanded more than common esteem. He brought with him from England a high reputation, both for moral excellence and attainments. There are some branches of the family yet in that land, doing honor to religion and literature. Among these might be mentioned the Rev. Dr. D. S. Wayland, a rector of a parish Church in Lincolnshire, and well known by the productions of his pen. He is the surviving brother of the reverend gentleman of whom we have been writing.

Francis Wayland, Sen., was blessed in this country with a highly interesting family. One of his sons, some years younger than the subject of our present sketch, is the Rev. Dr. John Wayland, an Episcopal clergyman in the neighborhood of Boston; and a daughter is the amiable widow of Colonel Stone, an eminent literary gentleman of the city of New-York. Francis, of whom we now propose to write a few pages, was born in the city of New-York, March 11, 1796, very soon after the arrival of his parents in this country. It would be quite unnecessary to say that his early training, both moral and intellectual, was not neglected, and that his parents rejoiced in the sure and steady progress which Francis made in his studies. In 1807 his father settled in Poughkeepsie, on the banks of the Hudson, where he became pastor of the then newly organized Baptist Church, and where he successfully labored for a series of years. At this time our subject was

eleven years of age, and immediately began, under the care of the Rev. Daniel H. Barnes, to prepare for collegiate duties. In 1811 he entered Union College, Schenectady, nearly two years in advance, and graduated with high honor in 1813. At seventeen he began to study medicine, then intending to make it the profession of his life; but in his twentieth year, feeling that the claims of Christ and his Church called him to the holy ministry, he entered the theological seminary at Andover.

The distinguished talents of Mr. Wayland as a teacher very soon became apparent to those who best knew him, so that he had scarcely reached twenty-one when he was appointed tutor in the college from which he derived his own principal training. But his mind was set on the Christian ministry—his heart burned with holy zeal for the salvation of souls—and in 1821 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Boston, now presided over by the Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale. His predecessor, the Rev. J. M. Winchell, was a man of extraordinary piety and success, who was suddenly cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness, and left so deep an impression on the hearts of his people, of the loveliness of his character, as to make it no easy task for any man to follow him. The most judicious of the Church and society, however, soon found that if their new pastor had less of popularity in voice and manner than his predecessor, they had secured a profound thinker, and that whatever impression he did make would be good and permanent. His eloquent sermon on the "Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise," tens of thousands of which were published in this country and in England, made him extensively known, and at once proved him to be a man who would make a mark on the age. This masterly production has still a wide circulation in England, and has, probably, done more than any other sermon to perpetuate and extend the spirit of missions. We believe that although our preacher did not usually attract very large congregations, he most assuredly left his impress on some powerful minds, who have since exerted a large degree of influence in the world.

After a pastorate of five years, it was felt by many of the best friends of Mr. Wayland, that he was most likely to be extensively useful in training the minds of those who should themselves, hereafter, exert a wide influence. Wherever he was known, public opinion marked him as an eminent teacher. When but twenty-nine he was created D. D., and was probably the youngest man on whom that honor has, in this country, ever been conferred; in 1826 he was elected a professor in Union College, and in the same year was called to the presidency of Brown University. He entered on the duties of this latter office in February, 1827, and has continued, with growing reputation and success, to discharge its functions to the present period. May he long occupy his important position, and still see his beloved university increase from year to year in honors and usefulness.

We scarcely need to speak of Dr. Wayland as an author. Two series of sermons, together with volumes on "The Limitation of Human Responsibility," "Thoughts on the Collegiate System in the United States," "Elements of Moral Science," and "Elements of Political Economy," with a recent sermon, which has excited no small attention, on the "Apostolic Ministry," are the principal productions of his pen. His "Moral Science," and "Political Economy," are text-books in many colleges, both in this country and in Europe; and the former of these works has been most extensively circulated by the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh.

The person of Dr. Wayland is very commanding. He is somewhat above the middle height, is square built, and massive in his whole appearance. None of the slenderness, the paleness, or the nervous tremor of the hard student is to be seen about him. He has hair of iron gray, every year, alas, becoming lighter, and like most scholars, he has acquired somewhat of a stooping position. His dark piercing eyes penetrate from beneath bushy black brows, which, in their turn, are surmounted by a broad and high forehead. His appearance and manners are highly dignified—indeed, of *royal* bearing; and no man can unite authority and courtesy with more effect than does Dr. Wayland, when he presides at "commencement," or occupies the chair of a large assembly. His presidency at the Triennial Convention of the ministers of his own denomination,

at Philadelphia, in 1844, and at its adjourned session in New-York, a few months afterward, strikingly illustrated these remarks. A gentleman, accustomed to interviews with European royal personages, testified that at the last-named meeting Dr. Wayland's welcome of Dr. Judson exceeded in dignity and effect all that he had ever witnessed at the court of St. James or the Tuileries.

The intellectual character of Dr. Wayland scarcely needs description, for no reader of his many volumes can fail to observe that they are the result of much labor to make great principles transparent to the dullest eye. No display of vast learning is ever made, but the most thoughtful man best knows that none but a scholar could produce such works. "We all know," said a gentleman of false taste to the writer of this article, "that Dr. Wayland is a fine scholar, but no one would think so from his books, they are so *very* plain and simple." "Exactly so," was our reply; "and their very simplicity proves his learning; for, as Archbishop Leighton says, 'O how much learning, my brethren, does it need to make all these things plain!" None but a pedant studies bombast. The man of learning can afford to be simple, and this is therefore a characteristic of great writers, both in the scientific and theological world.

We have often heard Dr. Wayland compared to John Foster; but although they had points of character in common, and each of them was warmly attached to the other, in many things they were opposite. Dr. Wayland could not succeed in placing so many ideas before his mind, wrapped up in each other, and half a dozen of them thrown, involved as they were, into one sentence, taking the reader half an hour to understand six or seven lines; nor could Foster have worked a thought in his mind till he could present it to an illiterate man in a garb clearly discernible even to such an eye.

Those who have been favored with Dr. Wayland's society in his own domestic circle, need not be told that he is there *thoroughly at home*, and makes every one around him feel so too. He has none of those consequential airs which are intended to make you feel your inferiority, and to offer the compliments of flattery to your host. All is ease and dignified familiarity. His children and friends are made happy by his unaffected politeness, which he evidently understands to be "benevolence in little things." He seems to render a kindness without even thinking of it, and aims to anticipate your wishes without allowing you even to be conscious that you have them.

We have never regarded Dr. Wayland as in any remarkable degree possessing conversational powers, though we have more than once been charmed with his well-timed, strong common-sense remarks, which have put an end to a confused discussion, or ended a thorny controversy. Some twenty-five years ago he was dining with a large party of the clergy of his own denomination, and the discussion turned on the fact that a number of non-collegiate men, whose names were mentioned, had been eminently successful as preachers and pastors. Facts were stated, opinions, and strong ones, were expressed, and the discussion was warm and animated. Wayland listened with attention, but in silence, apparently thinking that one thing at a time should be attended to; but when the knife and fork had performed their office, he put in a sentence. "Brethren, I will tell you how it was all done." There was a general silence, and all looked attentively at the speaker, generally expecting the end of the whole matter. "When God makes a man great, it is done." Here he paused; but as no one spoke, he resumed: "The college and books may help a man; but if a preacher ever becomes truly great, it is because God makes him so. He never can be indifferent to the value of learning; but men may be useful, for whose faults, as Richard Baxter said of himself, no university has to be blamed."

When Dr. Wayland visited England, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, it was the happiness of the present writer to enjoy a goodly share of his society. In a large party, where much that was intellectual and excellent gave zest to the evening's enjoyment, there was one of the company, having a very respectable opinion of himself, who chose to occupy no small share of time in finding what fault he could with society in the United States. The good doctor bore all with admirable patience,—indeed, with better temper than almost any one else; but at length he thought it desirable somewhat to check his friend, and quietly placing his

chair near him, began: "I think, sir, that just now you said so and so?" "Yes, sir." "And what then?" said the doctor. A few remindings of what the speaker had said, and a few repetitions of the question, "And what then?" placed the poor man in a most unenviable position, raised a general laugh, and put him to silence. Years afterward Dr. Wayland's "And what then?" was frequently the subject of remark and admiration; and when these friends met, the unlucky subject of them was far more frequently reminded of the encounter than he wished to be.

On another evening, some half-dozen clergymen were sitting with Dr. Wayland around a London fire, engaged in pleasant conversation. For a while nothing arose to call out the powers of the speakers; but as three of the party, besides Dr. Wayland himself, were presidents of colleges, it will excite no surprise that in the course of the evening a difficult inquiry or two should arise. Some one started a question on the introduction of evil, moral and physical, into our world. Dr. Wayland became profoundly silent, and left the discussion to two other learned doctors, who in no long time were in a regular *fix*, neither of them being able to take another step. With remarkable adroitness the doctor here interposed to ask what he called a child's question, when the current of the conversation was changed. One of the disputants afterward said to the writer, "I will take care never to get into Wayland's clutches again. Why, sir, I never felt myself so foolish before in my life." Several additional facts of this kind might be related, but the reader has, we hope, obtained a view of this aspect of the doctor's character. In this, as in everything else, he is governed by strong common-sense; and every one must admire his evident abhorrence of all pretension.

Very few colleges have been more happily blessed with revivals of religion during the last few years than Brown University; and one reason which may be assigned for this fact is, the deep impression made on the minds of young men who pursue their studies there, that their estimable president is concerned for their highest welfare, and always shows himself entirely ready to answer their inquiries, and conducts, whenever they request it, their social religious exercises. No one can read his "*University Sermons*" without seeing his anxiety to direct those over whom he has so great an influence, to the old-fashioned, and in many circles unpopular doctrines of human depravity, the necessity of regeneration, and justification only through faith in our Saviour Jesus Christ. His concern for the salvation of his charge is unceasing, but is especially evinced on the last Thursday in February, the annual day of prayer for our colleges. We some time since heard a most affecting description of the worthy president, standing in tears before scores of the alumni on the last Thursday of February, 1852, pleading with them on the infinite importance of preparation for death and judgment, and making even the thoughtless and gay to weep. Not an hour ago, the writer of this article met with a minister eminent for usefulness, both in the pulpit and with his pen, who speaks with intense gratitude of the president's conversing with him on the importance of *one honest effort* to obtain salvation; and of the happy results of that interview, which can only be fully developed in eternity.

If, however, we were required to state in a word what we consider to be the leading feature in Dr. Wayland's character, we should specify *moral courage*. His mind carefully and slowly investigates a subject, and at length attains the point to which he has directed his way, taking special care of the propriety of every step; and having attained his position, nothing can move him: nor does he feel any reluctance that the whole world should know where he is, though he is still more willing to allow his arguments to make their own way, than to defend them against opposers. And here is one of his excellences: he gives his thoughts to his neighbors, and says, "Let them pass for what they are worth;" and a very few years have shown that they were of immense worth.

We might refer, in illustration of these remarks, to his "*Moral Philosophy*," which, when first published, was excluded from the South, because he was supposed to be an abolitionist; but he answered not a word. Soon after, when a meeting on the part of the abolitionists was called in the city of Providence, to discuss the subject of slavery, and objections were made by an opposite party, he boldly took a stand in favor of full discussion, which at the time

displeased some of his friends, but about which he seemed to feel no concern. After a while he published his "*Limitations of Human Responsibility*," which some persons in this country thought leaned somewhat to the South, and for which he was censured in no small degree during his visit to England; but he was yet unmoved, and patiently waited his time to discuss the whole subject of slavery with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Fuller, which has probably forever, so far as he is concerned, set the matter at rest. When the Dorr Rebellion, as it was called, reigned at Providence, he boldly took the unpopular side, and wisely left time to expound his reasons. When he felt the necessity that a change should take place in our system of collegiate education, to conform it to the changes of society, he distinctly avowed his convictions, and patiently waited for opposition to change into approval and popularity. And still more recently, when not a few of his brethren seemed as though they would rather multitudes of the Baptist Churches should remain destitute of pastors, than to allow men but partially educated to assume that office, he nobly contended that during the emergency of the times, they should go back to the customs of former days, when laymen occupied pulpits, and men with comparatively small information were abundantly blessed in their labors, and asked with dignified solemnity, "*What good does it do to gather men into a fine house, to listen to fine preaching, and fine music, and let them all go down to hell?*" It is all very well, if to flatter and please men be our object, to talk about an educated population, and the necessity of an improved ministry. It is quite true we have a population exceeding in intelligence all former generations; but we have also hundreds of thousands poured by Europe annually on our shores, who must have common minds to work on them, or they will soon entirely sink into barbarism. If we cannot obtain the ministry we want, we must employ the best we can obtain, and do all we can to improve it. Acting on this system, the Methodists and the Baptists of this country owe, under God, the high position they at present occupy, as to numbers and success.

We have said nothing of Dr. Wayland's recent work,—the "Memoirs of Dr. Judson,"—or of his disinterested conduct in presenting the valuable copy-right to the widow and family of that eminent *apostle of Burmah*. What could we say? for who has not read the work, and who would wish us to "darken counsel by words without knowledge?" Our young men should read it, as presenting an example of perseverance in good pursuits amid the greatest difficulties. The Christian should study it, to imbibe its spirit of piety and of devotedness to Christ. The minister should examine it with earnest prayer, that he may know what and how to preach; and the writer of biography may give days and nights to its examination, as a model of the pure, earnest, and Scriptural style.

[For the National Magazine.]

WORDS.

Words are like leaves and flowers,
  An inward life revealing,
  Like that the earth concealing,
Gives forth 'midst light and showers.

Words take their life unseen,
  As roots, the soft mold threading,
  Support the tree wide-spreading,
In freshness gay and green.

Mysterious power of soul!
  To touch with living beauty,
  And promptings sweet to duty,
With sacred high control,

The lifeless leaden word,
  Till by its mystic flashing,
  Like meteor earthward dashing,
Life's darkest depths are stirr'd.

O! holy eloquence,
  When words like lightning's gleaming,
  Across the dark sky streaming,
Speak of Omnipotence,

How sways the secret soul,
  In wild unrest deep heaving,
  Till urged to faith believing,
Hope gains the heart's control.

Words are the poet's mine;
  And like as diamonds turning,
  By fires in earth's deep burning,
The fragments learn to shine.

He lays them in his heart,
  Till calcined by its heating,
  The crystal whilst completing,
They wake the gems of art.

And then they wed to song,
  And go on holy mission,
  To better man's condition,
Earth's weary paths along.

O deep in holy hearts
  Let words take their sweet moulding,
  Till, from the world's beholding,
Sin's gloomy night departs.

D. Williams.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

THE designs of Gustav König, illustrative of the life of the great German Reformer, have produced quite a sensation in Munich. The public interest in them has led to their publication, with descriptive letter-press, from the pen of L. Gelzer. König's pictures amount to fifty. We shall lay them all before our readers, executed by our own artist, expressly for the *National*. They pretend not to ex-

LUTHER'S BIRTH.

traordinary mechanical nicety, but are remarkable for their artistic excellence—their graphic significance.

LUTHER'S BIRTH. NOV. 11, 1483.

THE artist carries us back to Luther's very entrance into life, at Eisleben. The child is born; and the father devotes him in prayer to the service of his Lord and Maker.

Conrad Schlüsselburg relates, that Luther's father had often prayed aloud and fervently, at the bedside of his child, that God would grant the boy grace, that he might—remembering his name, Luther, *i. e. lauter* (pure)—forward the propagation of the pure doctrine. Supposing that this account, which was most likely present to the mind of the artist when he conceived this picture, were unfounded or unauthenticated, still, all that is known of the great reformer's father assures us that the first emotion at the birth of his son was no other than the one here depicted.

To the right, on the wall, we see the portrait of St. Martin, whose name was given to the infant born on that saint's day; "which baptismal name," says Johann Mathesius, "he has maintained through life with Christian honor, as a valiant warrior and knight of Christ."

"In the many conversations," writes Luther, "I have had with Melancthon, I have told him my whole life from beginning to end. I am a peasant's son, and my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were common peasants. My father went to Mansfeld, and got employment in the mines there; and there I was born. That I should ever take my bachelor of arts and doctor's degree, &c., seemed not to be in the stars. How I must have surprised folks by turning monk; and then, again, by changing the brown cap for another! By so doing I occasioned real grief and trouble to my father. Afterward I went to loggers with the pope, married a runaway nun, and had a family. Who foresaw this in the stars? Who could have told my career beforehand?"

John Luther, the father of the celebrated Martin Luther, was of Mœra or Mœrke, a small village of Saxony, near Eisenach. His mother was the daughter of a lawyer of the last-named town. The father, a poor miner, had great difficulty in supporting his family, and, as will presently be seen, his children were sometimes obliged to have recourse to charity. Yet, instead of making them help him with their labor, he choose that they should go to school. John Luther seems to have been a simple and single-hearted man, and a sincere believer. When his pastor was administering consolation to him on his death-bed:

"He must be a cold-blooded man," was his remark, "who does not believe what you are telling me." His wife did not survive him a year (A.D. 1531.) They were at this time in the enjoyment of a small property, for which they were no doubt indebted to their son. John Luther left at his death a house, two iron furnaces, and about a thousand thalers in ready money. The arms of Luther's father, for peasants assumed arms in imitation of the armorial bearings of the nobles, were a hammer, no more. Luther was not ashamed of his parents. He has consecrated their names by inserting them in the formulary of his marriage service: "*Wilt thou, Hans* (John,) *take Grethe* (Margaret) *to thy wedded wife*," *&c.*

"It is my pious duty," he says in a letter to Melancthon, informing him of his father's death, "to mourn him of whom it was the will of the Father of mercy that I should be born—him by whose labor and sweat God has supported and made me what I am, worm though I be. Assuredly I rejoice that he lived unto this day, to see the light of truth. Blessed be the counsels and the decrees of God forever! Amen!"

LUTHER AT SCHOOL.

HERE is the school at Mansfeld to which Hans Luther took his son,—the second step in that son's life. "Hans Luther brought up his baptized little son creditably in the fear of God by the gains of his mining labors; and when he came to years

LUTHER AT SCHOOL.

of discretion, sent him, with heartfelt prayer, to the Latin school, where the boy learned quickly and industriously the ten commandments, the child's creed, the Lord's prayer, also Donatus, the child's grammar, Cesio Janus, and psalm singing." —*Mathesius.*

The rod in the master's hand, and the weeping boy behind his chair, are peculiarly significant. "In one morning," Luther himself narrates, "I was well whipped fifteen times." In his late years he still complains, "how in former times schools were mere prisons or hells, and schoolmasters tyrants and flagellators; how the poor children were whipped indiscriminately and unceasingly; how they were made to learn with great labor and immoderate toil, but to little purpose. To such teachers and masters we were everywhere obliged to submit; they knew nothing themselves, and could teach us nothing good or useful."

He preferred general literature, and especially music, which was his passion, and which he cultivated all his life, and

LUTHER SINGING IN THE STREETS.

taught his children. He does not hesitate to own his opinion that, next to theology, music is the first of the arts:—"Music is the art of the prophets; the only one which, like theology, can calm the troubles of the soul, and put the devil to flight." He touched the lute, played on the flute. Perhaps he would have succeeded in other arts. He was the friend of the great painter, Lucas Cranach. He was, it seems, skillful with his hands, and acquired the art of turning. His predilection for music and literature, and the constant reading of the poets, with which he diversified his study of logic and of law, were far from foreshadowing the serious part which he was destined to play in the history of religion; and it is presumable, from various traditional anecdotes, that notwithstanding his application to his studies, he led the life of the German students of the day, and participated in their noisy habits, their gayety in the midst of indigence, their union of a warlike exterior with sweetness of soul and a peaceful spirit, and of all the parade of a disorderly life with purity of morals.

LUTHER SINGS AS A CHORISTER—(CURRENDSCHULER.)

We stand before the house of Mrs. Cotta, where Luther sings as a poor scholar for his daily bread. "It is stated," he says, "and it is true, that the Pope himself has been a poor scholar; therefore despise not those poor lads who cry at your door, *Panem propter Deum!* and sing their song for their daily bread. I myself was once such a screaming boy, and have sought my bread at people's doors, particularly in my beloved city of Eisenach."

Repulsed from several doors, and much depressed, he arrives at length with his choir before the hospitable dwelling of his future foster-mother, the good Mistress Cotta, "a devout matron, who gave him a place at her table, because she had conceived a warm affection for the boy, on ac-

LEARNING MUSIC.

count of his singing and his ardent prayer." In the house of this, his fostering friend and comforter, he became intimate with a higher comforter, music, that noble relief to his war-worn spirit. Here he learned to play on several musical instruments.

LUTHER DISCOVERS THE LATIN BIBLE IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AT ERFURT, 1501.

But a yet higher study was opening before him than that of music, the holy Scriptures—the revelation of God! In the library at Erfurt he found the book

LUTHER DISCOVERS THE LATIN BIBLE.

which was to become the foundation-stone of his future labors. Mathesius relates: "As he searches among the books in the university library, to make himself acquainted with the good ones, he hits upon the Latin Bible, which he has never seen before. He observes with astonishment that this book contains many more texts, epistles and Gospels, than are usually explained in the homilies, or from the pulpits in churches. As he is turning over the Old Testament he meets with the history of Samuel and his mother Anna, which he reads hastily through with great joy and delight; he begins to wish from his whole heart that God would give him some day such a book to be his own."

This was the first casual sight Luther ever had into that land which was to become his home. He says himself: "As a young man I saw a Bible in the university library at Erfurt, and read a portion of the First Book of Samuel; but I had to attend a lecture just then: willingly would I have read through the whole book, but had no opportunity."

The artist brings before our eyes the inquiring youth absorbed in his great discovery, having cast aside the schoolmen, and their misunderstood chief, Aristotle. And here begins the epoch of his new life, and of that series of events illustrated by our first picture.

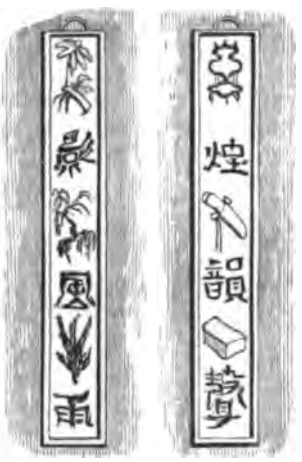
CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE habits of social life in China, as far as they are yet known to us, are peculiar to the inhabitants of that country and its dependencies, and, although not destitute of refinement, present a striking contrast to those of any other existing nation. It is not the difference between civilization and barbarism that distinguishes the Chinese of the present age from their cotemporaries, but it is the more remarkable dissimilarity between ancient and modern, and eastern and western civilization, which marks them as a nation belonging to other times and other climes.

To speak of the Chinese as a rude or uninformed race would be quite as erroneous as to style them a highly-civilized people—a term that can only be applied with propriety to those who are enlightened by modern science, which in China has hitherto made no progress. The refinement of the Chinese consists in the elegance and luxury with which the higher and richer classes are surrounded in their own houses, and that strict attention to the forms of good breeding which prevails generally through all the grades of private life. Politeness is an indispensable accomplishment, and the rules of etiquette are studied in all the schools of China as regularly as the Latin grammar in those of England. A knowledge of the forms and ceremonies to be observed, both at home and abroad, in the drawing-room of a friend as well as at the court of the emperor, is essential to every one who studies with a view of taking degrees, as he knows not to what rank he may be called, and ought to be prepared to conduct himself with propriety in different grades of life, from the station of the petty mandarin of an obscure village to that of the chief kolau or minister of state. He must know how many bows to make to his visitors; what compliments to address to them, according to their rank; whether at their departure, he should attend them as far as the door, or only so many paces toward it; and other minute observances, too numerous to mention, must be studied and practiced. These trivial ceremonies impart a dullness and formality to Chinese society, which are found excessively tedious by most Europeans, whose easy, unstudied manners, would be thought quite barbarous among the well-bred of the Celestial Empire. It is possible, indeed, that more freedom may exist between intimate friends than we are aware of, since very few Europeans have had opportunities of seeing much of the in-door life beyond the little that can be observed in a mere visit of ceremony, which is always received in the same formal manner.

The houses of the wealthy are built, like those of the Egyptians, within a court, surrounded by a wall; consequently they are not visible to the passers-by: but those of government officers are always known by two red poles, which are set up before the gate. The handsomest dwellings are those which consist of a number of separate buildings, or ranges of apartments, all on the ground floor. The principal entrance is threefold, namely, by a large folding-door in the center, and a smaller one on each side, at which hang two handsome lanterns, inscribed with the name and titles of the master of the house. This entrance leads to the saloon, where visitors are

received, which are usually the first of a suite that may be called the state apartments, since they are chiefly used for the reception and entertainment of distinguished guests. They are elegantly and commodiously furnished; for the Chinese are not deficient in taste, nor do they spare expense in the interior decorations of their houses, which are often fitted up in a very costly style. The walls of the best rooms are generally adorned in different parts with scrolls of white silk or satin hangings from the ceiling to the floor, on which are imprinted, in large characters, maxims and moral sentences extracted from the works of the ancient sages, which are considered far more ornamental than the finest paintings. Many of these sentences bear some resemblance to the Proverbs of Solomon. Their chairs, which, it



WALL-ORNAMENTS.

may be remarked, are articles of furniture not used by the natives of other parts of Asia, are quite clumsy and heavy in appearance, but they are made of a very beautiful wood which grows in China, and is not unlike rosewood. They are all made with arms, and sometimes are furnished with silk or satin cushions, and hangings for the back, embroidered by the ladies of the family, who devote a great portion of their time to needlework. Japanned cabinets and tables, with a profusion of porcelain jars and other ornaments, are always seen in a Chinese drawing-room; but none of these are so striking or so characteristic as the lanterns, suspended by silken cords from the ceiling, and ornamented with a variety of elegant designs.

CHINESE LANTERN.

In any civilized part of the world we may find Indian cabinets and porcelain vases; but the lanterns are exclusively Chinese, and are very showy specimens of the national taste and ingenuity. They are made in every form that fancy can invent, and of all sizes, from the small ones carried by pedestrians at night, to those that illumine the halls of the great; the latter being sometimes eight or ten feet in height, and three feet in diameter. The most costly are composed of transparent silk, adorned with landscapes, birds, flowers, and fanciful devices, in colors of dazzling brightness; the framework being richly carved and gilt, and the cords and tassels by which they are suspended made of silk and gold thread. The possession of fine lanterns is a sort of passion among the Chinese, many of whom spend considerable sums in the gratification of this fancy.

In all the great cities of China, it is a common custom for men of the lower orders to work at their several trades in the streets, where they sit with their tools around them, as if they were in a workshop. Cobblers, tinkers, and blacksmiths, set up their apparatus wherever they may obtain a job; and medicine venders, who are generally fortunetellers also, establish themselves, with their compounds ranged in order before them, in any convenient locality. There are also a great number of pedlers, ballad-singers, and mountebanks, who contribute no less to the noise than to the throng. But the most remarkable persons who exercise their calling in

the streets are the barbers, who are all licensed, and shave the heads and plait the tails of their customers with the utmost gravity in the open air. All the men of the lower orders, as well as some of a higher class, have this operation performed in the street; a custom that would probably fall into disuse, if the Chinese ladies were in the habit of walking abroad more freely. The shops have open fronts, gayly painted, and before the door of each is a wooden pillar, covered with gilt characters, describing the nature of the goods sold within; and as these sign-posts are usually decorated with gay streamers floating from the top, they have not been unaptly compared, in appearance, to a line of ship-masts with colors flying. The windows of all the houses in Peking, the great metropolis of the Celestial Empire, are made of Corea paper, very frequently of a rose color, and strengthened by a thin framework of bamboo; for there is no glass in the north of China, nor is it yet very common in the south, although more frequently seen now than in the last century. The houses are seldom more than one story in height, and have flat roofs, which are often covered with flowers and shrubs; for as there are no fire-places, so there are no chimneys, the rooms being warmed by pans of lighted charcoal, of which fuel great quantities are brought from Tartary on dromedaries, and these animals are constantly seen thus laden in the streets of the city.

STONE-CUTTER.

The same general features distinguish all the great cities of China; the most striking of which are the high walls, narrow streets, open-fronted shops, gayly-decorated temples and triumphal arches, with a constant succession of noisy processions, the bustle being increased by the incessant activity of itinerant artificers and venders of almost every commodity; among whom not a few are water-sellers.

The streets of Canton are mostly particularized by their separate trades, one being entirely occupied by shoemakers, another by drapers, a third by jewelers, &c.; and this distinctive arrangement of the trades is, probably, adopted in most of the towns. The triumphal arches, which are seen in most of the principal streets, are ornamental gateways that have been erected in honor of eminent persons; by which may be understood those who have distinguished themselves by their

WATER-SELLER.

wisdom and virtues, either in public or private life. The Emperor Kang-hy, for instance, ordained that every widow who attained to her hundredth year without forming a second matrimonial engagement, should be presented with thirty taels of silver for the erection of a triumphal arch, with an inscription in her praise; for although a woman is allowed to take a second husband if she pleases, and many do so, it is accounted far more honorable to remain faithful to the memory of the first. There is a curious custom with regard to marriage among the lower orders; which is, that of begging in the public road to raise money for a wedding procession, and pay the expenses of the bridal ceremonies. So superstitious are the Chinese, that no happiness would be expected to result from a union unless the bride were carried home in due form.

The great mass of the people in China are the peasantry, or land-cultivators, an industrious, frugal, and, at least until recent times, a contented race of people, strongly attached to the habits of their forefathers, and decidedly averse to any innovations in their ancient customs. So vast is the population of this immense empire, that its demands upon agriculture for the necessaries of life could not be satisfied without great activity on the part of the peasantry; hence they labor incessantly to render the soil doubly productive, by constantly irrigating, and frequently manuring the land. By these means they produce two crops of rice in the year, and sometimes three; or a careful farmer will raise sufficient cotton in the interval between his rice crops to make clothing for his whole family.

The farms are in general small, and are sometimes cultivated by the proprietors, sometimes by the tenants, who rent them of rich land-owners; for there are many of the mandarins and merchants who possess very large landed estates, which are always let to cultivators, as no individual, however rich, the emperor alone excepted, presumes to convert into a park or pleasure-ground a large extent of land that may be made to contribute toward the subsistence of the community at large. According to the law, all landed property, on the death of its owner, is divided into equal portions among his sons, with the exception of the eldest, who has a double share; but the system of clanship, which is universal among the agriculturists, renders this law of no real weight, as they all live together and fare alike, each individual laboring for the common benefit of the little community to which he belongs. It is not uncommon, in a large family, for the brothers to make an agreement among themselves to dispense with the services of one of their number, that he may devote himself entirely to letters, the rest supporting him during his studies, in the hope that he will ultimately obtain degrees that may enable him to repay them for the benefits they have conferred upon him. In some few cases this is of great advantage to the whole family: but there are many thousands of these poor students who never rise higher than to the first degree, nor obtain any employment more lucrative than that of a schoolmaster, or tutor in a private family.

The cottages of the peasantry are generally described as being neat and comfortable in appearance. They are but scantily provided with furniture, made of bamboo, by the peasants themselves; the articles in use consisting chiefly of tables, stools, and beds, or rather boards; for the bed is but a board laid upon two wooden benches, with a mat spread upon it, and surrounded by curtains of coarse hemp, to keep off the musquitoes. The rich have softer beds, and handsome bedsteads placed in a recess, with curtains of silk or gauze, according to the season.

The real condition of ladies in China, and the position they hold in society, are certainly not very accurately known. They are seldom seen in the streets, it is true; but that is sufficiently accounted for by their inability to walk with ease; and as they do sometimes appear abroad, and are often observed at the windows without making any attempt to conceal their faces from the gaze of strangers, it is evident they enjoy far more liberty than the Turkish ladies although it is not the custom for the sexes to mix together in general society. When a mandarin gives a grand entertainment his wife frequently invites her friends to witness the theatrical performances, and various amusing exhibitions that are going forward during the dinner. These they can see, without being seen, from a latticed gallery provided for that purpose; and thus they are not entirely debarred from the enjoyment of the festivities, although they do not mingle with the guests.

But we must consider the sex degraded wherever the system of polygamy prevails, and wherever (as in China and all these eastern countries) men stock their harems according to their wealth and rank. Another source of degradation would seem to be the universal practice of buying and selling women. All classes of Chinese purchase their wives from the parents or legal guardians of the young women. A family of handsome daughters, particularly if well trained in ceremonials and Chinese accomplishments, are often a source of great profit to their parents.

The condition of the poor women in China is apparent to all visitors, and deplorable enough. They seem to be condemned to an extraordinary share of the hardest labor. They work in the fields, harrowing, hoeing, and even plowing; they work in the shops of carpenters and blacksmiths: they carry burdens through the streets and along the high roads; they work like the men on board the river junks; and they scull or paddle half of the sampans, or wherries, which ply on the river at Canton. An Irish sailor was heard to declare, that in China nearly all the boats were *manned* with women.

As far as European observation has extended, all visiting in China is conducted in a manner which is very formal, according to our notions. The most intimate friend, in making a morning call, does not alight from his chair until he has sent in his visiting-ticket, that the master of the house may give him a proper reception, according to his rank, as it is the etiquette to hurry to the door, in some cases, to receive a guest; while in others, it is only necessary to meet him in the middle of the room; and in the former case, the bowings are lower and more numerous than in the latter. The law has decided that the superior shall take precedence in entering the room, yet it is considered polite to make a pretence of refusing to go in first, and a few unmeaning compliments always pass on the occasion, both parties knowing very well which of them is to take the lead.

It is not the custom in China to uncover the head, unless invited so to do; in warm weather, therefore, a gentleman usually says to his friend, "Pray put off your cap!" and it would be a mark of ill-manners to omit this compliment. Tea is always offered to a morning visitor, and is

TOBACCO-POUCH.

usually accompanied with sweetmeats and pipes, for the Chinese are as fond of smoking as the Turks, and every gentleman wears an embroidered tobacco-pouch at his girdle. It is not exactly certain when tobacco was first introduced into China, but it is supposed that it found its way there soon after the discovery of America. The forbidden pleasure of opium-smoking is also indulged in to a great extent.

Smoking is not confined to the male sex, nor to the lower class of females; but every Chinese lady has her richly-ornamented pipe, which would really be an elegant appendage if it did not involve so unfeminine an indulgence. It is also related that not a few of the ladies intoxicate themselves by smoking opium. The usual employments among the Chinese ladies are, working embroidery, playing on different musical instruments, and painting on silk and rice-paper. It is not supposed that they possess generally any accomplishments more intellectual than these; yet as some ladies are known to write to their husbands when absent, it is clear that there are individual cases where the art of writing has been acquired, and, of course, that of reading; which might lead us to conjecture that, in some of the numerous families where private tutors are now employed, the girls may be allowed to participate, to a certain extent, in the studies of their brothers: but this is a mere supposition, for which there is no authority.

The costume of the Chinese being regulated by law, is not subject to the caprice of fashion or individual taste, except in such trifling particulars as produce no alteration in the general style. The dress of a Chinese lady is not different from that worn in ancient times: it consists of a short loose robe, confined round the throat

DOMESTIC SCENE.

with a narrow collar. The robe is worn over a long full skirt, and both are frequently made of richly-embroidered silks. The sleeves are wide, and sufficiently long to fall over the hands, and the hair is gathered up in a knot at the top of the head, and is fastened with golden bodkins, and adorned with flowers. They all wear trowsers, like the Turkish women; and their tiny shoes are of satin, silk, or velvet, beautifully worked with gold, silver, and colored silks, the soles being of rice-paper, from one to two inches in thickness, and covered outside with white leather, made from pigs' skin. The little girls are very becomingly attired in short dresses, reaching to the throat, and worn over the full trowsers. The hair, which is combed from the forehead, hangs down in ringlets on each side, and the back hair is plaited into one or two long tails; in which style it remains until the young lady is about to become a bride, when the more matronly fashion is adopted, and the braids and curls are formed into a knot, intermixed with flowers and jewels.

A gentleman usually wears, in the house, a loose robe of silk, cloth, or, in summer, of some lighter material, with a cap also suited to the season. If he be a mandarin, a ball is worn on the top of the cap, to designate the class to which he belongs. The summer cap is as light as chip, to which it bears a resemblance. It is made of bamboo, in the shape of a cone; and, if the wearer be a government officer, has attached to the ball a crimson silk ornament, which hangs like a fringe. The winter head-dress is of satin, with a wide brim of black velvet, turned up all round, and the usual adornments of ball and fringe at the top. A mandarin of the first rank is known by a red ball on his cap; a transparent blue one denotes the second class; and the other grades are distinguished by white, opaque blue, crystal, gilt, and other balls.

A Chinese is not at liberty to wear his summer or his winter cap when he pleases, but is obliged to wait for the time appointed by the Board of Rites for making the alteration in his head-gear. The announcement is made in the Gazette, when the viceroy of the province lays aside the cap he has been wearing for the previous six months, to adopt that of the approaching season, and the example is immediately followed by all other mandarins and officers within his government. It is very usual to wear at home a cap of silk or velvet, fitting closely to the head. Furs are very much used in the winter costume; for as the Chinese have no fires in their apartments, they wear a great quantity of warm clothing, putting on one garment over another until they are sufficiently protected from the cold. Dress boots are of velvet or satin, with the universal thick white soles; and a fan, in an embroidered case hanging from the girdle,

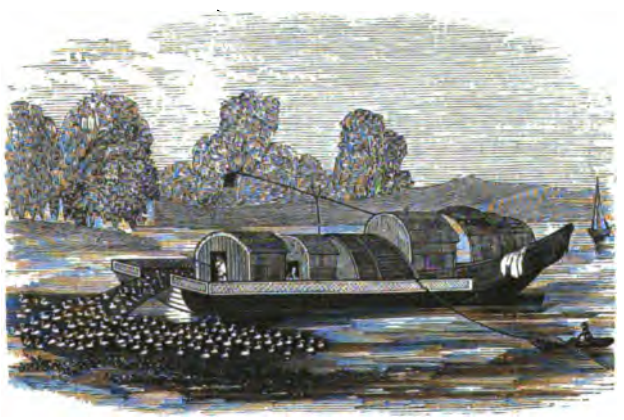
FLOATING DWELLING.

is as indispensable a part of the costume of a Chinese gentleman as his cap or gown.

The river population in China form a very large portion of the community, and were formerly considered as a distinct and inferior race. Until the time of Kien-long, whose reign of sixty years began in 1735, they were not permitted to intermarry with the people on shore; but that enlightened sovereign removed the restriction, and those who live on the water now enjoy equal privileges with those who have their dwellings on land, and a boatman may take to wife a village lass without incurring, as was formerly the case, any penalty.

Thousands of families dwell upon the water in boats, which may rather be called floating houses, for the poor people who inhabit them have no other homes. The river population of Canton alone is estimated at two hundred thousand, of whom the men go on shore in the day to work in the fields, or at any employment they can obtain; while the women earn a little money by carrying passengers in their boats, which they manage with much dexterity.

There are many of these dwellers on the waters who gain their livelihood by rearing ducks. The boats for this purpose



FLOCK OF DUCKS.

have on each side a compartment of basket-work, resting on the water, in which the ducks are kept at night, being sent out in the day to find their own food in the lakes and marshes. Each flock knows its own boat, and returns at the signal of the master, who stands on a platform to whistle back his feathered family, which is instantly seen swimming homeward. There are also other boats, of a much handsomer description, fitted up in very elegant style; and these serve as cafés, where Chinese gentlemen generally spend their evenings.

There are no people in the world who are fonder of eating than the Chinese. The

tables of the wealthy are supplied with a great variety of rich dishes, among which is a soup that supplies the place of our turtle. It is made of the nests of birds, the trade in which is a government monopoly. These nests are principally brought from Java, Sumatra, and the coasts of Malacca; they are the work of a kind of sea-swallow, and are obtained among the rocks with difficulty. They consist of a glutinous substance, formed by the bird itself, and, after being properly cleansed, they are packed in boxes and sent to Canton, where they are often worth more than their weight in gold. They can be purchased only by the rich, and by them only after the emperor and great mandarins at Peking have been supplied. Sharks' fins are esteemed a great luxury. There appears to be scarcely an end to the number and variety of the culinary preparations of these people; but of all their dishes, there are very few that are palatable to a European stomach.

The Chinese take wine with each other, and when they have done so, turn the cup upside down, to show that they have emptied its contents, this being a point of good breeding. The wine, which is a liquor extracted from rice, is always taken hot,

CHINESE MEAL.

and is poured by a servant into the cups from a silver vessel like a coffee-pot. The dinner-service consists of porcelain bowls, of various sizes, with plates shaped like saucers, and sometimes a few silver dishes. Instead of knives and forks, they use what are termed chopsticks, which are small round sticks of ivory or ebony; but they have also spoons of ebony, and silver ladles, for the soups.

The shopkeepers of China usually take only two meals in the day; one between eight and ten in the morning, and the other between four and six in the afternoon. Their usual fare is rice and vegetables, with a little pork or fish; their ordinary drink is tea, but they sometimes indulge in shamsoo, a spirituous liquor distilled from rice.

The bakers in China are chiefly employed in making pastry, and flat unleavened cakes, the latter constituting the only bread known in China. Their ovens, or rather baking-machines, consist of a flat plate of iron, suspended by chains from a beam over a copper filled with burning charcoal. The cakes are placed on the iron plate, which can be raised or depressed at pleasure, by means of the chains; and as this is the only mode of baking among the Chinese, their bread is necessarily made in the form of cakes, and is eaten only as a dainty. At Canton the process of cooking is carried on over charcoal fires, and as there are no chimneys to any of the houses, a part of the brick-work above the fire in their kitchens, or cooking-places, is left open, to suffer the vapor to escape. There are plenty of eating-houses in that city, both for rich and poor; those for the latter being open sheds, where they can procure a hot breakfast or dinner at any hour of the day, for a very trifling sum.

THE CRUSADES.

BEFORE they had time to install themselves in their new position, and take the necessary measures for procuring a supply, the city was invested by the Turks. The sultan of Persia had raised an immense army, which he intrusted to the command of Kerbogha, the emir of Mosul, with instructions to sweep the Christian locusts from the face of the land. The emir effected a junction with Kilij Aslaun, and the two armies surrounded the city. Discouragement took complete possession of the Christian host, and numbers of them contrived to elude the vigilance of the besiegers, and escape to Count Stephen of Blois at Alexandretta, to whom they related the most exaggerated tales of the misery they had endured, and the utter hopelessness of continuing the war. Stephen forthwith broke up his camp and retreated toward Constantinople. On his way he was met by the Emperor Alexius, at the head of a considerable force, hastening to take possession of the conquests made by the Christians in Asia. As soon as he heard of their woeful plight, he turned back, and proceeded with the Count of Blois to Constantinople, leaving the remnant of the Crusaders to shift for themselves.

The news of this defection increased the discouragement at Antioch. All the useless horses of the army had been slain and eaten, and dogs, cats, and rats were sold at enormous prices. Even vermin were becoming scarce. With increasing famine came a pestilence, so that in a short time but sixty thousand remained of the three hundred thousand that had originally invested Antioch. But this bitter extremity, while it annihilated the energy of the host, only served to knit the leaders more firmly together; and Bohemund, Godfrey, and Tancred, swore never to desert the cause as long as life lasted. The former strove in vain to reanimate the courage of his followers. They were weary and sick at heart, and his menaces and promises were alike thrown away. Some of them had shut themselves up in the houses, and refused to come forth. Bohemund, to drive them to their duty, set fire to the whole quarter, and many of them perished in the flames, while the rest of the army looked on with the utmost indifference. Bohemund, animated himself by a worldly spirit, did not know the true character of the Crusaders, nor understand the religious madness which had brought them in such shoals from Europe. A priest, more clear-sighted and cunning, devised a scheme which restored all their confidence, and inspired them with a courage so wonderful as to make the poor sixty thousand emaciated, sick, and starving zealots put to flight the well-fed and six times as numerous legions of the sultan of Persia.

This priest, a native of Provence, was named Peter Barthelemy; but whether he were a knave or an enthusiast, or both,—a principal, or a tool in the hands of others,—will ever remain a matter of doubt. Certain it is, however, that he was the means of raising the siege of Antioch, and causing the eventual triumph of the armies of the cross. When the strength of the Crusaders was completely broken by their sufferings, and hope had fled from every bosom, Peter came to Count Raymond of Toulouse, and demanded an interview on matters of serious moment. He was immediately admitted. He said that, some weeks previously, at the time the Christians were besieging Antioch, he was reposing alone in his tent, when he was startled by the shock of the earthquake, which had so alarmed the whole host. Through violent terror of the shock he could only ejaculate, God help me! when turning round he saw two men standing before him, whom he at once recognized by the halo of glory around them as beings of another world. One of them appeared to be an aged man, with reddish hair sprinkled with gray, black eyes, and a long flowing gray beard. The other was younger, larger, and handsomer, and had something more divine in his aspect. The elderly man alone spoke, and informed him that he was the holy apostle St. Andrew, and desired him to seek out the Count Raymond, the Bishop of Puy, and Raymond of Altopulto, and ask them why the bishop did not exhort the people, and sign them with the cross which he bore. The apostle then took him, naked in his shirt as he was, and transported him through the air into the heart of the city of Antioch, where he led him into the church of St. Peter, at that time a Saracen mosque. The apostle made him stop by the pillar close to the steps by which they ascend on the south side to the altar, where hung

two lamps, which gave out a light brighter than that of the noonday sun; the younger man, whom he did not at that time know, standing afar off, near the steps of the altar. The apostle then descended into the ground and brought up a lance, which he gave into his hand, telling him that it was the very lance that had opened the side whence had flowed the salvation of the world. With tears of joy he held the holy lance, and implored the apostle to allow him to take it away and deliver it into the hands of Count Raymond. The apostle refused, and buried the lance again in the ground, commanding him, when the city was won from the infidels, to go with twelve chosen men, and dig it up again in the same place. The apostle then transported him back to his tent, and the two vanished from his sight. He had neglected, he said, to deliver this message, afraid that his wonderful tale would not obtain credence from men of such high rank. After some days he again saw the holy vision, as he was gone out of the camp to look for food. This time the divine eyes of the younger looked reproachfully upon him. He implored the apostle to choose some one else more fitted for the mission; but the apostle refused, and smote him with a disorder of the eyes, as a punishment for his disobedience. With an obstinacy unaccountable even to himself, he had still delayed. A third time the apostle and his companion had appeared to him, as he was in a tent with his master William at St. Simeon. On that occasion St. Andrew told him to bear his command to the Count of Toulouse not to bathe in the waters of the Jordan when he came to it, but to cross over in a boat, clad in a shirt and breeches of linen, which he should sprinkle with the sacred waters of the river.

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The Crusaders, after the battle of Antioch, advanced toward the mountains, hoping to draw the Turks to a place where their cavalry would be unable to maneuver. Their spirits were light and their courage high, as, led on by the Duke of Normandy, Count Robert of Flanders, and Hugh of Vermandois, they came within sight of the splendid camp of the enemy. Godfrey of Bouillon, and Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, followed immediately after these leaders, the latter clad in complete armor, and bearing the Holy Lance within sight of the whole army: Bohemund and Tancred brought up the rear.

Kerbogha, aware at last that his enemy was not so despicable, took vigorous measures to remedy his mistake, and, preparing himself to meet the Christians in front, he dispatched the Sultan Soliman of Roum to attack them in the rear. To conceal this movement, he set fire to the dried weeds and grass with which the ground was covered, and Soliman, taking a wide circuit with his cavalry, succeeded, under cover of the smoke, in making good his position in the rear. The battle raged furiously in front; the arrows of the Turks fell thick as hail, and their well-trained squadrons trod the Crusaders under their hoofs like stubble. Still the affray was doubtful; for the Christians had the advantage of the ground, and were rapidly gaining upon the enemy, when the overwhelming forces of Soliman arrived in the rear. Godfrey and Tancred flew to the rescue of Bohemund, spreading dismay in the Turkish ranks by their fierce impetuosity. The Bishop of Puy was left almost alone with the Provencals to oppose the legions commanded by Kerbogha in person; but the presence of the Holy Lance made a hero of the meanest soldier in his train. Still, however, the numbers of the enemy seemed interminable. The Christians, attacked on every side, began at last to give way, and the Turks made sure of victory.

At this moment a cry was raised in the Christian host that the saints were fighting on their side. The battle-field was clear of the smoke from the burning weeds, which had curled away, and hung in white clouds of fantastic shape on the brow of the distant mountains. Some imaginative zealot, seeing this dimly through the dust of the battle, called out to his fellows to look at the army of saints, clothed in white, and riding upon white horses, that were pouring over the hills to the rescue. All eyes were immediately turned to the distant smoke; faith was in every heart; and the old battle-cry, *God wills it! God wills it!* resounded through the field, as every soldier, believing that God was visibly sending his armies to his aid, fought with an energy unfelt before. A panic seized the Persian and Turkish hosts, and they gave way in all directions. In vain Kerbogha tried to rally them. Fear is more contagious than enthusiasm, and they

fled over the mountains like deer pursued by the hounds. The two leaders, seeing the uselessness of further efforts, fled with the rest; and that immense army was scattered over Palestine, leaving nearly seventy thousand of its dead upon the field of battle.

Their magnificent camp fell into the hands of the enemy, with its rich stores of corn, and its droves of sheep and oxen. Jewels, gold, and rich velvets in abundance were distributed among the army. Tancred followed the fugitives over the hills, and reaped as much plunder as those who had remained in the camp. The way, as they fled, was covered with valuables, and horses of the finest breed of Arabia became so plentiful that every knight of the Christians was provided with a steed. The Crusaders, in this battle, acknowledge to have lost nearly ten thousand men.

Their return to Antioch was one of joy indeed: the citadel was surrendered at once, and many of the Turkish garrison embraced the Christian faith, and the rest were suffered to depart. A solemn thanksgiving was offered up by the Bishop of Puy, in which the whole army joined, and the Holy Lance was visited by every soldier.

The enthusiasm lasted for some days, and the army loudly demanded to be led forward to Jerusalem, the grand goal of all their wishes: but none of their leaders was anxious to move;—the more prudent among them, such as Godfrey and Tancred, for reasons of expediency; and the more ambitious, such as the Count of Toulouse and Bohemund, for reasons of self-interest.

Most of the soldiers were suffering either from wounds, disease, or weariness; and it was resolved by Godfrey,—the tacitly acknowledged chief of the enterprise,—that the army should have time to refresh itself ere they advanced upon Jerusalem. It was now July, and he proposed that they should pass the hot months of August and September within the walls of Antioch, and march forward in October with renewed vigor, and numbers increased by fresh arrivals from Europe. This advice was finally adopted, although the enthusiasts of the army continued to murmur at the delay. In the mean time the Count of Vermandois was sent upon an embassy to the Emperor Alexius at Constantinople, to reproach him for his base desertion of the cause, and urge him to send the reinforcements he had promised. The count faithfully executed his mission, (of which, by the way, Alexius took no notice whatever,) and remained for some time at Constantinople, till his zeal, never very violent, totally evaporated. He then returned to France, sick of the Crusade, and determined to intermeddle with it no more.

The chiefs, though they had determined to stay at Antioch for two months, could not remain quiet for so long a time. They would, in all probability, have fallen upon each other, had there been no Turks in Palestine upon whom they might vent their impetuosity. Godfrey proceeded to Edessa, to aid his brother Baldwin in expelling the Saracens from his principality, and the other leaders carried on separate hostilities against them as caprice or ambition dictated. At length the impatience of the army to be led against Jerusalem became so great that the chiefs could no longer delay, and Raymond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy, marched forward with their divisions, and laid siege to the small but strong town of Marah. With their usual improvidence, they had not food enough to last a beleaguering army for a week. They suffered great privations in consequence, till Bohemund came to their aid and took the town by storm. In connection with this siege, the chronicler, Raymond d'Agilles, relates a legend, in the truth of which he devoutly believed, and upon which Tasso has founded one of the most beautiful passages of his poem. It is worth preserving, as showing the spirit of the age and the source of the extraordinary courage manifested by the Crusaders on occasions of extreme difficulty. "One day," says Raymond, "Anselme de Ribeaumont beheld young Engelram, the son of the Count de St. Paul, who had been killed at Marah, enter his tent. 'How is it,' said Anselme to him, 'that you, whom I saw lying dead on the field of battle, are full of life?' 'You must know,' replied Engelram, 'that those who fight for Jesus Christ never die.' 'But whence,' resumed Anselme, 'comes that strange brightness that surrounds you?' Upon this Engelram pointed to the sky, where Anselme saw a palace of diamond and crystal. 'It is thence,' said he, 'that I derive the beauty which surprises you. My dwelling is there; a still finer one is prepared for you, and you shall soon come

THE PILGRIMS AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

to inhabit it. Farewell! we shall meet again to-morrow.' With these words Engelram returned to heaven. Anselme, struck by the vision, sent the next morning for the priests, received the sacrament, and although full of health, took a last farewell of all his friends, telling them that he was about to leave this world. A few hours afterward, the enemy having made a sortie, Anselme went out against them sword in hand, and was struck on the forehead by a stone from a Turkish sling, which sent him to heaven, to the beautiful palace that was prepared for him."

New disputes arose between Bohemund and the Count of Toulouse with regard to the capture of this town, which were with the utmost difficulty appeased by the other chiefs. Delays also took place in the progress of the army, especially before Archas, and the soldiery were so exasperated that they were on the point of choosing new leaders to conduct them to Jerusalem. Godfrey, upon this, set fire to his camp at Archas, and marched forward. He was immediately joined by hundreds of the Provençals of the Count of Toulouse. The latter, seeing the turn affairs were taking, hastened after them, and the whole host proceeded toward the holy city, so long desired amid sorrow, and suffering, and danger. At Emmaus they were met by a deputation from the Christians at Bethlehem, praying for immediate aid against the oppression of the infidels. The very name of Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Saviour, was music to their ears, and many of them wept with joy to think they were approaching a spot so hallowed. Albert of Aix informs us that their hearts were so touched that sleep was banished from the camp, and that, instead of waiting till the morning's dawn to recommence their march, they set out shortly after midnight, full of hope and enthusiasm. For upward of four hours the mail-clad legions tramped steadfastly forward in the dark, and when the sun arose in unclouded splendor, the towers and pinnacles of Jerusalem gleamed upon their sight. All the tender feelings of their nature were touched; no longer brutal fanatics, but meek and humble pilgrims, they knelt down upon the sod, and with tears in their eyes, exclaimed to one another, "*Jerusalem! Jerusalem!*" Some of them kissed the holy ground, others stretched themselves at full length upon it, in order that their bodies might come in contact with the greatest possible extent of it, and others prayed aloud. The women and children who had followed the camp from Europe, and shared in all its dangers, fatigues, and privations, were more boisterous in their joy; the former from long-nourished enthusiasm, and the latter from mere imitation; and prayed, and wept, and laughed, till they almost put the more sober to the blush.

Guibert de Nogent relates a curious instance of the imitativeness of these juvenile Crusaders. He says that, during the

siege of Antioch, the Christian and Saracen boys used to issue forth every evening from the town and camp in great numbers, under the command of captains chosen from among themselves. Armed with sticks instead of swords, and stones instead of arrows, they ranged themselves in battle order, and, shouting each the war-cry of their country, fought with the utmost desperation. Some of them lost their eyes, and many became cripples for life from the injuries they received on these occasions.

The first ebullition of their gladness having subsided, the army marched forward, and invested the city on all sides. The assault was almost immediately begun; but after the Christians had lost some of their bravest knights, that mode of attack was abandoned, and the army commenced its preparations for a regular siege. Mangonels, movable towers, and battering-rams, together with a machine called a sow, made of wood, and covered with raw hides, inside of which miners worked to undermine the walls, were forthwith constructed; and to restore the courage and discipline of the army, which had suffered from the unworthy dissensions of the chiefs, the latter held out the hand of friendship to each other, and Tancred and the Count of Toulouse embraced in sight of the whole camp. The clergy aided the cause with their powerful voice, and preached union and good-will to the highest and the lowest. A solemn procession was also ordered round the city, in which the entire army joined, prayers being offered up at every spot which gospel records had taught them to consider as peculiarly sacred.

The Saracens upon the ramparts beheld all these manifestations without alarm. To incense the Christians, whom they despised, they constructed rude crosses, and fixed them upon the walls, and spat upon and pelted them with dirt and stones. This insult to the symbol of their faith raised the wrath of the Crusaders to that height that bravery became ferocity, and enthusiasm madness. When all the engines of war were completed, the attack was recommenced, and every soldier of the Christian army fought with a vigor which the sense of private wrong invariably inspires. Every man had been personally outraged, and the knights worked at the battering-rams with as much readiness as the meanest soldiers. The Saracen arrows and balls of fire fell thick and fast among them, but the tremendous rams still heaved against the walls, while the best marksmen of the host were busily employed in the several floors of the movable towers in dealing death among the Turks upon the battlements. Godfrey, Raymond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy, each upon his tower, fought for hours with unwearied energy, often repulsed, but ever ready to renew the struggle. The Turks, no longer despising the enemy, defended themselves with the utmost skill and bravery till darkness brought a cessation of hostilities. Short was the sleep that night in the Christian camp. The priests offered up solemn prayers in the midst of the attentive soldiery for the triumph of the cross in this last great struggle; and as soon as morning dawned, every one was in readiness for the affray. The women and children lent their aid, the latter running unconcerned to and fro while the arrows fell fast around them, bearing water to the thirsty combatants. The saints were believed to be aiding their efforts; and the army, impressed with this idea, surmounted difficulties under which a force thrice as numerous, but without their faith, would have quailed and been defeated. Raymond of Toulouse at last forced his way into the city by escalade, while at the very same moment Tancred and Robert of Normandy succeeded in bursting open one of the gates. The Turks flew to repair the mischief, and Godfrey of Bouillon, seeing the battlements comparatively deserted, let down the drawbridge of his movable tower, and sprang forward, followed by all the knights of his train. In an instant after, the banner of the cross floated upon the walls of Jerusalem. The Crusaders, raising once more their redoubtable war-cry, rushed on from every side, and the city was taken. The battle raged in the streets for several hours, and the Christians, remembering their insulted faith, gave no quarter to young or old, male or female, sick or strong. Not one of the leaders thought himself at liberty to issue orders for staying the carnage; and if he had, he would not have been obeyed.

Peter the Hermit, who had remained so long under the vail of neglect, was repaid that day for all his zeal and all his sufferings. As soon as the battle was over, the Christians of Jerusalem issued forth

SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

from their hiding-places to welcome their deliverers. They instantly recognized the Hermit as the pilgrim who, years before, had spoken to them so eloquently of the wrongs and insults they had endured, and promised to stir up the princes and people of Europe in their behalf. They clung to the skirts of his garments in the fervor of their gratitude, and vowed to remember him forever in their prayers. Many of them shed tears about his neck, and attributed the deliverance of Jerusalem solely to his courage and perseverance. Peter afterward held some ecclesiastical office in the holy city; but what it was, or what was his ultimate fate, history has forgotten to inform us. Some say that he returned to France and founded a monastery, but the story does not rest upon sufficient authority.

The grand object for which the popular swarms of Europe had forsaken their homes was now accomplished. The Moslem mosques of Jerusalem were converted into churches for a purer faith, and the mount of Calvary and the sepulcher of Christ were profaned no longer by the presence or the power of the infidel. Popular frenzy had fulfilled its mission, and, as a natural consequence, it began to subside from that time forth. The news of the capture of Jerusalem brought numbers of pilgrims from Europe, and, among others, Stephen Count of Chartres, and Hugh of Vermandois, to atone for their desertion; but nothing like the former spirit of enthusiasm existed among the nations. Thus then ends the history of the first Crusade.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PREACHING REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

WE have been endeavoring to account for the comparatively slight moral power and popular interest of modern preaching. Few things, we believe, detract more from the pulpit, in these respects, than the almost general substitution of *reading* for *preaching*—for they are not identical, any more than the letters of the one word spell the other.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, some few years ago, contended by a strong vote for extemporaneous preaching—the best writers on homiletics have contended for it—even a Unitarian theological professor (the younger Ware, of Harvard) has written an entire book, and the best one we have, on the subject—the most successful ministry of our land has been almost exclusively made up of extemporizers—the arguments and authorities for it are, in fine, altogether preponderating, and yet how predominant is the clerical proclivity for manuscripts. Even our Methodist brethren, whose fathers filled the land with the thunders and triumphs of their powerful and natural eloquence, are beginning to ape the primness of academic readers—to turn their once resounding pulpit batteries into "desks", for manuscript prelections. Alas! who would have supposed it of *them?* It is like the reed of the shepherd boy, on the mountain road, after the trumpet-blast of the careering herald, while yet the lingering echoes ring among the crags and heights. We cannot conceive of the old effective Methodist preaching as other than extemporaneous, and all sister Churches should cry out against the change as a common calamity. How those heroic men could have gone thundering through the land, shaking the multitudes or melting them to tears, by the reading of manuscripts, is a problem which certainly no experiment ever solved, and no logic can show. It is, in fact, quite clear, *à priori*, that they would have been an entirely different class of men, and Methodism a quite different affair, if they had been readers instead of what they preëminently were—preachers.

Not only is extemporaneous preaching adapted to the themes, the style, and the effectiveness which we have demanded for the pulpit, but we contend that it is consistent with the best style of public discourse—with just thought and a sufficiently accurate verbal style. These latter excellencies, of course, depend largely upon previous training, and the preparation of the discourse; but it must be remembered also, that this is the case in regard to written sermons,—a speaker, without previous education, and immediate study of the discourse in hand, would hardly succeed better in reciting it, than in delivering it extempore.

He that would be a successful extemporizer should have a well-stored mind, and should thoroughly meditate his subjects—so thoroughly, indeed, that the whole perspective of the main ideas of his discourse, from the exordium to the peroration, shall be clearly open before his mental vision when he rises in the pulpit. This is requisite, for two reasons: first, that he may have something to say; and secondly, that he may have the confidence which will enable him to say it with self-possession and force. Self-possession, based upon a sufficient preparation, is the whole secret of success in extemporaneous speaking. A speaker thus sustained can hardly fail to have, spontaneously, the right language and due emotion; he has incomparably more facilities for them than the manuscript preacher. We say *right* language; and that is right which is appropriate to the occasion. It may not be as precise as the pen would afford—but ought it always to be so? Would it be desirable, that the free, irregular but idiomatic facility of ordinary conversation should be superseded at our hearths by the finical precision and literary nicety of book-makers? There is a style for books, a style for conversation, and a style for the rostrum or the pulpit. He who rises in the latter, with his mind fraught with the ideas of his subject, and his heart inspired with its spirit, will, in most cases, spontaneously utter himself aright. If he is occasionally diffuse or repetitious, yet it may be legitimate to the occasion or the subject that he should be so. If his style may not *read* as well as it was heard, yet even this may be because of its peculiar adaption to be heard rather than read.

We affirm further, that both the design and history of preaching are in favor of extempore delivery. The earnestness and directness for which we have contended

may consist, as we have shown, with all varieties of talents and topics, but it is hardly compatible with pulpit *reading*. Very rarely indeed does a powerful reader, like Chalmers, appear in the pulpit. We know not another case like his in the history of the Christian ministry. Chalmers tried the experiment of extemporizing in his country parish, but prematurely abandoned it; yet when in his full splendor at Glasgow, his biographer says, that his occasional extempore discourses, in the private houses of his poor parishioners, teemed with more glorious eloquence than ever dazzled the crowded congregation of the Tron kirk.

The two greatest preachers of modern times, Whitefield and Robert Hall, were extemporizers — their written sermons were composed after delivery. Such a thing as a manuscript sermon is never seen in the pulpits of the continent of Europe, except when American or English clergymen happen to ascend them. If the European clergy, Catholic or Protestant, write their discourses, they have, nevertheless, the good sense to deliver them *memoriter*, and thereby save them from the dullness of reading. In like manner did the old and unrivaled pulpit orators of France — Massillon, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fletcher, Fenelon — eschew the manuscript.

The latter, in his "Dialogues on Eloquence," contends for extempore speaking; he argues that even the classic orators were mostly extemporizers. There is much to be said on both sides of this question. The most probable supposition is, that the classic orators wrote their discourses, memorizing their substance, but delivering them without much regard to the written language. (See *Fenelon.*) Ware says, "Chatham's speeches were not written, nor those of Fox, nor that of Ames on the British treaty. They were, so far as regards their language and ornaments, the effusions of the moment, and derived from their freshness a power which no study could impart. Among the orations of Cicero, which are said to have made the greatest impression, and to have best accomplished the orator's design, are those delivered on unexpected emergencies, which precluded the possibility of previous preparation. Such were his first invective against Catiline, and the speech which stilled the disturbances at the theater. It is often said that extemporaneous speaking is the distinction of modern eloquence. But the whole language of Cicero's rhetorical works, as well as particular terms in common use, and anecdotes recorded of different speakers, prove the contrary; not to mention Quinctilian's express instructions on the subject. Hume, also, tells us from Suidas, that the writing of speeches was unknown until the time of Pericles."

The Anglo-Saxon pulpit, against all the predilections of that race, is, in fine, the only place where reading is tolerated, as a mode of popular address. The member of parliament, or of congress, who should attempt to read his speech, would almost inevitably break down. The advocate at the bar, contending for the life of his client, would be considered recreant to all the urgency of the occasion were he to stand up before the jury to read his plea. The popular orator who should attempt to *read* the masses into enthusiasm, on some high occasion of national exigency, would be dubbed a jackass. Why can manly and powerful eloquence be successful everywhere else but in the pulpit? The pulpit is its most legitimate arena. The themes and aims of the pulpit are all adapted to it. The religious congregation is the true popular assembly; and there, if anywhere, ought eloquence to appear in all its liberties and powers.

So almost intuitive is our perception of the inappropriateness of manuscript preaching to the popular religious assembly, that we cannot conceive of Christ *reading* his discourses to the multitudes of Judea; or Peter, on the day of Pentecost, or Paul on Mars' Hill, preaching from a scroll. We *know* this could not have been, not from any historical testimony, but from the manifest absurdity of the supposition. For the same reason we cannot associate it with any really popular and demonstrative preaching.

Be assured, that he who can preach at all, can preach extemporaneously, if he will but persevere in the experiment. The young man of good education, who, from his academic habits or natural diffidence, or any other cause, is now addicting himself to pulpit reading, is putting his whole professional life under a servile restraint, which will not only consume unnecessarily large amounts of his time, but trammel the development of all his pulpit

powers. Let him study thoroughly his subjects; but let him devote to the storing of his mind the time now spent in mere verbal preparation for the desk; let him resolutely stumble along through whatever embarrassments till he acquires the confidence which habit will surely produce; let him understand well that what he wants for the pulpit is thought and sentiment, and that these secured, direct unpretending utterance, right home to the souls of the people, is the only true style for him—the noblest eloquence. If, in the experiment, he sometimes falls below the tame mediocrity of his former manuscript efforts, yet will he oftener rise transcendently above it, in the exulting freedom of an inspired and untrammeled mind.

One fact let him be assured of, namely, that whatever uniform and respectable character his manuscript preaching may have, the *maximum* power of preaching can never be attained by the sermon reader. He sacrifices all hope of this; and no young man should ever make that sacrifice. With God's commission upon him, with the Holy Spirit within him, with all the assistance of books and nature about him, with the solemnities of eternity before him, let him throw himself with all directness and energy into his work, speaking to the people in their own strong and simple speech, seeking not to ape the rhetorician, but to save souls, "pulling them out of the fire:" he will then speak from his heart with infinitely more eloquence than he could utter from his manuscript.

We are earnest but not whimsical on this subject; there are doubtless occasions when a manuscript may be desirable in the pulpit, but they are rare—they should form the exception not the rule. Why in the name of all good sense should the pulpit alone, of all places of popular discourse, be subjected to this stupid inconvenience?

The primness, the cold hollow dignity—so contrary to all spontaneous and popular sympathy and hearty religious feeling—which now characterize the pulpit, are, we repeat, attributable more to this cause and to the technical homiletic form of the sermon, than to any other. It is not *preaching*—it is an intolerable perversion of the idea; it is academic lecturing; it is an intellectual task, a dry literary exhibition in the wrong place, to wrong spectators, and performed in subjection to most servile usages and intolerable mannerisms.

Clergymen should banish it—throw it to the winds—not only for the good of the people, but for their own relief.* It was unknown in the primitive Church for one hundred and fifty years; it is uncommon if not unknown now in ministries which sway the masses, as the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, the Methodist; it is unknown on almost all other occasions where a practical end, and not a mere literary exhibition is designed—the political assembly, the legislative hall, the court-room. If you would have the pulpit invested with its legitimate freedom and power, break down its factitious restraints, banish its technicalities, and cast away its scrolls. Nay, if the reader would not suppose us too radical, we would say, tear down the pulpit itself. "A lawyer," said Daniel Webster, "could never hope to gain his cause if he had to plead it boxed up in a pulpit." Jesus Christ and his apostles never saw a pulpit, unless the reading platform of the synagogue could be called one. They never took a text, tying their thoughts with a thread of bare verbalisms; Christ read the Prophet, and *sat down* and *talked* to the people. They knew nothing about "firstly," "secondly," and "thirdly;" they were too intent on their practical design to trifle with such dialectic nonsense. They *expounded*, to be sure, but not with these scholastic trammels—they talked, they exhorted, they thundered; and the awakened multitudes, consenting or scorning, were not concerned about *how* they preached, but *what* they preached. The manner could not but be right, and powerfully right, when spontaneous to the design.

We would have the people come to church, then, not expecting to hear, or rather sleep, under these intellectual prelections, but to hear fervent, practical, home-directed addresses respecting their

* Ware in his preface says, "There is at least one consequence likely to result from the study of this art [extemporaneous preaching] and the attempt to practice it, which would alone be a sufficient reason for urging it earnestly. I mean, its probable effect in breaking up the constrained, formal, scholastic mode of address, which follows the student from his college duties, and keeps him from immediate contact with the hearts of his fellow men. This would be effected by his learning to speak from his feelings, rather than from the critical rules of a book. His address would be more natural, and consequently better adapted to effective preaching."

duties—expositions, arguments, warnings, exhortations, applied to their common wants, to current events—to the individual, to the community, to the times—addresses, thoughtful but not technical; too direct and urgent for factitious mannerisms; delivered, if you please, sometimes from the pulpit, and sometimes, as with the Papal priests, from the altar, down before the people; sometimes from a text, sometimes from the whole lesson, sometimes without reference to either; now on an abstract subject, now on a personal one, and now on a public question—urging men to their personal salvation, and meanwhile, and for this purpose, refuting all sanctioned lies, assailing all the corruptions of the day, whether in high places or in low places, and pleading all genuine reforms.

Amazing radicalism this! Yes, good reader, just such, both in spirit and method, as that before which the priesthoods, the philosophical schools, the senates, and the thrones of the old classic heathenism fell. Such a restoration of primitive preaching would again "turn the world upside down," till it turned it right side up.

We believe further, that the *ministerial education*, or rather miseducation of the times, with the professional habits it entails, is a reason of the comparative inefficiency of the pulpit. Our clerical education is too Procrustean; it turns out too many poor results—so many, that a shrewd observer cannot but refer them to the defectiveness of the system as such. Thoughtful men, in the best-educated sects, begin to hesitate about theological schools; and we know learned graduates of such schools, now leaders in the ministry, who feel almost disposed, at times, to wish our theological seminaries disbanded. This is not the place for a close discussion of the question of theological education; but we would refer with emphasis to the necessity of a revision of the whole subject. Our candidates are drawn through a scholastic process—prolonged elementary studies—one or two years of preparation for college, four years in college, and three years under the rigors of technical divinity in the theological school—a process, from out of which they come intellectually attenuated and rigid beyond recovery. And then bear in mind what follows, on the present plan of manuscript *reading* instead of *preaching*. On graduating at last, they must betake themselves to sermon *writing*—two sermons a week at least, on the plan of those monstrous text-books we have denounced—two weekly homiletic agonies in constructing "firstlies," "secondlies," and "thirdlies," out of what common sense remains within them, and out of the beautiful, simple sentences of Holy Scripture! How is it possible that men, subjected to such professional rigors, should not become professionally characterized and isolated! What time have they for those general studies—those "Humanities," as they were once called—which the best critics have pronounced necessary to the orator? Clergymen, perhaps more than any other professional class, need such studies, both for their mental health and their popular usefulness; but we are inclined to think have least opportunity for them. The present topic is very intimately related to the preceding one; for not only is sermon *reading* bad in itself, the greatest detraction from the popular effect of preaching, but the intolerable nuisance (allow the word) is doubly an evil, as it requires sermon *writing*, and thus consumes, in the mere task of verbal preparation, the time that should be spent in various reading and thinking. "The minister," says Ware, "must keep himself occupied,—reading, thinking, investigating; thus having his mind always awake and active. This is a far better preparation than the bare writing of sermons, for it exercises the powers more, and keeps them bright. The great master of Roman eloquence thought it essential to the true orator, that he should be familiar with all sciences, and have his mind filled with every variety of knowledge. He, therefore, much as he studied his favorite art, yet occupied more time in literature, philosophy, and politics, than in the composition of his speeches. His preparation was less particular than general. So it has been with other eminent speakers. When Sir Samuel Romilly was in full practice in the High Court of Chancery, and at the same time overwhelmed with the pressure of public political concerns, his custom was to enter the court, to receive there the history of the cause he was to plead, thus to acquaint himself with the circumstances for the first time, and forthwith proceed to argue it. His

general preparation and long practice enabled him to do this, without failing in justice to his cause. I do not know that in this he was singular. The same sort of preparation would insure success in the pulpit. He who is always thinking, may expend upon each individual effort less time, because he can think at once fast and well. But he who never thinks, except when attempting to manufacture a sermon, (and it is to be feared there are such men,) must devote a great deal of time to this labor exclusively; and after all, he will not have that wide range of thought or copiousness of illustration, which his office demands and which study only can give. In fact, what I have here insisted upon, is exemplified in the case of the extemporaneous *writers*, whom I have already named. I would only carry their practice a step further, and devote an hour to a discourse instead of a day. Not to all discourses: for some ought to be written for the sake of writing; and some demand a sort of investigation, to which the use of the pen is essential. But then a very large proportion of the topics on which a minister should preach have been subjects of his attention a thousand times. He is thoroughly familiar with them; and an hour to arrange his ideas and collect illustrations is abundantly sufficient. The late Thomas Scott is said for years to have prepared his discourses entirely by meditation on the Sunday, and thus to have gained leisure for his extensive studies, and great and various labors. This is an extreme on which few have a right to venture, and which should be recommended to none. It shows, however, the power of habit, and the ability of a mind to act promptly and effectually which is kept upon the alert by constant occupation. He who is always engaged in thinking and studying will always have thoughts enough for a sermon, and good ones too, which will come at an hour's warning." We differ from Ware in respect to the amount of preparation necessary, but we approve his general view of the subject.

"A clergyman," says the good and great Dr. Arnold, himself a noble example of what he taught, "requires, first, the general cultivation of his mind, by reading the works of the greatest writers, philosophers, orators, and poets; and, next, an understanding of the actual state of society, and of our own and general history, as affecting and explaining the existing differences among us, both social and religious." "It is for this reason," adds one of his reviewers, "that so few eminent critics are eminent preachers: criticism, to *be* eminent, requires a man to be exclusive and jealous in his devotion to it, and he cannot find time for wide and general reading. But miscellaneous knowledge is precisely what the preacher needs, not to criticise the sacred word, but to apply it to the circumstances of his age, and to the hearts and habits of the living men and women in the congregation before him. The preacher, as such, can commit no more fatal mistake than to confine himself exclusively, or chiefly, to the reading of books of divinity. Such exclusive reading will inevitably narrow his mind, and give it a sort of professional one-sidedness, that will show itself not merely in his mode of thinking, but in his style of writing and speaking."*

We have at times heard some of our Methodist ministerial brethren complain of their "system," because, as they have thought, it interfered with "homiletic" study, by tempting the itinerant to content himself with a few "skeletons;" whereas, were he stationary, he would have to make more. A most illogical blunder. It is not the preparation or study of "skeletons" that the pulpit of this day needs; the want is more extensive culture, more varied capacity. Any "system" that relieves the preacher from technical preparations, and thereby allows him more time for general intellectual invigoration and varied study, is a blessing: the relief may be abused, to be sure, through mere indolence; but for that the individual, not the system, is responsible.

We dismiss the subject of these essays with one more remark, and a brief one. The Churches, especially of this country, if they would promote the effectiveness of the pulpit, must have more care in the *selection of young men for the ministry*—a suggestion which we submit to those very excellent, but, we fear, much abused "Education Societies," which are designed to aid young men through their ministerial training. The ministry not only affords the best opportunities for the best

* Rev. Dr. M'Clintock.

talent, but it involves some of the most critical trials that human responsibility knows. It is a sad infliction both on the Church and on the incompetent candidate himself, to thrust him into its formidable duties. There are now literally hundreds, if not thousands, of unemployed clergymen abroad in our country, while, at the same time, there is an equal number of unsupplied Churches. And such is the effect of the professional training we have mentioned, that a man once educated for the pulpit is scarcely fitted for any other vocation, except it may be that of teaching; if left without a call he must, therefore, suffer. Piety, in a young man, is too often taken as a guarantee of every other future requisite for the office; and it is melancholy to see with what eagerness devout mediocrity, if not inferiority, is pressed into this highest, most laborious, most awful sphere of human responsibility.

A SPERM-WHALER.

THE South-sea whalers are not old double-sided tubs like the Greenlandmen, but smart, well-formed, thoroughly rigged ships and barques of three hundred to four hundred tons, manned by a crew of which at least three-fourths are prime A. B.'s; and their voyages frequently occupy three years, and call into exercise the utmost degree of nautical skill, both scientific and practical. During this prolonged voyage, the mariners generally make the acquaintance of foreign people of all colors and all degrees of civilization, in the South Sea Isles, the coast of South America, the Indian Archipelago, &c.; and find abundant exercise for every manly virtue—courage, endurance, patience, and energy, all being absolutely requisite, together with no small amount of real talent on the part of the commanding officers. The South-seaman surpasses all merchant vessels in the very romantic nature of its service. It roves round the globe; and in the vast Pacific Ocean sails to and fro, and from island to island, for years at a time. The crew employed in such a service, if they only possess the ordinary intelligence of seamen, cannot fail to have their powers of observation sharpened, their reasoning faculties called into exercise, and their whole mental development stimulated. Accordingly, sperm-whalers are remarkably shrewd, intelligent men; close observers of the phenomena of nature so liberally exhibited in their ocean pathways; and altogether noble specimens of the sailor.

On the deck of a sperm-whaler there is a platform to receive the portions of the whale taken on board, and at the mainmast-head are two pulleys, called the cutting blocks and falls, which are used to hoist the blubber, &c., on board by aid of the windlass. There is also on deck a square brick erection, a little abaft the foremast, made to support a couple of great iron caldrons, called *try-pots*, in which the blubber is boiled. Adjoining them is a copper cooler; and every possible precaution is adopted to guard against accidents from fire. The number of casks carried by a South-seaman is very great, and the sizes vary up to nearly three hundred and fifty gallons. The crew generally have abundance of fresh water till the cargo is nearly full; and besides the casks, there are four large iron tanks. Indeed, we have been informed that recently the South-seamen have been entirely fitted with iron-tanks for the oil, and carry no more barrels than are requisite for the supply of fresh water, which in some instances is also kept in iron tanks.

A South-seaman usually carries five swift boats, thirty feet in length, built of light materials, and shaped both ends alike, in order that they may with greater readiness be *backed* from the vicinity of a dangerous whale; they are steered with a long oar, which gives a much greater and more decided command over a boat than a rudder. Five long oars propel each boat, the row-locks in which they play being muffled, in order to approach the destined victim without noise. Sockets in the floor of the boat receive the oars when apeak. As these whale-boats are thin in the timbers, for the sake of buoyancy and speed, they very frequently get shattered by blows from the fins, flukes, and tail of the whale attacked; and consequently their crews would inevitably perish, were it not for a contrivance, which we think cannot be too generally known to all who go a-boating either on business or pleasure. Life-lines are fixed at the gunwales of the boat; and when an accident causes her to fill, the oars are lashed athwart by aid of these lines, and although she may be quite submerged, still she will not sink, but bear up her crew till rescue arrives. We are

sure that were this simple expedient known and adopted by merchant seamen and others, many hundreds of lives would be saved every year; for it is rarely that a boat is swamped so rapidly that there is not time to lash the oars athwart her gunwale.

And now, reader, please to step on board the sperm-whaler. We are cruising somewhere in the great Pacific Ocean. Our ship is clean from stem to stern—from try-works to cutting-falls; our boats are hanging ready to be launched at a moment's notice; keen eyes are sweeping the horizon in every direction, and sharp ears are anxiously listening for the anticipated cry of "There she spouts!"—for we are sailing along the edge of a current, and sperm-whales are known to be in the vicinity. It is early morning, with a fine working-breeze; and if you will take your station with us on the cross-trees—or, if that is too lofty an elevation, on the fore-top beneath them—we will point out to you the well-known indications of the sperm-whale being hereabouts. First of all, you probably glance, with a sort of wondering smile, at the queer-looking machine at the cross-trees overhead. Well, that is the *crow's-nest*; but its tenant is not a feathered creature, but a tarry, oily old salt, who is the look-out man for the nonce, and whose keen gray eye, even while he refills his cheek with a fresh plug, is fixed with absorbing attention on yonder tract of water, where he seems to expect every instant to see a whale rise and spout. The crow's-nest, as you perceive, is composed of a framework in the shape of a cask, covered with canvas, and furnished with a bit of seat and other little conveniences, to accommodate the look-out, and, when necessary, shelter him in some measure from the weather, as he frequently has to remain long aloft at a time. We believe, however, that South-seamen do not use, nor require, the crow's-nest so much as the Greenlandmen.

Now, look around, and mark what vast fields there are of the sally-man, and of medusæ of all kinds, and observe the numerous fragments of cuttle-fish floating about, remnants of the recent meals of the cachalot; and, above all, see the great smooth tracts of oily water, which show that a party of whales has passed over this portion of the ocean's surface not very long ago. Ah! you admire the countless flocks of birds hovering close by the ship. Yes, they are in unusual numbers; for they know by instinct that they will soon obtain abundance of food. But for one bird in the air, there are a thousand fish just beneath the surface. See! for hundreds of yards on every side of the ship the water is literally blackened with albicores. They have attended us for many weeks, and will not be got rid of unless a strong wind drives the ship along at a very rapid rate. They swim sociably along with us from one cruising-ground to another; and can be captured by hook and line with the greatest ease. They are fine fellows, averaging some four feet in length, and are of excellent quality for the table. Watch them frightening the poor little flying-fish into the air! The latter are soon snapped up by the hovering birds, or are seized and devoured by the voracious albicores the moment their feeble powers of flight are exhausted, and they drop helpless into the sea again. The albicores, too, have a very terrible enemy in turn—nothing less than the sword-fish, many of which corsairs make a rush, from time to time, through the dense droves of albicores, and transfix them, one or two together, with their long projecting swords, off which the slain albicores are then shaken and devoured by their ruthless enemy. It sometimes happens that the sword-fish misses his aim, and drives his weapon into, and even through a ship's side, to the great danger of the vessel.

Ha! our old look-out man sees a sign! Now he hails the deck. "There she blows! there she spouts!" What lungs the old fellow has! Hark to what follows. "Where away?" sharply cries the officer on deck. "A school of whales broad off the lee-bow, sir!" "Main yard aback, &c. Out boats!" "There she blows again! There she flukes!" "How far off?" "Three miles, sir! There she breaches." "Be lively, men! Lower away!" "All clear, sir! Lower away it is!" "Cast off falls!—unhook!—out oars!—give way, men!"

You will please to bear in mind, worthy companion, that you and we are now seated somewhere in the boat, as it pulls away, "with measured strokes, most beautiful!" and that we shall consequently see whatever takes place. Meanwhile, let us take advantage of the interval which must intervene ere the whale we pursue is within harpoon's reach, to enlighten you a

little about sperm-whales, generally. The cachalot, or sperm-whale, is one of the largest of all the cetacean tribe, not unfrequently attaining the length of sixty feet: there is an authenticated instance of a sperm-whale, seventy-six feet in length, and thirty-eight feet in girth—a leviathan among leviathans! The female cachalot does not attain much more than half the size of the male, and yet gives birth to young ones fourteen feet in length, and of proportionate girth. The average yield of oil is about eighty barrels for a full-grown male, and twenty-five for a female. The cachalot is black in color, but is occasionally spotted with white toward the tail. The head is one-third the entire length of the creature, and is of a square form, with a very blunt snout. The body is round or nearly so, and tapers much toward the tail. The fins are triangular shaped, and very small; but the tail is of immense size, very flexible, and of tremendous power. When the animal strikes it flatly on the water, the report is like that of a small cannon. When used in propulsion, the tale is bent back beneath the body and then sprung out again; when aiming at a boat or other object, it is bent sharply, and strikes the object by its recoil. The eyes are placed far back in the head, and well protected by integuments. They do not measure more than two inches in length by one in breadth, and have small power of gazing in an oblique direction. The tongue is small, and cannot be protruded; but the gullet or throat is quite in proportion to the bulk of the animal, so that it could easily swallow a man; and this fact clearly disposes of the skeptical objection to the Scripture narrative of the Prophet Jonah. The expansion of a pair of jaws nearly a score of feet in length must be a startling sight. The lower jaw appears slender in comparison with the vast bulk of the upper one.

The greater part of the head of the sperm-whale is composed of soft parts, called junk and case. The junk is oily fat, and the case is a delicate fluid, yielding spermaceti in large proportion. The teeth of the cachalot appear mainly on the lower jaw, projecting about two inches through the gum, and they are solid ivory, but without enamel. The black skin of this whale is destitute of hair, and possesses such a peculiar alkaline property that seamen use it in lieu of soap. The lard or blubber beneath it varies from four to fourteen inches in thickness, and is perfectly white and inodorous. What whalers term schools are assemblages of female cachalots in large numbers, from twenty to a hundred, together with their young, called calves, and piloted by one or more adult males, called bulls. The females are called cows. As a general rule, full-grown males either head the schools or roam singly; sometimes a number of males assemble in what is called a drove.

And now let us revert to the chase we are engaged in. See! the school has taken the alarm, and is off at the rate of eight miles or more an hour. Is it not a beautiful and exciting spectacle to watch these huge monsters tearing along on the surface of the water, spouting vapor from their spiracles like steam from the valve of a steamboat, and leaving a creamy wake behind them almost equal to that of a ship? Their movement is easy and majestic, their heads being carried high out of the water, as though they were conscious of being the monarchs of old ocean. See, again! there is a sperm of the largest size, which has just leaped so as to show its entire bulk in the air—almost like a ship in size. What a crash and whirl of foam as it falls into its native element! But we gain on one fine fellow which our headsman is steering for. Ay, now we are within fair striking distance, and a harpoon is hurled by the brawny arm of the harpooner in the bows, and pierces deep into the cachalot's side. A second follows; and the wounded animal gives a convulsive plunge, and then starts off along the surface at astonishing speed, dragging our boat along with it. You observe that the whale-line runs through a groove, lined with lead, and is secured round a loggerhead. The two hundred fathoms of line will soon be all out; for the whale is preparing to *sound*, or dive deep beneath the surface. There he sounds; and the practiced harpooner has already bent on a second line to the end of the first. Well, he cannot possibly remain above an hour beneath the surface, and probably will reappear very soon. Just as we thought; and now we must haul gently alongside, the officer in command standing with his formidable lance poised, ready to dart on the first opportunity. That blow is well planted; more succeed, and already the victim is in its

last *flurry*. Our watchful rowers back water, to be beyond reach of a blow from the expiring monster's tail or flukes. He now spins round, spouting his life-blood, and crimsoning the sea far and near; now he turns over on his side, and the loud cheers of the men proclaim their easy victory.

While preparations are making to tow the dead cachalot to the ship, permit us to impart a little further information concerning the chase and capture of the sperm-whale. You have beheld a very easy capture; but not unfrequently the cachalot makes a most determined resistance, and with every appearance of being actuated by revenge, as well as by the instinct of self-preservation, attempts to seize and destroy a boat with its jaws. In this it frequently succeeds. At other times it sweeps its tail rapidly through the air, and suddenly bringing it down on a boat, cuts the latter asunder, and kills some of the crew, or whirls them to a great distance. Occasionally, so far from fleeing from approaching boats, as the Greenland whale almost invariably does, the terrible cachalot will boldly advance to attack them, rushing open-mouthed, and making every effort to crush or stave them. Often will the cachalot turn on its side or back, and project its long lower jaw right over a boat, so that the terrified crew have to leap overboard, oars in hand. Sometimes it rushes head-on at the boat, splintering it beyond repair, or overturning it with all on board. The harpooner, especially, is liable to be entangled in coils of the line as it runs out after a whale is struck, and to be then dragged beneath the surface; and even although the line is severed at the moment by the ax kept in readiness, the man is usually gone. Yet more appalling is the calamity which occasionally befalls an entire crew, when the struck whale is diving perpendicularly. It has happened repeatedly on such an occasion, that the line has whirled round the loggerhead, or other fixture of the boat; and that in the twinkling of an eye, almost ere a prayer or ejaculation could be uttered, the boat, crew and all, have been dragged down into the depths of ocean! Such, too, is the pressure of the water upon a boat when it descends to a certain depth, that on being drawn to the surface again it will not float, owing to the fluid being forced into the pores of the planks, not only by the mere density of the ocean, but also by the rapid rate at which the whale has dragged it. It has happened many a time, that a boat at a distance from the ship has been seen to disappear suddenly, pulled bodily down by a harpooned whale, not a vestige of boat or crew being ever seen on the surface again! If we regard whaling merely as a manly *hunt* or chase, quite apart from its commercial aspects, we think it is far more exciting, and requires more nerve and more practiced skill, and calls into exertion more energy, more endurance, more stout-heartedness, than the capture of any other creature—not even excepting the lion, tiger, or elephant.

But let us return to our own captured cachalot. You perceive that the men on board the ship are preparing to receive it. They have placed some short spars outside the vessel to facilitate operations, and have removed a dozen feet of the bulwark in front of the platform to which we before directed attention. The cutting-falls are also all ready, and the ship itself is hove-to. We will anticipate what ensues, and describe it for you. The dead whale floats buoyantly—although in some rare instances it will sink—alongside the ship, where it is well secured, and a stage is slung over the vessel's side, from which the officers overlook and direct operations, &c. The blubber between the eye and pectoral fin is cut through with the spade, which is a triangular-shaped instrument, as sharp as a razor, attached to a long shaft or handle. A man now gets upon the whale—his boots being spiked to prevent slipping—and fixes the hook of the falls to it. The windlass is then manned, and lifts up the detached blubber, the spades cutting away, and the whale slowly turning over at the same time. The strip of blubber thus in course of separation is about four feet in breadth, and is called a blanket-piece. It is cut in a spiral direction, and lowered on deck when it reaches up to the head of the cutting-falls. Fresh hold is then taken, and the operation is continued until the whale is entirely fleshed. If the whale is a small one, the whole of the head is at once cut off, and hoisted bodily on deck; but if a large one, its important parts are separately secured. Finally, the skeleton is cut adrift, to float or sink, as may happen. The entire operation occupies at least ten hours, if the whale is very large.

During this cutting-up affair, the water, far and near, is red with blood; and great flocks of petrels, albatrosses, &c., hover about to pick up the floating morsels. Swarms of sharks also never fail to attend; and so voracious are these creatures that the men have to strike at them with their spades, to prevent them from devouring the whale piecemeal, ere its remains are abandoned to fish and fowl as their legitimate prey. Although the whalers generally kill many sharks on such occasions, it is said that if a man slips from the carcass of a whale into the midst of these devourers, they seldom attempt to injure him. Personally, however, we cannot say that we should like to put the generosity of Messrs. Sharks to such a test.

The blubber is carefully separated from the bits of flesh which may adhere to it preparatory to boiling, an operation first undergone by the head matter, which is kept distinct from the body matter—the former yielding spermaceti, the latter sperm oil. The scraps, or refuse matter from the oil, themselves supply the furnace with fuel, burning clearly and emitting intense heat. This operation is called trying-out, and is only dangerous when proper precaution is not used to prevent water from falling into the boiling oil, or by carelessly throwing in wet blubber, in which case the caldrons may overflow very suddenly, and everything be in flames together. From the try-works the oil is conveyed to the coolers, and thence to the casks; and a good-sized whale, in favorable weather, may be cut up, and converted into oil, &c., within a couple of days.

The spectacle of trying-out on a dark night is exceedingly impressive. There is the ship, slowly sailing along over the pathless ocean, the furnace roaring and producing lurid flames that illumine the surrounding waves, the men passing busily to and fro, and dense volumes of black smoke continually rising in the air and drifting to leeward. Trying-out in a gloomy midnight has a touch even of sublimity about it; and we can conceive the feelings of awe and terror it would inspire in a spectator beholding the ghastly show for the first time from the deck of another ship. We think it is Herman Melville who compared the crew of a sperm-whaler, on such an occasion, to a party of demons busily engaged in the celebration of some unhallowed rite; nor is this fancy at all outrageous, to our thinking. What a picture might a painter of genius make of the scene!

The attention of scientific men has for some time been turned to the improvement of whale fishery, and many feasible plans have been spoken of; but the most important and extraordinary one is that which was proposed some two years ago, and is now again attracting new attention—being nothing less than whaling by electricity. The electricity is conveyed to the body of the whale from an electro-galvanic battery contained in the boat, by means of a metallic wire attached to the harpoon, and so arranged as to reconduct the electric current from the whale through the sea to the machine. This machine is stated to be capable of throwing into the body of the whale such strokes of electricity as would paralyze in an instant its muscles, and deprive it of all power of motion, if not actually of life.

Let us now conclude with a few words on the commercial products of the cachalot. The most important is the sperm oil, used for lamps and for lubricating machinery. It is more pure than any other animal oil. Spermaceti is a transparent fluid when first extracted from the whale, but it becomes concrete when exposed to a cold temperature, or placed in water. It is found in all parts of the whale, but chiefly in the head and the dorsal hump. When prepared, it is cast in molds for sale in the shops, and is chiefly used for making candles. Formerly, as Shakspeare tells us, it was considered to possess curative properties—

> The sovereign'st thing on earth
> Is spermaceti for an inward bruise.

The teeth yield ivory, which always sells at a remunerative price. Lastly, there is the rare and mysterious substance, called ambergris—the origin of which was long a problem which even the learned could not solve. It is now known to be a kind of morbid excrescence produced in the intestines of the cachalot, and in no other species of whale. It is sold as a perfume, fetching a pound sterling an ounce when pure; and is rarely met with in the market, even at that price. When found floating on the sea, it has undoubtedly been voided by the cachalot, or has drifted from it when the body became decomposed after death.

THE HEEL OF TYRANNY—THE TERRORS OF JESUITISM.

"COME, come, Rudolph," said little Hans Wolfganger to his elder brother, who was dealing vigorous blows with his ax on an old pine stump in the forest, "let us go home. It is getting late, and we have plenty of wood, without troubling ourselves about that hard old stump that you are hammering at."

"I shall have it in three minutes," answered Rudolph. "It will just make up the load: it would be a pity to leave it."

"But mother said we were to be at home by sunset," pleaded Hans.

"And so we will. The sun is not yet behind the Eisberg; we shall have plenty of time before it sets. If you would help me, Hans, instead of standing there grumbling, I should get done much sooner."

Hans took up his ax, and gave a few strokes alternately with his brother; but he was so anxious to be gone, that he soon grew impatient, and again paused to remonstrate."

"I have set my mind on this particular block, and have it I will," said Rudolph, resolutely; and he worked away with so much vigor, that in a short time he split it up, and then Hans joyfully assisted him in loading the ass with the fagots they had collected.

By this time the sun had dropped behind the opposite peak, which threw its gigantic shadow on the dark pine-wood, creating a twilight in its recesses, although there yet wanted nearly an hour to sunset. Many a naked trunk and dark bough took a strange figure in the dusk, as the boys passed by, and more than once Hans crept closer to his brother, half fancying that he saw a fearful apparition in some familiar bush, or heard an unearthly sound in the dashing of the torrent or the moaning of the wind. Right glad he was when they emerged from the forest, and found themselves once more in the open daylight. He immediately recovered all his natural vivacity, and leaving Rudolph to pursue the mountain-path which led to their dwelling, proceeded to make his own way down the bed of the torrent.

Meanwhile Rudolph, advancing steadily with his charge, was soon in sight of the cottage, when he stopped and looked round for his brother. "Hans, Hans!" cried he, "there is father looking out for us!"

Hans was seated on a large bough, which projected across the stream, far below the path which Rudolph was threading, and was amusing himself by plucking leaves and twigs, and watching them hurry away as he threw them into the rapid waters. But his brother's voice reached him, and he immediately obeyed the call. He climbed like a chamois, and a very few minutes sufficed to place him by Rudolph's side, though the path by which he ascended would have appeared inaccessible to an inhabitant of the plain. Shaking off the dust and thorns which he had collected in his passage, he walked soberly along, until they reached the cottage-door, where, as Rudolph had intimated, they found their father on the look-out for them.

Caspar Wolfganger was a tall, athletic peasant, not much past the prime of life, and possessing, in a considerable degree, the independent bearing and grave dignity of demeanor which are said to be characteristic of the mountaineer. Perhaps at the time of which we write, the gravity of his manner might sometimes verge on gloom and severity; but, if so, there was enough in the circumstances of his country to account for and excuse it. He was a kind and loving father, if at times a strict one; and, though Hans and Rudolph would never have dared to disobey his commands, they had too high an opinion of his justice to repine at the necessity of obedience.

"You are late to-night, lads," said he, as he proceeded to assist his sons in disposing of the load of wood.

"Rudolph would have this ugly old stump," said Hans. "I told him it was not worth staying for, but he would not leave it!"

"And to make amends for the delay, you loitered on your way home," returned his father, whose quick eye had noticed Rudolph's pause for his truant brother.

Hans blushed. His father smiled, and added, "Well, carry away these fagots, and make haste to come in. Your mother had your supper ready half an hour ago."

Caspar had already fed the cow, and put away the farming implements, tasks which generally fell to the share of his sons, so that they were soon seated at their simple meal. When it was finished, Christina carefully closed the door and window of the cottage, and the family prepared to

join in divine worship, before they retired for the night. Although subjects of a Catholic state, these Salzburgh peasants listened to the pure words of Scripture in their native German tongue. Caspar did not read from the sacred volume, for it would have been too dangerous to have kept it in his house; but he repeated some verses which he had retained in his memory, and then knelt in prayer. In a few simple but fervent words he returned thanks to the Almighty for his many blessings, and implored his favor and protection for the approaching night. When he had finished, the boys said "Good-night," and crept away to their humble couch.

"It is time we were in bed, too," said Caspar, as they withdrew; "for I must be a mile or two on my way before sunrise."

His wife looked up anxiously. "Where are you going?" she ventured to inquire.

"Christina!" answered he, in a tone of slight reproof, "have you forgotten your promise?"

"No, Caspar, I have not; and as you do not wish it, I will ask no questions; but I cannot help being anxious. I heard strange reports when I was last at the village. I tremble for you—for all of us. Do not, O, pray do not, run into needless danger—these are fearful times!"

"You alarm yourself without reason," said Wolfganger. "I have little doubt that what you repeated to me this afternoon will turn out to be only an idle tale. In what way can we excite the suspicion of the clergy? Do we not conform to all the usages of the Church, and pay punctually every tithe and fee that is demanded? We never forsake their religious ceremonies, believing that we may innocently join in the worship of the true God, though deformed by unmeaning mummeries, and degraded by the polluted lives of those who call themselves his ministers. O no! trust me, we have done nothing to excite the jealousy of Rome. Indeed, we are too insignificant to attract her attention—princes and prelates will trouble themselves little about the faith of a few poor peasants among the mountains of Berchtesgaden.

Christina hoped so, but she could not help her fears—"Would it not be better —?" and here she stopped. She would have asked if it would not be better to discontinue the secret meetings for worship, for such she guessed were the objects of her husband's mysterious absences; but this was forbidden ground, and she continued silent.

"Christina," said Caspar, solemnly, "all that a Christian man can do, consistently with his duty to God, to avoid persecution, I give you my word, I will observe. More than this you will not require from me." Christina acquiesced, and tried to place confidence in her husband's assurances that there could be no cause for apprehension; but, in spite of her hard day's labor in the field, which generally brought sleep to her eyelids as soon as she had laid her head upon her pillow, it was late this night before she could obtain repose. She thought her husband was restless too; but, if so, it did not prevent his rising in the morning in time for his excursion. When he got up, his wife was quietly asleep, and he moved about gently, for fear of disturbing her. He unlatched the door noiselessly, and latched it after him in the same manner. Bolts and locks there were none, for small indeed was the need for such defenses in this mountain solitude. He struck into the circuitous mountain-path, leading to a hamlet which lay considerably below his own elevated dwelling. All was quiet as he entered its street: indeed, the hour was yet too early for even that laborious peasantry to commence their dayly labors. Wolfganger looked around, but no one was to be seen. He walked on, and as he passed the last houses in the village, the door of one was cautiously opened, and a young man appeared on the threshold. He held up his finger as if to prevent Caspar's expected greeting, and joined him in silence. When they had walked on a few paces, the new-comer began the conversation:—"I like to steal out quietly, when I can," he remarked. "Our Lotte and Marie are as curious as the rest of their sex; so it is better to avoid their questions."

Caspar said, he thought it would have been safer to intrust their wives and sisters with the secret, than to leave them to find it out by their own curiosity.

The young man agreed. "But be that as it might," he said, "they had sworn to be silent, and it should never be said that Conrad Birnstein had broken either his oath or his word. The time is at hand, I fear," continued he, "when many of them

must know the secret, whether we will or not; indeed, some have learned it already, and to their cost."

Caspar inquired what he meant.

"Why, you must have heard the news! The archbishop has his eye on us at last; ay, and his hand too; for, but a few days ago, he caused one of our brethren to be cruelly scourged at Salzburgh, and thrown into a dungeon of the castle."

Caspar started. "This is true, then," said he. "Something of this I have heard before, but I gave little credit to the report."

"It is but too true," returned Conrad.

"How were the suspicions of the priests awakened?" asked Caspar.

"It was that foolish business of the pledge in the name of Jesus," answered Conrad, "which you know is common among the Papists over their cups, and indeed, until lately, was familiar to most of us. After all, it is but an empty phrase, and expresses nothing but good-fellowship; it was never worth while to make a stumbling-block of such a trifle!"

"It is no trifle," said Caspar, gravely, "to profane the name of the Saviour of the world, amid scenes of debauchery and sin, or even to use it lightly in the idle talk of every day."

"It may be so, and so our elders judged; and, as you may remember, it was resolved at one of our late meetings that we were never to return the greeting, 'Gelobt sei Jesus Christus.'"

"I recollect it perfectly, and I have strictly conformed to it," said Caspar.

"Well, this refusal has stamped us heretics. The archbishop has seized on the first he could detect, and has punished him, as I told you. He will have his eye on us for the future; who knows if his emissaries are not even now tracking us to our place of meeting?"

"God's will be done," said Wolfganger; "we must not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, for fear of the persecution of men."

Conrad thought that poor defenseless peasants, as they were, might be forgiven, if they contented themselves with assembling in the Catholic churches, where they could pray, as doubtless many did, spite of the mummeries by which they were surrounded. But. for his part, he could have no feelings of devotion there. The presence of the shavelings seemed to pollute the very air, and to fill his mind with thoughts of revenge and hatred.

"You think too much of old grievances," said Caspar, mildly; "believe me, brooding over wrongs does no good. It is wiser to forgive our enemies, and to forget their malice. In your case, this is not so difficult as it is sometimes, for you have escaped without injury. If the Churchman had done you all the evil you believe he intended, your vindictive feelings would be more excusable."

The veins of the youth's temples swelled, and his hands clenched, at the very thought:—"I tell you if he had," exclaimed he, "I would have roused every one of our valleys, and we would have shed the last drop of our blood, or have driven them out, bishop, priest, and friar. We would have cleared the land of them, or died in the attempt."

"Young man," said Caspar, "this is not a frame of mind in which to enter into the presence of God, and join in his sacred worship. We do not wish to use the sword of violence, even in defense of our most sacred rights. All that we can submit to without disobedience to our Master we are prepared to bear, believing that we are thus best following his example, and honoring his commands."

"Forgive me, Caspar," said Conrad, whose burst of indignation was quickly over; "when my head is sprinkled with gray, like yours, I shall be more temperate. As it is," continued the light-hearted young man, "give me but my little Grete, and land enough for us to procure our dayly bread by our dayly toil, and I will be as quiet as any of you, and creep to God's worship like a thief in the night without a murmur."

"It will not be long before you are settled now, I suppose," remarked Caspar, smiling; "they tell me you are going to set about your new house immediately."

"Before very long," answered Conrad; "that is to say, if the archbishop does not interfere with my plans."

"He is a man of blood and violence," observed Caspar. "God forbid that we should be delivered to his tender mercies!"

"Amen to that prayer, Caspar; for we have little to expect either from his justice or his pity, if he have the power, as assuredly he has the will, to continue his persecution."

"I doubt his power," returned Wolf-

ganger; "we are members of the great Germanic nation, whose rights the emperor is sworn to defend and protect. Some degree of religious toleration has been of late years secured to every state of the empire. He will not see us persecuted for our faith, without interposing in our behalf."

"Such is our only hope," answered Conrad; "and to-day I expect steps will be taken to send some from among us to lay our case before the Diet. God grant they may procure us help! but many fear the event. We are followers neither of Luther nor of Zwingle, and therefore belong to no Church which is under the protection of a powerful prince of the empire."

"I know little of the doctrines of Luther or of Zwingle," returned Caspar; "but I have heard that they toiled and struggled that poor men might study the Scriptures for themselves, and worship God according to their consciences. Luther gave us God's word in our own tongue; will not those who follow him see that we may read it unmolested?"

"They should do so," answered Conrad; "but some say that the Lutherans look almost as jéalously upon those who do not belong to their own Church as the Romanists themselves."

Caspar looked astonished. "I should find it hard to believe you," remarked he; "but you must know more about these things than I do, for you have traveled, and visited Protestant states, while I have passed my life among these mountains. Well, then, if we are to expect no aid from the Churches, we must look direct to their great Head, who does not despise even the two or three who are gathered together in his name!"

"Even so," returned Conrad, "and here we are at the entrance of the forest; tolerably punctual, too, for three minutes will bring us to the clearing."

As he spoke, he pointed with his hand to the east, where the red disk of the sun was just beginning to peep above the horizon. Seldom had that luminary risen on a fairer scene than that which presented itself to the eyes of the two peasants before they entered the recesses of the forest. Rugged rocks, lofty mountains—sometimes bold and naked, sometimes bearing on their giant sides hanging pine-forests, or luxuriant pastures—fertile valleys, calm lakes, and roaring torrents, unite in the Salzburgh Alps to form landscapes, distinguished at once by their sublimity and their beauty.

But the minds of Caspar and of Conrad were too much occupied to pay attention to the picturesque scenes around them; if, indeed, constant familiarity had not rendered them insensible to the loveliness of their native land. Indifferent to the glories of sunrise over lake and mountain, they strode rapidly forward, until they reached a spacious hollow in the forest, clear of trees and underwood, which had been selected for the place of this morning's meeting.

Here were already assembled about a hundred peasants, waiting, grave and silent, for the commencement of the simple service. They had no priest to direct their devotions, but an old peasant led the worship, whose gray hairs and venerable figure accorded well with the office with which the choice of his fellows had this day invested him. He commenced with a prayer, which made up in strength and fervor for its want of elegance in diction. The circumstances in which they stood formed the chief subject of the supplication. He prayed that the storm of persecution, now seeming ready to burst over their heads, might be averted; but, if it must break, that they might have resolution to abide the shock, and be ready to die the death of the martyr, rather than sacrifice the truth.

After the prayer, several portions of Scripture were read; and the lazy worshiper in a Protestant Church, who sometimes thinks the morning lessons insufferably long, can form little idea of the avidity with which these unlettered peasants pressed forward to catch the words of inspiration, to which they were probably listening at the risk of losing liberty or life. The leader of their devotions then addressed them, in a rude but animated discourse. He represented the dangers by which they were surrounded, and the necessity of prudence and circumspection, to avoid all unnecessary peril; but he warned them, by their duty to the Almighty, not to conform through fear of man to anything which might involve a sacrifice of conscience. Still, no lawful means of self-defense must be overlooked; and one object of this morning's meeting was to elect one of their number to join the deputies, already named by other con-

gregations, to proceed to Ratisbon, where the Diet was then assembled, in order to lay their case before that august assembly, and to demand protection.

These words seemed to give some degree of comfort to the assembly. Faces, that had been gloomy enough before, now cleared up; and, at the close of the discourse, "The emperor will save us!" "The Diet will protect us!" burst from every mouth. Long and anxious discussions followed, till the sun, high overhead, warned them that it was time to separate. They dispersed in different directions, quickly disappearing in wood or valley, and that secluded spot was left once more to its accustomed silence.

Anxiously did the Salzburgh peasants await, and ardently did they desire, the return of the deputies who were to bring them assurances of peace and protection. Long seemed the weeks of their absence, and joyfully were the tidings of their return hailed by many a troubled yet hopeful heart. But anxiety was turned to terror, hope to despair, when they heard the issue of their embassy, and the fate of their embassadors. Their remonstrances unheard! their deputies cast into a dungeon, like the meanest of malefactors, as soon as they set foot in their native land! It could not be true!

So said many, but they were soon obliged to admit the certainty of such unwelcome tidings. The next year was a year of horror and anguish to many—of fear and trembling to all. Not only did the emperor turn a deaf ear to their cry for help, but he sent the archbishop a body of soldiers to compel the peasants to submission, and then the storm of persecution burst upon them in all its fury. But bonds, stripes, fines, and imprisonments, only made them cling to their faith more firmly, and hate their persecutors with greater bitterness. In the August of the year 1731, the members of the mountain Church entered into a covenant, in which they bound themselves, by a solemn oath, to die rather than forsake the faith which they had embraced.

To this confederacy belonged Caspar Wolfganger and Conrad Birnstein. Both for a time escaped the punishment which fell on every one who was discovered to be a member of the Salzbund, as this league was called. This good fortune was probably owing to the sequestered situation of their abodes. The hamlet in which Conrad dwelt was in one of the wildest and poorest districts of a wild and poor, though beautiful and romantic country. The isolated province of Berchtesgaden, in which it was situated, is surrounded on every side by lofty Alps. Its lands, high and unproductive, furnished to its inhabitants small means of acquiring wealth; and offered, compared with the lower and more fertile provinces, little to tempt the cupidity of the oppressors.

Wolfganger's solitary dwelling was even more retired than that of Conrad. It stood higher up the mountain, and quite alone, surrounded only by the little fields, the produce of which almost entirely supplied the simple wants of its inhabitants. The occupants of a nook so secluded might have hoped to remain unnoticed, but Caspar and his family lived in fear and trembling. They dared not show themselves without the walls of their cottage, except to pursue their necessary avocations in the field, and they feared that even the smoke from their fire might bring upon them observation and detection. Sometimes they thought they might escape, comforting themselves with the hope, that such horrors could not last forever; that the archbishop would tire of his unavailing efforts to make men think as he wished, and would leave them, before long, to their former peace and security.

Sometimes, again, when the report of a new atrocity found its way to their retirement, they believed that hope was at an end, and tried to prepare themselves for the fate that awaited them, be it what it might. Every unaccustomed sound seemed a signal that it was at hand; and when, one morning, they heard a quick step approach their dwelling, before leaving it for their dayly labor, they felt that the hour was come. Christina clasped her hands in mute terror, and all looked eagerly toward the door. It was quickly opened, and their apprehensions were at once removed by the appearance of the friendly face of Conrad Birnstein, who bade them a cheerful good-morrow.

"Thank God, it is only you!" exclaimed Christina.

"It is only I, indeed," returned Conrad; "but you all look as frightened as if I had come with a troop of imperial soldiers at my back."

"Nay, nay, Conrad, we have no fear that such visitors should be brought by you," said Wolfganger; "and though your footsteps startled us before we saw who was coming, we are right glad to see an old friend in these troubled times. Come, sit down, and have something to eat with us."

The young man put down the gun which he carried in his hand, and accepted the invitation. He was paler and graver now than twelve months before, when we heard him talk with Caspar of his approaching marriage. That marriage had never taken place—Conrad, as one of the confederation, looking upon his own fate as too uncertain to bring his bride to share it with him. Grete was an orphan. Her mother, who was a stranger in the land, died in giving her birth; and she lost her father when she was little more than seventeen years old. Since that time, she had had her share of trial; and she was glad of the opportunity, which the invitation of her maternal relatives in Saxony afforded her, to quit Berchtesgaden, until her union with Conrad should give her a lawful protector in her native country. Conrad's father had died in the course of the last year; and, as his sister Lotte and her husband expressed a strong desire to quit their unhappy country, Conrad bought their share of the little inheritance, and they set out for America. They strongly urged their brother and sister to accompany them; Marie consented, but Conrad clung with all the tenacity of a mountaineer to his native land. When he looked at the farm he had helped to cultivate from boyhood, with the cottage in which he had lived all his life, and thought of bringing his Grete home, he felt that he could never abandon it while it was in his power to remain.

Conrad was a prodigious favorite with Hans and Rudolph; and no sooner had he taken his seat, than they pressed close to him.

"What a long time it is since you came to see us, Conrad," said Hans. "There is the goat that you began to carve for me not finished yet—I can't manage it by myself; and Rudolph has not got past the first part of your favorite tune, for want of you to teach him the second."

"There will be no time for all that today, I am afraid, Hans, my man," answered Conrad; "I am off to the heights, and I have come to see if Rudolph will go with me. If we have luck, we will bring home a roebuck or a chamois."

Rudolph's eye sparkled, and he looked anxiously toward his father. His mother's countenance expressed some alarm.

"It is so dangerous for a boy like Rudolph," she began.

"I promise you we will keep out of danger," said Conrad; "you may trust him in my care without fear."

"Rudolph is old enough to take care of himself now," said his father; "he must learn to handle a gun, that he may be able to take my place when my hand and eye grow less steady."

"Then may I take the gun, father?" asked Rudolph.

"Certainly," was the answer; "you would be but a sorry sportsman without your arms."

Rudolph ran to fetch it, and prepared for his expedition with a considerable degree of pride and pleasure. Meanwhile the conversation between the elders continued.

"You have not of late been out to the chase, I think, Conrad," remarked Caspar; "how does it happen? You used to be the keenest sportsman in the neighborhood."

"I have had little spirit for the chase, or anything else," returned Conrad. "One chase, indeed, I would have engaged in with pleasure; but it was no chase for a single man, or for two or three either, and those who desired it were but few. I would willingly have handled my gun to have driven these Austrians home again—ay, and the parsons who have brought them among us after them!"

"It would have been madness to attempt it," said Caspar, "even if it were lawful to use the weapons of war in defense of our faith. What could we have done alone? and who would have helped us? for, as you well know, they have cried us down for rebels as well as heretics. If it had not been for this, the emperor would have been ashamed to send his soldiers to hunt honest men down like thieves and murderers."

"Ashamed!" cried Conrad; "there is no shame among priests and princes! You might think that the elector, who calls himself our ruler, would be ashamed to let the archbishop work his will on us, without once inquiring whether we are

wrong or right. But, if all accounts be true, so long as he is undisturbed in his luxury and wicked pleasures, Charles Albert cares little for the condition of his subjects, be they Papist or heretic."

Caspar shook his head sorrowfully, and Conrad went on:—"Not a prince in Germany has lifted up his voice for us, though the injustice with which we have been treated would make the very stones cry out in our behalf."

"Yes, yes," said Caspar; "you forget the noble king of Prussia, who has repeatedly interposed in our favor. If he were not so far away, we should have one powerful friend in this our bitter need. As it is, he can do but little for us!"

"I should not have forgotten him," said Conrad; "for he has been, and is, our only friend. Right nobly does he continue to welcome and protect all who are forced away from this sad land of ours."

"So I hear," replied Caspar; "and, if I am indeed compelled to quit my native hills, I will take advantage of his favor, and make my way straight to Prussia."

"You are right," said Conrad; "it is the best thing you can do, if the worst should come, as come I think it must."

"Then you have come to the same resolution?"

"I!" said Conrad, with a start; and in a moment he added, "I tell you I will *not* go. They may tear me to pieces, before I will stir from my own lawful home!"

"O, Conrad, do not say so!" exclaimed Christina. "Think of Grete? Why may you not be happy in Prussia? You are both young and strong; and may get your bread there as well as here. Think how wretched you would make her if you should fall a victim to your own rashness and obstinacy."

Conrad paused for a moment, and drew his hand across his eyes. "The truth is," said he, "I cannot often think patiently of being turned off my own bit of land, which was my father's before me; but, when I can reflect calmly on the matter, I feel disposed to follow my sisters to America, where, they tell me, a stout arm and a willing heart are sure to make their way, and where every man is free to worship God after his own fashion."

"There is a weary width of water to cross before you get there, is there not, Conrad?" asked Christina.

"Indeed there is," answered he; "it lies so far away across the ocean, that those who found it called it the New World. New enough and strange enough it will seem, doubtless, to those who are obliged to leave this Old World to make their homes in it."

"How do they get to it?" asked Hans.

"O, in a ship, to be sure."

"What is a ship like, Conrad? I wish I could see one."

Conrad explained as well as he could; but neither he nor any of the party were very conversant with ships. The largest craft the Wolfgangers had ever seen were the fishing-boats on the König-see. Conrad had more experience in such matters; for, though his travels had not been extended to the sea-coast, he had seen the Danube, and the vessels that navigate that river. Hans thought he should not like to be obliged to stay in a ship so long as Conrad said those must who sailed for America: it would be worse than confinement to the cottage during a snow-storm.

"It will be well if some of us are not obliged to endure it who like it no better than you, my good little fellow," remarked Conrad, in a tone so melancholy, that Caspar and his wife looked at him with faces expressive of anxious inquiry. "It is foolish to repeat these things, for there are so many tales going about every day, that one does not know what to believe. This may be false, for aught I know; but I have heard that the archbishop has changed his tactics, and issued an order for every one of us to quit the country, and that the soldiers will see it thoroughly executed."

At these words Christina turned very pale, and Caspar looked troubled, as he answered: "I have long seen that we must go, sooner or later. I only regret that I did not depart at the beginning of these troubles; then we might, perhaps, have taken something with us—now it is too late."

"Too late, indeed! We can do nothing to help ourselves," said Conrad, starting up and seizing his gun; "so do not let us sit brooding over anticipated evils which we can do nothing to avert. Come, Rudolph, let us go. We shall forget priests and soldiers better in the free air of the mountains than cooped up within these four walls of yours."

Rudolph had been ready for some time, and would have been more impatient to be

off if the conversation had been on any other subject. As it was, he stood so intently listening, that he almost forgot the purposed expedition. But the sense of present pleasure soon overcame that of future and uncertain evil; and, with a light step and cheerful countenance, he left the cottage by the side of Conrad.

Conrad, too, grew more cheerful as he strode along. It was a bright, clear, bracing morning, although somewhat cool at that early hour; but the mountaineers were too much accustomed to the keenness of the air in that elevated region to feel the chill of an autumn morning any inconvenience. As they proceeded, every trace of care vanished from Rudolph's countenance. With boyish pleasure he pointed out to his companion everything that amused him on the way; and, as is common when people have a day of pleasure in prospect, objects of amusement were very frequent.

"Look, Conrad," said he, as they came in sight of the beautiful lake called the König-see, "how green the water looks this morning! and how steep the shores are! I should not like to be on the lake when its waters are dashing as I've seen them sometimes; should you, Conrad?"

"You'd have little chance of your life if you were," returned Conrad; "there are but few places where a boat can land on the König-see, or a swimmer, either, unless, like a spider, he can walk up a perpendicular wall. I've been told by those who have been in Switzerland, that it's worse than the Lake of Uri; and that Tell himself could never have jumped ashore on the König-see."

"Tell! who was Tell?" Rudolph asked; and now he hoped for a story, Conrad had so many stories. He had been such a traveler, and had met with so many people who had traveled further than he, that his store of anecdotes was inexhaustible. This time he had a tale which he told with much animation, for he felt at that moment as if he envied Tell the power of avenging his country by a single blow. His young companion caught his enthusiasm, and listened so earnestly, that he had neither eyes nor ears for external objects. Suddenly Conrad stopped, and pointed to what appeared to be a mass of dark stone, a gun-shot from the place where they stood. There sat a magnificent vulture, so closely resembling the rock in the color of its plumage that an inexperienced eye might easily have overlooked it. It was one of the species known by the name of the lammergeyer of the Alps. Conrad raised his gun, but yielding to Rudolph's petitioning look, he nodded, and left the noble prey to his young companion. The boy's heart beat as he took his aim. His intended victim seemed less disturbed than he did, for, as soon as the shot was fired, it spread its enormous pinions, and, uttering its peculiar cry, rose slowly and majestically into the air, as if disdaining the appearance of flight.

"Why did you not bring him down as he rose?" asked Rudolph, a little vexed at his failure.

"Let him go this time," answered Conrad; "he is a noble fellow, and if it were not that he kills the game and carries off the kids, he would not be worth powder and shot. But don't be downcast, Rudolph; you'll do better next time!"

Rudolph was more successful before the day was over; and when they had brought down a fine young wild goat, and some smaller game, they began to think of turning their faces homeward. They had attained a considerable height, and had now a long walk before them, with a heavy load; so, before commencing it they sat down to refresh themselves with the provisions they had brought with them. High as they were, the Alps seemed as far above them as ever; but they were near enough to some of the snowy slopes to see dark specks moving here and there on the white surface.

"See, Conrad," said Rudolph, "look at the chamois yonder! I wish we were among them; don't you?"

"Ay, lad; and we will have one or two some day soon. I hoped we might have come across a herd to-day, but we have missed them."

"They say," continued Rudolph, "that it does not do to follow the chamois too high—that there is danger in it; is that true?"

"Yes, true enough; and more danger than there is in chasms and glaciers. If a hunter is too bold, he may chance to see what would make the steadiest head grow giddy."

Rudolph trembled. "Have you ever seen anything, Conrad?" asked he.

"No, I cannot say I have," was the answer; "but I have known those who

have. I knew a man well, whose own cousin came to his death through venturing where the spirits suffer nothing mortal to meddle with the wild herd."

"O, do tell me about it," said Rudolph, whose eyes opened with awe and curiosity.

"Well, you see, he was a bold hunter from his very childhood. Even when a little fellow, when his mother would fain have kept him at home to mind the lambs, he would go out with his father after the chamois; and when he grew up he was noted all over the country as the boldest hunter in the land. He seldom started his game without bringing it down; he could spring like a chamois himself; and was so skillful a marksman, that the poor beast had small chance of escape when once within range of his rifle. One day he was pursuing a fine young buck, and a weary chase it led him, over more than one yawning gulf and steep precipice. At last, when he thought he had the creature safe, it scrambled up a nearly perpendicular rock, and after standing for a moment on the snow above his head, as if in mockery, disappeared. He climbed after it; and when he reached the spot where it had stood, there was no chamois, but ——."

"But what," asked Rudolph, eagerly—"what was there?"

"A fearful figure, lofty as a mountain, and wearing a pointed crown of glittering snow. Its eyes shone like crystal; and when it spoke (for it did speak) its voice was like the thunder of the avalanche."

"What did it say?" demanded Rudolph.

"I know not what words it used—perhaps no man does, save he who heard them; but it gave him to understand that the herds on those heights were under his protection, and that mortal huntsman must be content with the game below. Poor fellow! he paid dearly for his presumption; for he fell, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Some say that fright at the sudden appearances of the specter threw him off his balance; but it is more probable that the spirit, enraged at his boldness, took a terrible revenge by hurling him down the precipice."

Rudolph shuddered as he looked around. He almost expected to see the mountain spirit glaring at him from one of the tall cliffs by which he was surrounded. After a while he said, "Do you think it is quite true, Conrad?"

"True! to be sure it is! I tell you I know those who found the poor fellow, and carried him home to his heart-broken mother."

Rudolph sighed. "Was he killed on the spot, think you?" asked he, after a short pause.

"He must have been," answered Conrad; "no man could have had such a fall, without immediate destruction."

Another pause, and then Rudolph said, somewhat thoughtfully—"But how could he relate what had happened to him when he was quite dead?"

Conrad was a little embarrassed; he had never thought of that before. "O! I don't know, I'm sure," he replied; "but it's true, as everybody knows; there lay the poor fellow's body, and that was proof enough for anything."

Rudolph's doubts vanished before such incontrovertible evidence, and with a heart full of pity for the luckless hunter, and awe of the mysterious being who had proved so formidable an enemy, he prepared for the walk homeward.

He was heartily tired when he reached the cottage; but his fatigue vanished when, seated by the fire, he began to tell the story of the day's adventures. Conrad was easily persuaded to stay all night; he was not very busy at home, and the next day he would assist Caspar in getting in his crop of rye. He promised Hans to find half an hour before he left to help him with his work, and begin something else for him, that he might have plenty of employment for the winter. Indeed they might as well have a look at it that night, for it seemed as if Rudolph would be some time before he had sufficiently disburdened himself of his budget of news to be ready to betake himself to repose. So, while Rudolph talked and his father listened, Conrad cut away at a little wooden representation of some animal with horns, which might have been styled chamois, stag, or goat, so general was the resemblance which it bore to those various tribes. The attention of Hans was divided between the progress of his work and his brother's anecdotes. Thus occupied, no one thought Christina long in preparing supper, but, as soon as it was eaten, they began to feel that they were very tired, and one by one dropped off to bed.

They could not have had a day more favorable for housing the little crop than the one that dawned upon them the next morning. Everything looked so bright and cheerful, that it was impossible to harbor any fears or misgivings, and Caspar and his wife set about the labor of the day with something of their old cheerfulness, while the lads, who considered this as a kind of gala-day, gamboled about like two young colts. But there was plenty for every one to do. There had not been such a heavy crop for many years, and they were all required to set steadily to work; even little Hans was quite a man of business.

Getting in the harvest is, perhaps, the most cheerful of the husbandman's yearly tasks. The many risks to which the crop is subject are over, and the reward of his days of toil is safely in his hands. Cheerily passed the morning hours in Caspar's rye-field, and, after the noonday repast, they set to work again with the hope of finishing before sunset. But their operations met with a terrible interruption. The first hour of the afternoon was scarcely expired, when an exclamation from one of the boys made Caspar and his companions suspend their labors. Looking up, they saw a sight which caused the implements to drop from their hands, and the blood to rush back to their hearts, leaving them pale and motionless as statues. Yes! the hour so long looked for, so long dreaded, was come at last! Those were no ordinary visitors who were now threading the little-frequented path which led to Caspar's cottage. They were regular, well-appointed soldiers, whose bright arms glittered in the autumn sun, as they appeared occasionally through the trees, or between the masses of rock, by which the view from the rye-field was obstructed.

There was no doubt about their office or their errand; all that remained to be thought of was how to meet or how to avoid the visit. Of the latter alternative there was no rational hope, but Christina clung to the idea of it with desperation. "Let us fly!" said she; "let us hide ourselves in the mountains! we had better starve with cold and hunger, than fall into the hands of the tyrants!"

"Where can we fly?" returned her husband; "we shall only escape now to be hunted from our hiding-places like wild beasts. No, we have done no wrong, and we will not flee like thieves and robbers; we are honest men, laboring peacefully for our dayly bread; on them be the curse, if they molest us."

Conrad started from the stupor into which the apparition of the soldiers had thrown him, and muttered something about going to fetch his gun. But Caspar seized his arm. "Do not be so mad as to attempt resistance," said he; "what can you do single handed? Opposition will only exasperate our enemies, and bring upon us and all who are dear to us an increase of suffering."

Conrad knew that his friend was right, and promised to be rational, and not make matters worse by useless resistance. He gave up the idea of fetching his arms, but clutched the reaping-hook tighter, inwardly resolving to make good use of that, should any attempt be made to deprive him of personal liberty.

Caspar, who had now completely recovered his self-possession, called upon his terrified wife and children to proceed with their employment, and, if possible, to exhibit no trepidation of manner which might be construed into a sign of conscious guilt. They obeyed to the best of their power, but, as may easily be imagined, made little progress in their task.

Meanwhile the band which had excited their alarm drew near. It passed the empty and silent cottage, when some of the number descried the objects of their search busy in the field, and thither their march was immediately directed. This body of men was principally composed of imperial soldiers, a few mounted, the rest on foot. By the side of the officer at the head of the troop rode two men, whose peaceful garb bore a marked contrast to the martial trappings of the soldiery. These were ecclesiastics. One of them had a countenance as stern and commanding as that of any warrior in the train, and from his dress and manner appeared to be a dignitary of the Church; the other was clad in the ordinary garb of a monk, and the large cowl drawn over his head effectually concealed his features from observation.

As the party approached, Caspar and Conrad turned, and greeted the chiefs in a firm and manly, but respectful manner.

"Is not your name Wolfganger?" demanded the officer who headed the troop, addressing Caspar.

He received an answer in the affirmative.

"And you are a member of a confederation calling itself the Salzbund?"

Wolfganger paused for a moment; Christina seemed about to interpose, but her husband signed to her to be silent, and replied with a firm voice that he was a member of the confederation.

"And here is another of them," exclaimed one of the party, who was a native of the district, and had recognized Conrad. "Conrad Birnstein has made no secret of his opinions respecting our holy Church for many a day."

Conrad did not speak—he dared not trust himself to do so. He stood erect, with the air of a man who has braced himself up to endurance.

His silence was received as an acknowledgment of guilt, and the officer thus addressed him and his companions:—"Misguided people, it is my duty to declare to you the pleasure of the emperor. It is his will that you immediately comply with the orders of the archbishop, and quit the country without delay. A detachment of my men waits to see you to the frontier."

"It is hard for men who have done no wrong to be driven from house and home, with no means of getting their bread," said Caspar.

"Hard!" interposed the Churchman. "Rather than pronounce your sentence hard, you should be ready to kneel down and return thanks for such unheard-of lenity! Instead of the stake and the fagot, (fit recompense for your obstinate heresies,) you are condemned to the milder chastisement of banishment. And the clemency of the Church does not end here—she still offers reconciliation and forgiveness. Recant, even now—now at the eleventh hour—and I give you her blessing and her peace."

Caspar's whole frame trembled; he felt his wife's eyes fixed on him, anxiously, if not imploringly; he saw his boys, pale with terror by his side: and who can wonder if for a moment he hesitated? But the indignant exclamation of Conrad at the proposal recalled him to the recollection of his oath. "I dare not deny what I believe to be God's truth," he replied, in a low but steady voice; and Christina sank down in despair and terror on the sheaf beside which she stood.

"Then your blood be upon your own heads," said the Churchman, and turning away, he made room for the soldiers, who immediately surrounded the peasants, and ordered them to begin their march.

"We shall surely be allowed to go home, and make some preparation for our journey," said Caspar; "at least allow us to fetch our coats." For they had not their upper garments on, having left them in the house, that they might be less encumbered in their labors.

"You must not be so nice," returned one of the soldiers, roughly; "it is no slight thing to have escaped burning. You may put up with the loss of a coat, when your lives are saved only by a hair's-breadth."

"You would not send a woman forth without a cloak to cover her from the cold and rain," remonstrated Conrad, as calmly as he was able, for he could scarcely keep down the rage which burned within him.

"You'll be warm enough when you join your master, Luther, down below yonder," returned one of the soldiers, with a laugh, and his brutal jest was received with applause and merriment by his comrades.

"Come, mistress, we must be moving," said another; "we are losing time, and we have plenty of this kind of work on our hands just now."

"There is one who clothes the lily, and cares for the sparrow," muttered Wolfganger, and taking his wife's arm to support her tottering steps, he prepared to obey. "Come, lads, take each other by the hand, and follow your mother and me. Let us meet our affliction with patience, and thank God that he has sent it to us while we are all together to help one another to bear it."

Their conductors hesitated. "No, no," said one, "that will scarcely be our order of march, I fancy." And they looked toward their leaders, to ask for further orders.

The heads of the party were at that moment engaged in consultation. The humbler ecclesiastic had heard what passed between the peasants and the soldiers, and he now begged of the commanding officer that the petition of the former might be granted. After some little demur, on the ground of such an indulgence causing unnecessary delay, the request was acceded to, and orders were given for conveying the party to the house, and

allowing them to take their usual articles of clothing and some provisions. The man to whom these commands were intimated looked surprised, but bowed, and asked whether the boys were to accompany their parents. "O no! certainly not," was the answer; "at least I suppose the Church does not consider these boys too old to be taken under her care."

"God forbid!" said the Churchman: "the Church does not condemn the innocent lambs with the polluted goats! The children remain behind; they may yet become worthy members of the true communion, and learn to pray for their erring parents."

When this decision was intimated to the peasants, it was some time before either parents or children could believe that they heard aright; and the scene that ensued, when they did fully comprehend their situation, baffles description. At first Christina sprung almost fiercely toward her children, declaring that death alone should part her from them. The next moment she fell, weeping and wringing her hands, at the feet of those who had pronounced the bitter sentence, praying for mercy. But a stern command to hasten her parting embraces, was the only answer to her entreaties. The unhappy parents held the boys in a convulsive embrace, and were so absorbed in their misery, that they did not hear or attend to the permission which was granted them to return to the cottage and provide themselves with a few necessaries for their journey.

Fortunately Conrad was more self-possessed, or they might have lost the chance of obtaining this slight mitigation of their sufferings. He followed the compassionate priest, who had undertaken to see this order executed. Some of the soldiers accompanied them, the rest stood waiting near the afflicted group, for, rude as they were, they seemed for a few moments awed into patience by a scene of suffering so intense.

Conrad was allowed short time for making his selection from the household goods, and when he returned with the most necessary articles of wearing apparel which he had been able to find, and a loaf or two of rye-bread, the soldiers intimated to the parents and children that they must part.

"O no, no!" cried the heart-broken mother; "we will promise anything, will we not, husband? but do not tear us from our children!"

There is no telling how Caspar's constancy might have stood this new temptation, had he not been spared the trial. The chiefs of the party had disappeared, and the soldiers received this speech of Christina with a brutal laugh. "No, no!" cried they, "you don't slip through our fingers in that way; it is too late to talk of recanting now."

"Father will not recant," said Rudolph, stoutly, drying his eyes, and checking his sobs, while his color rose with indignation; "you shall tear us in pieces first!"

"Hey-day!" laughed one of the soldiers, "the holy fathers will have some trouble with that sprig, or I'm mistaken?"

"A well-broken colt is no worse for a bit of spirit to begin with," remarked another.

"He'll be a good son of the Church yet, under proper management," said a third.

At these remarks, uttered in the most insulting tone, Rudolph's indignation rose to the highest pitch, and he was about to reply, but his eye fell on his weeping mother, and he could think of nothing but her. He restrained his tears for her sake: —"O mother, mother," he cried, "do not weep! God will take care of us and of you too!"

"Bless thee, my brave boy!" said his father, "he will! And listen, Rudolph," added he, taking the sobbing Hans gently from his poor wife, and placing him in his brother's arms; "you must be father, mother—*all* to him."

Rudolph raised his eyes to his father's, almost proud of the charge, even in that moment of agony, and his look promised obedience, though he could not speak. Once more he clung round his father's neck, then he felt his arm seized, he heard a wild cry from his mother, he turned giddy, and was for some minutes unconscious of what was passing around him. When he recovered his recollection, they were gone!

Yes! they were indeed gone! and the boys were so engrossed by that one thought, which had in it so much of sorrow, that they looked on almost with indifference while a scene was acted before their eyes which at any other time would

have filled them with indignation and distress. They saw the cottage plundered of everything which was of the slightest value, and the spoil divided without ceremony among the soldiers.

The work of destruction was soon accomplished. The horses of the soldiers were loaded with all that could be plundered, and the whole party were soon in order for marching.

"Fire the hut," suggested one, as they prepared to leave the dismantled abode; "smoke and flame will be a warning to the heretics, and teach them to amend their ways."

The proposal was received with a shout, and, without regard to the expostulations of the ecclesiastic, who had been left in charge of the children, was instantly carried into effect. Hans and Rudolph covered their faces, as they beheld the house which had sheltered them all their lives enveloped in devouring flames. But they soon lost sight of the mournful spectacle. It was growing late, and, as it was the intention of the party to convey the children to the little town of Berchtesgaden for the night, they hastened their departure. The boys were each taken up by a soldier, placed before him on his horse, and quickly borne, with heavy hearts and streaming eyes, far from the home of their infancy.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE STUDENT.

Toiling o'er the thumb-worn book
Sat a student in his chair;
Dim his eye, and wan his look;
On his brow the lines of care,
Where 't were sad so soon to see,
Haste! for immortality.

O'er the old historic page,
In the dark, mysterious past,
Through the world's primeval age,
Tired memory hurried fast,
From that sentence never free,
Haste! for immortality.

Language, with her hundred tongue,
Ever babbling in his ear,
Through his soul the message rung,
Life-long work awaits you here:
Give the hours unmarr'd to me;
Haste! for immortality.

In the desk, or capitol,
In the work-shop or the mine,
Of sternest wrestlings life is full;
Bursts there oft from souls divine,
The mournful, agonizing plea,
Haste! for immortality.

In the liquid songs of love
Rises still the pale youth's cry,
As when some forsaken dove
Breathes her moanings to the sky;
Thrilling though love's raptures be,
Haste! for immortality.

Write a deathless sentence! write,
Write! though no reward it bring;
Weary day, and weary night,
Somber sadness o'er him fling,
Clouding all his youthful glee,
Haste! for immortality.

Brave a proud world's silly scorn!
First, it always spurns the great;
From its frowns resolves are born,
Bringing triumph, though too late.
Fame may yet encourage thee,
Haste! for immortality.

Near the weary couch of pain
Watch'd the student's angel wife,
To allay his throbbing brain,
Still to stay that precious life;
Vainly all—for soon did he
Haste to immortality.

L. W. P.

[For the National Magazine.]

TREAD LIGHTLY.

BY AN ARTIST.

Tread lightly, tread light o'er the teeming ground;
For at every step you take
More beauty you crush in your heedless round,
Than your puny arm can make.

The simplest blade, or the humblest flower,
Which adorns your mother earth,
As far transcends your boasted power
As the Hand that gave it birth.

Some beautiful rose should an angel bring,
That bloom'd erst in Eden's bower,
You would treasure it long as a sacred thing,
And gaze on it many an hour.

And knowest thou not that each lovely form
Was made by the same great Hand?
The Being that frowns from the brow of the storm,
Scatters dew-drops and flowers o'er the land.

Then thoughtfully gaze on each fragrant gem
That adorns the verdant sod;
Tread lightly, and crush not the tenderest stem,
Nor mar the fair works of God.

Tread lightly and humbly, for earth has naught
You should pass with a careless eye;
Remember, vain man, what cost God a thought,
You may not pass heedlessly by.

Tread lightly, nor dream that the glories divine
Are confined to the heavens above;
Around and beneath us his attributes shine,
Proclaiming, "Jehovah is love."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE SCHOOLMEN AND THEIR LABOR.

THE end of the twelfth century was also the terminus of that thickest darkness which had traveled over the intellectual world. A long night of ignorance and barbarism was about to pass away. Its fearful gloom had rested sullenly and almost hopelessly on the human mind. Superstition and bigotry, hand in hand, like ghostly specters, stalked abroad through the whole earth. A universal paralysis had seized on mankind, even paralyzing every thought of energetic action or advancement. The first glimmerings of light with which the historic page furnishes us, are seen in some successful struggles toward *political* amelioration. The inhabitants of the cities demanded and obtained personal freedom and municipal jurisdiction. Their aspirations after civil liberty and political power, thus enkindled, were soon gratified; as the sovereigns wisely discerned that such an order in the state would do much to supply the exigencies of the crown and repress the encroachments of the nobles. Their enfranchisement opened the way for the abolition of villainage, and in the most enlightened countries the odious names of master and slave went into desuetude. An advance was soon made toward a more regular administration of justice. The trial by ordeal and by duel was abolished in most countries before the close of the thirteenth century, and various attempts were made to restrain the practice of private war.

Still no effectual progress toward an intellectual renovation was discernible, till the discovery of a copy of Justinian's Pandects, at Amalphi, in Italy. The age had too little taste to relish the beauty of the Roman classics, but immediately perceived the merit of a system of laws in which all the points most interesting to mankind were settled with precision, discernment, and equity. The Justinian code was studied with eagerness, and professors of civil law were appointed to teach this new science in most countries of Europe. Here was the first grand impulse which awoke the slumbering intellect of Europe. The study of law had a large influence upon letters. The knowledge of a variety of sciences became necessary, in order to expound with judgment the civil code; and the same passion which made men pursue juridical science with so much ardor, made them anxious to excel in every branch of literature. Colleges and universities were founded; a regular course of studies was planned, and a regular set of professors established.

But unhappily a false taste infected all these schools. The schoolmen derived their principles of science from foreign sources, and instead of improving them by thorough study and critical comparisons, or enriching them by new discoveries, they yielded to them a servile obedience and blind adoration. From the Greeks they took their theology, and from the Arabs their philosophy. The one had been rendered a system of metaphysical refinement and endless controversy, and to the other had been communicated a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Thus the whole system of the schoolmen rested on the Aristotelian basis, already corrupted by age and unfaithful usage. In this crude state of learning a multitude of sects sprang up, and the endless discussions arising between the respective champions, together with the religious and political influences under which they acted, furnish the chief feature in the scholastic writings.

That wonderful energy of thought is everywhere displayed in the works of the schoolmen, no one will pretend to deny. Abelard, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus were very giants in intellect. But that such mighty powers should have been devoted to puerile questions and modes of dispute admitting of no termination and producing no conviction, has called forth the indignation of learned men in all the subsequent ages. They could write immense folio volumes on such questions as "whether the *idea* we form of a horse is the same as the horse itself." Thomas Aquinas has furnished us with evidences of his splendid genius in three hundred and fifty-eight articles on *angels*; "treating of their nature, orders, habits, and offices, as if he himself had been an old experienced angel." Right worthily did he win the title of the "Angelic Doctor." Learned and powerful disquisitions were penned on "the number of angels which might dance on the point of a very fine needle without jostling one another." Much ink was shed on "the color of the Virgin Mary's hair"—enough, indeed, to have determined that matter,

had she been a common mortal! These, it is true, are only the extreme absurdities of which these philosophers were guilty; but their most important works are now nearly unknown; and the undisturbed dust of ages has accumulated upon their volumes in all the great libraries of Europe.

But among mountains of rubbish we sometimes find particles of gold, and in interminable heaps of chaff are frequently seeds which contain the germs of a future luxuriant harvest. We are not to judge of the value of scholastic literature by any particular amount of knowledge displayed in it, nor by the number of new scientific principles involved or implied. These would be fair criterions in an age when the intellect had been allowed unfettered action, and the march of mind had been free from interposing obstacles. But such was not the character of the times of which we now speak. The great founders of the schools had laid down the Peripatetic system as the immutable basis of the whole structure of philosophy. A corrupt Church, exercising a despotic sway, not only over the consciences, but also over the minds of men, forbade the free discussion of all those great questions upon which the decisions of an ignorant and bigoted hierarchy had been pronounced infallible; and brought all its enginery to bear against the glorious awakening of intellect, as if to haul it back again into the darkness of the past and bring it under the mountains of a barbarous superstition. Nor could attention be profitably directed to the practical elevation and improvement of society. The masses were grossly ignorant, and there was no medium through which they could be reached. Language was in a transition state, and the barbarous Teutonic dialects mingling with the Latin had only arrived at a condition of hopeless jargon, which had nowhere been reduced to a written system. Europe in the preceding ages had possessed no literature; and the new creation of which the schoolmen were laying the foundations, had no means to communicate itself except in the Latin language.

Effectually debarred by these obstacles from going forth to establish a pure and elevating literature, they were compelled to exercise their talents and consume their energies on impractical abstractions and metaphysical speculations, which, by their very subtilties, escaped the denunciations and anathemas of priestly bigotry and papal intolerance. Yet these same impediments, paradoxical though it may seem, ultimately contributed in no small degree to the growth of mental power. The inquisitive and nicely discriminating spirit of the philosophers was preparing the human intellect for that mighty action which, in due season, was put forth with such glorious results. The newly awakened spirit of the world extended its influence with astonishing rapidity, till thousands and tens of thousands of students flocked to the universities of Paris, and Bologna, and Oxford. The mind, by a continual struggle with the shadowy beings that people the realms of metaphysics, gathered strength to attack those more practical theories which can be established only by inductive reasoning. It was a species of "intellectual gymnastics," by which the soul acquired the power so long wanting, but so needful.

At the close of the fourteenth century, the ever-rising surges of spiritual power had acquired an accumulated impulse which could no longer be restrained. Tyrannical edicts failed to check it; the cold conservatism which dares not step from the line of established precedents was routed again and again. Poets, and orators, and philosophers began to act in accordance with the dictates of humanity and reason. The prophetic voices of a religious renovation were heard in the hamlets of England and the woods of Bohemia. Still the glowing stream swept on for another hundred years; when, as if a master spirit were riding on the storm and directing its course, it rushed with overwhelming force on the formidable barriers obstructing its progress, and the clarion notes of the Reformation, sounding forth from the very center of civilization, declared that the minds and consciences of men were in their own keeping.

The chief restraints being overcome, the mind brought forward still more powerful aids to its advancement. Printing and other new inventions furnished unprecedented facilities for the spread of knowledge. The intellect, elevated to a superior height, hesitated no longer to examine that great system on which its philosophy was founded; and Bacon's genius completed the demolition of the corrupted Aristotelian basis. Thus national character, which is at first the cause and

in turn the effect of the current literature, became gradually changed, resulting in more liberal forms of government, a more elevated philosophy, and a purer system of religion. From the time of the schoolmen the world's literature has advanced, mingled with the genial spirit of Christianity, till hand in hand they are moving forward to the accomplishment of a glorious destiny — the redemption of the world from an abject sensuality to a higher and holier condition.

MOZART, AND HIS REQUIEM.

IT was during the composition of the *Zauberflöte* that the eruption of those symptoms which portend decay of the vital powers, and a general breaking up of the constitution, first appeared. As usual, he grew interested in his work, and wrote by day and night; but not as formerly, with impunity. He sank over this composition into frequent swoons, in which he remained for several minutes before consciousness returned. His health suffered so much, that in the month of June (1791) he suspended for a time his labors on the *Zauberflöte*, and made a short excursion to Baden. There he produced his *Ave verum corpus*, a strain of such calm but exalted religious feeling as may well interpret his sensations in sickness and solitude. The *Zauberflöte* is entered in his catalogue as finished in July, though it was not performed till the 30th of September, after the composer's return from Prague. That it was not quite finished, however, at that time, but submitted to various alterations and additions, which rendered the *Zauberflöte*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, and the *Requiem*, cotemporaneous subjects of thought, will presently appear.

And now comes one of the most curious incidents in his life. Early in August, the composer was one day surprised by the entrance of a stranger, who brought him a letter without any signature, the purport of which was to inquire whether he would undertake the composition of a requiem, by what time he could be ready with it, and his price. The unknown expressed himself on the occasion in a manner as flattering as it was mysterious. Mozart, who was never accustomed to engage in any undertaking without consulting his wife, related to her the singular proposition made to him, adding, that he should much like to try his hand in a work of that character, as the elevated and the pathetic in Church music was his favorite style. She advised him to accept the engagement; and he accordingly wrote an answer, stating his terms for the composition, excusing himself from naming the precise time of its completion, but desiring to know where it should be sent when finished. In a few days the messenger returned, paid twenty-five ducats, half the price required, in advance, and informed the composer that as his demand was so moderate he might expect a considerable present on the completing the score. He was to follow the bent of his own genius in the work, but to give himself no trouble to discover who employed him, as it would be in vain. On the departure of the stranger he fell into a profound reverie; then, suddenly calling for pen, ink, and paper, began to write. He had not proceeded far, before his progress was interrupted by the commission to compose an opera for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, at Prague. The subject proposed by the council of the Bohemian nobility was *La Clemenza di Tito*. The whole idea of this opera seems to have been unreasonably deferred, and the work was now to be completed on an emergency. About the 18th of August he set off for Prague, accompanied by his wife, and his pupil Süssmayer: he commenced the composition in his traveling carriage, and finished it at Prague in eighteen days. He carried with him a number of little slips of ruled paper, on which he noted various subjects to be afterward amplified. Such was the nature of his traveling labors, now, from the great diversion of his thoughts, unusually necessary as an aid to memory. The unaccompanied recitative, that is to say the dialogue merely accompanied by a pianoforte, was wholly committed to Süssmayer.

Just as Mozart and his wife were entering their traveling carriage for Prague, the stranger who had brought the commission for the requiem suddenly reappeared. "How will the requiem proceed now?" he inquired. Mozart excused himself on account of the necessity of the journey, and the impossibility of giving intelligence of it to his anonymous employer; but expressed his determination to make the work his first care on his return. This assurance gave satisfaction.

In this anecdote, which, it must be admitted, is abundantly mysterious and provocative, we have the source of the supernatural origin to which the *Requiem* is popularly ascribed. To a man in Mozart's condition of weakness and melancholy, which by degrees filled him with prepossessions approaching insanity, the unexpected appearance of the bearer of this ghostly commission from a concealed hand, might easily suggest that it was a communication from the other world.

Throughout the whole of his visit to Prague, Mozart was ill, and took medicine incessantly. An unusual paleness overspread his countenance, and its expression was languid and melancholy, though in the cheerful society of friends his spirits occasionally revived.

On taking leave of the circle of his acquaintance at Prague he was unusually affected, and shed tears, for it was with a strong presentiment of his approaching death, and that he should see them no more.

Toward the close of September he was again at Vienna, where the *Zauberflöte* only awaited the last touches to be quite ready for representation. On the 28th of this month he composed the memorable overture, and a priests' march, in which he seems to have cast a retrospective glance on a similar subject in *Idomeneo*. The opera was produced on the 30th with a success which fully warranted the manager's prediction.

He had causes of pleasure independently of the music, in the success of the *Zauberflöte*. He saw himself surrounded by friends whom this effort had benefited: on the stage were his friend Schack, the original Tamino; the manager Schickaneder (his treachery as yet unknown) as Papageno; Mad. Hofer, his wife's sister; and in the orchestra was her husband. There was a numerous company in this theater with whom Mozart was on familiar terms; and thus in conducting his opera, he had more of the charm of private sympathy, and was more emphatically "at home."

When confined to his house, and no longer able to attend the performances of the *Zauberflöte*, he would place his watch by his side, and follow it in imagination. "Now the first act is over," he would say; "now they are singing such an air," &c.; and then the thought of his approaching end would strike him with melancholy. It was in this state of mind that he worked at the *Requiem*, partly at home, but more frequently at the Laimgrube in Trattner's garden. Schack and Süssmayer were much with him during the progress of this work; and it was his custom as soon as he had finished a movement to have it sung, while he played over the orchestral part on the pianoforte.

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One fine day in the autumn his wife drove with him to the Prater. As soon as they had reached a solitary spot, and were seated together, Mozart began to speak of death, and said he was writing this *Requiem* for himself. She tried to talk him out of these gloomy fancies, but in vain, and his eyes filled with tears as he answered her, "No, no, I am but too well convinced that I cannot last long. I have certainly been poisoned. I cannot rid myself of this idea."

Shocked to hear him talk thus, yet unable herself to persuade him how groundless were his suspicions, or to administer effectual consolation, she determined to consult a physician; and with his approbation the score of the *Requiem* was taken away. This, for a time, had a good effect; the removal of the work which so fatally excited his imagination, caused a sensible improvement in his health, and by the middle of November he was so far recovered as to be able to attend a meeting of his old friends the Freemasons. Their joy at seeing him again among them, and the excellent performance of a little cantata which he had just written for them, entitled "The Praise of Friendship," (*Das Lob der Freundschaft*,) greatly revived his spirits. On reaching home after this festival, he said to his wife, "O, Stänert, how madly they have gone on about my cantata. If I did not know that I had written better things, I should have thought that my best composition." He now entreated to have his *Requiem* restored, that he might complete it as soon as possible; and his wife, no longer seeing any objection, complied.

With the *Requiem* his former illness returned. About the 21st of November his hands and feet began to swell, he was seized with sudden sickness, and an almost total incapacity of motion. In this state he was removed to the bed from which he never rose again. During the fourteen

days in which he lay thus, his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired; he had a strong desire for life, though little expectation of it, and his behavior was generally tranquil and resigned.

Throughout his illness music was still a subject of the greatest interest to him. The *Requiem* lay almost continually on his bed, and Süssmayer was frequently at his side receiving instructions as to effects, the production of which by an orchestra he could never expect to superintend personally. One of his last efforts was an attempt to explain to Süssmayer an effect of the drum in the *Requiem;* he was observed in doing this to blow out his cheeks, and express his meaning by a noise intelligible to the musician.

At two o'clock on the same day, which was that of his death, he had been visited by some performers of Schickaneder's theater, his intimate friends. The ruling passion was now strongly exemplified. He desired the score of the *Requiem* to be brought, and it was sung by his visitors round his bed;—himself taking the alto part, Schack sang the soprano, Hofer, his brother-in-law, the tenor, and Gorl the bass. They had proceeded as far as the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and the score was put aside. It may appear incredible that Mozart should be in a condition to sing after an illness of a fortnight's duration, in which his weakness was such, that he was obliged to be drawn forward whenever he required to sit up in his bed. But there is no reason to doubt the fact; for, besides the circumstantial testimony of Schack, to whom we owe this anecdote, it is well known that other musicians, whose death was caused by some one of the insidious forms of consumption, have sung a few hours before their departure.

Throughout this day he was possessed with a strong presentiment of the near approach of death, and now gave himself up, relinquishing every hope that he had hitherto occasionally cherished. His physicians, indeed, thought unfavorably of his case from the first; and one of them, Dr. Sallaba, some days previously, had pronounced him beyond all human aid.

It was late in the evening of December 5, 1771, that his sister-in-law returned, but only to witness his dissolution. She had left him so much better, that she did not hasten to him. Her own account may now be given:—

"How shocked was I, when my sister, usually so calm and self-possessed, met me at the door, and in a half-distracted manner, said, 'God be thanked that you are here! Since you left he has been so ill that I never expected him to outlive this day. Should he be so again, he will die to-night. Go to him, and see how he is.' As I approached the bed he called to me—'It is well that you are here: you must stay to-night and see me die.' I tried as far as I was able to banish this impression, but he replied, 'The taste of death is already on my tongue—*I taste death;* and who will be near to support my Constance if you go away?' I returned to my mother for a few moments to give her intelligence, for she was anxiously waiting, as she might else have supposed the fatal event already over; and then hurried back to my disconsolate sister. Süssmayer was standing by the bedside, and on the counterpane lay the *Requiem*, concerning which Mozart was still speaking and giving directions. He now called his wife, and made her promise to keep his death secret for a time from every one but Albrechtsberger, that he might thus have an advantage over other candidates for the vacant office of Kapellmeister to St. Stephen's. His desire in this respect was gratified, for Albrechtsberger received the appointment. As he looked over the pages of the *Requiem* for the last time, he said, with tears in his eyes, 'Did not I tell you that I was writing this for myself?'

"On the arrival of the physician, Dr. Closset, cold applications were ordered to his burning head, a process endured by the patient with extreme shuddering, and which brought on the delirium from which he never recovered. He remained in this state for two hours, and at midnight expired."

Thus died Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, at the age of thirty-five years and ten months. The funeral, with the arrangements for which Baron von Swieten charged himself, was unostentatious to meanness, and far from such as befitted the obsequies of so great a man. The mortal remains of the composer were deposited in the cemetery of St. Marxer Linie, near Vienna.

A common, undistinguished grave, received the coffin, which was then left without memorial—almost forgotten—for nearly twenty years; and when, in 1808, some inquiries were made as to the precise spot of the interment, all that the sexton could tell was, that, at the latter end of 1791, the space about the third and fourth row from the cross was being occupied with graves; but the contents of these graves being from time to time exhumed, nothing could be determined concerning that which was once Mozart.

[For the National Magazine.]

ROWLAND HILL.

IF Thackeray, whose admirable lectures on the English humorists one can well afford to hear or read half-a-dozen times, would only turn his attention to another class of men than those whose characters he has so nicely dissected, we should get another illustration of his fine critical powers, and he another round of national applause; to say nothing of "material aid" to his home comforts. As he can go so gracefully from grave to gay, and from the summits of the sublime down to the borders of the ridiculous, when Trollope humor requires it, we should enjoy exceedingly a delineation from his pen of the characters of Baxter, Bunyan, South, the Wesleys, Rowland Hill, Sydney Smith, Dr. Chalmers, and the clerical madcap, Irving; and to complete the circle, he might introduce Robert Hall, John Foster, and Christmas Evans—a dozen capital names, which, taken in connection with their times, would constitute excellent themes upon which to construct a series of literary lectures. The substantial and exhilarating interest which they would afford would not be a whit behind the names of Swift, or Addison, or Steele. Rowland Hill was infinitely a better man than Swift; and in learning and wit by no means his inferior. It is true he never wrote "The Tale of a Tub," or "The Travels of Gulliver," or "The History of the Kingdoms of Lilliput" and "Brobdignag;" but he could have done either with as much facility and humor as the dean of St. Patrick's himself. He wrote and accomplished other things vastly beyond the capacity or disposition of Swift to perform. As for Sydney Smith, whose ashes are hardly cold in the grave, he was a match for Swift in any sense. He had as much wit, as mean a heart, and was as great a disgrace to the Christian ministry. If our lecturer should choose a clear-headed and warm-hearted clergyman, well fed, and every inch an Englishman and a tory, he has only to cast his glare over the clerical constellation we have furnished him, and select the name of South—good old Dr. South—with his lion heart, which was never more lion-like than when it pulsated underneath his gown and bands. No man ever knew how to love a king and hate a Puritan so well as he: and no one of the hundred embryo popes in the English Church at the restoration of the monarchy could send Charles II. to heaven with such rapture, or damn poor Cromwell with such zest, as this same Dr. South. I will agree to dine Thackeray, or any other competent man, at the Revere or the Astor, the Irving or the St. Nicholas, any day, if he will read me a good lecture on the life and times of Dr. South. Richard Baxter, as a subject of critical dissection, might not afford so much opportunity for sport as Richard, (I beg pardon,) *Sir* Richard Steele. In managing Baxter's case, one would of necessity be more serious. Neither Macaulay nor Thackeray, when speaking of the brave old Nonconformist, would ever think of saying *Dick* Baxter! His ghost would haunt them a fortnight after uttering the familiar impertinence. Not so in the presence of "Sir Richard." In his company they could laugh, empty a pot of English ale, crack their jokes; and then go off and tell stories, write and lecture about "poor *Dick* Steele!" And yet, I insist upon it, the life and times of Richard Baxter, wrought into such a shape as some one of the "modern essayists" could give it, would be a deeply interesting, and, in portions, a thrilling theme. But commend me even to the reading and study of the "Baptist tinker!" His quaint originality; his deep pathos; his simple and unaffected piety; his fruitful imagination, always teeming with images, and pictures, and characters—sublime, beautiful, and grotesque; his dauntless courage, and patient endurance; his thorough humanity; and his lofty sympathy with the exalted purposes of religion; his homely, but accurate and solid English; these, and a thousand other good things not now to be mentioned, have made John Bunyan a favorite with all the world. The Christians love him, and so do the critics, the poets, and painters; the learned and the ignorant; and children of the first and second editions. Bunyan in the person of his Pilgrim is always a welcome guest. No man need be ashamed to keep his company, or to "present" him on any occasion. And so I might go on and say lots of good things of John and Charles Wesley. I might tell the world, after the advertisement has been before it this hundred years, that they were both poets; but that Charles was a better poet than John, and John a better preacher and legislator than

Charles. This might be news to some; but not as fresh as the talk of the telegraph, in the opinion of well-read men. Taking respectful leave of the fathers of Methodism, I could introduce myself and reader to the prince of modern pulpit orators, and listen awhile to the incomparable discourses of Robert Hall, in the Baptist church, Cambridge, or in the chapel at Broadmead, Bristol; and, if the reader is a clergyman, he may feel very much as Hall himself once felt under a sermon at London, and begin to talk of "never preaching again." What a noble theme for the critic is the character of Robert Hall! John Foster thought so; and improved it well. Speaking of Foster reminds us that he, too, was a minister; but never a popular or successful one. He never could get an eligible settlement; and never could command a congregation of over two or three hundred.

Turning to the land of John Knox, we find a glorious old man leading the Kirk of Scotland; and when the Kirk of Scotland became "fat," and "kicked" *a la* Jeshurun of the olden times, and would no longer be led, we find Dr. Chalmers, at the head of four hundred ministers, going out like Abraham into the world, "not knowing whither they went." And what a character to study and delineate is that of Chalmers? And before we think of entering on this entrancing work, how one wishes he could have listened to those mighty fulminations which were poured forth from the Tron pulpit in Glasgow, or those elaborate prelections which emanated from the chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews! The reviewers and orators will not very soon get through with their dissections and portraitures of this modern Demosthenes. Leaving them all in Scotland, I have but one more nomination to make for the benefit of Mr. Thackeray, or anybody else who wishes to be benefited, and that shall be made from the mountains of the principality. Here is Rev. Christmas Evans, courteous reader—the one-eyed Baptist preacher of Wales—whose sermons on the "Battle of Calvary," and on the "Demoniac of Gadara," are not only unique but inimitable. When he preached the latter discourse, for the first half-hour the people laughed, the next half-hour they wept, and the next hour they surged to and fro, like the storm-agitated sea. The Welsh mountains never echoed to such an eloquence as that of Evans; and for fifty years its thunders rung to the profoundest depths of error and sin through all the principality.

I hope I shall be pardoned this truancy from the work I took in hand. The temptation to glance at these great names was too strong for me, especially while I knew that yielding to the literary sin would keep the reader in excellent company, and ultimate in an off-hand sketch of Rowland Hill.

"The Rev. Rowland Hill was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet, of Hawkstone, in the chapelry of Weston, and parish of Hodnet, under Red Castle, in which one of his ancestors was confined for his adherence to the cause of Charles I." The Hill family can trace its history to the times of Edward I. In the different branches of the family there were some four or five Rowlands, one of whom, Sir Rowland Hill, was the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Edward III. But as it is not particularly important that my sovereign readers shall be informed how many baronets and sprigs of nobility, connected with the Hill family, can be fished up from the oblivion of genealogical records, I shall not touch the task. It is a piece of information worth vastly more to know, that Rev. Rowland Hill, a baronet's son, was born at Hawkstone, the 23d of August, 1745, and died at his residence in St. George's Fields, London, the 19th of April, 1833, within twenty-three months of ninety years' pilgrimage.

Unlike many great men, Rowland Hill was not a dunce in his childhood, nor a blockhead in his youth; neither was he as precocious as some children. He was a smart, active lad, attending to the pranks and "cutting up the shines," in which sensible boys, generally, take immense delight. "Little Rowly" was a great favorite in Sir Rowland's aristocratic family. He had a brother older than himself, to whom he was greatly attached, and who, on the decease of Sir Rowland, inherited the family estates and titles, and for many years sat in the House of Commons as Sir Richard Hill.

These different relations and prospects appear to have been well understood by the boys, and properly appreciated by them both. There is no account that Dick and Rowly Hill ever quarreled

about their different fortunes, arising from the British laws of primogeniture; though it is said that one day, when Sir Rowland was occupying his own chair, and taking his comfort, (as nobody but a well-to-do Englishman knows how to take it,) in answer to the question what he should like to be when he grew up, Rowly said, "he *should* like to be a baronet, and sit in a great chair."

While he was yet a boy he became a Christian, chiefly through the instrumentality of his brother Richard. His piety was genuine, vigorous, earnest, and practical. The strength of his faith and the ardor of his love led him to immediate efforts for the benefit of others; and the embryo man was also the embryo preacher. At the age of nineteen he became a student of St. John's College, Cambridge, the rules of which he never could keep so long as any were sick or in prison, to whom he could carry a word of warning or comfort. It was during these college years that he became acquainted with good old Mr. Berridge, minister of Everton, and George Whitefield, whose counsels and ministrations were of incalculable benefit to him. He needed the encouragements and admonitions of these holy men; for during these and later years he was the object of some severe treatment among his friends, and of persecution at the university. The heads of college, and "gownsmen and townsmen" had but little sympathy with the robust piety and burning zeal of the erratic student. At the age of twenty-three he took his bachelor's degree; and earnestly desired and sought to enter into holy orders. For this Sir Rowland had intended the son who bore his name. The sacred office was not only Christian but highly respectable; and the rich old baronet had several nice "livings" of the Church at his disposal.

Young Rowland Hill, however, had been too earnest a Christian and too lax a Churchman in college, to find ready access to clerical orders and Church livings. Six bishops were unanimous in this opinion, and refused to ordain him. He was disappointed, and in a measure cast down, but not destroyed. Practically he turned clergyman on his own responsibility, and went about the country preaching to the poor wherever he could obtain a hearing. To enable him to do so, a friend presented him with a nice little pony, and as his necessities occurred, others gave him small sums of money. So that like Whitefield and Wesley he took the kingdom for his circuit, and would have been glad to have had the "world for his parish." He was ardent in temperament, popular in address, and won upon the neglected sinners of every class. He was thus early a whole-hearted Christian minister, and thought vastly more of his joint heirship with the "Man of sorrows" than he did of being an English baronet's son. Sir Rowland was greatly vexed to have his hopes of Rowly thus cut off by Methodist notions of religion, and the vagrancy of evangelism, and resorted to commands, menaces, and the curtailment of supplies, to neutralize the religious pertinacity of his son. It was unavailing. The convictions of duty and the advice of good old Mr. Berridge kept the young graduate on the back of his pony, going from town to county, calling sinners to repentance. This was his chosen calling, and to this he subordinated all other things. He desired ordination in the Established Church, but he would never accept it upon the condition of "regularity," as expounded by the bishops. He would be his own judge of ministerial privilege, and in 1773 the Bishop of Bath and Wells ordained him deacon on his own terms:—"without any promise or condition whatever." This was as far as prelacy ever allowed him to go in the Church. About this time he was married to a Miss Tudway, a young Christian lady after his own heart, and with whom he lived in the highest domestic felicity for more than sixty years. No sooner was he in orders and wedlock, than he was off preaching in the rural districts, and to the colliers, getting salary in the shape of lampoons, peltings, and burnings in effigy. In 1774 we find him preaching in London, Chatham and Sheerness, Bristol, Wotton, Gloucester, with journeys through Wiltshire and Wales, Mrs. Hill in his company; and wherever he came a blessing was brought to the people. In 1779 and 1780 his preaching in London was attended with remarkable success. He sought the degraded and neglected portions of the city, and in St. George's Fields he preached to congregations estimated as high as twenty thousand. This locality became his metropolitan anchorage, and in 1782 his friends built for him Surrey Chapel, where

for fifty years he continued to preach with unrivaled popularity and success. He was not confined, however, to Surrey Chapel. He had several other preaching places. At Wotton, especially, he had a fine country seat and chapel, whither he retreated from the heat and dust of London during the summer months. He was fond of frequent excursions to remote parts of the kingdom, and several times during his pastorate at Surrey Chapel, we hear of him in the principality, and in the Scotch metropolis. That he might enjoy these releases from London life and work, he kept several "helpers," or lay preachers, somewhat on the plan of Mr. Wesley, in the incipiency of the Methodist societies. To these helpers he was a father, providing them means of subsistence, and imparting to them all needful instruction, particularly in the methods of converting sinners to Christ.

Rowland Hill was a unique character. There was nothing ordinary or finical about him. His mind was extraordinary for its strength, its compass, and its fertility. Had he been so disposed, he could have wielded the logician's hammer, and forged and formed the links in the chain of irrefutable reasonings, or he could have excelled in the graces and accomplishments of the rhetorician. At the bar or in the senate he would have been no ordinary champion or antagonist. And so he would have made a splendid English gentleman, sportsman, or lord; and he did make an accomplished Christian and a preacher of transcendent power. Wherever Rowland Hill preached,—whether in Surrey Chapel, or Tottenham Court, among the coal-pits or Welsh mountains, or on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh,—there the people went by thousands. And this popularity was not peculiar to his young life, or the strength of his manhood; it continued even when autumn and winter swept their desolations over his declining years. His physical strength was enormous. He could preach four times a day, and then talk and commune with his friends in the most ravishing manner until eleven or twelve o'clock, when, glancing at the chronometer, he would declare it was time for all Methodist preachers to be in bed, and then, with rapt thanksgivings, seek

> "Tired nature's sweet restorer,
> Balmy sleep."

He possessed a good and available stock of simon-pure common-sense, a generous but cutting wit, clear and nice perceptions, a vivid sense of the ludicrous, a boundless sympathy, and an exhaustless fund of humor; these were all combined with courtly manners, and the whole were consecrated to religion.

In this respect, how widely he differed from the great selfish, joking Dean of St. Patrick's! Swift was also a minister; but his *heart* was never in the work of saving men. Place and profit, luxury and reputation, were the governing motives of his life. He loved the sunshine of baronial and royal favor, and spent his life and exhausted his great abilities to win the smiles of nobles and the wonder of the multitude. He wrote novels, criticisms, and poetry; and earned himself an enviable place among the classical English writers. But Jonathan Swift was seldom happy—in his old age, never. The eminent statesmen and poets had applauded him, and the scholars and freethinkers of the realm had done him homage; but the recollections of a wasted life made him write to Lord Bolingbroke of dying "in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

Rowland Hill was the son of a nobleman, and could read the records of his family through five hundred years, back to the times of Edward I.; but as we have already remarked, he thought vastly more of his joint-heirship with Christ, and the record of his own name in the Book of Life, than of all the splendors and privileges of lineal descent; and he would a thousand times rather win a soul from sin than all the honors of the scholar, the statesman, or the hero.

Very much of the charm of Rowland Hill's preaching was found in his simplicity, the naturalness and aptness of his illustrations, and the unaffected *earnestness* of his manner. In the pulpit he never affected the nice accuracies of the scholar, or the awful profundities of the thinker. The educated were pleased with the transparency of his discourses, and the unlearned could always comprehend the meaning of the self-constituted rector of Surrey Chapel.

Mr. Hill's method of pulpit preparation was quite uncommon. His subjects and texts were judiciously and carefully chosen, and passed through pretty thorough processes of mental digestion and elabora-

tion. Like Robert Hall, he "dug a channel for his thoughts to flow in;" but he never let the water into the channel until he got into the pulpit. Then he lifted the gates, and in rushed the floods of irresistible oratory. He did not do as is the bad habit of many clergymen now-a-days, —go into fits of anxiety about the success of the effort of the coming Sabbath. He simply and calmly got ready, and kept his strength for the battle. How much better than to wring one's hands, and torment one's brains before the time, and then go to the pulpit with exhausted spirits, looking like a ghost just escaped from Plutonian horrors! Frequently at weekday lectures Mr. Hill has been caught about meeting-time tinkering some old clock, which he promised to finish when he came again. He fell into this unclerical habit for mental relaxation. Most ministers would be at the sermon-table pushing the gray goose quill through rough sentences, and rounding off jagged periods, and by so doing taking away the only thoughts and forms of expression which would keep the deacons awake, and the sinners from studying stocks and tables of interest. Better be mending clocks with Rowland Hill.

In social life Mr. Hill had but few equals. His princely nature and large experience gave him rare advantages. If he writes a letter to Mr. Jones, Captain Joss, or Sir Harry Trelawney, he always leaves the impress of his genial heart and humor upon it. Mr. Jones is admonished never to mind breaking grammar when he is preaching, if he can break a sinner's heart. He hints to Captain Joss to keep his "roving commission," and never "make interest for a line of battle-ship in order to skulk under the lee of an admiral;" and advises him if dubbed "Captain Crazy," by poltroons, wholly to disregard it, for all true sailors would go through fire and water for him, and love him dearly. As for Sir Harry, though the son of a baronet like himself, he could not do better than continue in the rectorship of all the fields and commons. The sunshine of his genial nature, however, was never so rich and mellow as at his own fireside, and among his neighbors and friends.

Goldsmith and Johnson, Steele and Fielding, have bewitched the world with their ideas of social life among the scholars and poets in the English metropolis one or two centuries ago. The old drunken, libidinous gods of Greece were never happier than were the Literary Clubs over joints of beef and pots of ale at a London coffee-house, or in a rickety old garret over a bottle of wine, whether paid for or not; for we must never forget that one-half the men, whose names are spoken with rapture by every English scholar, were arrayed in rags or borrowed coats, and went scampering and dodging about London to avoid a creditor or a sheriff. Who does not pity the great Johnson in his secluded home and pinching poverty, unknown and uncared for through weary years; and yet in all those years writing and talking as no other man in the British realm could write and talk? And who does not sympathize with his homely friend, the historian of Greece and England, and the author of the Animated Nature, when chased by bailiffs and landladies, who were after debts and rents? Poor fellows! they fared hard and wrote gloriously, and he must be a savage who would deny them a little comfort once in a while in the clubs and coffee-houses. I wish they had always kept out of the taprooms.

But I submit whether the puns and jokes, the scraps of poetry, the elegant narratives, the well-told stories, the good eating and the shameful drinking of the old London wits, is, after all, the best type of enjoyment to be derived from social life? I do not mean to find fault with their good cheer or their good poetry; but I would a thousand times rather wriggle myself into a corner of Rowland Hill's dining-room and regale my senses with the aroma of the excellent dinner prepared on some gala day at Surrey Chapel, and hear the venerable host tell his guests the story of his eventful life, serious, curious, and comic, than to eat a hundred dinners with all the men that ever wrote for the Tattler or Guardian.

Rowland Hill's literary character was not as marked as his ministerial. He wrote the "Village Dialogues" by odd jobs, after Mrs. Hill had gone to bed. They were written on scraps of paper, and I suppose must have been full of sympathy and sentiment, and quite pathetic; for the author tells us it used to make his own eyes weep to read the curious pages. Nothing is more natural than for parents to love their own children, or for authors to admire the dew-drops of honey-drops

from their own pen-points. Swift, in his old age, after reading one of his own books, The Battle of the Books, Gulliver, the Tale of a Tub, I do not recollect which, declared he must have been a prodigious genius at the time of its composition.

Mr. Hill wrote and published a few sermons, and several pretty smart controversial pieces at the time of the *doctrinal* falling out of Whitefield and the Wesleys, and the preachers under Lady Huntingdon's patronage. Both himself and his brother, Sir Richard Hill, displayed considerable tact and talent, and logical acumen, in the theological melee; but they were not the last of the knights who broke Calvinistic and Arminian lances on the field of doctrinal strife.

The tough old questions of Foreordination and Foreknowledge are yet open for debate, and are likely to contribute largely toward the continuance of the Conflict of Ages!

In addition to these, Mr. Hill wrote quite a number of hymns, mostly for the benefit of children; and while he by no means can stand alongside of Cowper, or Watts, or the Wesleys, as a poet or hymn writer, still many of his contributions to Christian psalmody possess intrinsic merit, and will help to inflame the devotions of good people, while the Church is traveling on to claim the inheritance of her millennial periods.

Had Rowland Hill lived in the days of the older London wits, and had he like them lived without grace, and like them cultivated his literary tastes and jovial powers, he, too, would have been an idol of the genteel loungers about the London taverns, and in the haunts of fashionable folly. He lived later, and he lived better; and through all his long life his heart was young with merriment and good-feeling, and his fine English face was always beaming with the most genial humor. His conversations sparkled with the purest wit, or burned with a satire that scorched and wasted just as the subject or occasion demanded. Sometimes he came across a sprig of gentility or nobility, a real "swell," fresh from college or his mother's nursery. Alas, for the poor wight! The remorseless drollery and unsparing sarcasm of the Surrey Chapel parson made him wish, not that he had never been born, but that he had kept out of the way of Rowland Hill.

Sometimes the rogues were of opinion "that one good turn deserves another," and laid on a certain Sabbath upon the reading-desk of Surrey Chapel a note, which Mr. Hill, as was his custom before prayers, read to the congregation: "The prayers of this congregation are requested for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he may not go riding about town in his carriage on Sundays." When the reading was finished, Mr. Hill coolly remarked, that if the author of that piece of impertinence was in the house, and would meet him in the vestry after service, he would put a saddle on his back and ride him home instead of going in his carriage. No man knew better how to lash and kill off impertinent puppies than Rowland Hill, and yet a kinder man never walked from St. George's Fields to Westminster-Road, scattering his benedictions among the poor, and speaking words as they were needed, which were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Mr. Hill's denominational relations were a little singular. He was not exactly an Episcopalian, and he certainly was not a Dissenter. He was a sort of cross between them both. Churchmen accused him of being disorderly and indecorous in intruding into other men's parishes; and to retaliate, he named one of his itinerant carriage-horses *Order*, and the other *Decorum*. The Dissenters liked him pretty well; but would have liked him a deal better had he joined them outright. In his droll way he chose to describe himself as "Rector of Surrey Chapel, vicar of Wotton under-Edge, and curate of all the fields and commons throughout England and Wales."

Be Gentle.—Violence ever defeats its own ends. When you cannot drive, you can always persuade. Few people will submit to coercion. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you. In the domestic circle, especially, kind words and looks are most essential to connubial felicity. Children should never be spoken harshly to. If they commit a fault, they should be corrected in a mild but firm manner, and the impression it makes upon them is sure to prove salutary.

DEATH OF MARTIN THE ARTIST.

FROM the lonely little island in St. George's Channel—the Isle of Man—comes to us a sound of mourning—a voice which tells us that another distinguished English artist has followed Turner to the grave. Martin is well known in this country by the exhibition of his large pictures of Belshazzar's Feast, Paradise, the Deluge, &c. He died on the 17th of February.

From notes supplied by the artist himself to the London Athenæum, years ago, we are able to trace the outline of his career. In a communication to a cotemporary, correcting certain errors, Martin wrote:—

"I was born at a house called the East-land Ends, Hayden Bridge, near Hexham, 19th of July, 1789, and received the rudiments of my education at the well-known free school of that place. Having from my earliest years attempted to draw, and expressed a determination to 'be a painter,' the question arose 'how to turn my desires to profitable account;' and it was ultimately decided to make me a herald painter—in consequence of which, upon the removal of my family to Newcastle, I was, when fourteen, apprenticed to Wilson, the coach-builder, of that town. I worked with him for a year, in no small degree digusted at the drudgery which, as junior apprentice, I had to endure, and at not being allowed to practice the higher mysteries of the art; when, just previously to the expiration of the year, (from which period I was to have an increase of pay,) one of the senior apprentices told me that my employer would evade the payment of the first quarter, on the ground, that 'I went on trial,' and that 'it was not in the indentures.' As it had been foretold, so it turned out. Upon claiming the increase, I was referred to my articles, and the original sum was tendered. This I indignantly rejected, saying, 'What! you 're soon beginning then, and mean to serve me the same as you did such a one? but *I* won't submit;' and, turning on my heel, I hastened home. My father highly approved of my conduct—declared that I should not go back—and immediately furnished me with proper drawing materials, the most satisfactory reward I could receive. I worked away to my heart's content for some days; when, at length, while so employed, the town sergeant came to take me off to the Guildhall to answer charges brought against me by my master. I was dreadfully frightened, the more so as none of my family were within call to accompany me; and on entering the court my heart sunk at the sight of the aldermen, and my master, with lowering face, and his witnesses. I was charged on oath with insolence—having run away—rebellious conduct—and threatening to do a private injury. In reply, I simply stated the facts as they occurred. The witness produced against me proved the correctness of my statement in every particular; and the consequence was a decision in my favor. Turning, then, to my master, I said, 'You have stated your dissatisfaction with me, and apprehensions of my doing you a private injury; under these circumstances, you can have no objection to returning my indentures.' Mr. Wilson was not prepared for this; but the alderman immediately said, 'Yes, Mr. Wilson, you must give the boy his indentures.' They were accordingly handed over to me; and I was so overjoyed that, without waiting longer, I bowed and thanked the court, and running off to the coach-factory, flourished the indentures over my head, crying, 'I have got my indentures, and your master has taken a false oath; and I don't know whether he is not in the pillory by this!' My family were delighted with the spirit I had displayed and at my emancipation from an occupation they saw was uncongenial, and my father at once took measures to place me under an Italian master of great merit and some reputation in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter, Charles Musso or Muss. I remained under his instructions about a year, when Mr. C. Muss, who was settled in London, wished his father to come and reside with him, and M. Musso urged upon my parents the advantage of my accompanying him. After much cogitation, many misgivings on my mother's part, and solemn charges to our friend, it was ultimately agreed that I should join him in London within a few months. I accordingly arrived in London at the beginning of September, 1806."

Martin did not remain long with the Mussos. He thus tells his own story:—

"I was not seventeen when I first arrived in London. My first resolve on leaving my parents was, never more to receive that pecuniary assistance which I knew could not be spared, and by perseverance I was enabled to keep this resolution. Some months after my arrival in London, finding I was not so comfortable as I could wish in Mr. C. Muss's family, I removed to a room in Adam-street West, Cumberland Place, and it was there that, by the closest application till two and three o'clock in the morning, in the depth of winter, I obtained that knowledge of perspective and architecture which has since been so valuable to me. I was at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Muss's firm, painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-color drawings, and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life, when I married, which I did at nineteen. It was now indeed necessary for me to work, and as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture. I, therefore, in 1812, produced my first work, 'Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my anxiety, when I overheard the men who were to place it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture! Hope almost forsook me, for much depended on this work. It was, however, sold to the late Mr. Manning, the bank director, for fifty guineas, and well do I remember the inexpressible delight my wife and I experienced at the time.

My next works were 'Paradise,' which was sold to a Mr. Spong for seventy guineas, and 'The Expulsion,' which is in my own possession. My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the president, for his inspection, and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated. I shall never forget the manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists who, he prophesied, would reflect honor on their respective countries.'"

To this gossip we may add — that "Sadak," Martin's first picture, was hung in the Royal Academy; and was sold, it is believed, in consequence of a notice in one of the journals. The "Expulsion" was sent to the British Institution; the "Paradise" to the Academy, where it obtained a place in the great room. This circumstance seemed to Martin the winning of his spurs; and the next year, when the "Clytie" here mentioned was hung in one of the ante-rooms, he resented the act as an insult to his fame. His next picture was "Joshua:" this, again, was put into the ante-room, though, when it was afterward exhibited in Pall Mall, it attracted much attention, and carried off the prize of the year. The picture, however, hung in the painter's studio for years; and was not sold until his fame was well established and widely spread. It then found a purchaser as a companion piece to the "Belshazzar's Feast."

To return to Mr. Martin's own notes of his life:—

"Down to this period I had supported myself and family by pursuing almost every branch of my profession—teaching—painting small oil pictures, glass enamel paintings, water-color drawings, in fact, the usual tale of a struggling artist's life. I had been so successful with my sepia drawings, that the Bishop of Salisbury, the tutor to the Princess Charlotte, advised me not to risk my reputation by attempting the large picture of 'Joshua.' As is generally the case in such matters, these well-meant recommendations had no effect; but, at all events, the confidence I had in my powers was justified, for the success of my 'Joshua' opened a new era to me. In 1818 I removed to a superior house, and had to devote my time mainly to executing some immediately profitable works: but, in 1819, I produced the 'Fall of Babylon,' which was second only to the 'Belshazzar' in the attention it excited. The following year came 'Macbeth,' one of my most successful landscapes. Then, in 1821, 'Belshazzar's Feast,' an elaborate picture, which occupied a year in executing, and which received the premium of £200 from the British Institution."

In another letter Mr. Martin tells us how he came to paint his most celebrated—if not his best—work:—

"My picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast' originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception; he then told me that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by Mr. T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many, among others Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning in the vain endeavor of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821 I exhibited my picture."

In the succeeding year, Martin produced his "Destruction of Herculaneum;" in 1823 appeared "The Seventh Plague" and the "Paphian Bower;" in 1824 the "Creation;" in 1826 the "Deluge;" and in 1828 the "Fall of Nineveh." This completed the cycle of his greater works. The artist's illustrations of Milton—for which he received two thousand guineas—were drawn by him on the plates. His principal pictures are in the galleries of Mr. Hope, Lord De Tabley, the Dukes of Buckingham and Sutherland, Prince Albert, Mr. Scarisbrick, and Earl Grey.

Of late Mr. Martin's name had been much and very honorably before the public in connection with various plans for the improvement of London—his genius dealing with the ample spaces and actual facts of the modern Babylon as it had previously done with those of the imagination. Other schemes also occupied his mind. As he himself reports of all these multiplied activities:—

"My attention was first occupied in endeavoring to procure an improved supply of pure water to London, diverting the sewerage from the river, and rendering it available as manure; and in 1827 and 1828 I published plans for the purpose. In 1829 I published further plans for accomplishing the same objects by different means, namely, a weir across the Thames, and for draining the marshy lands, &c. In 1832, 1834, 1836, 1838, 1842, 1843, 1845 and 1847, I published and republished additional particulars—being so bent upon my object that I was determined never to abandon it; and though I have reaped no other advantage, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the agitation thus kept up, constantly, solely by myself, has resulted in a vast alteration in the quantity and quality of the water supplied by the companies, and in the establishment of a Board of Health, which will, in all probability, eventually carry out most of the objects I have been so long urging. Among the other proposals which I have advanced is my

railway connecting the river and docks with all the railways that diverge from London, and apparently approved by the Railway Termini Commissioners, as the line they intimate coincides with that submitted by me, and published in their report—the principle of rail adopted by the Great Western line—the lighthouse for the sands appropriated by Mr. Walker in his Maplin sand lighthouse—the flat anchor and wire cable —mode of ventilating coal-mines—floating harbor and pier—iron ship, and various other inventions of comparatively minor importance, but all conducing to the great ends of improving the health of the country, increasing the produce of the land, and furnishing employment for the people in remunerative works."

The painter was seized with the illness which has terminated his career on the 12th of November. While engaged in painting—being apparently in the enjoyment of good health—he was suddenly attacked with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of speech and of his right hand. His family was assured that recovery from the attack was improbable —but hope was held out that he would not be soon taken away. About a fortnight after the seizure he ceased to take food, except in the very smallest quantities—giving to his attendants the impression that in so doing he was acting on some principle which he had accepted in his own mind, though he had no longer the power to explain the why and wherefore. Nothing would induce him to change this system of rigid abstinence—and the consequence was, that nature received an inefficient sustenance from without, and he gradually sank in strength and spirits until the 17th of February, when he ceased to breathe about six in the evening. Up to within an hour of his death he was conscious, and he appeared to suffer no pain.

The mind of the artist kept its tone and his hand its power to the last. He was working on pictures illustrative of the Last Judgment, within a few weeks of his death—the "Judgment," the "Day of Wrath," and the "Plains of Heaven." On these large works he had been employed for the last four years—on them he may be said to have spent the last efforts of his genius. He was painting on the "Plains of Heaven" within an hour of starting for the little island where he breathed his last. Of course these works are left unfinished.

Within a fortnight of his death, he sat to his son, Mr. Charles Martin, for a sketch of his head; and he then pointed out, in his son's sketch, the artistic faults with a perfect understanding of their nature.

In his day, Martin divided the suffrages of the many with the master of landscape, and agitated artistic circles not less constantly than Haydon himself. Bulwer was one of the most fervent of his admirers; and in a celebrated criticism he has declared his opinion that Martin is "more original, more self-dependent," than Raffaelle and Michael Angelo. The *Edinburgh* "damned him with faint praises," and after patting him on the shoulder, concluded an elaborate criticism on his style and treatment by a cool recommendation to begin the study of his art anew—copying the old masters—drawing from the life—and imitating nature! His merits were too great—too original—not to be freely canvassed, even when they were not fiercely denied. No doubt his art was theatrical. He addressed the eye rather than the mind. He produced his grand effects by illusion—perhaps by imposition; but it is not to be concealed that he did produce effects. Possibly it was scene painting—sleight of hand; but it was also new. If easy, the style was his own. Nobody else had caught the trick by which he ravished the senses of the multitude, and sometimes dazzled the imaginations of calmer men. Legitimate or illegimate, there was a spell in Martin's art. It had power over the eye, and often led captive the judgment. This is no mean tribute: but it is a tribute that must be paid to the painter of "Belshazzar's Feast" and "Joshua."

Little Thorns.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved, often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-ax of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn, in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

THE WATERS OF OBLIVION.

AN ORIENTAL SKETCH.

WHERE the youthful Ganges rushes onward toward the plains through which she sheds around the blessings of fertility, after having gathered strength from the numerous mountain streams which pay into her channel the tribute of their waters, lies a region rendered sacred by traditions, ancient as the tales of Menn, "the Sun-born."* The pilgrims who seek pardon for their sins by traveling amid toil and peril to the sources of the stream, and there plunging into the torrent which emerges from the snows of Mahadeva, must pass through the dreary valley of Khandawul, where the extreme cold has nearly destroyed the last traces of vegetation, which feebly attempt to appear among barren and rugged rocks.

The sun was yet high, when a pilgrim, pale, emaciated, and fatigued by travel, appeared walking slowly along the banks of the stream, into whose turbid waters he, from time to time, cast wild and anxious glances. Occasionally he halted involuntarily, as if unable to proceed, and, at length, seated himself upon the ledge of a rock, where the overhanging crags offered him a shelter from the breeze, as it swept downward over vast regions of snow which had not been dissolved for ages. He flung upon the ground the dried skin in which he carried his provisions, and leaning upon the sword—which showed him to belong to the warrior caste—appeared to abandon himself to intensely painful reflections. His brow lowered heavily, his eye was moodily bent upon the ground, and his breast heaved with sighs which he hardly endeavored to suppress. After a short interval he suddenly raised his head, and, smiting his bosom with violence, looked eagerly and wildly around, and at length fixed his gaze once more upon the dark waves of the Ganges, as it rushed rapidly onward.

"Is it not here? Is not this the region? Where—where are they to be found?" he exclaimed, as he again looked around in desperation. "O, have they mocked me, and are they nowhere to be found?"

"What seekest thou, my son?" inquired a voice majestically soft, "and wherefore hast thou come hither? Khandawul possesseth not the charms, or the allurements, which might tempt a warrior to abandon the pursuit of glory for aught which it can offer: wherefore, then, hast thou come hither?"

"Not, truly, for the *charms* of the valley," replied Nadir, in answer to the venerable Brahmin, who had approached him unobserved; "not, surely, for its charms—charm or allurement, for me, earth no longer possesses!"

"This is strange, my son," said Iswara; "thou art yet young, and if not in pursuit of some cherished object, wherefore camest thou hither?"

"Truly, father," returned the stranger, "I do seek an object which must be discovered ere I may again be happy. Six long moons have filled and waned since the last dire stroke of adversity withered my brightest hopes, leaving me to drain to the dregs the cup of misery, and to bear about with me, for ever, the torturing memory of the past! Knowest thou not, O, father! the last solace which the wretched must ever seek—the sole source whence they may expect a balm, which can staunch the blood that flows from out the deep wounds of sorrow?"

"If there be one *sole* balm which may effect the cure, aged as I am, I have not lived to discover it!"

"Trifle not with my misery, O Brahmin!" said Nadir, earnestly, "for thou knowest that what I seek is to be found in this valley. Thou knowest the region—O, show me—show me the *Waters of Oblivion!* Is it not in Khandawul, where the very herbage seems to declare that life and death have met—where the snows of the north meet the rich luxuriance of the south—where is the threshold of the mysterious dwelling whence thine ancestors have descended? Is it not here that the wretched living must seek to forget the past? Surely, here (if on earth) must the Waters of Oblivion flow. Lead me, then, to the kindly fountain, where I may drink and forget my sorrows—guide me to the Waters of Oblivion!"

"And wherefore, my son, wouldst thou taste its sullen waves?" asked Iswara. "Knowest thou what thou art seeking? Not alone wilt thou forget the past—*thou wilt forget thyself!* Thou wilt live, and yet be just so conscious of existence as to feel its burden without tasting of its

* The Noah of the Brahmins, and the author of their sacred books.

pleasures. Thou knowest not the dreary emptiness of mind which ensues on a draught of the waters of forgetfulness. Retrace thy steps, O, Nadir! return to thy weeping kindred. Doubtless thy mother mourns the loss of so goodly a youth as thou. Go back to thy house to be the stay of her failing years. Yonder is the road; return to thy brethren; live, and be happy."

"Alas, I cannot!" replied Nadir; "I cannot taste of happiness till the recollection of the past be blotted from my mind!"

"Does the history of thy former life, then, offer thee no pleasing thought on which thou mayest love to dwell—no recollection that is sweet to thy memory?" asked the Brahmin.

"There are seasons when it is so," answered Nadir; "but these are rare, while the recollection of my griefs is ever present to my mind! These must be banished ere I can again taste of happiness."

"Then must thou banish both," said Iswara, solemnly. "Count well the cost—canst thou resign, forever, the sweet memories of the past?"

"Yea, O, father! the sweet remembrances are few, and these few far distant: my calamities are many and great, and alas, how recent! Even while I try to tear my mind from their contemplation, memory, like an overflowing torrent, rushes through my soul, carrying away the last feeble refuge of consolation to which, in my misery, I have sought to cling! If there be happiness remaining for me, I must first learn to forget the past."

"But if thy misfortune be of yesterday, Time, as he passes onward, will cast over thy griefs a softening vail, hiding, indeed, thy sorrows for a season, till thou hast gathered strength to gaze upon them calmly; but a vail which thou mayest raise, when, to guide thy future steps, thou wouldst look back to gather wisdom from experience."

"Time! Mahâ Kalâ! the Destroyer!* Is he not the author of all evil? How dost thou bid me turn to him for consolation? Asks he not bloody sacrifices from his worshipers?—and blood hath already flowed too freely in my behalf! No, even to appease my tortured mind shall I not again suffer blood to flow. Point me not to the divinity who asks for blood!"

"Stay, my son, thou art too hasty," replied Iswara, "call him not Mahâ Kalâ—say, rather, Siva. Is he not a portion of the mighty Aum, whose chosen attribute is benevolence? or if he be the Destroyer, he destroys but to restore; and as his footstep, passing along from day to day, effaces some painful memory, thou wilt, at length, find that he hath become the restorer of thy peace, who yet hath not blotted from thy mind the recollection of happier hours."

"Speak not of seasons of vanished happiness," interrupted Nadir; "this is but adding to my torture! O, how wretched is man, formed but for misery and suffering!—when even the pleasure which hath been tasted turns to poison in the soul!"

"Not if it hath been guiltless, Nadir," answered Iswara; "truly man must oftimes resign even innocent happiness; but if he hath freely done so, doth there not linger in his breast a gladness, different indeed, but not less satisfying, which fills him with delight?"

"This may be the portion of some," returned Nadir, "but it is not for me; the remembrance of vanished happiness might perhaps fail to pain me, did it not bring with it the vivid recollection of present and recent calamity."

"This internal struggle will subside, even as the battling of the elements which cannot continue forever. Bear thee courageously till the inward tempest be past; then shalt thou arouse thyself, and feel that thou hast grown stronger in the combat. Man, as he passes through life, must meet continually the storms of adversity: shrink not backward as a coward, for thou thus runnest toward the disaster on which thou wilt make shipwreck in thy weakness; hold thee steadfast till it be past, and each storm shall then leave thee stronger than it found thee. Look upon the trees of the forest. Knowest thou not that the tempests which toss their branches at their will, give strength and firmness to their roots, which strike deeper into the ground after each succeeding storm? Be thou

* Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, form what is called the Hindoo Triad, or Trimurti. In reality these three gods are, by the Brahmins, regarded as the same deity, contemplated in the capacity of Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of all things; and the divine unity thus considered is worshiped under the mysterious tri-literal name, Aum, (Om,) which is represented as having been formed from the Sanscrit initials of the three divinities who form the Trimurti.

therefore strong like them. Thou art yet but in the early summer of thy existence; youth sits upon thy still unfurrowed brow, and the strength of early manhood invigorates thy frame; wherefore, then, doth one so young yield himself an unresisting victim to the assaults of sorrow?"

"Alas, O father," replied Nadir, "thou hast reopened another wound; thou hast offered as consolation what only awakens me to another subject of regret. Thou sayest I am yet young. Alas, that it is so! It is sad and dreary, father, for the young to look onward toward a lengthened life, that offers them no inducement for which to live. Were I aged, as thou art, then might I bear my burden with patience, for I should know that a few sluggish years would at length bring me to repose. How strange is it that the aged will bid the young to glory in their youth, which promises them the prospect of years of existence here, for which they can themselves no longer hope; and yet know they not that each year, as it rolls along, but adds to the burden of grief which man gathers even while he lives?"

"I have not found it thus," said the Brahmin. "The world, it is true, offers me no allurement which would make me desirous to prolong my stay, should the hand of death dismiss me hence into the presence of the incomprehensible Brahm.* Yet hath it not inflicted on me any evil so great as to make life a burden which I can no longer endure. Nay, each year seems to add to my happiness, as it affords me fresh opportunities by which I may serve mankind; and discovers to me new proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God."

"Thou art happy, father!" replied Nadir, half doubtfully. "Ere such be my portion, I must first drown the remembrance of the past in the Waters of Oblivion."

"It is but the remembrance of the past which can give the wisdom needed to guide us in the future. Before us that future lies—it stretches around us—we cannot escape it. Thou must pass through the future, even as assuredly as thou hast experienced the past. Wilt thou enter upon it, as all men enter upon life—ignorant of its object, unadvised of its end, uninstructed in its duties and demands? If thou hast made shipwreck once, forget the past, and how canst thou escape the same fate again? Can the mariner guide his ship in safety past the rocks on which he has formerly foundered, when he no longer remembers where they lie? Thou art the same man now as thou wert before, and the same shalt thou ever remain—the same passions, again unguided, would lead to the same results—the same affections, as they pursued the same career, would issue in like consequences. If the Waters of Oblivion can efface the records of memory, they cannot drown thy identity. Man, with his mighty soul, his passions and his feelings, may be moulded to another and a purer form; the vilest of his passions may all be changed: but it is change, and not annihilation, which they undergo; the monster, stained with a thousand crimes, who at length becomes the benefactor of his country, though changed, is still the same; every passion in his breast lives there still, but they have turned to exercise themselves in another—a better direction. Thou, O Nadir, still the same as thou wert in the days of thy childhood, wilt thou forget the past? Thou mayest expect the future to resemble it; thou canst but hope to suffer again whatsoever thy crimes or thy misfortunes may have caused thee to endure before."

"If it be thus, then, Brahmin," said Nadir, impatiently, while he grasped more tightly the hilt of his saber, which he half drew from its sheath,—"if it be thus," and he stamped his foot upon the ground, "wherefore then do I trifle here? Why do men speak of the wounds of grief which the Waters of Oblivion have healed, if they only heal to leave us a prey to other and more dire calamities? Fool that I was! Is there not each moment an undisturbed oblivion at hand for the wretched? Each river that flows along, each precipice that raises its gigantic head, the sword that the warrior wears upon his his heart, do they not all offer to conduct us to the land of forgetfulness? If the Waters of Oblivion flow not here, or if it be rash to drink from their fountain, why does yon torrent rush along, if not to invite me to rest forever from my sorrows in its healing waves? I thank thee, Brahmin,

* The soul of the devout Brahmin, who has consecrated his life to acts of devotion and pious meditation, does not after death undergo the purifying process of transmigration, but becomes immediately absorbed in Brahm, the chief deity and author of all things.

since thy counsel hath led me to seek for the deeper *oblivion of death*."

"Stay, rash youth," said Iswara calmly, and without raising his hand to detain Nadir, who had risen from his seat, and seemed about to rush toward the torrent; "hast thou pondered on the step which thou wouldst take? If forgetfulness alone can soothe thy anguish, think, ere thou hastenest to the arms of death, wilt thou there find the oblivion which thou art seeking? Think, ere yonder dark waters close above thy head, ere thou plunge into the stream from which no human hand can withdraw thee, (I speak not of my own feeble arm, but, were the young and strong at hand, not one would dare those waters for thy deliverance,) think, ere thou takest the fatal leap—think, O Nadir!—IS DEATH OBLIVION?"

The old man paused, while the foot which Nadir had advanced, drew back unconsciously, as he turned toward the Brahmin to reply. The priest awaited his answer, as Nadir, supporting himself upon his sabre, which he thrust into the crevice of a rock, appeared about to speak.

"IS DEATH OBLIVION?" repeated Iswara at length, observing that the young man still continued silent.

"What meanest thou, that thou wouldst snatch from me every refuge to which I strive to cling for the mitigation, the annihilation of my misery?" replied Nadir, impatiently. "If *death* be not oblivion, wherefore, then, do the multitude in their wretchedness ever seek it as the healing balm for every wound?"

"Wherefore, indeed?" returned the Brahmin, solemnly. "It would truly be well, did they pause to inquire wherefore!"

"Thou wouldst, then, bid me fear to die?" interrupted Nadir. "I am a soldier, and have faced death on the field of battle; think not to deter me by arousing my alarms. Fear is but the portion of women and of priests."

"I did not bid thee *fear*," replied Iswara, calmly, and unheeding the imputation which was thrown upon his caste; "I only bade thee reflect."

"Is death, then, an evil from which the brave must shrink?" asked the young man.

"It comes to various men in various forms," answered the sage; "as an evil, how great in our present state, none can tell, to some; as a gracious benefactor to others; which it may be to thee, thine own heart only may declare. But life may ever be converted into a blessing, even when replete with many sorrows; and the coward alone seeks to annihilate one in striving to escape the other. But, hark! the noise of the torrent grows louder, and I hear the distant wind moaning among the mountains. It announces a coming tempest."

"*I* cannot discern the sounds; *my* ear discovers no increase in the roar of the stream," said Nadir.

"Thou art not accustomed to these regions," replied Iswara. "These sounds speak familiarly to me; experience hath taught me to interpret as readily the voice of nature, as to understand the language of man. But, were the past blotted from my memory, I should not now know the warning voice, which bids me seek the shelter of my cottage. The storm travels rapidly among the mountains. Observe yon cloud in the distant horizon. It will speedily overspread the sky, and descend in a deluge, overflowing the thousand streams which rush through their narrow channels to replenish the young Ganges; and, hark! the thunder is already rolling over head. Let us hasten to my hut—it is poor, and unprovided with luxuries; but the fruits of my field are cultivated for the pilgrims, who, constantly passing through the valley, seek for shelter beneath my roof. Let us hasten, the tempest is rapidly approaching."

"Return to thy dwelling alone, father," answered Nadir, gloomily. "I thank thee for thy hospitality; but I, alas! could find no refuge beneath thy roof. The war of the elements is less fierce than the conflict within my own breast. If I may not rush into the arms of death, I may at least linger here, inviting its approach: that lightning which so often carries destruction on its wing, may atone for some disasters by striking *my* form as it passes, and releasing me from the burden of life."

"*I* must not despise that life which is given me to preserve, and to employ in the service of God," said Iswara. "Farewell, rash youth—yonder is my dwelling; seest thou its blue smoke curling among those few shrubs? Thou wilt bethink thee otherwise when the fury of the storm hath reached this spot."

The old man turned his footsteps toward his dwelling, which lay at some dis-

tance, guided by the curling smoke which rose above the cleft in the rocks, where a sheltered spot had invited him to build his hut, and where his own hand had, even in this sterile region, cultivated a field sufficient to supply, not only his own moderate wants, but to enable him to extend his hospitality to the numerous pilgrims who passed through the valley of Khandawul, some in search of the Waters of Oblivion, and a greater number on their way to the far distant sources of the Ganges, there to expiate their sins in its hallowed waters, or to perish in the hazardous journey.

Age, while it had whitened his locks, and stamped upon his brow the footsteps of time, had yet left to Iswara much of that youthful vigor which is the usual reward of a life of temperance. Half an hour sufficed to bring him to the door of his dwelling, although the fast approaching tempest had required his aged limbs to battle with the first burst of its fury.

Nadir, meanwhile, who had again seated himself upon the rock, after gloomily watching for some minutes the retiring footsteps of Iswara, folded his arms upon his breast, and, bending his eyes moodily upon the ground, appeared to abandon himself to his melancholy reflections. Sheltered for some time from the wind and rain by the rock on which he was seated, he appeared long unconscious of the thunder, though each peal, as it rolled nearer and nearer, and was reëchoed by the rocks and caverns around, seemed sufficient to awaken from all but the slumbers of death. The clouds darkened as they gathered closer to the earth; but the air was illuminated by the lightning, as flash upon flash followed in quick succession. The few wild animals of the mountains rushed past as they sought for shelter; and divested of its dread of man, by the presence of a more appalling danger, a young mountain-deer laid itself down, in its terror, at the feet of the stranger. At the same moment, a burst of thunder, louder than had yet been heard, seemed to roll the very rocks over his head, and a vivid flash of lightning striking the animal before him, left it a blackened carcass at his feet. Nadir started in terror, as if suddenly aroused from a frightful dream. The wind, from which he had hitherto been partially sheltered, changed suddenly, and, rushing from the northern mountains, bore against the crags beneath which he stood its burden of hail and snow. The ground heaved beneath him—the tempest was but the precursor of the earthquake—and the roar of the thunder, the bellowing of the wind, and the fierce dashing of the torrent, as it struggled onward between its narrow ramparts, mingled with the awful groaning of the earth, as rocks and mountains seemed to heave to their foundations.

Nadir looked around for shelter; but the smoke of the Brahmin's hut could no longer be discerned. Not far distant, a less exposed cranny seemed to offer him an asylum; but as he endeavored to move, his limbs, enfeebled by hardship and voluntary privation, refused their office, and he was unable to contend with the violence of the storm. Again the ground shook and groaned; and again the lightning, as it flashed around, threatened him each moment with death.

Nadir trembled.

At length, the fury of the tempest began to abate, and promised to pass away as rapidly as it had approached; and ere long, through the fast clearing air, Nadir thought he could discover the smoke of Iswara's cottage. Half frozen with cold, he could at first but feebly advance toward the friendly signal; but by degrees his limbs obeyed their master more freely, and he proceeded rapidly toward the dwelling of the Brahmin. Ere he had advanced far, however, he thought he could discern a figure approaching, and in some minutes recognized the person of Iswara, who, though the rain still poured down, and the subsiding roar of the wind was occasionally deafened by the pealing of the thunder, had come forth in search of the pilgrim.

"Dost thou come to shelter in my cabin?" inquired he, courteously accosting him. "It is not far distant, and I can guide thee by the most sheltered path. The tempest hath almost passed; but it grows late—thou must lodge to-night beneath my roof."

Nadir hesitated, as he sought for a reply. "Thou art kind, father," he said at length; "thou canst have but little to spare, and I may be burdensome to thee. I will stay until the tempest be passed, and then proceed upon my way."

"Not so, my son," replied the Brahmin; "I am wont to receive travelers and pilgrims, and thy presence will afford me pleasure. In the solitude in which I live,

it rejoices me when I may behold the face of man."

Nadir, with thanks, accepted the hospitality of the sage. "Thou art aged, father," he added; "suffer me to lend thee the support of my arm."

The old man smiled. "Methinks, Nadir," he replied, "that I am yet strong as thou; suffering and want have enfeebled the powers which nature hath bestowed most freely upon thee. God is merciful, who hath protected thee amid the storm; but Vishnu (the Preserver) is ever at hand. Seek, if thou mayest discover, for what purpose thou hast been saved."

But further conversation was prevented by the difficulties of the way and the noise of the tempest, which was, however, fast subsiding. They at length reached the cottage, where Nadir needed no second invitation to partake of the simple refreshment which was already displayed, and where the Brahmin had taken care, as far as the sanctity of his caste permitted, to exhibit such provisions as it was permitted the Kshatrya tribe to use. Faint with hunger and fatigue, Nadir partook freely of the repast; but as the calls of nature became appeased, and his exhausted frame had in some measure rested from its fatigues, the disorders of his mind began to resume their sway. His brow again darkened, and with bitter lamentations he bemoaned the fate which had suffered him to survive the storm.

"How!" exclaimed Iswara: "methought thou hadst learned to feel the value of life, or wherefore didst thou strive to elude the dangers of the tempest? Thou camest hither to escape its fury, and, had its violence permitted thee to do so, wouldst thou not earlier have repaired to my humble abode?"

Nadir silently assented.

"And whence, then, wert thou instigated, save from the instinct of nature, whose voice never speaks amiss? That instinct taught thee, in the hour of peril, to strive to preserve thy life; learn then from thence, that life, even to thee, may yet be valuable. Seek no longer to cast it aside as a useless incumbrance, but endeavor to learn wherein lies the value which thy fear of death, when it threatened to overtake thee in the tempest, shows that it still possesses."

"Should man, then, perpetually obey the instincts of his nature?" inquired Nadir. "Surely not; for into what excess of evil would he then run in the gratification of his desires?"

"Not so, my son," returned the sage; "man, when corrupted, rashly concludes that the appeals of his passions are only the demands of nature. But he strangely errs. Nature, which bids him appease the cravings of hunger and thirst, loudly commands him to be moderate while he satisfies his wants; or wherefore the languor which attends upon satiety, the sickness of diseases which are the common followers of intemperance? Nature hath taught thee the lesson that thy life is desirable; thine own prudence and virtue may make it valuable. Is there no region upon earth which thy hand may cultivate? Are there none of thy fellow-creatures who may be benefited by thy assistance or thy care?"

"There may be such," replied Nadir, mournfully; "but what can I do further for the world? Having outlived all interest in life, it must henceforth be to me only a weary burden. How, then, under its oppressive load, can I lighten its weight for others?"

"If it be even as thou sayest, O Nadir!" said the Brahmin, solemnly, "and thou hast indeed outlived all personal interest in the world, then to thee, more loudly than to any other, doth the voice of humanity appeal, and call thee to be its benefactor. To thee, then, must passion call in vain, for thou art beyond the reach of its influence; therefore shouldst thou be the most just of mankind. Should thy country demand the sacrifice of one of her sons, thou canst give thy life for her defense, since no selfish interest bids thee treasure it too dearly."

"My country!" repeated Nadir; "alas! my country is nothing now to me. O, Brahmin! thou hast probed to its depths another gaping wound."

"Yet suffer me to ask the name of the country to which thou owest thy birth."

"Hear then, and learn, in a few words, the history of my sorrows," said Nadir, earnestly; "then wilt thou no longer bid me live, and enjoy my life.

"The youngest and favorite son of the Rajah of Maldawan, the wishes of my father, and the voice of the nobles, called me to succeed him upon his throne. By the advice of the latter, on the death of the king, two elder brothers were thrown

into prison, where they languished during the six years of my unhappy reign. Born to a throne, my teachers and my slaves, alike, seemed to imagine that I was called only to enjoy the pleasures which power ever finds too ready to its hand; till, nursed in luxury, and the slave of pleasure, when called to reign, I yielded to the idea which had been ever suggested to my mind, and transmitted the cares of empire to other and unworthy hands, until the people, irritated by the misrule of my courtiers, and inflamed with a just desire to rid themselves of their tyranny, prepared for revolt. Guided, when too late, by the advice of Harita, my only faithful counselor, I at length took the reins of empire into my own hands; and my first stroke of policy was to rid myself of Saranga, the head of a conspiracy, which was to deprive me of life. He being too powerful to be openly accused, I resolved on an act of assassination. Harita in vain opposed. I was stung by the ingratitude of a man on whom I had lavished my favors with profusion, and in an hour of anger was deaf to remonstrance. Harita, ever jealous for my honor, and resolute on defending it, though it might be at the expense of my favor, resorted to a counterplot, by which, while he secured the person of the traitor, he would still save me from the odium of an assassination. Rash man! he but rushed against the dagger from which he protected his rival! The wretch whom I had charged with the bloody deed found him in the dwelling of Saranga, with the few followers whom he had brought with him for his capture, and, ignorant of the person of his victim, in the confusion of the moment, turned his dagger against the only faithful subject in my dominions, and with the same blow deprived me of a brother and a bride. Yea, O Brahmin! the tale has another horror. The sister of Harita, who was in a few days to become my wife, hearing the fate of her brother, and believing that the assassination had been by my orders, gave herself to death lest she should fall into my power. This, O Brahmin, is my tale! Canst thou show compassion for my sorrows? Harita, by his faithful zeal, had gained my respect, my esteem, my confidence; and earth, with all its pleasures, is waste and dreary, when the sole being to whom our confidence is given can be found on it no more. My young Ranee, by her virtues and her beauty, had won my love—thou, O father, art above this weakness; but I, who have known and felt its power, look around me in vain for a solace which may make life endurable. And this, to add to the bitterness of my reflections—this, O Iswara, hath been the fruit of my own rash and misguided rage. Rejected by my people, through I scarcely know what chance I escaped from my dominions with my life. I have wandered onward with my griefs, till I at length resolved to come hither, and seek in the Waters of Oblivion that forgetfulness which can alone make life tolerable; and now, to complete my wretchedness, thou forbiddest me to taste its waves, by lifting the vail and showing the dark future through which my steps must pass."

"Thy tale is indeed sad, O Nadir!" replied the Brahmin, "sad as the clouds which suddenly obscure the noon-day sun, when the blast of pestilence descends to wither the beauty of the earth, and carry away the living upon its wings. Thy tale is sad, and I can mourn with thee for thy fate. But as the past is irretrievable, let it instruct thee in a lesson by which thou mayest profit in the future. Go forth to meet that future, with the stern wisdom of experience for thy guide. Thou wouldst escape from thy thoughts—from the recollection of the past; strive to do thus no longer, for it is the chief act of cowardice; but show that noble courage which dares to look back, not alone upon the sorrows, but also upon the errors, of the irrevocable past. If the sway of thy passions hath been weakened by the violence of a sudden affliction, trust not too much to the better impulses of a moment of repentance; but watch, that henceforth thou art no longer guided by their influence, and rejoicing in a deliverance from the most tyrannous of rulers, murmur not at the blow by which thy liberty hath been purchased."

"Thou givest sage counsel, father; and did my age bid me hope that a few years would at length lay me at rest in my grave, then might I endeavor to bear a little longer with the burden of life. But alas! I am yet young, and there is health and vigor in my frame, which bids me look forward to a life of long and tedious duration. Thou art very aged, Brahmin! Should I ——"

"Truly, my son, I am aged," answered

Iswara. "When the next inundation of the Ganges arrives, I shall have counted a hundred summers, (Nadir's breast heaved as he endeavored to suppress a sigh.) Lament not if such a lengthened life awaits thee too; but rather consider, if such be thy destiny, what work even thy single hand may achieve shouldst thou also number a hundred years."

"And what hast *thou* done, father?" inquired Nadir. "Here, amid solitudes rarely visited by man, and shunned almost by the inferior creation, what has thy life availed?"

"It becomes not man to speak of his own labors," answered Iswara, gravely. "The tale of my life might weary thee by its simplicity, while, during eighty hasty years, each day has closely resembled the past:—

"Born amid these mountains, the cottage of my father arose not far from this spot. There remains no trace of so humble a dwelling to-day; but I could still point to thee where it stood, for I love to revisit the scenes of my early life. As I grew to manhood, I felt weary of an existence which appeared to be useless to mankind, and it seemed as though Vishnu called from above to upbraid me for being a mere burden upon the earth. I looked around to consider whither I should turn, revolving in my mind a variety of plans, when one day, not far from this spot, I perceived a pilgrim approaching, and as I advanced to meet him, overcome by sickness and fatigue, he sunk down in a swoon. I hastened to his relief, and tended him till, after some days, he was enabled to continue his journey. Here, then, methought, in the spot where Providence hath already placed me, is a spacious field wherein I may serve mankind. Let me not idly look abroad till I have failed to find here due exercise for that benevolence which is required between man and man.

"I accordingly built this cottage, near the pathway frequented by the pilgrims to Hindoo Coosh. I feed and lodge them while they abide in the valley; I give what counsel I can when they need or solicit my advice; for in this retreat, far from the turmoil and tumult of the world, and beyond the reach of many of its temptations, it is easier to learn the lessons of wisdom and the principles of justice than amid its opposing claims, and the never-ending appeals of selfishness."

"Truly, thou art happy, father, if thou art above the reach of these!" exclaimed Nadir. "Let me then build a cottage beside thine, and learn wisdom from thine instructions."

"Not so, Nadir," answered Iswara. "Thou and I must each account for the use of our several opportunities; for we each must labor in the respective places in which our lot hath placed us. I, as a priest, am bidden to devote my life to study and the instruction of mankind. Thou, being a Kshatrya, art commanded to live for the service of thy country; and, still more, as a prince, for the welfare of thy people. Return, then, to them, and if thou wouldst exercise benevolence, thou needst not seek far to discover objects which demand it. Thou fearest to find thy life too long. Look well that it be not too short. It is in all cases uncertain; use it therefore with diligence. Go back to thy people; if they call thee to reascend thy throne, obey their voice, and rule with wisdom and discretion; if another wields the scepter, serve under thy master, and be the most faithful of his subjects; lead his armies and protect his people with courage. Reflect upon the past, and look forward into the future, learning wisdom at every step."

A Dish of Wolf.—We made ourselves pretty comfortable in the willows near the river; and, under a bank to windward, with a good roaring fire at our feet, and well sheltered by walls of snow, which we scraped up with slabs of drift-wood, we sat down and cooked our wolf, the Indian assuring me all the while that it was a great deal nicer than lean deer-meat. Hungry, however, as a whole day's unsuccessful hunting had made me, I was still very unwilling, in spite of his assurances, to try it; but the evident relish with which I saw him eating it, quite disarmed me of my prejudices against wolf-meat, and, in fine, I feasted on the fat ribs, which proved most palatable, and certainly very superior to lean venison. My companion laughed at observing me completely conquer my scruples, and detach a couple more ribs off the savory forequarter then hissing at the fire. We certainly enjoyed our supper that night; nor was my stomach a whit the worse for the strange food with which it had been astonished.—*Palliser's Rambles.*

NOTABILITIES OF THE TRENT.

THERE are scenes and especial marks on life's illuminated page that ever seem to gain fresh tints of loveliness as time wanders on. With us—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;"

and the light of that fragrant summer's day, which first found us rambling by the silver Trent, lives in the sunlight of memory like a wreath of everlasting flowers.

Every turn we made was ripe with interest. We wandered over classic ground, where some of earth's immortals found words of fire enduring as the hills, and clothed with the beauties of the rainbow. Few of our manufacturing towns, where the artisan plies his unpoetical vocation, are so dearly associated with the memories of native genius, or so hallowed by local influences, as Nottingham. As one of our ancient homes of industry, and a place celebrated for its share in the civil wars, it cannot be devoid of interest to the tourist; but there is a charm about those green banks of Trent, of a still more enduring kind than the records of commercial progress, or the sad chronicle of the unfortunate Charles I. wading through the whirl of civil broils, or all the train of discord that followed in the thunder of his path. Every antique porch, or patriarchal forest-tree that spreads its lightning-scathed arms to the passing breeze, seems to recite some interesting ode of long past times:—

"Here, White in gentle numbers sung,
Like zephyrs fanning love's young flame:
His bays round Clifton Grove are hung,
The green leaves syllable his fame.
And here Childe Harold drank of light
Which bore him to the noonday sun
Of inspiration's wondrous might,
Ere other bards had well begun."

Passing up the vale of the Trent in an eastward direction, the pleasant field-paths and rural nooks are such as to delight all lovers of the picturesque; for there we find cottages hewn out of the solid rock, and, being overhung with ivy and other trailing plants, the whole present a pleasant and romantic feature of singularity. In some instances beds of beautiful flowers are arranged tier above tier on ledges of rock, prepossessing us in favor of the humble dwellers, without one word of inquiry; for so tasteful and gentle an occupation must have its humanizing influence, and we naturally associate those lovers of floriculture with the march of progress. Passing thence along the green lane, with the Trent gliding through the meadows below, embosomed in a leafy nook, on the banks of the river, stands Colwick Church, its spire, pointing to the sky, being all that you can discern until you are within the grounds of Colwick Hall, the seat of the Musters family; and, indeed, the ivy-covered house of prayer looks like a detached fragment of the same fabric. It has seldom been our lot to find a village church so retired, and yet it is within three miles of a large manufacturing town. The walls speak of peace and primitive simplicity, and its unadorned interior is of the same character. It was built by Lord Byron's ancestors, some of whom rest beneath its humble and unpretending roof:—

"Each in its plot of holy ground,
How beautiful they stand,
Those old gray churches of our land!"

It is generally supposed to have been built by Sir John Biron, who joined Henry VII. on his landing at Milford, and who fought gallantly at Bosworth against Richard III., for which he was appointed constable of Nottingham Castle and warden of Sherwood Forest. The reclining figures of a knight in armor, and his lady, carry us three centuries back. The Birons were lords of the manor in Edward III.'s time, by the marriage of Sir Richard Biron with Joane, the daughter and sole heiress of William De Colwick.

Beneath the soft light that falls from a painted window (the chaste workmanship of a lady whose dust reposes near) there is a tomb within a few iron railings to which we turned almost intuitively, and pensively we remembered the words of the young poet—

"Hadst thou been mine, all had been hush'd:
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passions hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet."

And there, in that quiet spot, apart sleeps Byron's Mary, for whom he mourned his brief life's morning. Not supposing that our reader can be ignorant of the name and history of Mary Chaworth, of Annesley, subsequently Mrs. Musters, of Colwick, we know that many will feel with us the lonely musing moment, while we linger by the grave of one so nearly associated with the history of a great

British poet. We find him singing in melancholy strain, shortly after Miss Chaworth's marriage:—

"Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd;
How the northern tempests warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

"Now no more the hours beguiling,
Former favorite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me."

It is evident that the family of the Chaworths were of great repute many centuries back; for Sir Thomas Chaworth appeared before a special bench of peers in Henry VI.'s time, and proved his right to property then in possession of the Crown; and that he had lineally descended from Patricius de Caducis, (*vulgo*, Chaworth,) and was consequently a collateral branch of the royal house of Lancaster.

The Colwick estates passed away from the Byron family at the time of the Commonwealth. Sir John, a determined royalist, (and father of the "four brothers" alluded to by the author of *Childe Harold*, in one of his minor poems,) made them over to his noble relative, Sir James Stonehouse, who sold them to Sir John Musters, the ancestor of the present owner. The chancel of the church was rebuilt by Sir John Musters, in the year 1684.

Alas, that it was the fate of the amiable Mary to perish from the earth untimely! Her death was brought about by fright, when exposed to the violence of an infuriated populace; and the hapless poet fell in the arms of untoward circumstances attending war and slaughter! When the rioters approached Colwick Hall, (October 10th, 1831,) Mrs. Musters, with her daughter, and Mademoiselle De Fay, a French lady, secured themselves for a time by means of a strong bolt; but at length, seeing the hall in flames, they contrived to escape unobserved into the shrubbery, and there remained concealed beneath the friendly cover of a gigantic laurel until the depredators had departed. They then came forth to see the best portion of the house, and its valuable contents, a blackened mass of smoldering fire! On the following morning, when assistance had arrived, the lady and her family left the scene of desolation, and found an asylum at Wiverton Hall, the seat of Patricius Viscount Chaworth. But the shock of that dreadful night had already stamped the seal of destiny upon her delicate frame; she died on the 5th of February, 1832. She was aged forty-six years. Linked as she was with the early life and youthful musings of Byron, in turning away from Colwick Church we sat down over and again on the green banks of the Trent, taking many a last look at the green house of death.

Rambling back, on the opposite bank of the river, nestling among extensive orchards, stands Wilford. And now it was impossible to pass across the wood-paths, and approach the ancient church of this secluded village, without calling up the visionary shade of the "martyr student;" mourning, at the same time, that so much of British worth and high-souled genius was called away ere life had attained its noon. We passed into the churchyard, and fancy heard him speak those pensive lines, composed there after consumption had made such inroads upon his physical and mental strength as to give a peculiarity of tone to his poesy. It was on this spot he said:—

"Here would I wish to sleep. This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in!
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulcher'd."

There is a gradual rise of the river's bank from Wilford to Clifton, the scene of Kirke White's immortal poem. Nothing in English village scenery can surpass the locality where the young poet spent some of his happiest hours. The house of the fair maid of Clifton is shown to visitors; but there is nothing peculiar about it, the fact of its having claimed the attention of our poet being its principal attraction. The woods of Clifton were the favorite haunts of White from his earliest days. "He delighted," says Southey, "to point out to his more intimate friends the scenery of the poem—the islet, to which he had often forded when the river was not knee-deep; and the little hut, wherein he had sat for hours reading or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open." And who can visit those woods without a sigh for departed genius? We look upon the loss which literature sustained by his early death with a regret similar to that we feel for the wasting glories of the summer sunlight.

In rambling through Clifton woods we must not be unmindful that the celebrated

Dr. Darwin was born on the banks of the Trent; and although he passed the latter portion of his time at Derby, he was particularly partial to Clifton woods and the Trent meadows, for gathering those new classified plants, the families of which he so learnedly describes in his *Phytologia*. He was, indeed, much respected here, and the dwellers by the Trent were wont to go for his advice as to a common benefactor and father. Being at one time fearful of an approaching pestilence, he went into the Nottingham market-place, and standing upon a tub placed for him by a countryman, he called the attention of the people to sanitary measures; and, among other things, is said to have spoken as follows:—

"Men of Nottingham, listen to me. You are ingenious and industrious mechanics; by your industry life's comforts are provided for yourselves and families, but if you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you. That you know; but perhaps you do not know that to breathe fresh and frequently changed air constantly is not less necessary to preserve health than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours when the windows are shut. Open your sleeping-rooms whenever you quit them to go to your workshops, and keep the windows of your workshops open whenever the weather is not insupportably cold. I have no interest in giving you this advice; but I am your countryman and a physician. Again I say, if you would not bring disease upon the town, open your windows, and change the air you breathe many times a day."

This energetic appeal was not without its usefulness; and his fame as a friend of the poor, and a man of science, will forever associate the name of Dr. Darwin among the worthies of Trentland.

Glancing around at the historic works of the same locality, our attention is called to a farmhouse of antique appearance, near the village of Attenborough: it was the birthplace of Ireton, the republican general, who married Cromwell's daughter, Bridget. It stands near the church; and in the records of that venerable pile the great parliamentarian's birth is thus registered:—"Henricus Ireton, infans Germani Ireton arm baptiz, at fuit decimo die mensis, Novembris, 1611." It was from this neighborhood Ireton selected a troop, and then joined the Earl of Essex in opposing King Charles's army. His parents were persons of respectability, as the ancient house indicates; indeed, we are told that at fifteen he was entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. Mr. Bailey, of Nottingham, author of *The Advent of Charity*, says:—

"While Ireton's lofty deeds adorn the spot,
I call my home, MY COUNTRY. I will not
Covet the fame which other lands can give,
Nor age, nor place, o'er that in which I live."

But, turning away from the Attenborough republican of disastrous times, we were more than delighted in renewing our acquaintance with the gentle muse of Robert Millhouse, by wandering through green meadows, beneath unbrageous forest trees, and by the winding Trent, where the poet sung his wayward fancies sweetly, though, alas! often with a sadness that bordered upon melancholy grief. His effusions were ever of that order which elevate, and his lessons were beautifully instructive. To an oak, torn down by a storm, he says:—

"Methinks I see the day,
When he who mourns thy lot, like thee shall fall;
Nor does the thought his steadfast soul dismay,
Taught, by repeated storms, to bear it all.
Thou, prostrate tree, shalt never more rebloom,
But he shall rise in triumph o'er the tomb."

But now the golden rays of western sunlight threw a mantle of grandeur across the classic woods of Clifton, and bathed in the same rich hues meadow and river, until, from the green bank where the fishermen plied his peaceful occupation, to the towering rock where the castle stands looming over all, the calm beauty of evening wooed us to a homeward path, while a pleasing train of thoughts, arising from these interviews with the past, refreshing and invaluable, occupied the mind.

SYDNEY SMITH.—With Sydney Smith I long lived intimately. His great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images; these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughed louder and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it cannot be repeated or reproduced. His powers of humor were at the same time united with the strongest and most practical common sense. So that while he laughed away seriousness at one minute, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudices which had braved for a thousand years the battle of reason and the breeze of ridicule.—*Lord John Russell.*

ROAD ON THE ORGAN MOUNTAIN.

SCENES IN BRAZIL.

THE manner of traveling and transporting merchandise in the interior of Brazil is by mules and horses, chiefly the former. Horses are only used for the saddle; and even for this I found, by sad experience, mules are much to be preferred. These mules are much smaller than the Spanish, but very hardy and sure-footed, seldom falling or stumbling, except when very heavily laden. The roads are for the most part recently made, and in the neighborhood of Rio are, what we should call in America, impassable. Now they are strewed with blocks of stone or fallen trees; and now they wind around the edge of high mountains, or are almost literally suspended over precipices, being everywhere full of deep chasms, which, in the wet season, are the beds of torrents. We saw but few roads at all passable for carriages. The ascent of some of the mountains is so steep, as to render it necessary to hold on by the mane of the animal, and in some instances to dismount, in which case I sometimes, with Yankee ingenuity, exchanged the mane for the tail, and by the aid of this latter member the more easily ascended the most difficult of the serras. In the season the rain falls almost incessantly, and often in torrents; so that in the course of a few hours I have seen a rippling stream rise several feet, and become a whirling current. The rivers and torrents, from Rio to Ouro Preto, the capital of the province of Minas Geraes, are crossed by bridges, quite substantial for this country; but for the rest of our route they were mostly constructed of loose poles laid across the stream, half rotten and full of holes, shaking and trembling under the traveler's feet in a manner most alarming to a new comer, especially if it happens to be over a river or torrent studded with rocks eighty or one hundred feet below. In some places the roads lead through virgin forests of almost unbounded extent.

A description of these forests would fill a volume, so various are the aspects they present in different parts of the country. Trees of incredible girth tower aloft with trunks of every imaginable form, round, angular, and sometimes resembling open net-work. In some places there is little or no underbrush, in others there is an almost impenetrable thicket. About the trees cling huge snake-like vines, winding around the trunk and through the branches, sending down their long arms binding tree to tree, and taking root in the ground,

whence new branches are thrown out which cling in like manner to other trees, thus linking whole forests together. This creeping vine has the strength and flexibility of rope, and is used by the natives in tying on pack-saddles, making houses, fences, &c. On the tree-trunks cluster the richest varieties of plants, bearing flowers of every hue; the whole presenting an appearance indescribably beautiful. Here birds of the gaudiest plumage are ever flying and singing; monkeys are frolicking and chattering; the harmless lagarto, with his gorgeous coating of green and gold, creeps carefully forth; the lazy sloth doses away his dreamy life; and the sprightly wild cat, springing from branch to branch, drives birds, monkeys, and all before him. On every side are little brilliant humming-birds, stopping an instant, and then away; and the ear is constantly filled with the hum of myriads of gayly-coated insects.

The mules for the exportation of merchandise are generally driven in troops of from twenty to fifty, with one man to every seven, preceded by a steady old mule, called the *madrinho*, whose good or evil conduct they seem most tenaciously to follow. I have often seen the whole troop kicking and plunging, merely because the *madrinho* had taken it into her head to do so. The usual day's journey for troop-mules is from three to five leagues, (a league being five miles;) but with very light baggage they will travel from seven to eight leagues, which, considering the animal and the roads, is a great deal.

LOADING MULES.

The place of rest along the route is called a *rancho*, which is nothing but an open shed, with thatched or tiled roof. On alighting for the night, the muleteers first take off the baggage and *cangalhos*, (pack-saddles,) and turn the mules loose into the open country, never fearing but

A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

they will return at sun-down to get their small measure of corn, and be examined as to their hoofs, &c. The next thing is to light a fire and cook the dinner, which consists principally of rice, *feijão*, (beans,) *farinha*, *carne sècca*, (dried beef,) and sometimes a chicken. But the muleteers never aspire above carne sècca and farinha, and my trusty gun always supplied us with game, which is in some places very abundant. After cooking the farinha, or baking the yams in the ashes, we would suspend the fowl by a leather thong before the fire over them, that they might catch the rich juices, and flavor; and the taste of some of these delicious repasts, seasoned with that best of sauces, hunger, still lingers on my palate. After all preparations were made for the night, I was wont to amuse our muleteers by telling them about America, and to keep them in merry humor by aid of my violin. Far in the interior I have met natives who, in their simplicity, would ask me if we have a *Deos* (God) in my country? and they could not understand how the same *lua* (moon) that shone in their country, shone in mine, so far away.

After having purchased two horses, one for myself and the other for my servant, and a mule for light baggage, I started for the interior, having previously sent on my trunks to St. John by a troop; but at the first start I met with a discouragement almost fatal to my journey, in an attack of the African fever, which I caught near Port Australia, probably from *mulatos novó* (slaves recently landed) on the coast, a short distance above this place, to be taken by a roundabout way into the city, as if coming from the interior. I was in a bad situation: for my baggage being sent on in advance, I was uncomfortably short of clothes—in a low Portuguese inn kept by a vicious-looking landlord, whose only thought was to get as much out of me as possible, not caring whether I lived or died. My servant did not understand my language, nor I his, except most imperfectly; and we were surrounded by a set of thieves and drinkers.

My fever was violent, and my accommodations poor. The wind forced its way through the crevices of the mud-walls, accompanied with rain, and my heart almost sank within me. Delirium at last came to my relief, but in my more lucid intervals I was still in trouble; and I recollect, among things in my imaginings, beholding a Jesuitical priest tearing out my brains, for the very laudable purpose of replacing them with better ones; but providentially, and almost miraculously, I gradually recovered, and again started, weak in body and lighter in pocket.

I arrived at Petropolis late at night, distant seven leagues from Port Australia. The scenery in this mountain is grand and beautiful beyond description. The height is about four thousand feet. Here the emperor has a palace for his summer residence, and has erected a beautiful road over this before impassable mountain. There is an open point near the top, commanding a view of the bay and city in the distance. It was a beautiful moonlight night as I surveyed this delightful landscape. On passing through one of the gorges, a huge bat fluttered against my face, which I wounded with my pistol, and its unearthly screeching startled monkeys, bats, and other inhabitants of the forest, from their repose—turning the hitherto almost death-like silence into a very Babel of discordant, strange, and uncouth sounds, making "night hideous." My next stopping-place was Corrêo, which deserves a notice, mainly because I slept at the house of a rich Padre, and in embroidered sheets. Riding off once more, we passed Riberona, a very picturesque place, in a valley completely shut in by mountains, and Villa de Parahybona, a place of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, on a river of the same name, which we crossed in a flat-boat by rope-power. The river here is very rapid; the sudden jars necessarily experienced in crossing it often precipitate the mules overboard, and thus many are annually drowned. At length we arrived at Rio-Parahyba, the separation of the province of Rio from the province of Minas Geraes. Here we found the only well-built bridge I saw in this province. It crosses a most beautiful river, which rushes over and through immense rocks on which the bridge is built. The scenery is sublime. The noise of the torrent is almost deafening, and frequently the spray is dashed entirely over the bridge. Here they pressed me to stay until some troop came along to make my party stronger, particularly cautioning me against the Rancho de Negro; but with my usual willfulness, I disdained advice and protection. I intended to have encamped in the woods; but as we proceeded, the rain began to fall in tor-

PARAHYBA BRIDGE.

rents, rendering any shelter desirable; so we betook ourselves to the rancho. It consisted of a solitary rancho on the verge of a large forest, kept by two men, whose villainous looks deciphered their character. At my repast, at one o'clock in the morning, they tried to ply me with wine; but fearing it might be drugged, the earth received it instead of my stomach. I also took care to show them my pistols, the workmanship of my knife, &c. From their looks and conferences I thought it advisable not to lie down, and the event showed my forethought not amiss; so, seating myself on my baggage which I had placed before the door, I fell asleep, from which I was awakened by feeling it move; and, on opening my eyes, a shaggy head appeared through the door. I only paused to call out, "*Quem-ahi!*" and bang went my pistol. The door closed rapidly, and I was not again disturbed. Through all this my criado snored lustily, and I could not arouse him by kicks or cuffs, showing plainly that the wine of which he partook had been drugged. In the morning I missed the shaggy head of the night, but made no remark.

The further I penetrated the country the more numerous I found the rivers, and the greater the difficulty there is in crossing them. The manner of fording we present in the adjoining cut. When the tide is rapid or swollen by rains, much care and skill are required; and those who would make a tour through this land must submit to much fatigue, some danger, and annoyances without number. They must not be afraid of filth, bad fare, the torments of vermin, or lodgings to which a barn of

FORDING A RIVER.

BARBACINO.

clean hay would be a paradise. He must ford rivers of every depth, fear no ascent or descent, and have a careful eye to the priming of his pistols.

We passed on through Bem Feito, and arrived at Villa de Rataò—certainly a most appropriate name, as it abounds in rats. They fell upon me as I lay in bed from the rafters above; and I amused myself in the not very scientific operation of laying in wait for them, boot in hand, "dropping" them as they jumped upon the bed, at which business I became quite expert. One night I awoke almost suffocated, and found a huge rat snugly ensconced on my neck. Passing my hand under him, with a spasmodic jerk I sent him flying from me with such force as to knock over my servant who was just entering the door, and who received his ratship full in the face, and from that time he had a most unconquerable aversion to rats.

We passed Nacemento, Casa Alto, and arrived at Barbacino, beautifully situated on a high hill, consisting of but two streets, each about a mile in length, crossing each other at right angles, and having a church at each end. It was nearly sunset as we approached, and the appearance was of unsurpassed beauty. The barren hills were tinged, as far as the eye could reach, with the golden hues of the setting sun; and as we passed through the groves at the foot of the hill, we saw the natives, who were keeping a festival, dancing upon the ground, literally carpeted with flowers. Some of the girls were exceedingly pretty, and their open loose dresses set off their fine forms to the utmost advantage. Rarely have we seen a finer sight than was presented on this day at Barbacino. These feast or saint days are very numerous, especially in the cities on the coast. Their celebration engages universal attention, and, in fact, forms the principal religion of the people. They are signalized by the discharge of sky-rockets by day, and other fire-works at night, and the incessant ringing of bells. In fact, the people think nothing too good, no expense too great to be employed in the service of the Church. Accompanying some processions are little girls, adorned with gauze wings, and sometimes glittering with gems, to represent angels, and as they pass along, the streets are strewed with flowers, and the houses are hung with embroidered mantles.

The number of saints' or holydays are about thirty-five. These are divided into two classes, *dias santos de guarda*, in which it is not lawful to work; and *dias santos dispensados*, (half holydays,) in which it is only requisite to attend mass.

The expenses of the churches are immense, the wax tapers consumed being many thousand, of the largest size—for instance, at a festival of the church St. Francisco de Paulo (Rio Janeiro) I once counted five hundred in the sanctuary alone.

We found the nights in this region extremely cold, rendering a heavy *capote* necessary; while the daytime was so warm, that the least possible clothing was required.

The country, after passing Barbacino, presents altogether a different appearance from that nearer the coast. Instead of mountains and green foliage, we have high barren sandy hills, extending as far as the eye can reach, many of which have been washed for gold. The roads, which are mere foot-paths, branch off in various directions, and much caution is requisite in traveling lest we should mistake the route. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and a brilliant moonlight, when I started from Barbacino. After going about a league, I concluded, from the increasing denseness of the thicket, that I had lost my way, and therefore sent my servant in one direction, while I took another, giving signals at intervals. At last, not hearing his voice, and finding my way more and more obstructed, and that I was deviating from my westerly course, I started to return, and as I supposed by a shorter route, taking advantage of every open place to put my animal into a gallop. In one of these places he made so sudden a stop as nearly to precipitate me over his head. It was well he had more *instinct* than I, for, on dismounting, I found myself within a foot of a deep precipice, the dark gloomy shadow cast by the moon into its depths rendering the bottom invisible. I could not repress a shudder; and raised my heart in thankfulness at my narrow escape.

Finding my servant, we pushed on with all possible dispatch; but my poor horses were almost entirely used up, and I was soon obliged to purchase a second mule, and thus equipped we continued our way.

The roads in the sunshine here presented a most beautiful appearance, being covered with minerals of almost every description; crystals of immense size and great beauty lay around us in profusion. But our comforts were fewer than ever: sometimes we slept under the huge leaves of the banana-tree, thrown up in the form of a cone; and sometimes on our baggage, arranged in the best manner our ingenuity could suggest. The wind, so acceptable by day, was piercingly cold at night. Our *estalagem* (inn) has rooms without floors or windows; beds made by driving four stakes into the ground, with cross pieces, upon which is stretched an ox-hide, and all manner of accommodations to match.

After passing this elevated ground, we experienced a warmer climate; and I found delicious repose in a hammock, a mode of sleeping I ever afterward adopted. During the heat of the day, after turning my mule loose, I have often in the forests suspended my hammock between two trees, perhaps over a sparkling stream, where the denseness of the overhanging boughs effectually excluded the sun, and, with all kinds of a lullaby, fallen into slumber.

At night, in this forest bed, slumber is strangely interesting. Myriads of fire-flies keep an incessant torch-light dance around your hammock; the lantern fly, with his fiery guide, ever and anon illuminates the whole space; the night bird's wing fans your cheek; the vampire bat flits by; and you can look out and see wild beasts wandering in quest of food.

The vampire bat, measuring from one to three feet across the extended wings, is a disgusting-looking object, although its mouse-colored fur is soft and delicate. Its mouth is amply provided with teeth; and the nostrils seem well fitted for suction. It has sometimes been questioned whether these animals suck blood, but there is every reason to believe they *do*. While in St. João del Rei, I one night received a bite over my right eye, which deprived me of my sight for nearly two weeks. All that saw it pronounced it a vampire *tap*; and I have seen mules so weakened from loss of blood on this account, as to be incapable of journeying. For this reason, too, it is that the mules are secured under a shelter, and briers placed around the eaves, which (as the bats rarely fly under a shed) is found a sufficient protection; but if the animals are left unsheltered they are cruelly bitten.

Among the articles of diet here we have already named *farinha de mandioca*. This singular vegetable production has qualities deadly poisonous; but these being extracted, it is rendered the most nutritious article of Brazilian food. It is prepared by pressing it in machines, after which the juice is dried in the sun or by the fire. The original mode was by scraping it with stones, a process very injurious, rendering it necessary for the natives to take an antidote—the urucu root. The plant itself is tall and slender, and divided into short

joints, each one of which, when placed in the ground, takes root and becomes a separate plant. The leaves are palmated with six or seven lobes. The tubers are shaped much like sweet potatoes, about a foot in length. It is sometimes prepared in the following manner: after being divested of their thick rind, and grated upon stones, the mass is placed in a slender bag of ratteen, six feet in length; to this a large stone is appended, and the consequent extension producing a contraction of the sides, the juice is expressed. When finished, it is of a white or brown color, according to the care taken, and resembles crumbs of bread. The poisonous juice is used by the natives to dress wounds, cure the bite of certain snakes, &c.

It was in this locality an accident befell us which may serve to illustrate the perils of a Brazilian journey. In going around the narrow ledge, the road gave way beneath the tread of my baggage mule, and he lost his balance. My servant, who was close behind him, seized hold of his tail, in the vain hope of enabling him to regain his

FALL OF A BAGGAGE MULE.

footing; but the struggle to right himself only made his position continually worse and worse, until in less time than I take in describing it, he was actually suspended with no other support than his fore leg, his nose, and my servant's grip on his tail. At last, seeing no hope of saving him from the fall, and fearful my *criado* would go with him, (as the ground was much loosened in the struggle,) I commanded him to let go, and away went my poor mule. We immediately commenced to find a descent into the ravine below to recover the baggage, expecting to find the mule a mangled corpse. We were about two hours in accomplishing this descent; but judge of our surprise at finding my mule, though very much bruised and torn, yet still alive. Fortunately the first perpendicular fall was only about fifteen feet; and the side of the mountain, then sloping, was covered with briers and brush, which made his progress more easy. We were obliged to encamp several days to recover him, and indeed a lameness always clung to him. My trunks were torn asunder, and my poor violin was a complete wreck.

It was in this region that I was privileged to behold a magnificent natural fountain. From the top of a huge rock about two hundred feet high and nearly square in form, gushed out numerous (I counted twelve) glittering streams, which, rolling down the sides, produced the finest effect.

The coffee of this province, *Minas Geraes*, is, I think, the best I ever tasted, and is drank by the natives several times a day. It is not exported, as is the coffee of the province of Rio. There are persons still living who remember when the first coffee plants were brought to this country; and yet in 1846 the exports from Rio amounted to two million bags, each containing one hundred and fifty pounds, in quality equal to that of St. Domingo. The coffee-trees are planted at a distance of about eight feet apart, and are prevented from growing more than six feet high by constant trimmings. The flowers are white, and ornament the plant beautifully, and the leaves are some six inches in length. The berries grow upon the under side of the limbs, and at first are green, but when ripe are a bright red; within each berry are two kernels surrounded by a sweet, thin pulp. When the ripe berries are exposed to the sun, the rind is then removed by hand or by mill. I have seen, at some of the smaller *Fazendas*, the negroes (covered with perspiration) engaged, both hands and feet, in shelling the coffee. On passing some of the plantations, as it was rumored that I had with me a few surgical and dental instruments, my services were in immediate requisition, and woe to the poor slave who had ever suffered from toothache, no matter how long since, for it was deemed sufficient cause by his master for removing the offending member, and even my own objections and protestations were unheeded. The lamentable howlings and uncouth contortions of these poor fellows were both

A MULETEER UNHORSED.

pitiable and ludicrous. It was truly laughable to see with what fiendish pleasure those who had been released from their purgatory would hold others who had yet to endure the torture. Along the roads are to be procured plenty of poor wines, at a very cheap rate; but the principal drink among the natives is *cachassa*, made from sugar-cane. There is also a delicious drink made from the orange and *ananas*, (pineapple.)

Having passed through San John, we came to a steep, narrow pass, scarcely three feet wide, and even at that with a deep gorge in the middle. My *criado* was ahead, mounted very foolishly and against my wish, on one of my poor, broken down horses, of which he had cause for repentance. In a place almost impassable for a mule, the horse lost his footing, and falling backward, I expected to see my faithful fellow, the companion of my wanderings, crushed beneath his weight, when, strange to say, the friendly gorge received him head first, fortunately being in this place but a few feet deep and also being too small to admit the horse. He received some severe bruises, but was otherwise unharmed; but not so my poor horse—he was unable to move, and I was about to dispatch him with my pistol, when a native passing by implored me to give it to him. I willingly complied, though I fear he had the worst of the bargain. There was a good deal of human nature in that same servant of mine, for like the rest of mankind he tried to be a hero; after I had spent about two hours in rubbing his body with *cachassa*, he said to me, "I was not afraid when I was falling."

On the 30th of August I arrived in St. João del Rei, a beautiful place of about five thousand inhabitants, situated in a valley at the foot of a mountain of the same name. This is the richest town in the interior, having much trade with Rio and the towns further inland; most of the places in this region depending entirely on the gold extracted from the soil, which is here exchanged for goods. Being the first American visitor, I was treated with much kindness, and of no place have I so many pleasing reminiscences. I lived in an old castellated house, surrounded by a high wall, which had twenty rooms full of niches and sliding panels, built probably by some rich old noble who came from Portugal in the time of Don John. The house was said to be haunted, nor could I induce my servant to sleep in it, although I was disturbed only by the nightly sallies of rats. For some time previous to arriving here we had been traveling through a country almost a desert; but as we reached the brow of the hill overhanging this city, a view of the white walls of the houses, the banana and orange groves, burst upon our vision, and seemed to us beautiful. Here I attended the funeral of a senhora. The body was laid in a large gilded coffin, and carried to the burial place, preceded by the friends, bearing large wax tapers. On entering the cemeterio, a place built in the form of a square, the interior open and the walls arranged in tiers of niches, the coffin is opened, and you behold the corpse in full dress as in life, the priest and laymen standing around chanting and occasionally sprinkling incense on the body. There is also a band of singers accompanied with instruments, which, together with the stillness of the night, the light of the numerous tapers, the slow and solemn airs, make this service exceedingly impressive. After the service was ended, the body was left all night surrounded by torches; in the morning they placed it in the tomb, which was then plastered up. At the end of a year it is taken out, and put in a large vault beneath.

We are yet to traverse the most interesting portion of Brazil; over a soil abounding with gold, and through rivers, in whose beds sparkle precious stones. Of this tour we may hereafter have something to say.

NERVOUS TEMPERAMENTS.

THE nervous system is often deemed accountable for evils which have a very different origin. If a man who is of a naturally irritable temper, which has been indulged till it has obtained the mastery over him; or if a girl, who has been nursed from childhood in the lap of sloth, and has listened to the language of flattery till she is unable to bear the common ills of human life, be asked, "What ails you?" the answer, perhaps, in each case will be, "O, I am highly nervous!" Such an answer is thought to be a sufficient apology for every outbreak of passion, for every indulgence of a sickly sentimentalism, and for every folly to which the selfishness of the human mind may dispose it to give way.

From some such cause as this it may have arisen, that so little sympathy is generally felt with those who complain that they are oppressed by nervous disease. We are ready to say to a person who thus speaks, "Why do you not strive against the evil? Why do you suffer yourself to yield to it? Why do you not reason yourselves out of it?" And if the complainant is really deceiving himself by imputing to nervousness what really flows from ungoverned temper, or from the indulgence of selfish feelings, it is but an act of kindness to rouse him to exertion, by showing him that there is a moral culpability about him which needs the rod of discipline rather than the cordial of sympathetic advice and consolation.

But this is not the case with which I wish at present to deal. There is a real nervousness, as well as its counterfeit; and where it exists, so as to amount to a disease, it has just and large demands on Christian forbearance and compassion. When any one, in a strict sense of the term, may be called nervous, it is meant that the nerves—that mysterious system of physical mechanism which pervades every portion of the frame—are in a diseased state of irritation. Then, instead of fulfilling their proper office, which is to convey to the brain correct intelligence respecting such objects of sense as come within their reach, they exaggerate that intelligence, or present it in an extravagant and irritating form. And thence it follows, that persons who are naturally of the coolest judgment, when under nervous excitement (by whatever cause produced) will feel that, in spite of the soundness of their understanding, and in spite, too, of their clearest convictions and firmest resolutions, they are carried away by an uncontrollable irritability, for which they are quite unable to give an account.

The experience of many devoted servants of God might be brought to confirm the truth of this observation. I would refer to that of the late Mrs. Hawkes, the attached friend of Richard Cecil, whom she ever revered as her spiritual father in Christ. "I am fallen," she says, "into a nervous state which is truly distressing. Sometimes such deep depression seizes me, and without knowing why, that I can scarcely bear myself; sometimes such irritability, and at others such terror, that I feel as if my senses were going. I have also such an imperious, restless desire, to be anywhere but where I am, as I never felt before.... I may scorn the thing that vexes me, and call myself a fool a thousand times; yet there is no arguing with agitated nerves.... I am persuaded that nervous disease is quite distinct from a morbid turn of mind. Its seat is in the body, and its sway over the mind is effected by sympathy. Intellectual, and even religious aids, *alone*, will not remedy the evil, but sometimes increase it. We must have recourse to other helps; we must, as much as possible, avoid whatever irritates: and if we cannot avoid it, we must try to divert our thoughts to something else. I am terrified when I consider what disordered nerves produce! The imagination is the first victim, and soon all that is horrid follows."

This is the language, not of one who was naturally peevish, fretful, and of morbid temperament, nor yet of one who had made but low attainments in spirituality of mind and in every Christian excellence; but of one whose soul was buoyant and vigorous beyond that of most persons; whose character was adorned with every grace of the Holy Spirit, and who lived a life of faith and prayer.

There is much of sound philosophy in the distinction which her deep experience had enabled her to draw between "nervous disease" and a "morbid turn of mind." One originates in that marvelous system of cords or threads which run through the whole frame, connecting the various organs of sensation with the spine and the

brain; the other has its seat in the mind itself. Hence they may require not only different, but sometimes even opposite treatment. The morbid mind may need to be roused and stimulated, while the disordered nerves require to be soothed and calmed down. Both cases demand the exercise of judgment, discrimination, and tenderness; but nervous disease needs the last of these in a pre-eminent degree. And yet, perhaps, there is scarcely any form of human suffering which meets with less considerate attention, or which has a greater tendency to call forth feelings and expressions of impatience and irritation in others, than this. It is difficult to divest ourselves of the thought that the patient being so obviously his own tormentor, might cease to trouble himself if he *would*. We seem disposed to put ourselves in his outward condition, retaining the while our own calmness and self-possession; and then we blame him because he cannot extricate himself from these fanciful troubles as easily as we ourselves should do, who happen to be free from his infirmity of nerve. But we forget that in him the very spring which raises us up so easily above these troubles, and also the balancing power, which keeps feelings under due restraint, are altogether wanting. His nerves are excited beyond bounds, and his tremulous hand is quite unable to hold the reins, and to restrain their impetuosity. He may be intelligent, well-informed, rightly instructed, and sincerely pious; and yet, contrary to his convictions, his desires, and his resolves, he is carried away by feelings for which he scorns himself, and calls himself "a thousand times a fool!" Reasoning is altogether fruitless with such a patient; there is, indeed, "no arguing with agitated nerves;" it is like "pouring vinegar upon nitre:" it increases the tempest it was intended to allay.

What, then, is to be done? The case must be approached, not directly through the understanding, but indirectly through the common sympathies of our nature. No attempt should be made to give a sudden check or a violent turn to the current which has set in with so much strength. We must rather try to glide gently along with the feelings of the sufferer, suggesting, as we proceed, topics of an alleviating character. We must *feel with* him, rather than *reason against* him. And while he is not thinking of it, we may take occasion to reconcile his mind to his circumstances, or imperceptibly to draw away his thoughts from the subjects on which they are disposed painfully to dwell.

If the mind seems to be wearing itself out with nervous anxieties, then some decisive change may be necessary; such as a journey, or a new pursuit, to divert the attention from the cause of disquietude. Sometimes converse with a kind friend may do much good. Sometimes silent sympathy will effect still more. But solitude should be, in a great degree, avoided; for then the mind recoils upon itself, and heaps fuel on the fire which itself had kindled. Job's friends, during the first portion of their interview with him, seemed instinctively to adopt the right method of dealing with an agitated mind. "They sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great." It would have been for his comfort, and their own credit, had they maintained this silence till they better understood the nature of his sorrows. Sometimes a kind look will do more to set an agitated mind at rest, than hours of wise counsel or faithful exhortation. There may be cases, too, in which it is desirable, if possible, to produce a temporary oblivion of everything exciting, so as to let the mind lie fallow for the purpose of restoring its exhausted powers, and of giving the opportunity of uprooting the luxuriant weeds which had destroyed the fertility of the soil. The bow too long stretched must be unstrung, that it may regain its elasticity. But this is an experiment which should be made with extreme caution, as it is applicable only to extreme cases, and may possibly increase the evil which it is meant to cure. For assuredly the great enemy of souls will ever be on the watch to fill the vacuity thus made with evil suggestions, or bewildering thoughts, or desponding feelings.

These considerations will be enough to show how much Christian wisdom is necessary for those who have to administer to "a mind diseased." But wisdom will not avail, unless it be joined with genuine affection. And in addition to this, there must be patient forbearance, which will be greatly aided by a cheerful, sunny countenance, a gentle and harmonious voice, and words of truth flowing from a heart of love.

But it is with the diseases of the mind, as with those of the body, that they seldom appear in a simple definite form; and it is their complication which presents the great difficulty in the way of their successful treatment. We often find, for instance, that an extreme susceptibility of the nervous system is in close combination with a morbid mental constitution, as in the well-known case of the poet Cowper. And then we have two enemies to contend with, one of which may require to be opposed on different grounds and with different weapons from the other. A physician may know of a remedy which might cure one disease under which his patient labors, but he cannot venture to administer it, because he knows that it would aggravate another disease with which this is complicated. So, when we have to deal with a mind, the morbid state of which would require some rousing stimulant to produce a right action of its powers, we may be unable to administer it, because of the nervous irritability conjoined with the other disease.

A CUSTOM OF THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

THE Restoration of Charles II., which occasioned such a delirium of joy when it occurred, could hardly fail of being honored by the observance of what might be considered appropriate ceremonies at each returning anniversary. We are told that the passage of the king on the 29th of May, 1661, from Dover to London, was one continued triumph; and that the road from Rochester to the capital was lined with booths on either side of the way, presenting the spectacle of a continuous fair nearly thirty miles in length. Charles, though a man of vulgar sentiments and scandalous profligacy, retained his popularity during the whole of his reign; and the day of his accession to the throne, which was also his birthday, continued to be observed as a general holyday as long as he lived. After his death, the custom of making holyday on what was vulgarly called "Oak-apple-day," in allusion to the concealment of the royal fugitive in the oak at Boscobel, had been too long established to die a sudden death.

In our boyhood, when the Peninsular war was raging, we chanced to reside in the neat and picturesque market-town of Tiverton, on the banks of the Exe. It was here that the custom to which we have alluded, and which, by the way, would have been far more honored in the breach than in the observance, had full sway. In the year 1810, and of course for many generations previously, the 29th of May was as complete a holyday in this town as it could ever have been in any part of England since the first year of the Restoration. At early dawn, the whole town was awakened by the furious clanging of church-bells, and instead of rising to pursue their usual occupations, they had to turn out and sally forth into the neighboring fields, woods, and hedge-rows, where they set to work felling huge branches of oak from the trees, with which the locality abounded, and which they brought into town upon their shoulders to decorate the fronts of their houses. Woe to the luckless or drowsy tradesman who, by the usual time of opening shop, had not metamorphosed his shop-front into a green bower; he would find his apartments gratuitously ventilated by a shower of compliments from the unruly mob, and be driven to beg, borrow, or buy a bush in his extremity to shield himself from popular vengeance. No shops were open—no business was thought of throughout the day. King Charles was personated by stuffed dolls, with tinsel crowns upon their heads, sitting astride upon the branches of the oak, not in accordance with history, endeavoring to conceal himself from observation, but making the utmost possible show of the gaudy trappings and glittering tiara with which he was adorned. Those who could afford it, covered a good portion of the leaves of the oak with leaf-gold; and the oak-apples, which had been carefully collected for many days previously, were gilded or silvered, and worn in the hat or the button-hole by all who could procure them. In those times there was neither city nor rural police; the only peripatetic delegate of authority being the parish constable, and he, for a reason best known to himself, never ventured to put in an appearance on oak-apple day. The whole town was delivered up to the mercies of the mob. It was a day on which ruffianism may be said to have been at a premium, the greatest ruffian being invariably selected from among a hundred or two of candidates to enact the part of Oliver Cromwell.

This historical personage made his ap-

pearance upon the stage about eleven o'clock in the day, by which time it was supposed that all unavoidable business might be transacted; and no female dared venture forth after that hour. The appearance of Oliver was the general signal for flight wherever he came. Imagine a brawny six-foot man, his face begrimed all over with a mixture of lamp-black and oil, and surmounted by a prodigious shock of hair dripping with grease, the lank locks of which hung dangling over his savage eye; his body, like that of a prize-fighter, naked to the waist, round which was tied a bag containing several pounds of the mixture with which his own skin, as far as it was visible, was anointed. This was Oliver Cromwell, and his mission was to catch hold of anybody and everybody that he could overtake, and, by forcing their heads into his capacious bag, make them free of the commonwealth, if they refused to come down with a ransom, the amount of which he fixed at his own discretion according to the circumstances of his captive. As a fleet and powerful fellow was invariably chosen to play Oliver, it was of course necessary to take measures to prevent him from becoming, in the excitement of the chase, too indiscriminate in the bestowal of his favors. As he was pelted by the mob, and plentifully swilled with water, of which there were running streams in most of the streets, it is no wonder that he should lose his temper, and become really savage, after having played the tyrant and the target for a few hours. By way of restraint, therefore, he was tied round the waist by a stout barge rope about fifty yards long, the end of which was in charge of his cabinet council, consisting of half-a-dozen congenial spirits, who probably shared his profits, and who, if they chose, could moderate his pace or pull him up suddenly when in pursuit of unlawful prey—such, for instance, as the parish doctor, or a magistrate amusing himself with a sight of the popular sport.

It is not easy to imagine all the circumstances presented by this unique and disgraceful spectacle: the uproar and tumult which swarmed round Oliver wherever he went—the panic which seized the pursuing multitude when he turned and pursued them—the insane yells and cries of encouragement when he had caught some unlucky or obnoxious individual—and, above all, the hideous appearance of the baited wretch himself, when worn out with the toils of his disgusting occupation, and savage with the jeers and injuries of the mob. Between the green boughs that covered every house-front, the windows were filled with spectators, among whom women and children looked on in safety upon a spectacle little calculated to inculcate the social or domestic virtues.

In our time Oliver held undisputed possession of the town until five o'clock in the afternoon, when his reign was at an end, and he was led off to retirement, and to count, and enjoy if he could, the fruits of his labors. After he had disappeared, the more respectable inhabitants came forth from their dwellings, and enjoyed themselves in a becoming manner.

This absurd and mischievous custom, which it may be fairly hoped has long been abolished, is in its details sufficiently suggestive of its origin. There can be little doubt that it was originally set on foot by the royalist party soon after the Restoration, in malice against the Puritans, who in that part of the country must have been sufficiently numerous to provoke such a popular demonstration of dislike. It is evident that the mission of the first greasy Oliver who figured in Tiverton-streets was to catch the adherents, real or supposed, of the Protector; and the Nonconformists, of whatever persuasion they might be, were naturally regarded as his legitimate spoil. We may conceive that the poor Puritans of that day, having once had experience of the mercies of the unctuous ogre, would be careful to shut themselves up in their dwellings, with the security of bolt and bar, whenever the anniversary of the monstrous saturnalia came round; but sport, rather than persecution, was the object of the mob, and it mattered little to them who were the victims, so long as they were not balked of their pleasure. It may seem surprising at the first glance, that a custom so silly and puerile in its origin, and so hateful and immoral in its operation, should have survived in all its completeness through five or six generations, and lasted until our own day; but the force of precedent will keep alive even greater abuses; and of all the absurdities which gradually disappear from the face of the earth, those perhaps are among the longest-lived which are linked with the recreations of an ignorant populace.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

We have heretofore alluded to the necessary absence of the editor, occasioned by laborious duties, which have had no connection whatever with his editorial office. He has, very fortunately for himself at least, been lately relieved from most of these foreign demands upon his time, and shall renewedly devote himself to the claims of the Magazine. Our patronage is advancing with a substantial and continual growth; our provisions for the further improvements of the work are ample; and we trust that it will more than ever deserve the hearty commendations it has received from the press and its readers. We have in preparation some very elegant and very extensive pictorial improvements. One of them is now in process—the Life of Luther, in fifty designs, by Gustav König, all of which we shall lay before our readers. We prefer that the others should speak for themselves when their time comes. Meanwhile we hope our friends will heartily and everywhere sustain us in these efforts, by promoting the circulation of the work. We are determined that it shall be admitted to be the best work of its class (allowing for its size) in the land. Help us, good friends, in the endeavor. We wish to begin our next semi-annual volume (in July) with a large accession to our list. Is there one of our readers who does not wish it may be so? Is there one that cannot help us in the attempt? Show the work to your neighbors—tell them its unequally low terms—and you can hardly fail to be able to send us "aid and comfort." We would refer attention to our terms, especially the offer to clubs. See last page of the cover.

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During our late absence our Book Notices have been prepared, in part, by another pen; they have been brief but appreciative—the standard which we have proposed for our literary criticisms. The criticism on "Maurice's Essays," in our last, was, however, an exception. We have not read Maurice, and therefore can hardly speak decidedly on the subject; but, had we written the notice ourself, it should have been more positive on one side or the other.

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Payment of Authors—Mr. Carey's Figures.—We gave some time ago an extract from Mr. Carey's work on copy-right, showing the success of American authorship. The figures struck us at the time as somewhat marvelous. A wrong cipher makes a "pretty considerable" difference in such calculations. We do not know that Mr. Carey was inaccurate; perhaps, however, the printers were. Webster's Dictionary had $160,000 set down to it. A friend, curious in such literary marvels, wrote to the elder Silliman on the subject. He replied in substance:

"Authors of great fame are reputed to obtain large sums for their works; and standard works for schools, colleges, navigation, &c., I suppose pay well. My own experience does not correspond with what you have heard. The 'American Journal of Science and Arts,' (now in its thirty-sixth year, and sixty-sixth volume,) was some time a charge on my hands; and has never yet paid a decent editorial salary. The 'Chemistry,' in two large octavos, never paid more than a lawyer would charge for managing a case. My early 'Travels in Europe' paid about the actual expense of the tour, without counting the time. My recent 'Visit to Europe,' will not do even that, although three editions have passed through the press, and a fourth is expected. Whoever has realized 'golden dreams,' I have not. I do not impeach the facts stated in the pamphlet, (Mr. Carey's;) but it is an easy error of the press to add a cipher or two. In the bulletins of the early battles of the French Revolution, it is said that it was usual to omit one cipher from the loss of the French, and add it to that of the enemy. How far authors, or editors, if addressed by you, would be as frank as I have been, I cannot say. No doubt, many, very many works do not pay at all, and much money is lost by publication. Authorship is laborious and anxious; and any man who has a good trade or business, had better stick to it than to turn author, &c." "Professor Silliman placed our letter," says our correspondent, "in the hands of Professor Goodrich, who is a member of the late Dr. Webster's family, and in a note he says, 'You are right in saying that all the money paid for Dr. Webster's Dictionary and works in the space of forty years, was not one quarter of the sum named by Mr. Carey.' It is a very easy matter, in publishing a work like Mr. Carey's, to go into the merits of authors, and how well they are paid. But if any one were to address each of these writers named by Mr. Carey, on the subject, and they were to tell the 'exact truth,' we think, as Professor Silliman says, that one or two ciphers too many have been added."

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Beard or no Beard.—We have repeatedly referred to the "*beard reform*," so called in England. The *Church Journal* says, "This movement is one of the most rapid on record, even in these fast times. Whole towns and classes go into it at once. *The Daily News* strongly recommends the clergy to abandon smooth shaving, and return to the manly and majestic beard as worn by the glorious Reformers of the sixteenth century. It says nothing would be a surer preventive of clergymen's sore throat than for nature's covering to supersede cravats. The Rev. Peter Barlow, Incumbent of Cockfield, has acted on the advice. Some of his people were so highly offended at this resemblance to Cranmer and Latimer, that they left the Church. The great body of the congregation, however, were sensible enough to remain."

—

George IV. was the first villain and the so called "first gentleman of his day in Europe." Moore, in his Diary, thus represents him *en déshabillé*:—

"Lockhart mentioned Chantrey's description of a morning in the king's bedchamber at the cottage. His tailor, Wyatville, Chantrey, and somebody else in attendance, and the king in bed, in a dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap. A servant announces the Duke of Wellington is arrived, and waits an audience in the adjoining room. His majesty gets up, puts on a fine silk douillette and velvet cap, and goes to the duke; and, after the conference is ended, returns, puts on the dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap, and to bed again. Generally walks about his room all the morning in bare legs."

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Extemporaneous Prayers.—Elder Knapp occasionally gets off a very good thing. He was one evening speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayers, and remarked that we would find no example for these in the Scriptures. The prayers of our Saviour were short and to the point. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the waters to meet his Master, and

was about sinking, had his application been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he had got half through *he would have been fifty feet under water.*"

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POPULATING THE WEST.—We have seen it repeatedly stated that the settlement of the Western States is due to New-England; yet the United States census of 1850 shows conclusively, that the share of New-England was but a small one when compared with the part taken by the two great States of Pennsylvania and New-York. When the census referred to was taken, there were in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, 324,916 natives of Pennsylvania, 390,998 natives of New-York, and but 180,791 natives of New-England, or 715,910 natives of Pennsylvania and New-York, to 180,791 natives of New-England. The number of Pennsylvanians in Ohio alone, 200,634, exceeded the whole number of New-Englanders in the West, while in the State of Michigan there were no less than 138,756 New-Yorkers.

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The following strikes us as not only a cunningly devised story, but also a good evangelical homily, we were about to say evangelical satire. We find it in the *Hartford Courier*:—

A CHURCH IN THE AIR.

Once wandering through the land of dreams,
In search of something new,
A church—'t was on a Sabbath morn—
My curious notice drew;
And thinking I should see the mode
Of Christian worship there,
I enter'd just in time to hear
The closing hymn and prayer.

The church was rich, without display;
From gorgeous colors free;
Through unstain'd glass the light of heaven
Was shining cheerfully.
And rich and poor sat side by side;
I saw no cushion'd pews,
Whose doors the meanest of the flock
An entrance might refuse.

And when the hymn was given out,
With what astonish'd face
I watch'd a lady clad in silk
Bend forward from her place,
To share her book with one whose robes
So scanty were and mean,
No maiden form'd of earthly mould
To greet her would be seen.

And yet I saw not that the deed
Lessen'd a single grace,
But rather that a sweeter look
Beam'd on the maiden's face.
And while I ponder'd in my mind
How such a thing could be,
The whole assembly join'd to sing
Some time-worn melody.

Vainly I strove with modern air
To catch the organ's tone;
These simple Christians swell the praise
Of God by voice alone.
And here no fashionable airs,
The tedium to beguile,
Are set to solemn hymns of praise,
And sung in opera style.

And yet the music of that choir
Right pleasant was to hear,
Though nothing in the strain I found
To please the critic's ear;
But childhood join'd its ringing tones
With those of falt'ring age,
And rich and poor, and old and young,
In the blest work engage.

I listen'd, and my thoughts recurr'd
To many a boasted choir
In city church, who weekly meet
To praise the Lord for *hire*;
And well, thought I, the Church of God
This mockery might spare:
I ceased—for every head was bow'd
In reverential prayer.

And all in spirit seem'd to join,
Nor could I well forbear;
For *Christ*, and not the minister,
Was most apparent there.
Its words of charity and love
Did the whole world embrace,
Unfetter'd by the *love of sect*,
That *modern* Christian grace.

And little did I care to know
If Old the School or New
From whence the soul of such a man
Its rich instruction drew.
Teacher none could well mistake;
One only can impart
Lessons of wisdom that can guide
A sinful human heart.

Too soon that fervent prayer was o'er,
The benediction ask'd,
And slowly down the spacious aisles
The congregation pass'd—
Slowly, as one might turn his back
Upon the gates of heaven,
After a taste of angel's food
Unto his soul was given.

And now kind greetings were exchanged
With many a friendly word,
And Christians met as Christians should,
Who serve one common Lord.
One heart, one mind, one earnest will,
Seem'd to inspire the whole,
As friend to friend with freedom told
The welfare of his soul.

Strange though it seem, no single word
These curious folks did say
Of "politics," of rise in stocks,
Or gossip of the day:
Nor only did they "shut up shop,"
And lock the office door,
They turn'd the key on worldly thoughts
Til holy time was o'er.

The sermon, while a group discuss'd,
I listen'd in amaze,
And marvel'd at the words they used
When speaking in its praise:
They did not call it "great" or "deep,"
"Ingenious," "witty," "smart;"
Or "thank their stars they had a man
After the people's heart:"

But whisper'd low, with moisten'd eye,
"How precious was the word!
How full of hope the promises
Their strengthen'd souls had heard!"
And murmur'd blessings on his head,
Who, laboring by their side,
In all simplicity of truth
Preach'd Christ the crucified.

I heard, and could not silence keep;
"Thrice happy souls!" I cried,
"Am I in heaven?" With sudden start
My eyes I open'd wide—
Look'd round a moment in amaze—
Saw my mistake with pain,
And never since have dared to take
A nap in church again.

—

The American missionaries will probably achieve among the Nestorian mountains the moral triumphs they have gained in the Sandwich Islands. It is said they have full liberty to preach in all the Nestorian Churches in the Oroomiah district. All the churches have been divested of their pictures, crosses, &c.; and all the objectionable portions of their liturgy, such as prayers of intercession to the Virgin, saints, &c., have been marked out, and are omitted in their devotions.

A new Gazetteer of the United States affords an illustration of the manner in which the New World seeks its nomenclature. The names of American cities are a study:—the face of the continent is studded with illustrious names as thickly as the surface of the moon. Washington is of course the favorite; he, the father of the country, has left his autograph in every State, if not in every county of the confederation. The capital of the Republic bears his name. Twenty-seven counties bear it. Of cities, towns, and villages, there are not less than one hundred and fifty Washingtons, besides a Washington Hollow, Washington Heights, Washington Lake, and half-a-dozen Washingtonvilles. If there be gratitude at baptismal fonts, Americans are certainly not ungrateful to the man whose genius achieved their freedom, and whose virtues founded their empire. Franklin has given his name to nineteen counties and one parish, to one hundred and sixteen cities, towns and villages, and compounds of his name, such as Franklinton, Franklinville, and the like, to thirty others. Jefferson and Madison follow these worthies. Sixteen counties and one parish are called Madison; of towns and hamlets there are fifty so called; and fourteen places by the compounds and continuations. Eighteen counties and one parish bear the name of Jefferson, with no less than seventy-two towns and villages, and there are twenty-one Jeffersonvilles, &c. Nor are English worthies forgotten. There are thirty-seven Miltons, three Miltonvilles, and one Miltonsburg. There are seven Hampdens, and the same number of Sydneys. Cromwell, refused a statue in England, finds five cities named after him in America,—and the great Admiral of the Commonwealth has given his name to two Blakesburgs and one Blakesville. There are seven Napoleons, seven Nelsons, and six Wellingtons. Next to Milton, Byron among poets seems to carry off the prize of popularity as thus tested. Ten towns and cities bear the poet's name. Seventeen towns are called Marlborough and one Marlbrook. Commoner names jostle each other oddly—Troys, Londons, Romes, Jerusalems, Calcuttas, Cairos, and the like. There are five Londons, twenty-two Parises, twenty-one Romes, twenty Viennas, seventeen Lisbons, five Cadizes, seven Cairos, four Memphises, and not one Constantinople. But the City of the Sultan may now look for these transatlantic recognitions,—and in due time we shall doubtless have Abdul Medjids and Omars in plenty. Every event in Europe seems to write its story on the blank spaces of the new world:—already there are ten Kossuths, counties and towns, there; and one Jenny Lind, a post village. Lamartine has seven towns growing laurels for his brow. Curiously enough there is not a single Shakspeare—though there are three Romeos and two Hamlets.

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"How much did he leave!" exclaimed A., on one occasion when this inquiry was made. "How much did he leave! Why, of course, he left all he had. He did not take the first cent with him. Penniless as he came into the world, so penniless he went out of it." "Pardon me," said B., "you mistake my meaning. What was he estimated to be worth?" "Ah—as to that," replied A., "I do not know. Most people think he had immense wealth. But what most affects me, is the fact, that however much he had, he left it all. Not a square inch of his numerous lots, nor a dime of all his hoarded money, could he take across the dark valley."

—

A Good Example.—Our neighbors of Canada are fast rivaling us in "every good word and work;" preparatory, we suppose, to their entrance into our brotherhood of States. The following brief note from their Postmaster General, in reply to a letter from Mr. Delavan, is full of significance:—

Quebec, *Monday, Jan.* 23, 1854.

Sir,—In answer to your inquiry relative to the postage on *The Prohibitionist*, I have the honor to inform you, that, on and after the first of February next, they will pass free into every post office in Canada, as will also every other paper devoted exclusively to temperance, education, science or agriculture. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant.

—

Dr. Young.—The biography of the author of the "Night Thoughts" is a most humiliating record. At the very time that he was writing, in strains the most solemn, on the vanity of earthly pursuits, his new biographer, Dr. Doran, describes him as "a poet ever seeking a patron, a pensioner looking out for increase of income, and a clergyman sharply inquiring for preferment." He wrote an abject letter to Mrs. Howard, the king's mistress, begging her influence in his behalf for some crown living.

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Anecdote of the late Dr. Olin.—Dr. Stephen Olin, while at Middlebury College, of which he was a graduate, was noted for his love of disputation, and his ingenious and practical mode of disarming his opponents in argument. One severe cold day in March, as he stood with a class-mate of about as much pride of opinion and tenacity of purpose as himself, looking out of his college-room window down upon the Otter Creek, which a few days before had been broken up by a winter flood, that had left the current clear, but strewed the banks with massive cakes of ice, the latter advanced an argument to show that bathing was as equally safe in winter as in summer. Olin, as was his wont, advanced another to show the falsity and folly of the position. This brought out a rejoinder, and the dispute was carried on with much earnestness for some time, when Olin suddenly paused, and said, "Perhaps you are right and sincere; but the thing can be so easily tested, that it is hardly worth the while to prolong the discussion. You see that large cake of ice jutting out over the Creek down there? Now let us both proceed to the spot, strip, and dive off. What! hesitating?"

"No, sir!"

"Come on, then."

And they both seized their hats and started for the Creek, each fully expecting, every rod of the way, that the other would back out. But neither showed the least sign of misgiving, and they reached and mounted the cake of ice.

"Now strip!" said Olin, throwing off his coat by way of example.

It was done.

"Now dive!"

And souse they both went into the turbid

ice-water beneath; but probably no fellows were ever more thankful than they to reach the surface, climb up the bank, and reach their clothes on the ice. They dressed as quickly as possible, and ran for the College, on reaching which they were both so hoarse that they could scarcely speak.

"Ah! what ails your voice?" cried Olin, triumphantly. "Where is your argument as to the safety of the thing now? And as to your own sincerity, it was all folly? but I'll admit you have as much pride as most of folks. So here endeth the first and last lesson I'll ever have with you on practical argument."

—

A Jackass among Asses.—One of our exchanges gives a very ludicrous incident which occurred lately at the Casino Paganini, (Paris,) a large ball room located at the head of a passage leading out of the Chaussée d'Antin, and which was much frequented last season by a mixed and miscellaneous crowd. The orchestra had just struck up the *Galop du Chemin de Fer* (Railroad Gallop,) and the merry dancers had taken their places, when into the room bolted a donkey, snorting and braying at the top of his powerful lungs, and joining in the gallop went round the large hall with a perfect rush. Never was such a stampede seen in a ball-room. The now affrighted dancers scattered in every direction, and "sich a gittin' up stairs," such a jumping upon chairs and tables, and such a climbing up pillars, up to that moment had never been witnessed in the Casino Paganini, nor in any other casino. The police were struck dumb at the strange apparition, the musicians dropped their instruments and fled in terror, while the donkey kept galloping on in his mad flight, careering in circles around the room amid the wild screams of the hundreds of women, all only bent upon seeking places of safety. What could have brought such an intruder into a dancing hall, no one could imagine: but it was afterward ascertained, that the donkey had been left by his master standing before a door in Chaussée d'Antin; and that struck by one of the carriages continually passing through that noted thoroughfare, and frightened by the rattling of others, he had suddenly started off at the top of his speed. The more he ran, as is always the case, the more frightened he became; and in his flight, seeing the passage leading to the casino, he bolted into it for refuge. But poor refuge did he find; for he now had to run a gauntlet of at least fifty coachmen, always stationed in the passage on the look out for customers, who, yelling and cracking their whips at him, further increased his terror and his pace. The saloon is on the first floor, and without stopping to procure a ticket of admission, but knocking over the astonished door-keeper in his headlong career, the poor brute made his advent among the dancers as already mentioned—"solitary and alone he that set the ball in motion;" and commotion, too—without stopping to select a partner he joined in the grand gallop, and at a stride which soon distanced everything on the track. After half a dozen turns round the saloon, and to music of his own composition and performance, he finally cooled or tired himself down, came to his senses, and quietly commenced a survey of the premises. From this out he is said to have been the pet of the evening, the female portion of the crowd in particular pressing around him and regaling him plentifully with cakes and other notions. When the ball was over, he was sent by the commissary of police to the public pound, and thus ended the doings of a donkey in a dancing saloon. The party when caressing him evidently felt themselves in very congenial company; but the police were by far too partial, as the poor donkey was alone taken under their official care.

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Fanny Fern.—Some country editor stated that Fanny Fern was growing old. She denies the truth of the statement; boldly asserts that she is ready to jump at the first offer she has of marriage, and thus presents her qualifications:—"I have very black hair and eyes, and am very *petite*. I am as sensitive as the Minniosa, spirited as an eagle, and untameable as chain lightning. Can make a *pudding*, or write a newspaper squib—cut a caper, and can crowd more happiness or misery into ten minutes, than any Fanny that was ever christened."

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Indications.—At the last meeting of the American Unitarian Association held in Boston a proposition to raise a fund for the publication of Unitarian books was discussed. Rev. Mr. Huntington, one of the leading Unitarian clergymen of Boston, made a long speech, in which the following passages occur: We are contemplating a service not to art, not to science, nor to philosophy, nor primarily to public manners, but to Christian missions. If we raise money, the books we buy with it must be meant to awaken and extend a Christian life in the soul. For one, I am ready to declare what, in particular, these religious books must, or must not, teach, in order that any cordial interest on my part should be enlisted in the plan. They must teach that in Christ Jesus God does specially, and in a mode transcending all our knowledge, unite himself with humanity, to quicken and save it, so that Christ is a being apart from all men while infinitely near to them; a veritable mediator, not only miraculous or wondergifted, but in a particular sense divine; and so that the world's salvation consists in a spiritual redemption acting through him from on high, and not in a mere natural development of the human powers, according to natural laws. They must teach that every soul needs a renewed interior life, a second birth superadded to the natural, in order to entrance into the kingdom of heaven. They must not deny, but at least admit, the possibility of an immediate and personal intercourse between this regenerate heart and the person Christ, as the indwelling life of his Church, while also the Intercessor and Advocate with the Father. They must abide by the supreme mastery of the Scriptures, as uttering the mind of the Spirit, regarding it as the best office of reason, not to correct the Bible, but to discover its sense. They must declare no limitations to the future punishment of the ungodly, following therein the wisdom and the authority of the New Testament. They must affirm the radical and essential distinction between morality and piety, insisting on the latter as the vital root of the former. They must rec-

ognize the offices of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, in regenerating the soul, sanctifying it, flooding it with grace, and raising it to glory. And finally, they must fearlessly and unqualifiedly apply the principles and spirit of the Lord Jesus, not only to the ordinary labor and familiar relations of man's life in the world, but to all popular combinations of sin, organized iniquities, public crimes, so as to yield righteousness and brotherly love, and that for the Master's honor. Give me books stamped with these heavenly characters, charged with this evangelic spirit, firmly proclaiming these vital doctrines of everlasting life, and I will engage not to be outdone, in zeal for their ceaseless multiplication and diffusion, by any among you all. It is possible, Mr. Chairman, that there are brethren here, as sincere in their convictions, as faithful in their office, as intelligent in their investigations, as any others, who will think that the platform of faith I have so rudely laid down, at least in respect to some of its particulars, is a narrow one. To me it seems broad and generous. It is narrow only as toward those that tend to the extreme of rationalism, and recede from revelation. It is the common ground of the Christianity of history. It is substantially the basis on which the great religious modern movements in Germany, France, England, and America are proceeding. Evidences are not wanting that larger and larger numbers of firm and earnest men, in our own limits, without much concert, are placing themselves upon it, and especially are coming into more affectionate relations with Christ. My heart, my experience, my studies, such as they are, hold me fast to each of these great articles of faith. In their positive aspect, they are incomparably dear. They rise superior to all questions of ecclesiastical order or sectarian predominance. Not one of them is unessential, I will not say to fellowship, but to united action for converting the world. I cannot believe that the loftiest and purest type of Christian piety can live long without them; or that the Church, without them, can maintain any other than a feeble, sickly, perishing existence. We want them to reinvigorate our decayed and wasting heritage, our lukewarm Laodicea. With them, the Almighty Father will lead us to more majestic achievements, pouring out upon us larger measures of his love, and new splendors of truth. Without them, we shall sink into ever more desperate imbecilities, and darker shame.

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A Reminiscence of Washington.—The Liverpool Times presents a curious history of the 28th (a famous regiment of the Queen's Army) from its valorous deeds at Quebec in 1759 to its return from the Colonies in 1848. The following passage occurs in the narrative:—"Before the breaking out of the war which ended in the formation of the United States Republic, the 28th was stationed in America, and George Washington, then a young man, held some command in it. There was established a free-mason's lodge in the regiment, of which the President in embryo was a member. Washington's connection with the regiment, from the course of events, became dissolved, and during a subsequent engagement he found himself opposed to the very troops with whom he had formerly served. The English were defeated, and the chest which contained the masonic emblems fell into the hands of the Americans. When it was examined, Washington found that it contained, among other things, the Bible upon which he had sworn his masonic oaths. The chest, with its contents, was honorably and promptly returned to the 28th, with all due military honors; an act of delicacy and courtesy which the men of the 28th, and the masons particularly, warmly appreciated. Again the English were worsted, the chest captured, and again was it returned in a similar way. The Bible in question is still in possession of the regiment, and is held in great reverence by the brethren of the craft; the page upon which Washington was sworn being distinguished by the insertion of a silken mark. Our friend, (a mason,) to whom we are indebted for the above, saw the Bible lately in Manchester, where it was produced at a meeting of the Lodge of Virtue, which some officers of the 28th attended."

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A New View of Niagara.—Rather a rich story is told of an Irishman, who happened to visit the Falls. Having heard that it was quite fasionable to think lightly of the mighty cataract, Paddy thought it was his duty to conform to the mania; and taking a glance at the surrounding wonders, thus addressed himself to a bystander:—"And is this Niagara Falls?" "Yes," was the reply. "And what is there here to make such a bother about?" "Why," said the gentleman, "do you not see the mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?" Pat, looking at the water, replies, hesitatingly, "*And what's to hender it?*"

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Mr. Layard delivered a lecture lately in England on his own recent discoveries in the East. The lecturer very frankly and generously allowed that a Frenchman first broke earth at Nineveh, and a German first ingeniously obtained a clew to the arrow-headed inscriptions. He described his own early difficulties, the superstition of the Arabs, who believed that he had discovered the bones of their great prophet Nimrod, the predatory character of the Devil worshippers, and the ferocity of the Kurds; with all of whom, however, as well as with those curious remains of the ancient Assyrian race, the Nestorian Christians, called by some the Protestants of the East, he had contracted alliances. He narrated the difficulties of transporting the winged bulls; the palm fibre ropes that broke, the rollers, the rafts and the inflated skins. Since his departure, three more obelisks, covered with inscriptions, had been found at Nineveh, in addition to the three miles of chambers he had excavated. His researches at Babylon, after some months' labour, had entirely failed; but he still hoped, uncertain even as was its very site, that something might yet be found. In allusion particularly to Scripture chronology, he mentioned the great hall of Sennacherib, with its portals guarded by winged bulls, and the effigy of the eagle-god, whom, it is supposed, that monarch was worshipping at the time he was murdered by his two sons. In the enumeration of his conquests, his wars with the Jews and his capture of

Lachish are also mentioned. On another bas-relief, the name of Jehu occurs in one place as being of Samaria, and what is more singular, in another as being of Beth-Omri—the house of Omri—by whom Samaria was built. He had already obtained the names of about thirty Assyrian kings. In guessing at the probable structure of these ancient palaces, he supposed the whole of the upper walls to have been of sun-dried brick, and the roof of painted wood over this had fallen in and completely preserved all the sculptures beneath. He considered that the Assyrian works showed power, taste and accuracy, and as a proof of the last, he mentioned that, in a bas-relief of a lion hunt, they had given the animal a claw in his tail, a peculiar feature of the Asiatic breed. The lecturer was well received and applauded.

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A correspondent of *The Watchman and Reflector* gives this anecdote of the late Rev. William Jay:—

He was at Cheltenham, staying at the house of an elderly lady belonging to the Episcopal communion. The lady told him that they had a minister at their church, who she, with some others, feared did not preach the gospel; and begged him to go and hear. Mr. Jay went, and on leaving the church was asked if he thought that preaching the gospel? when he replied, "Why, really, that is a very awkward question for me to answer, for it was my own sermon."

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An Epigram.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, gets off the following on John G. Saxe:—

"Whoever the wine of wit would drink,
Oft Saxe's flagon smacks on;
Wherever the Anglo Saxons think,
They think New-England Saxe on;
But though with a wine and sparkling zest,
His racy words are quaff'd at,
I'm sorry the truth must be confess'd,
Whatever he writes is *laugh'd at.*"

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The Death of Talfourd—the brilliant author, the successful barrister, and the friend of Lamb, Moore, and Coleridge—has been announced since our last issue. He was of humble parentage, the son of a brewer, and fought his way gallantly up to distinction. His death was occasioned by an attack of apoplexy in court, on the 12th of March last, in the 59th year of his age. His Vacation Rambles, Memoirs of Lamb, and, above all, his Dramas, have made his name familiar, and will long keep it so. "Ion" is the most classically perfect dramatic production of our times. The *London Times* says:—"It may be said with truth of Mr. Justice Talfourd, that the only pang he ever caused to all who had the happiness of his friendship was, by his untimely death. He was as singularly constant in his attachments as he was ready to attach himself to all those whose qualities of heart or intellect might seem to challenge his consideration and regard. The union of the two qualities is rare indeed, but it existed in him. A diligent student of literature, ancient and modern, he was ever ready with the apt quotation or the graceful allusion—so much so, that it was a matter of surprise to all who knew him and were aware of the unflinching industry with which he applied himself to the labors of his profession, how he could find time for acquiring and keeping up so extensive a knowledge of literature."

A Hint Direct—Thieving Somewhere.—Our *confrere* of the *Evening Mirror* has the following pungent *morceau*:—"The highly respectable publishing house of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston, assure us that they forward all their publications to this office; and yet we do not receive more than one out of four of their issues. Hart's publications, of Philadelphia, we are also assured, have been sent us regularly; but we have not received a copy of a book from *that* house in six months. Either the correspondents here in New-York, to whose care these books are sent, are dishonest, or some of the thieving *littérateurs* who loaf about our book-stores, take the liberty of walking off with copies directed to the *Mirror*, an old trick among a class of conscienceless vagabonds who claim to be 'gentlemen of the press.' If our publishing friends in Philadelphia and Boston will do us the favor to forward parcels directed to this office by Adams & Co.'s Express, they will be promptly received and duly acknowledged." We are compelled to indorse this severe complaint as an apology for the non-appearance of notices of works, which, as we authentically learn, are frequently sent us by houses whose attentions we would not treat with disrespect. Though we receive more publications than we can well feel grateful for, yet many sterling volumes, notices of which are due to both the publishers and our readers, thus escape us. The scandalous evil is, we believe, more extensive than is generally supposed. We are endeavoring to ferret it out in our own case. Meanwhile, publishers should have an eye on the manner in which their books are transmitted. The man who can thus pilfer, be he "of the press" or otherwise, is "a graceless scamp"—a rascal who is capable of picking locks or pockets.

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Hurrah for Vermont.—"There is but one city in the State," says the *Rutland Herald*, "and not one soldier. We have no theaters nor mobs. We have no police, and not a murder has been committed in this State within the last ten years. We have no museums, opera-houses, nor crystal palaces; but we have homes, genuine homes, that are the center of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labours and loves; where she rears men, scholars and patriots." Was there ever a commonwealth under the sun before equal to that? What has made it such? Three things: Schools, Churches and Mountains—yes Mountains have something to do with it, as they have with the character of Scotland and Switzerland."

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The Hon. Edward Everett is the author of the following beautiful sentiment:—I had rather see the country dotted all over at the crossings of the roads in every village, with neatly-arranged school-houses, than have the high places of a few overgrown cities adorned with magnificent palaces. I had rather see the avenues to these school-houses thronged with boys and girls, cheerfully wending their way to school, saluting the stranger as he passes, with their *courtesy* or *bow*, as was the custom when I was young, than gaze upon mercenary soldiers, with plumes waving and weapons glittering with a splendor that rivals the sun itself.

Book Notices.

One of the most important publications of the season is the "*History of the French Protestant Refugees*," by Weiss, translated by Henry Wm. Herbert, and published in excellent style by *Stringer & Townsend, New-York*. It traces with elaborate research the dispersion and settlements of the Huguenots, from the revocation of the edict of Nantes down to our own day. The work was begun, we believe, at the suggestion of Guizot, himself a Huguenot, and has been assisted by Mignet the historian. M. Weiss visited England, Holland, Switzerland, &c., to consult original MSS., and has gathered invaluable advantages from his researches. The American portions of his narrative are most deficient, but a remarkably interesting appendix, by one of "our own contributors," G. P. Disosway, Esq., a descendant of the Huguenots, supplies amply this lack. The volume is invaluable to the historical student, soul-stirring to the Christian reader, and deeply interesting to the lovers of romance. It will take its place at once among our standard books.

Fowler & Wells, New-York, have issued three capital pamphlets on tobacco—all of them prize essays. The first is entitled, "*Tobacco Diseases, with a Remedy for the Habit*," by Dr. J. Shaw; the second, "*Tobacco, its History, Nature, and Effects, with Facts and Figures for Tobacco Users*," by Dr. R. T. Trall; the third, "*Evils of Tobacco, as they affect Body, Mind, and Morals*," by Rev. D. Baldwin. The three together are enough to scare a tobacco user out of his appetite, if not "out of his senses."

An able and very interesting pamphlet on "*Israel's Speedy Restoration and Conversion; or, the Signs of the Times*," from the pen of Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, has been issued by *J. A. Gray, New-York*. We do not indorse all Mrs. P.'s expositions of her subject; but she has brought together a very large amount of facts and illustrations, and writes in most genial and catholic spirit.

One of the best pamphlet attacks on the monstrous heresies of Romanism which we have met, is a little brochure by the Rev. Stephen Spochynski, (late a Roman Priest.) It is entitled "*The Claims of the Roman Catholic Church examined and tested by Scripture*." *S. Warren, Paterson, N. J.*

The last "Election Sermon" before the Legislature of Massachusetts, preached by Rev. Miner Raymond, has been published. It is an able discussion of the "*Bearing of Religion on Human Happiness*," considering man both as an individual and as a member of society. Some of its passages are remarkably pungent, and must have made the demagogues among the audience wince not a little. It will take rank among the best of the "Election Sermons."

Carlton & Phillips have issued a very interesting little volume, entitled "*Successful Men*." We can hardly commend to parents or teachers a better book for youth. After an introductory chapter "about success in general," it gives seven chapters sketching the histories of successful merchants, manufacturers, engineers, inventors, artists, scholars, poets, philanthropists, warriors, and other public men. It is well written and well printed.

"*The Words of Jesus*," is the title of another little volume from the pen of the author of "The Morning and Night Watches," &c.—a writer whose productions are savory with the very unction of the gospel. The present volume consists of a series of soliloquies or meditations, on choice portions of Christ's instructions. *Carter & Brothers, New-York*.

The latest published work of the venerable Jay of Bath, was his volume of "*Lectures on Scripture Female Characters*." He died in a few days after writing the preface to them; but they are not a production of his latter and infirm years: nearly fifty years ago he delivered them to his congregation. They consist of twenty-two discourses, relating to the "*Shunamite*," "*Mary Magdalene*," "*Hannah*," "*Anna the Prophetess*," the "*Woman of Canaan*," the "*Woman who anointed the Saviour's Head*," the "*Poor Widow*," the "*Penitent Sinner*," the "*Woman of Samaria*," "*Lydia*," "*Dorcas*," the "*Elect Lady*," the "*Deformed Daughter of Abraham*," "*Martha and Mary*," and "*Lot's Wife*." A considerable amount of Biblical exposition is given in the volume; but its chief excellences are the characteristic good sense, rich evangelical feeling and entertaining style of the author. *Carter & Brothers, New-York*.

The American Baptist Publication Society has issued a sweeping little volume against Popery, entitled "*Rome against the Bible and the Bible against Rome; or, Pharisaism, Jewish, and Papal*," from the pen of Rev. Wm. S. Plumer, D.D. The policy of the Pharisees in keeping the Word of God from the people is shown to be the policy of Rome, only much exaggerated by the latter. The book is pungent, and will suit the times.

Bonar, of Kelso, England, is one of the most effective of the living evangelical writers of our language. His books are full of spirit and power. He has some theological eccentricities, whims even, but he has also the essential truth and the essence of genius. His latest work, "*Eternal Day*," has been issued by *Carter & Brothers* of this city. It is an ardent book—incandescent we were about to say—a glowing, inspiring view of the blessedness of saints in the "ages to come."

We do not believe much in oral theological debates: personal considerations usually sway and characterize them, and candor and truth are lost in the melee of passion, of logical pugilism, and verbal tactics. We are glad, however, to receive a "*True Report of the Discussion of the Authority and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures*," held recently in Philadelphia between Mr. Joseph Baker and Rev. Joseph F. Berg. Mr. Berg's vindication is not only triumphantly successful, but abounds in passages of emphatic eloqnence. The work is valuable as a comprehensive and conclusive

review of the popular sophisms of infidelity, and will be a good compendium for clergymen in this respect. *Carter & Brothers, New-York.*

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have for sale two important publications from the pen of Rev. S. Comfort; the first is entitled, "*Elements of Man's Moral History, &c.*" It is a review of leading facts in the moral economy of our world, from its creation to the final judgment. The series of events and developments usually presented in similar works, as in Edwards on Redemption, is sketched with much original suggestion and logical elaboration. The volume can be recommended to theological readers, especially, as one of the most comprehensive treatises of the kind. The other work is entitled, "*End of the Argument for True Believing.*" It is a keenly logical and conclusive review of Rev. Mr. Austin's arguments in a debate with Rev. Mr. Holmes, in favor of the final restoration of all men. The reader who wants one of the very best summaries of the proofs of the evangelical doctrine on the question is recommended to obtain this little volume. In both these works Mr. Comfort has shown both the acumen and sobriety of thought which are so requisite in theological investigations.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have for sale "*Forrester's Pictorial Miscellany for Boys and Girls.*" It is illustrated by one hundred engravings—an excellent work to win the attention of children and to give them a love of reading. We have repeatedly commended Mark Forrester's juvenile works; this is one of his best—the cream of many others.

The second volume of "*Dickens's Child's History of England*" has been sent us—we have not yet received the first. The narrative in this extends from the Sixth Henry to the Revolution of 1688. It is characterized by Dickens's unrivaled powers at story-telling, and by a remarkably downright democratic sort of honesty in the treatment of great sinners—of whom there is, of course, a multitudinous supply within the period mentioned. Such a work for the young should have engravings, as a matter of course. *Harper & Brothers, New-York.*

"*Uncle Toby's Library*" is the title of a very pretty series of twelve volumes designed for juvenile readers, and for sale at *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.* In their mechanical style they are what books for children always should be—printed in liberal type, on good paper, and bound attractively. The volumes are narrative, another necessary trait of juvenile literature. They are abundantly illustrated, and prepared throughout with good sense, good taste, and a good moral purpose. The package of twelve in a pasteboard box forms a good present for the "little folks."

Messrs. Harpers have issued, in a substantial octavo of 552 pages, Dr. Kane's "*United States Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin*"—a work which men of science will welcome for its abundant and sagacious observations of the natural phenomena of the Arctic regions, and which the lovers of personal adventure or entertaining reading will find surpassingly attractive. We can hardly speak too strongly of its excellences. Its author was evidently the very man not only for the Expedition, but for its narrator. Quick-sighted, sagacious, hearty, off-handed yet steady-handed, he has achieved both his tasks with really admirable success. The Report of Lieutenant de Haven, and other addenda, enhance much the value of the volume. As Americans we are proud of the production, as also of the philanthropic undertaking which has given it birth.

"*Africa and America described,*" by the well-known author of "The Peep of Day," has been published by *Carter & Brothers, New-York.* It is a collection of mere fragmentary references to these countries, without connection and without interest. The cuts are wretched, as much so as the matter.

The same publishers have put the young men of the country under obligation to them by issuing, in neat style, Rev. T. Binney's book for young men, entitled "*Is it possible to make the best of both Worlds?*" It has grown into its present shape from a lecture delivered before the London Young Men's Christian Association. It attempts to sketch the ideal of a beautiful form of life in the present world as preparatory to the next, and to show how it may be realized. The illustrative incidents of the volume are various and striking, and its style full of vigor.

Alice Carey is known and loved in American homes generally as one of our favorite singing birds—not one of Mother "Carey's chickens" of briny associations, but a genuine lark of the prairies. She is equally excellent in prose. Her *Clovernook* (both series) is redolent of the sweet fields. Her pictures of Western life are not only well painted—that might be expected of a poetess—but what is better and more rare, they are well drawn. These delightful volumes abound both in humor and pathos, and have the charm of freshness and naturalness beyond most of our native fictions. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

Redfield, New-York, has issued excellent editions of *Simms's Works*—productions too well known to need a critical verdict at this date. Their thoroughly national tone and the skill with which they paint the Negro and the Indian character, together with their general historical accuracy and manly good sense, render them standards in our native literature.

"*Homœopathic Practice of Medicine: embracing the History, Diagnosis, and Treatment of Diseases in General, including those Peculiar to Females, and the Management of Children; designed as a Text-Book for the Student, as a Concise Book of Reference for the Profession, and simplified and arranged for Domestic Use,*" by Dr. M. Freligh. (*New-York: Lamport, Blakeman and Law.*) A voluminous book, this, of nearly 600 pages, octavo, indorsed by some of the most distinguished practitioners of this school of medicine; and although we profess no skill in such matters, we should judge that, to those who prefer this practice, it will prove a desirable manual for domestic use.

Literary Record.

Our Boston correspondent furnishes us, as usual, with a most interesting communication, which we need not commend to the perusal of our readers.

BOSTON LETTER.

A Relic of Marengo—Education in Massachusetts—Hospitals—Safety Brake—Education in the State Prison—Reform School for Girls—Literary Items.

Strange histories meet us among the thousands that find an asylum in our land from the poverty or persecutions of the Eastern Continent. A short distance from my dwelling lives a little withered and wrinkled Frenchman, seventy-seven years of age, and yet as vivacious as a boy. The memory of this old man is full of *history*. He was a soldier in the "grand army" that accompanied Napoleon over the Alps; was present at the battle of Marengo, and at the bridge of Lodi, and had often spoken to the great Napoleon. He was sent to Hayti with the army for the defense of the French possessions in that island, and upon his return was captured by an English privateer and landed in one of the neutral ports of the United States. He closes his militant life under the banner of the Prince of Peace. A new Methodist church has been, within a short time, consecrated near his dwelling, and its bell, he said, seemed to say to him, "Come along, come along, come along to meeting." And so he came along, and during the interesting religious season enjoyed by the Church, his attention has been wonderfully aroused in reference to his spiritual state. Poor old man! his "flight was in the winter," and the passage was long and painful, but happily ended in peace and rest.

The late report of the Secretary of Education for our State gives evidence of the still increasing interest felt by the commonwealth in the popular education of the young. During the past year twelve Teachers' Institutes have been held in various parts of the State, for the benefit of instructors, in which some of the first scholars in the practical branches of knowledge in our country have lectured. In addition to this, the Board of Education has employed an experienced teacher, Rev. Daniel Leach, to visit all the common schools in the State, to examine their condition, and to make such practical suggestions, and afford such aid in the erection and arrangement of new edifices as might be required. There are four thousand one hundred and thirteen public schools in Massachusetts, in which are employed seven thousand and seventy-five teachers, and into which have been gathered two hundred and two thousand and eighty-one pupils. For the support of these schools the noble sum of $963,631 25 has been raised. The Massachusetts school fund now amounts to $1,220,288 11.

The State has established forty-eight scholarships, by which aid is afforded to forty-eight youths of superior promise, in different districts, to the amount of $100 annually during their college course.

It is a striking fact that with the advance of civilization mental disorders are increased, and insanity becomes a less uncommon disease. The State Legislature is now taking the preliminary steps to secure the construction of another asylum, the extensive wards in the Worcester edifice being already uncomfortably crowded. One of the noblest and most popular charities of Boston is the Massachusetts General Hospital. By the munificent gifts of our citizens, two immense buildings, one for the insane, have been erected, and from time to time enlarged, and together with funded property have reached the value of $183,212 88. The annual income of the hospital is $21,672 48. Upon this sum five hundred and five patients have received gratuitously the best of medical attendance and care, and four hundred and twenty others have paid but a moderate price. It is the testimony of professional men that this institution is a model establishment, and many ministers and laymen who have enjoyed its generous provisions are ready to bear a willing testimony to the noble and thoughtful charity of its founders.

It is not wonderful that this reference to the hospital should remind us of an invention connected with railroads to prevent accidents to the cars when any sudden casualty occurs to the train, rendering an immediate stoppage necessary. A new brake has been prepared, the force of which is increased by springs, in a box upon the top of the cars, and by means of a chain it is brought under the immediate control of the engineer or conductor. At the first public trial of the invention the most gratifying success attended the experiment. The train consisted of five passenger cars, an engine and tender, and there were about two hundred passengers on board. The train was running at about thirty miles an hour, and was stopped, at a given signal, in a few feet more than its length. This sudden stopping caused no unpleasant sensation to the passengers. Another successful experiment was that of leaving one car at a station while the rest of the train continued on at full speed. Such a brake as this would have defended the New-York train from the disaster at Norwalk.

We were struck by a remark in the Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Prison in reference to the education of criminals. Out of the four hundred and ninety-one convicts now in the prison, two hundred and twenty-two were not more than twenty-two years of age at the time of admission; fourteen were only sixteen, and sixty-seven not more than eighteen. Ninety-eight of this number were unable to read or write. All the instruction provided for these ignorant men and boys is one hour in the week, on the Sabbath, in the Sunday school; and the attendance upon this is altogether voluntary—no convict, however young, is obliged to attend. Of the ninety-eight illiterate pupils, sixty-five do not avail themselves of the opportunity of attending the school, but voluntarily choose to remain in a condition of ignorance. In some of the English prisons, it appears that a half-hour in each day, and a half day in addition each week is devoted to the instruction of the convicts, and the plan has been attended with the most beneficial results. It is to be hoped that in our country, proverbially noted for its attention to popular education, we shall not be behind the Eastern Continent in this respect. The whole question of the reformation of convicts is still open, and is a discussion full of interest. Society for its safety must do something more than confine its ignorant and vicious subjects. Some more emphatic educational and moral measures must be taken to enable them to redeem themselves and return back into the community as wholesome and useful members.

A desirable movement is now on foot in the Legislature to erect a suitable edifice for a Girls' Reform School, similar to the Boys' Reform School now in successful operation at Westborough, Mass. The State proposes to devote $20,000 for this purpose, providing the same amount can be raised by private charity. There can be no question as to the importance of such an institution, and it will be secured at an early date.

In the literary world few novelties are announced at the present moment; several works already published are reaching a large number of editions. The moral romance published by Jewett & Co., entitled The Lamplighter, and written by Miss Maria Cummings of Dorchester, has numbered twenty-five thousand in its issues. The present month, Phillips, Sampson & Co. issue Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memoirs" of her European Tour. The work is to be finely illustrated. Mrs. Stowe, in connection with her sister, Miss Catharine Beecher, is preparing a series of juvenile Text-books in Geography, &c. We notice in the public prints an announcement by Patrick Donnahoe, the Catholic bookseller, of a work in press, by the late Bishop Ives, now in the Roman communion, setting forth the reasons of his departure from the Protestant faith.

Ticknor, Reed, & Fields announce as forthcoming from their house at an early day a new volume of poems by Robert Browning; Atherton, a new story by Mary Russell Mitford; Memorable Women by Mrs. Crosland; a new volume of Essays by Rev. Henry Giles; the Poetical Works of Alice Carey; a volume of Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Lowell; The Saint's Tragedy and Poems by Charles Kingsley; Essays on Opinion and Truth by S. Baily; Theological Essays by Thomas De Quincey; Walden—or, Life in the Woods, by Henry D. Thoreau; An Art Student in Munich by Ann Mary Howitt; A New Juvenile Book by Grace Greenwood; Adventures of a Boy in Australia by William Howitt; a volume of Poems by T. W. Parsons; "Poems of the Orient" by Bayard Taylor; Literary Recreations and Miscellanies by John G. Whittier; The Dramatic Works of Mary Russell Mitford; and the Complete Works of Leigh Hunt.

B. K. P.

The booksellers and other citizens of Berlin, Prussia, have established four public libraries in different parts of the city, designed particularly for the working classes. The libraries already contain ten thousand volumes. Connected with each library is a reading room, spacious and well warmed.

The readings of Mr. Dickens, at Birmingham, brought $2,000 into the treasury of the Mechanics' Institute. Amid all his other labors he finds time to meditate another work, which we shall get an announcement of before long.

Fate of Authors.—Anna Maria Jones, a popular authoress, died recently in the most abject poverty, and her remains were doomed to a pauper's grave. Dr. Robert Howard, who published several works, died a short time since utterly destitute. He waited until all his money was gone in the vain hope that his books would bring him patients, and finally committed suicide. His bare and melancholy dwelling gave testimony to the utter misery which had there been hidden from the world.

Dr. Bowring, the poet, who has published translations from nearly all the modern languages of Europe, has been knighted by the Queen of England, on the occasion of his audience to take leave, he having been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Hong Kong, and Chief Superintendent of British affairs in China. Sir John Bowring, who is now sixty-two years old, was the friend and biographer of Jeremy Bentham, and conducted the *Westminster Review* for several years.

Among the literary novelties of the day is a plan for publishing a new monthly magazine, printed in embossed type, for the blind.

Frederick Tennyson, nephew of Alfred, has published a volume of poems. There is a "family likeness" between the nephew and the uncle, but the former is only the feeble reflection of the latter.

A cotemporary observes that statesmen and judges, if they give their graver hours to the cares of state, and the quibbles of law, exhibit a growing disposition to reward themselves for the sacrifice by secret devotion to the Muses. An announcement from Berlin informs us that William Von Humboldt has left behind him a collection of sonnets—three hundred and fifty-two in number—dictated by the late philosopher and minister at Tejel. Mr. Macaulay tells us, in his "Collected and Revised Speeches," that his "History" is henceforth "the pleasure and the business of his life." Lord Brougham is said to be giving up the last years of a most active life to writings of various kinds; and we are given to understand that one of the most eminent of living judges has composed a number of sonnets, which, after the example of William Von Humboldt, he designs to be published after events have put it out of the power of the literary critic to beard the judge in his eminent career. Of these last-named works literary rumors speak in highest praise.

Epes Sargent has issued the complete works of Campbell, with a new life and notes. It is founded chiefly on the materials of the poet's friend, Dr. Beattie.

Alexander Smith, whose pecuniary circumstances were poor enough, has been elected to the office of Secretary of the University of Edinburgh. Over twenty thousand copies of his poems have been sold in the United States.

The *Rev. Mr. Brooks*, of Dublin, has been putting a course of medical lectures into *rhyme!* Some of the titles are "Inflammation," "Scarlet Fever," "Delirium Tremens," &c. Without doubt he was sadly in need of employment for his muse.

Lamartine has followed up his *Girondists* and *Restoration* with a *History* of the *Constituent Assembly*. It has the same faults of style as his former volumes, and is said not to equal them.

In an ancient chest, long standing in a neglected corner of an obscure tower in Lambeth Palace, certain historical papers have just been found. No details as to the particular contents of the documents now unearthed have been made known; but it is said that they are valuable of their kind. They are supposed to refer chiefly if not exclusively—to the Cromwell period.

The catalogue of *Jonesville Academy*, Kentucky, for the year ending April 4, 1854, reports one hundred and fifty-five students. It is sustained by an excellent faculty, under Rev. H. A. Willson. The *Wyoming Seminary*, at Kingston, Pennsylvania, has re-arisen from its ashes, and is flourishing under the superintendence of Rev. R. Nellson and a numerous Board of Instructors. Its last catalogue shows six hundred and ninety-one students.

The great-grandson of *Defoe* is living in poverty, at the age of seventy-seven. He is the Defoe of Hungerford market, mentioned by Wilson in his life of the author of Robinson Crusoe. Some literary men of London have been making up a sum of money for his benefit. Charles Dickens has been among the most liberal of these.

It is currently reported that the "Lamplighter"—a book which is becoming quite popular—was written by a daughter of Hon. David Cummings, of Dorchester, Mass.

The *Boston Mercantile Library Association* have been very successful in their course of lectures during the past winter. The amount received from the sale of tickets, as stated in a recent report, was $5,031; expended for hall, lectures, advertising, &c., $3,292 57; leaving a balance of $1,788 43. The net income from this source has exceeded that of any previous year. Lecturing there does not appear to be an obsolete or unprofitable business.

Herman Melville, the author of "Omoo," and "Typee," is about to publish a tale called "The Encantadas, or the Enchanted Isles," a reminiscence of life among a group of islands on the equator, somewhere in the wide Pacific.

The speculation of Messrs. Routledge in purchasing the exclusive right to reprint the works of Sir E. B. Lytton, for ten years, at the rate of two thousand pounds per annum, for repayment, is likely to prove very profitable. The preliminary subscription list before it had quite been the round of the trade, had reached ten thousand copies taken.

Arts and Sciences.

American artists are becoming numerous in Europe, and prominent as well as numerous. It is hardly too much to say that they are among the leading artists now in Italy. A very interesting letter from that country to the *New-York Tribune*, states that the best sculptors and painters now in Florence are our own countrymen.

Powers, this writer says, is always busy—overrun with commissions, and his time so much occupied with busts, that his larger works receive less of his attention than he would gladly bestow upon them, which would be the more to be regretted were his busts less admirable. He has found time lately, however, to model a very beautiful figure of "Il Penseroso" for Mr. Lenox of your city, which might add to a smaller reputation.

Hart, from Kentucky, is studying heartily there. He is inventing some important mechanical appliances for his art—a respect in which Powers himself has no small genius. It is a Yankeeism the world over. Besides these inventive labors, (remarks the *Tribune's* correspondent,) Mr. H. has modeled many admirable busts, and is now at work upon an ideal female head, full of expression and sweetness, which he calls Virginia. It is a beautiful creation, and will go far to establish his reputation as a man of genuine artistic perception and feeling. His studio has become (as that of Powers has for years been) one of the points of interest in Florence.

Among our painters in Florence, *Edwin White* is mentioned as most prominent. His "Burial of De Soto," and "The last Meeting of the Pilgrims in Holland," made too decided an impression upon the lovers of art, who visited the last two exhibitions of our academy, to be soon forgotten, and they will be glad to learn that he is now engaged upon the materials of another Pilgrim picture, "The Signing of the Famous Compact on Board the May-Flower;" which promises, says the *Tribune*, to be much finer than the one they have already admired. He has a number of other pictures in progress, most of them illustrative of some point of interest in American history.

Our poet painter, *Read*, is also in Florence. Some very delightful pictures are growing up in his studio. But successful as he is in painting, he is more so in poetry; and a work upon which he is now engaged in the hours he spares from the labors of his studio, will, it is said, more surely secure immortality. It is eminently American, full of charming sketches of scenery and character, and will be, when completed, the longest American poem yet written.

Robertson, from Washington, has been for some time pursuing his studies at Florence and Rome. He has made rapid progress, and will soon be recognized as one of our successful painters.

Tait, a young artist from Cincinnati, has commenced his career as a landscapist at Florence; and with his poetical temperament, enthusiasm and love of beauty, needs only careful study and practice to insure excellence.

Dr. Barth, of the British Expedition to Central Africa, has discovered a magnificent river in the far interior, forming the upper course of the Chadda, a tributary to the Niger, and flowing through the extensive kingdom of Adamaua, the most fertile and beautiful of all the countries visited by the traveler.

The British government will grant twenty-five thousand dollars, and a committee of merchants of the city of London nearly as much more, for the expedition to explore the interior of Australia. It has been undertaken with the aid of the Royal Geographical Society.

A Frenchman has invented a kind of paper made from gutta percha, which is considered to be superior to all other kinds for lithographs and engravings.

The statue of *Thomas Jefferson* was cast at the royal foundery at Munich, lately. It is thirteen feet high, and has taken ten tons of metal. This is one of the five statues which will surround the equestrian one of Washington, erected at Richmond, Va. The model of the statue of Jefferson is by Crawford, the sculptor, who was present at the casting of his work.

A new scientific society has been formed in Cambridge, called the "Cambridge Branch of the American Astronomical Society," of which Professor Pierce is President. The object of the society is to bring together the leading mathematicians in that region, for the advancement of knowledge, and for improvement in their favorite pursuits.

Mr. Frost, of Worcester, Mass., professes, with the aid of a new marine locomotive, to be able to cross the Atlantic in four days. The *Scientific American* says, that "it looks like a huge bug or worm, connecting the bow and stern of a steamboat." How the apparatus will work, none but the inventor can decide; but it may go, notwithstanding.

A very remarkable discovery was announced to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by *M. Dumas*, last month. He stated that M. Saint Clair Deville had succeeded in obtaining from clay a metal as white and brilliant as silver, as malleable as gold, and as light as glass. It is fusible at a moderate temperature. Air and damp do not affect this metal, which is called *aluminium;* it retains its brilliancy, and is not affected by nitric or sulphuric acid. Several specimens of it were exhibited to the Academy; and on the proposition of Baron Thenard, a sufficient sum was voted to M. Saint Clair Deville, to enable him to make experiments on a large scale.

Mr. Chase, of Boston, has invented a smoke condenser for removing soot from smoke. The soot is separated from the smoke by the application of a jet, a shower of water is twice dispersed in the body of the current of smoke, by which the soot and solid particles of the smoke are carried off and deposited in a vat or reser-

voir. *Dr. Hayes*, the well-known chemist of Massachusetts, has made a chemical analysis of the particles thus separated and condensed by the water. They contain slight traces of creosote and pyroligneous acid. The black matter contains a portion of bitumen and ammonia. In the coarser part, which sinks in the water, ammonia united to sulphuric acid is present, besides sulphurate of ammonia, which would be valuable as a manure. Lampblack of the best quality could also be made from the separate particles.

Among the new patents recently announced, is one of *Adolphus Theodore Wagner*, of Berlin, in the kingdom of Prussia, professor of music, for the invention of a "*Psychograph*, or apparatus for indicating persons' thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity." What next?

It has been discovered by a *Mr. Trueman Smith*, that by subjecting the Lake Superior and North Carolina copper ores to a particular process, from four hundred to two thousand dollars of silver can be obtained from a ton. From some of the Galena or lead ore as high as ten thousand dollars per ton can be extracted. A patent for the discovery has been taken out, and a company established to put it in operation.

The surveying party of the *Crawford*, which left Norfolk recently for Florida, will, by direction of Professor Bache, run a line of deep sea soundings from Key West to Havana, with the view of ultimately carrying the telegraphic wires across to the Island of Cuba.

A patent has been taken out in England for making *artificial leather*, by subjecting to a peculiar process any of the substances having properties like those of such a hydro-carbon as gutta percha.

Mr. Edwin A. Brackett has completed a marble bust of the late *John Jacob Astor*, which is to occupy a niche in the Astor Library building in this city. The model and cast from which this bust was made were the work of Horatio Greenough, whose untimely death prevented its being wrought by him in a more enduring manner.

A new *combination car-wheel*, invented in England, has been introduced into this country, and is about to be used on some of our Western railroads. The flange and hub are of iron, and the body is composed of elm-wood, in sections of 1-8th of the circle each, bolted together, and bringing the strain upon these sections as wedges—the wooden sections affording facilities for repairs, impossible to apply to the iron wheels.

A new *musket bullet*, invented by M. Charrin, has been submitted to the English government through the commander-in-chief, the inventor requesting a fair opportunity for experiment before the military authorities of the country. A Belgian military commission has made a report on the new projectile. Of its merits the report states, that the bullet requires only a fourth of the powder required for the common musket ball, will carry four times the usual distance, and that the cartouch is easily constructed by the soldier himself under all the usual circumstances of an ordinary campaign.

In the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg, in Russia, is a repeating watch, about the size of an egg. Within is represented our Redeemer's tomb, with the stone at the entrance, and the sentinels upon duty; and, while a spectator is admiring this piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop down, the angels appear, the woman enters the sepulcher, and the same chaunt is heard which is performed in the Greek Church on Easter eve.

At the last meeting of the *Boston Society of Natural History*, it was announced that the daughters of the Hon. Thomas H. Perkins had presented his valuable collections in conchology and mineralogy to the museum. It was the intention of Colonel Perkins to make that disposal of them himself, and his daughters, into whose possession they came, have sought to carry out their father's wishes in regard to them. The cabinet of mineralogy is rich in valuable specimens of ores of the precious metals, and that of conchology contains many rare and choice specimens. Among the latter is the largest nautilus known to exist in the world. The donation was accepted by the society, and a vote of thanks passed to the donors.

There has been placed in the library of Congress a fine bust of Chief Justice Taney, executed by a Dr. Stone, of New-York. It is said that Leutze has just finished in Europe another Washington historical picture, that surpasses "the Crossing of the Delaware."

Transatlantic Sub-Marine Telegraph.—Lieutenant Maury, whose authority in the department of science to which he has devoted himself is held in universal respect, has satisfied himself of the practicability of establishing a submarine telegraphic communication between the coasts of Newfoundland and Ireland, and has submitted the grounds of his conviction to the Secretary of the Navy in a brief but very interesting statement. It reveals the extraordinary and hitherto unsuspected facts: first, that there is an extended *plateau* lying between the shores of Newfoundland and Ireland, neither too deep nor too shallow, but apparently adapted by nature for the very purpose of supporting telegraphic wires; and secondly, that the surface of this plateau is beyond the reach of any oceanic or tidal currents, anchors, icebergs, or drifts of any kind, and the water on it withal so shallow, that wires may be readily lodged upon its bottom. The process by which these conclusions were reached deserves to rank among the marvels of modern science. There is a company fully organized for the construction of a line of telegraph from Newfoundland to New-York, and a considerable fraction of the work is already completed. They had it in contemplation, when they obtained their charter from the legislature of Newfoundland, to continue their line to the coast of Ireland. The scientific testimony in favor of the practicability of their enterprise, which Lieutenant Maury has submitted to the public, may communicate to it a new and efficient impulse. Such a work can scarcely be rated below the Pacific Railroad in importance to the American people, and would not cost one-fifth the amount of money.

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NAUVOO AND DESERET.

AMONG the many extraordinary chapters in the history of the Nineteenth Century, none is more incredible and curious than the rise and progress of Mormonism. The creed of the Latter Day Saints, as they style themselves, is not, indeed, more absurd and ridiculous than that of some other delusions; but their existence was brief, and they are now almost forgotten; while the imposture of Smith and his associates is still successful,

THE MORMON EXODUS—PASSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

and represented by missionaries in almost every state throughout the world.

It has been observed with some reason, that had a Rabelais or a Swift told the story of the Mormons under the vail of allegory, mankind would probably have entered a protest against the extravagance of the satirist. The name of the mock hero, his own and his family's ignorance and want of character, the low cunning of his accomplices, the open and shameless vices in which they indulged, and the extraordinary success of the sect they founded, would all have been thought too obviously conceived with a view to ludicrous effects. Yet the Mormon movement has assumed the condition of an important popular feature, and after much suffering and many reverses, its authors have achieved a condition of eminent industrial prosperity. In scarcely more than twenty years the company, consisting of the impostor and his father and brother, has increased to half a million; they occupy one of the richest portions of this continent, have a regularly organized government, and are represented in the Congress of the United States. With missions in every part of the country, in every capital of Europe, in Mecca, in Jerusalem, and among the islands of the Pacific and the Indian Oceans, all of whom are charged with the duty of making converts and gathering them to the Promised Land of Deseret, they must very soon have a population sufficiently large to claim admission as a State of the Union, and perhaps to hold the balance of power in its affairs.

The interest which recent events have attracted to the community in Deseret or Utah, will render interesting a more particular survey of its orgin, progress and condition.

In 1825 there lived near the village of Palmyra in New-York, a family of small farmers of the name of Smith. They were of bad repute in the neighborhood, notorious for being continually in debt, and heedless of their business engagements. The eldest son, Joseph, says one of his friends, "could read without much difficulty, wrote a very imperfect hand, and had a very limited understanding of the elementary rules of arithmetic." Associated in some degree with Sidney Rigdon, who comes before us in the first place as a journeyman printer, he was the founder of the new faith. The early history of the conspiracy of these worthies is imperfectly known; but it is evident that Rigdon must have been in Smith's confidence from the first. Rigdon, indeed, probably had more to do with the matter than even Smith; but it was the latter who was first put conspicuously forward, and who managed to retain the preëminence. The account of the pretended revelation, as given by Smith, is as follows: He all at once found himself laboring in a state of great darkness and wretchedness of mind—was bewildered among the conflicting doctrines of Christians, and could find no comfort or rest for his soul. In this state, he resorted to earnest prayer, kneeling in the woods and fields, and after long perseverance was answered by the appearance of a bright light in heaven, which gradually descended until it enveloped the worshiper, who found himself standing face to face with two supernatural beings. Of these he inquired which was the true religion? The reply was, that all existing religions were erroneous, but that the pure doctrine and crowning dispensation of Christianity should at a future period be miraculously revealed to himself. Several similar visitations ensued, and at length he was informed that the North American Indians were a remnant of Israel; that when they first entered America they were a powerful and enlightened people; that their priests and rulers kept the records of their history and doctrines; but that, having fallen off from the true worship, the great body of the nation were supernaturally destroyed—not, however, until a priest and prophet, named Mormon, had, by heavenly direction, drawn up an abstract of their records and religious opinions. He was told that this still existed buried in the earth, and that he was selected as the instrument for its recovery and manifestation to all nations. The record, it was said, contained many prophecies as to these latter days, and instructions for the gathering of the saints into a temporal and spiritual kingdom, preparatory to the second coming of the Messiah, which was at hand. After several very similar visions, the spot in which the book lay buried was disclosed. Smith went to it, and after digging discovered a sort of box, formed of upright and horizontal flags, within which lay a number of plates resembling gold, and of the thickness of common tin. These were

bound together by a wire, and were engraved with Egyptian characters. By the side of them lay two transparent stones, called by the ancients, "Urim and Thummim," set in "the two rims of a bow." These stones were divining crystals; and the angels informed Smith, that by using them he would be enabled to decipher the characters on the plates. What ultimately became of the plates—if such things existed at all—does not appear. They were said to have been seen and handled by eleven witnesses. With the exception of three persons, these witnesses were either members of Smith's family, or of a neighboring family of the name of Whitmer. The Smiths, of course, give suspicious testimony. The Whitmers have disappeared, and no one knows anything about them. Another witness, Oliver Cowdrey, was afterward an amanuensis to Joseph; and another, Martin Harris, was long a conspicuous disciple. There is some confusion, however, about this person. Although he signs his name as a witness who has seen and handled the plates, he assured Professor Anthon that he never had seen them, that "he was not sufficiently pure of heart;" and that Joseph refused to show him the plates, but gave him instead a transcript on paper of the characters engraved on them. It is difficult to trace the early advances of the imposture. Everything is vague and uncertain. We have no dates, and only the statements of the prophet and his friends.

Meantime, Smith must have worked successfully on the feeble and superstitious mind of Martin Harris. This man, as we have just said, received from him a written transcript of the mysterious characters, and conveyed it to Professor Anthon, a competent philological authority. Dr. Anthon's account of the interview is one of the most important parts of the entire history. Harris told him he had not seen the plates, but that he intended to sell his farm and give the proceeds to enable Smith to publish a translation of them. This statement, with what follows, shows that Smith's original intention, *quoad* the alleged plates, was to use them as a means for swindling Harris. The Mormons have published accounts of Professor Anthon's judgment on the paper submitted to him, which he himself states to be "perfectly false."

The Mormon version of the interview represents Dr. Anthon "as having been unable to decipher the characters correctly, but as having presumed that, if the original records could be brought, he could assist in translating them." On this statement being made, Dr. Anthon described the document submitted to him as having been a sort of *pot-pourri* of ancient marks and alphabets. "It had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him a book containing various alphabets: Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes, Roman letters, inverted or placed sideways, were arranged in perpendicular columns, and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with numerous strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican Calendar given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived." This account disposes of the statement that the characters were Egyptian; while the very jumble of the signs of different nations, languages, and ages, proves that the impostor was deficient both in tact and knowledge. The scheme seems to have been, at all events, *in petto* when Smith communicated with Harris; but a satisfactory clew to the fabrication is lost in our ignorance of the time and circumstances under which Smith and Rigdon came together. It must have been subsequent to that event that the "translation," by means of the magic Urim and Thummim, was begun. This work Smith is represented as having labored at steadily, assisted by Oliver Cowdrey, until a volume was produced containing as much matter as the Old Testament, written in the Biblical style, and containing, as Smith said the angel had informed him, a history of the lost tribes in their pilgrimage to and settlement in America, with copious doctrinal and prophetic commentaries and revelations.

The devotion of Harris to the impostor secured a fund sufficient for defraying the cost of printing the pretended revelation, and the sect began slowly to increase. The doctrines of Smith were not at first very clearly defined; it is probable that neither he nor Rigdon had determined what should be their precise character; but like their early cotemporary, the prophet Matthias, they had no hesitation in deciding on one cardinal point, that the reve-

A MORMON CARAVAN ON THE PRAIRIES.

lations made to Smith at any time should be received with unquestioning and implicit faith, and the earliest of these revelations contemplated a liberal provision for all the prophet's personal necessities. Thus, in February, 1831, it was revealed to the disciples that they should immediately build the prophet a house; on another occasion it was enjoined that, if they had any regard for their own souls, the sooner they provided him with food and raiment, and everything he needed, the better it would be for them; and in a third revelation, Joseph was informed that "he was not to labor for his living." All these "revelations" were received, and though the impostor seemed to intelligent men little better than a buffoon, his followers soon learned to regard him as almost deserving of adoration, and he began to revel in whatever luxury and profligacy was most agreeable to his vulgar taste and ambition. It was asserted that his original want of cultivation precluded the notion of his having, by the exercise of any natural or acquired faculties, produced his "revelations." Everywhere his followers said, "The prophet is not learned in a human sense: how could he have become acquainted with all the antiquarian learning here displayed, if it were not supernaturally communicated to him?" But to this question there was soon an answer equally explicit and satisfactory. The real author of the Book of Mormon was a Rev. Solomon Spaulding, who wrote it as a romance. Its entire history, and the means by which it came into the possession of Smith, are described in the following statement, by Mr. Spaulding's widow:—

"Since the *Book of Mormon*, or *Golden Bible*, (as it was originally called,) has excited much attention, and is deemed by a certain new sect of equal authority with the sacred Scriptures, I think it a duty to the public to state what I know of its origin. . . . . Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was married in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination, and great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, New-York. From this place we removed to New-Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio, sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health failed, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New-Salem there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These relics arrest the attention of new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his mind, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of the long-lost race. Their antiquity led him to adopt the most ancient style, and he imitated the Old Testament as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this imaginary history was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great

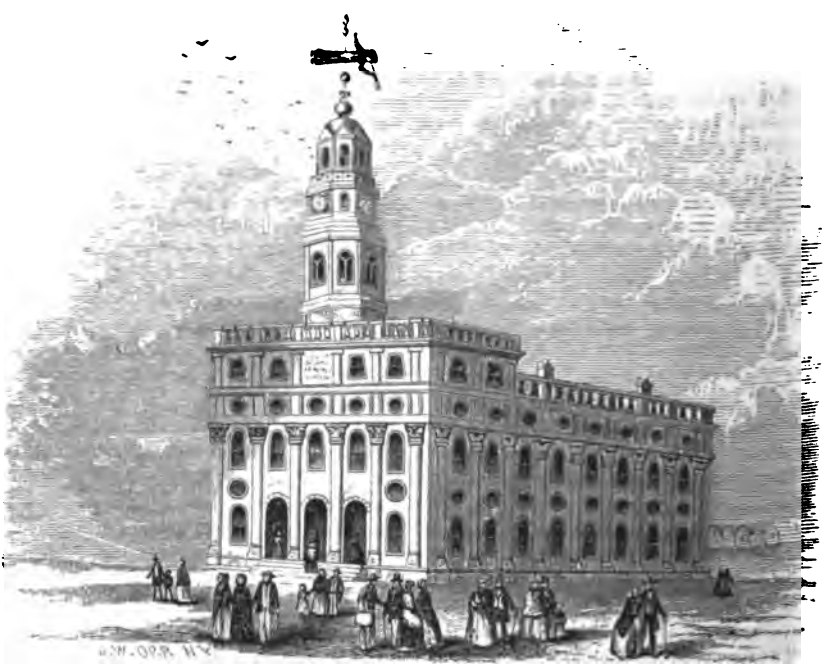
CROSSING THE MISSOURI.

interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth; and he gave it the title of 'The Manuscript Found.' The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding advanced in deciphering the manuscript; and when he had a sufficient portion prepared, he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it. From New-Salem we removed to Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance, in the person of Mr. Patterson, and editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson, who was much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title-page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at that time connected with the printing-office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and, as Rigdon himself has frequently stated, became acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and copied it. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington County, where Mr. Spaulding died, in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands, and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. M'Kenstry, of Monson, Massachusetts, with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the Book of Mormon came out, a copy of it was taken to New-Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the 'Manuscript Found' was written. A woman appointed a meeting there; and in the meeting read copious extracts from the Book of Mormon. The historical part was known by all the older inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding, in which they had all been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, and recognized perfectly the production of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in tears, and he arose on the spot, and expressed to the meeting his sorrow that the writings of his deceased brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New-Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible—to satisfy their own minds and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, which was signed by Messrs. Henry, Lake, Aaron, Wright, and others, with all of whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided at New-Salem. I am sure that nothing would grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to the purposes of delusion. Thus, an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions, and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as divine."

Similar evidence as to the Spaulding MS. was given by several private friends, and by the writer's brother, all of whom were familiar with its contents. The facts thus graphically detailed have of course been denied, but have never been disproved. Indeed, without them; it is impossible to explain the hold which Rigdon always possessed on the Prophet; for he was a poor creature, without education and without talents. At one time—a critical moment in the history of the new Church—a quarrel arose between the accomplices; but it ended in Smith's receiving a "revelation," in which Rigdon was raised by divine command to be equal with himself, having plenary power given to him to bind and loose both on earth and in heaven.

The remaining history of the Mormons is eminently interesting. Ignorant and superstitious as have been the chief part of the disciples, and atrocious as have been the tricks of the knaves who have led them on amid all the varieties of their good and evil fortune, there have occasionally been displayed among them an enthusiasm and bravery of endurance that demand admiration. Nearly from the beginning the leaders of the sect seem to have contemplated settling in the thinly populated regions of the western states, where lands were to be purchased for low prices; and after a short residence at Kirkland, in Ohio, they determined to found a New Jerusalem in Missouri. The interests of the town were confided to suitable officers, and Smith spent his time in traveling through the country and preaching, until the real or pretended immoralities of the sect led to such discontents that in 1839 they were forcibly and lawlessly expelled from the State. We are inclined to believe that they were not only treated with remarkable severity, but that there was no reason whatever to justify an interference in their affairs.

From Missouri the saints proceeded to Illinois, and on the 6th of April, 1841, with imposing ceremonies, laid at their new city of Nauvoo the corner-stone of the Temple, an immense edifice, without any architectural order or attraction, which in a few months was celebrated everywhere as not inferior in size and magnificence to that built by Solomon in Jerusalem. It was of white limestone, one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, eighty-three feet wide, and sixty feet high. Its style will be seen in the engraving.



THE MORMON TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.

THE EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO.

This building was destroyed by fire on the 19th of November, 1848. Nauvoo is delightfully situated in the midst of a fertile district, and a careful inquirer will not be apt to deny that it became the home of a more industrious, frugal, and generally moral society, than occupied any other town in the State. Whatever charges were preferred against Smith and his disciples, to justify the outrages to which they were subjected, the history of their expulsion from Nauvoo is simply a series of illustrations of the fact that the ruffian population of the neighboring country set on foot a vast scheme of robbery in order to obtain the lands and improvements of the Mormons without paying for them. We have not room for a particular statement of the discontents and conspiracies which grew up in the city, nor for any detail of the aggressions from without. On the 27th of June, 1844, Joseph and Hiram Smith were murdered, while under the especial protection of the authorities of the State.

The death of their leaders now threw the saints into the utmost confusion. Various pretenders to the supreme power and influence at once appeared. After much dissension, the party of Brigham Young triumphed over that of Sidney Rigdon; the sect were reorganized, and for some time were permitted quietly to prosecute their plans at Nauvoo. But early in 1846 they were driven out of their city, and compelled in midwinter to seek a new home beyond the farthest borders of civilization. The first companies, embracing sixteen hundred persons, crossed the Mississippi on the 3d of February, 1846, and similar detachments continued to leave until July and August, traveling by ox-teams toward California, then almost unknown, and quite unpeopled by the Anglo-Saxon race. Their enemies asserted that the intention of the Saints was to excite the Indians against the government, and that they would return to take vengeance on the whites for the indignities they had suffered. Nothing appears to have been further from their intentions. Their sole object was to plant their Church in some fertile and hitherto undiscovered spot, where they might be unmolested by any opposing sect. The war against Mexico was then raging, and, to test the loyalty

of the Mormons, it was suggested that a demand should be made on them to raise five hundred men for the service of the country. They consented, and that number of their best men enrolled themselves under General Kearney, and marched two thousand four hundred miles with the armies of the United States. At the conclusion of the war they were disbanded in Upper California. They allege that it was one of this band who, in working at a mill, first discovered the golden treasures of California; and they are said to have amassed large quantities of gold before the secret was made generally known to the "Gentiles." But faith was not kept with the Mormons who remained in Nauvoo. Although they had agreed to leave in detachments, as rapidly as practicable, they were not allowed necessary time to dispose of their property; and in September, 1846, the city was besieged by their enemies upon the pretence that they did not intend to fulfill the stipulations made with the people and authorities of Illinois. After a three days' bombardment, the last remnant was finally driven out.

The terrible hejira of the Mormon emigrants over the Rocky Mountains has been described by Mr. Kane of Philadelphia, in an interesting pamphlet, which is honorable to his own character for good sense and for benevolent feeling. No religious emigration was ever attended by more suffering, no emigration of any kind was ever prosecuted with more bravery. It resulted in the permanent establishment of the "Commonwealth of the New Covenant," in Utah, or Deseret, one of the most attractive portions of the interior of this continent, near its western border. Of this territory Mr. Kane says:—

"Deseret is emphatically a new country; new in its own characteristic features, newer still in its bringing together within its limits the most inconsistent peculiarities of other countries. I cannot aptly compare it to any. Descend from the mountains, where you have the scenery and climate of Switzerland, to seek the sky of your choice among the many climates of Italy, and you may find welling out of the

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OR NEW-JERUSALEM.

same hills the freezing springs of Mexico and the hot springs of Iceland, both together coursing their way to the Salt Sea of Palestine, in the plain below. The pages of Malte Brun provide me with a less truthful parallel to it than those which describe the Happy Valley of Rasselas, or the continent of Ballibarbi."

The history of the Mormons has ever since been an unbroken record of prosperity. It has looked as though the elements of fortune, obedient to a law of natural reaction, were struggling to compensate their undue share of suffering. They may be pardoned for deeming it miraculous. But, in truth, the economist accounts for it all, who explains to us the speedy recuperation of cities, laid in ruin by flood, fire, and earthquake. During its years of trial, Mormon labor had subsisted on insufficient capital, and under many difficulties; but it *has* subsisted, and survives them now, as intelligent and powerful as ever it was at Nauvoo; with this difference, that it has in the mean time been educated to habits of unmatched thrift, energy, and endurance, and has been transplanted to a situation where it is in every respect more productive. Moreover, during all the period of their journey, while some have gained by practice in handicraft, and the experience of repeated essays at their various halting-places, the minds of all have been busy framing designs and planning improvements they have since found opportunity to execute. Their territory is unequaled as a stock-raising country; the finest pastures of Lombardy are not more estimable than those on the east side of the Utah Lake and its tributary rivers; and it is scarcely less rich in timber and minerals than the most fortunate portions of the continent.

From the first the Mormons have had little to do in Deseret, but attend to mechanical and strictly agricultural pursuits. They have made several successful settlements: the farthest north is distant more than forty miles, and the farthest south, in a valley called the Sanpeech, two hundred, from that first formed. A duplicate of the Lake Tiberias empties its waters into the innocent Dead Sea of Deseret, by a fine river, which they have named the Western Jordan. It was on the right bank of this stream, on a rich table land, traversed by exhaustless waters falling from the highlands, that the pioneers, coming out of the mountains in the night of the 24th of July, 1847, pitched their first camp in the Valley, and consecrated the ground. This spot proved the most favorable site for their chief settlement, and after exploring the whole country they founded on it their city named New Jerusalem. Its houses are diffused, to command as much as possible the farms, which are laid out in wards or cantons, with a common fence to each. The farms in wheat already cover a space nearly as large as Rhode Island. The houses of New Jerusalem, or Great Salt Lake City, as it is commonly called, are distributed over an area nearly as great as that of New-York. The foundations have been laid for a temple more vast and magnificent than that of Nauvoo. Indeed, the foundation of a mighty State is laid in the far West, having laws and institutions peculiar to the faith of its founders.

Such has been the history of the Mormons in the past—their future is as yet unknown. But it needs not the eye of a seer to behold, through the dimness of that future, with some distinctness the dark form of contention. Among the applications hereafter to be made of the long-asserted principle that an American citizen has the right to remove anywhere in our public domain with his family and his property, will be found some most momentous questions connected with the laws and institutions of Deseret. It is yet to be decided whether other Territories and States are bound to acknowledge and honor polygamy in the sons of Joseph Smith, and at the same time punish it most severely in the instance of others: or, whether the door is to be thrown wide open to the most unbridled licentiousness. Christian philanthropists, it may be even at this early day, are bound to consider the propriety of pitching a tabernacle to Jehovah amid those distant tents of an impure religion which, like the handful of corn in the top of the mountain, may one day fill the whole land.

THERE is a vast curiosity in the mind of man, and the world abounds with objects to gratify it. The heavens, the earth, the sea, are full of wonders; and had not man sinned, he might always have read of nature with new delight, and have seen the glory of God in every line. But now, unhappy fallen man turns his back upon God while he surveys his works, and thinks every trifle better worth his notice than his Maker.

LUTHER'S FRIEND ALEXIS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

IN 1505, the young man's life was accidentally turned into quite a new channel. A friend of his was struck dead by lightning at his side. He uttered a cry; and that cry was a vow to St. Anne to turn monk. He is filled with dread of the wrath of God and the last judgment; he resolves that he will enter a monastery, there to serve God and be reconciled unto him by the reading of masses; also to attain his eternal salvation by monastic sanctity. "Help, Saint Anna!" he cried, when the lightning struck close beside him, "and I will forthwith become a monk!" The danger over, he made no attempt to elude a vow into which he had been surprised by terror—he solicited no dispensation; he regarded the stroke which he conceived himself to have narrowly escaped, as a menace and command from Heaven, and only deferred the fulfillment of the obligation he had undertaken for a fortnight.

The artist has designedly adopted the above version of this event in Luther's life—which is the best accredited among several—and we see his two mighty monitors of death—the corpse of his friend and the lightning—united to create one impression.

LUTHER ENTERS THE MONASTERY OF THE AUGUSTINES, 1505.

ON the 17th of July, 1505, after having spent the evening pleasantly in a musical party, with his friends, he entered the same night the cloister of the Augustines, at Erfurt. The next day, he wrote to various parties bidding them farewell, informed his father of the step he had taken, and remained secluded for the period of a month.

He was conscious how much he clung to the world; and feared to face his father's respected countenance, his commands, and his prayers. In fact, it took two years to persuade John Luther to allow him his way, and to consent to be present at his ordination. A day on which the miner could quit his work was fixed for the ceremony; and he came to Erfurt, accompanied by many of his friends and ac-

LUTHER ENTERS THE AUGUSTINE MONASTERY.

quaintances, when he bestowed on the son he was losing twenty florins, the amount of his savings.

"I became a monk," he wrote some time afterward to his father, "not willingly, still less to fatten my body, but because, when I was encompassed by the terror and fear of quick-coming death, I vowed a forced and hasty vow."

Only two Latin poets, Virgil and Plautus, now his sole property, accompanied him into the cell of the cloister; he crossed its threshold while yet engaged in anxious internal strife. Like a prophecy of future liberation did the statue of St. Augustine, the tutelary saint of his order, whose words were destined at a later period to become for him a guide to the living waters, look down upon him.

"I entered the monastery and left the world," he says, "despairing of myself. I thought God would not take my part; and if I meant to go to heaven, and be saved, it must be by my own efforts. For this reason I became a monk, and labored hard."

LUTHER IS SOLEMNLY ORDAINED A PRIEST.

THE master of arts has become a monk, the monk now becomes a priest. The vow of the monk and the ordination of the priest are raised like two walls between Luther and the profane world, between him and the original gospel.

"On Sunday, Cantate, May 2d, 1507, he read mass for the first time. "It is a fine thing," he said later, "to be a new priest and to celebrate mass for the first time! Blessed was the woman who had borne a priest. A consecrated parson, as compared with a common baptized Christian, was like the morning star compared to a flickering wick."

"As the glorious God, holy in all his works," he writes to Brown a few days before his ordination, "has deemed me, an unworthy sinner, fit to be raised thus highly, and in his exceeding mercy has called me to his most solemn service, I am in every way bound to undertake the task which has been intrusted to me, and I may be as grateful for his divine goodness as it is possible for such dust as I."

It must not be supposed that the new priest was impelled by any particular fervor to contract so serious an engagement. We have seen the baggage of mundane literature which he brought with him into the cloister. Let us hear his own confession of the frame of mind with which he entered:—

"When I said my first mass at Erfurth, I was all but dead, for I was without faith. My only thought was, that I was most acceptable. I had no idea that I was a sinner. The first mass was an event much looked to, and a considerable sum of money was always collected. The *horæ canonicæ* were borne in with torches. *The dear young lord*, as the peasants called their new priest, had then to dance with his mother, if she were still

ORDINATION OF LUTHER.

alive, while the bystanders wept for joy; if dead, he put her, as the phrase runs, under the communion-cup, and saved her from purgatory."

LUTHER'S BODILY AND MENTAL SELF-TORMENTS.

LUTHER having obtained his wish, having become priest and monk, all being consummated and the door closed, there then began, I do not say regrets, but misgivings, doubts, the temptations of the flesh, the pernicious subtleties of the spirit. We of the present day can have but a faint idea of the rude gymnastics of the solitary mind. Our passions are regulated; we stifle them in their birth. How can we, plunged in the enervating dissipation of a thousand businesses, studies, and easy enjoyments, and blunted by precocious satiety both of the senses and the mind, picture to ourselves the spiritual conflicts entered into by the man of the middle age? the painful mysteries of an abstinent and fantastic life; the fearful fights which have taken place, noiselessly and unrecorded, between the wall and the somber casement of the monk's poor cell? An archbishop of Mentz was accustomed to say:—

"The human heart is like the stones of a mill: if you put corn between them they grind it and make it into flour; but if you put none they keep turning till they grind themselves away." . . . "When I was a monk," says Luther, "I often wrote to Dr. Staupitz. I once wrote to him, '*O! my sins! my sins! my sins!*' to which he replied, 'You desire to be without sin, and yet are free from all real sin. Christ was the pardon for sin.'" . . . "I frequently confessed to Dr. Staupitz, not about trifles such as women are in the habit of doing, but about thoughts which go to the root of the matter. He answered me, like all other confessors, 'I don't understand you.' At last he came to me as I was sitting at table, and said: 'Are you so sad, then, *frater Martine?*' 'Ah!' replied I, 'yes, I am.' 'You are not aware,' he said, 'that temptation of the kind is good and necessary for you, but only for you.' He simply meant that I was learned, and, without such temptations, would become proud and haughty; but I afterward knew that it was the Holy Ghost that was speaking to me."

Elsewhere, Luther describes how those temptations had reduced him to such a condition that he did not eat, drink, or sleep for a fortnight. "Ah! were St. Paul now living, how should I wish to hear from himself what kind of temptation it was by which he was tried! It was not the sting of the flesh; it was not the good Tecla, as the Papists dream. O! no; that were not a sin to rack his conscience. It was something exceeding the despair caused by sins; it was rather the temptation alluded to by the Psalmist, when he exclaims, 'My God, my God, why hast

thou forsaken me?' As if he meant to say, 'Thou art my enemy without a cause;' or the cry of Job: 'I am, nevertheless, just and innocent.' I feel certain that the book of Job is a true history, out of which a poem was subsequently made. . . . . Jerome and the other fathers did not undergo such temptations. They suffered but puerile ones, those of the flesh, which, however, have their own pangs, too. Augustine and Ambrose had theirs; they trembled before the sword; but this is nothing in comparison with the angel of Satan, *who buffets with the fists*. . . . . If my life endure a little longer I will write a book on temptations, without undergoing which one can neither comprehend Holy Scripture nor know the love and fear of God."—" . . . . I was ill in the infirmary. The cruelest temptations exhausted and racked my frame, so that I had scarcely power to draw a breath. None gave me comfort. Those to whom I complained, answered, 'We know nothing of this.' Then I said to myself: 'Am I alone to be so depressed in mind?' . . . . O! what horrible specters and faces danced around me! . . . . But, for these ten years, God, by his dear angels, has given me the comfort of fighting and writing (in his cause?)."

LUTHER EMBRACING THE CROSS.

Long after this, the year before his death, he explains the nature of these fearful temptations:—"From the time that I attended the schools, I had felt, when studying St. Paul's Epistles, the most intolerable anxiety to know the intent of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. I stuck at one phrase—*Justitia Dei revelatur in illo* (for therein is the *righteousness* of God revealed.) I hated that word, *justitia Dei*, (the *righteousness* of God,) because I had learnt to understand it, with the schoolmen, of that active justice through which God is just, and punishes the unjust and sinners. Leading the life of a blameless monk, yet disturbed by the sinner's uneasy conscience, and unable to feel certain of justification before God, I could not love, rather, I must confess it, I hated this just God, the avenger of sin. I waxed wroth, and murmured loudly within myself, if I did not blaspheme—'What,' I said, 'is it not enough that unhappy sinners, already eternally lost through original sin, are overwhelmed with innumerable woes by the law of the decalogue, but must God heap suffering upon suffering, and menace us in the gospel itself with his justice and his wrath?' . . . . I was hurried out of myself on this wise by the uneasiness of my conscience, and kept constantly recurring to and sifting the same passage, with a burning desire to penetrate St. Paul's meaning.

"As I meditated day and night upon the words: 'For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith,' God at length took pity upon me. I perceived that the righteousness of God is that by which the just man, through

God's goodness, lives, that is to say, *faith;* and that the meaning of the passage is—the gospel reveals the righteousness of God, a passive righteousness, through which the God of mercy justifies us by faith. On this I felt as if I were born again, and seemed to be entering through the opening portals of Paradise. . . . . Some time afterward I read St. Augustine's work, *Of the Letter and the Spirit*, and found, contrary to my expectation, that he also understands by the righteousness of God, that which God imputes to us by justifying us; a coincidence which afforded me gratification, although the subject is imperfectly stated in the work, and this father does not explain himself fully or clearly on the doctrine of imputation. . ."

Neither monkish vow nor ordination, however, could bring peace to this troubled heart yearning after God.

"I have indeed"—these are his own words—"kept the rules of my order with great perseverance and zeal; I have often been sick and almost dead with fasting. A disgraceful persecutor and murderer of my own body I was; for I fasted, prayed, watched, wearied, and exhausted myself beyond my strength. We had been brought up under these human ordinances, which had obscured Christ, and made him of no avail to us; I thought that my monkery would be all-sufficient; for I did not believe in Christ, but took him to be only a dreadful judge, as he was painted sitting on a rainbow.

"The more I strove to pacify my conscience by means of fasting, watching, and praying, the less quiet and peace I felt; for the true light was hidden from mine eyes. The more I sought the Lord, and thought to approach him, the further I departed from him.

Nothing external, not the martyr's cross which he embraced, not the castigations with which he tormented himself, could satisfy the longing of his soul.

LUTHER FAINTS IN HIS CELL, THE BIBLE IN HIS HAND—REVIVED BY MEANS OF MUSIC.

THE artist takes us into Luther's monastic cell at Erfurt; we see the youth weakened by mental struggles and penances, as, absorbed in the Scriptures, he has fainted, so that the monks can awaken him only by the power of music.

According to Seckendorf's account, this event occurred at Wittemberg, where Luther's friend, Edenberger, roused him with a sacred song, which he and the

LUTHER REVIVED BY MUSIC.

LUTHER CONSOLED BY A MONK.

boys of the choir sang at his door; but the artist adopts the more generally believed version, that this event occurred in the monastery at Erfurt. It is more than probable that such instances of abstraction and the arousing from it occurred more than once. "For music," said Luther in praise of the art, "is the best cordial for a sorrowful man, which maketh the heart contented, refreshed, and vigorous."

"I made myself," he states, referring to that period, "so well acquainted with the Bible, that I knew the page and place of every text. No other study than that of the Scriptures interested me; I read them zealously, and imprinted them on my memory. Many a time one single significant text dwelt in my thoughts for a whole day."

LUTHER STRENGTHENED BY THE CONSOLING EXHORTATIONS OF AN OLD MONK.

STILL more powerfully than by music was Luther strengthened by the living word of God from the mouth of a believer. "God sent him," relates Mathesius, "an old brother of the monastery as a confessor, who consoled him affectionately, and pointed out to him the merciful forgiveness of sins as announced in the apostolic confession of faith; and who taught him, from the sermons of St. Bernard, that he ought to have this faith also with regard to himself, that our merciful God and Father had granted him forgiveness of all his sins through the sole sacrifice and blood of his Son, and had announced the same, through the Holy Ghost, in the apostolic Church, by the word 'absolution.' This proved a living and powerful consolation to our doctor's heart, in that he hath often made honorable mention of his confessor, and heartily thanked him." Seckendorf, in his account of Luther having been comforted on his sick-bed by an old monk, apparently confounds this event with an earlier one, when Luther, before his entrance into the monastery, was, during a serious illness, consoled by an old monk in these words: "Be comforted, my young bachelor of arts; thou shalt not die of this attack; our God will yet make of thee a great man, who is to comfort many people. For whom God loveth, and whom he wills to prepare for salvation, on him he early lays the cross; in which school of the cross patient people may learn much."

The artist has, notwithstanding this, a good right to represent Luther to us in the monastery also as a sick man; for he himself says of these attacks: "In the great temptations which I suffered, and which consumed my body so that I had no breath, no man could comfort me."

The living power which dwelleth in the communion of faith Luther experienced for the first time at the words of that gray-headed man. It was his first conception of the true imperishable Church.

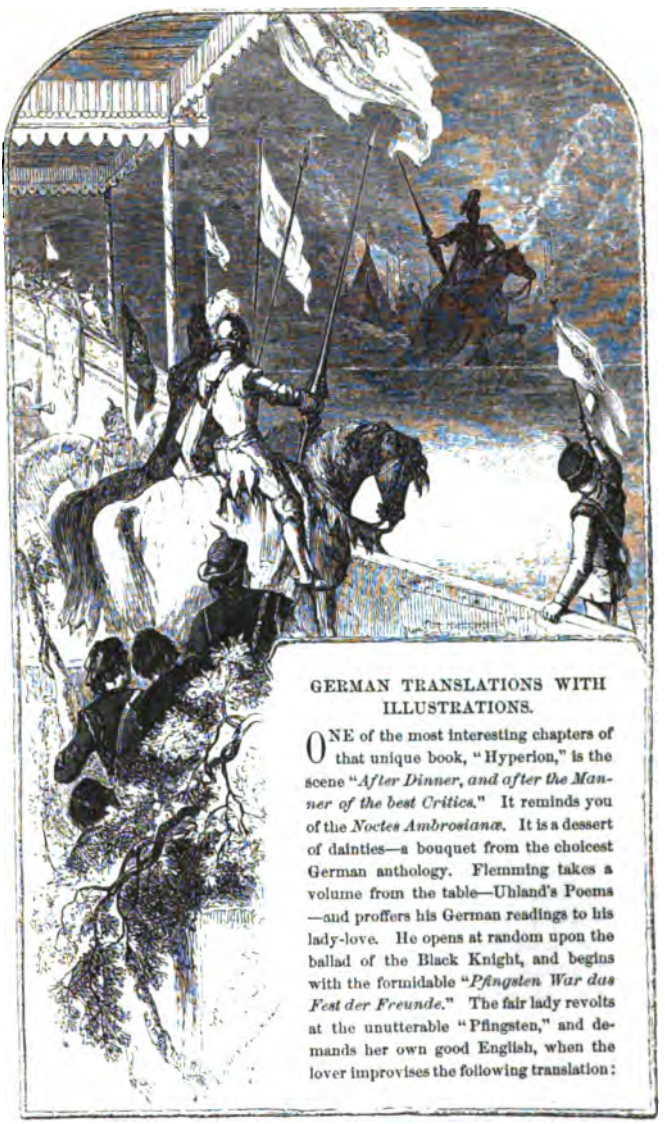
BLAZING STARS OR COMETS.

IN the year 1066, during the reign of that Harold whose sun set on the bloody field of Hastings; and while Duke William the Bastard was organizing, in Normandy, his descent upon England, there appeared, says the old chronicler, "a blasing starre, which was seene not only here in England, but also in other parts of the world, and continued the space of seven daies. This blasing starre might be a prediction of mischiefe imminent, and hanging over Harold's head; for they never appear but as prognosticats of after-claps." Such stars are again described by the same chronicler, thus:—"These blasing starres, dreadful to be seene, with bloudie haires, and all over rough and shagged at the top." Popular fancy has always clothed these bodies with peculiar terrors; and, indeed, the different and varying forms under which they have appeared are well calculated to strike and powerfully affect the imaginations of men. The reader of Josephus knows that a comet, shaped and glittering like a sword, without any rays or beams, was seen to hover over Jerusalem for nearly a year before it fell into the hands of the Romans. A comet, having the resemblance of a horn, appeared during the battle of Salamis. The wars of Cæsar and Pompey, the murder of Claudius, and the tyranny of Nero, were all prefigured by comets. But, though usually, they were not invariably regarded as portents of evil omen; "for," says a recent writer, "the birth and accession of Alexander, of Mithridates, the birth of Charles Martel, and the accession of Charlemagne, and the commencement of the Tátár empire, were all notified by blazing stars." After the murder of Julius Cæsar, a brilliant comet, which illumined the Italian sky for seven successive nights, was supposed to indicate his *apotheosis*, or the carrying his soul to the region of the gods. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, one appeared, which her flatterers did not know very well how to interpret; being afraid, on the one hand, to incur a charge of misprision of treason, by foreboding state calamities, and, on the other, being equally aware of the danger of even so much as hinting at the removal of her majesty from the possession of a terrestrial to that of a celestial crown. Queen Elizabeth's comet appeared in 1618; and such was the dismay and horror which it carried in its train, not to the minds of monarchs only, but to those of private individuals, that Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the antiquary, "'having," says Aikin, "been in danger of making an untimely end by entangling himself among some bell-ropes, makes a memorandum in his private diary never more to exercise himself in bell-ringing when there is a comet in the sky."

The uses and intentions of comets are, according to different writers, as different and various as are their figures. One author declares that they "were made to the end that the ethereal regions might not be more void of monsters than the ocean is of whales and other great thieving fishes; and that a gross fatness being gathered together as excrements into an imposthume, the celestial air might thereby be purged, lest the sun should be obscured." Another says, "they signifie corruption of the ayre. They are signes of earthquake, of warres, chaunging of kingdomes, great dearth of corne, yea, a common death of man and beast." A poet of the same period writes:—

"There, with long bloody hair, a blazing star
Threatens the world with famine, plague, and war;
To princes death, to kingdoms many crosses,
To all estates inevitable losses;
To herdsmen rot, to ploughmen hapless seasons,
To sailors storms, to cities civil treasons."

And a writer on the subject of comets, in 1665, expresses *his* opinion as to the end and object for which they were sent to terrify the nations, and to scatter clouds of darkness over the mental faculties of the children of Adam, in the following extravagant terms:—"As if God and nature intended by comets to ring the knells of princes; esteeming the bells of churches upon earth not sacred enough for such illustrious and eminent performances."



GERMAN TRANSLATIONS WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

ONE of the most interesting chapters of that unique book, "Hyperion," is the scene "*After Dinner, and after the Manner of the best Critics.*" It reminds you of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. It is a dessert of dainties—a bouquet from the choicest German anthology. Flemming takes a volume from the table—Uhland's Poems—and proffers his German readings to his lady-love. He opens at random upon the ballad of the Black Knight, and begins with the formidable "*Pfingsten War das Fest der Freunde.*" The fair lady revolts at the unutterable "Pfingsten," and demands her own good English, when the lover improvises the following translation:

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

"'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king, and spake:
'So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls
A luxuriant spring shall break.'

"Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king look'd on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

"To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.
'Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon? say!'
'Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I'm a prince of mighty sway!'

"When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,—
Hardly rises from the shock.

"Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torchlight through the high halls glances,
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin:

"Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasp'd her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

"To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame.
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

"Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
'Golden wine will make you whole!'
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
'O that draught was very cool!'

"Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly,
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"'Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth:
Take me, too, the joyless father!'
Spake the grim guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
'Roses in the spring I gather!'"

"That is, indeed, a striking ballad!" said the lady, "but rather too grim and ghostly for this dull afternoon."

"It begins joyously enough with the feast of Pentecost," replies Flemming, "and the crimson banners at the old castle. Then the contrast is well managed. The knight in black mail, and the waving in of the mighty shadow in the dance, and the dropping of the faded flowers, are all strikingly presented to the imagination. However, it tells its own story, and needs no explanation.

"Here," continues Flemming, "is something in a different vein, though still melancholy. The Castle by the Sea. Shall I read it?"

"Yes, if you like."

Flemming read:—

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirror'd wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.

"Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?

"The winds and the waves of ocean
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.

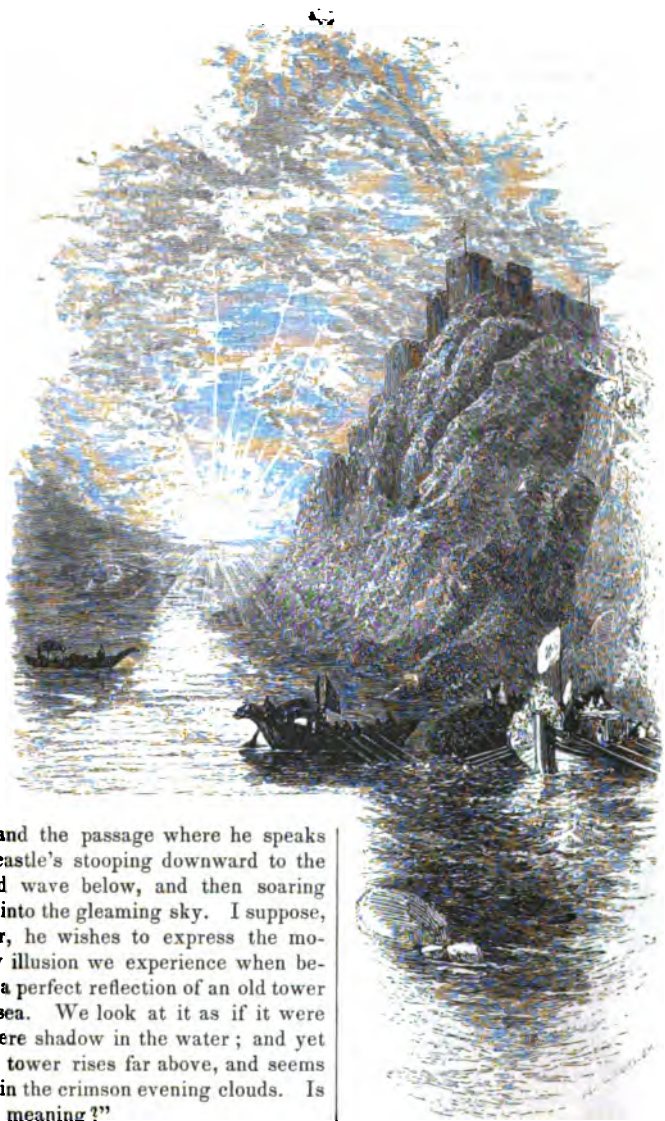
"And sawest thou on the torrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!"

"How do you like that?" asks Flemming.

"It is very graceful and pretty," replies the fair lady; "but Uhland seems to leave a great deal to his reader's imagination. All his readers should be poets themselves, or they will hardly comprehend him. I confess I hardly



understand the passage where he speaks of the castle's stooping downward to the mirrored wave below, and then soaring upward into the gleaming sky. I suppose, however, he wishes to express the momentary illusion we experience when beholding a perfect reflection of an old tower in the sea. We look at it as if it were not a mere shadow in the water; and yet the real tower rises far above, and seems to float in the crimson evening clouds. Is that the meaning?"

The reply is apt, and suggests a subtile esthetic fact.

"I should think it was. To me it is all a beautiful cloud landscape, which I comprehend and feel, and yet should find some difficulty perhaps in explaining."

"And why need one always explain? Some feelings are quite untranslatable. No language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet, when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty, all at once; as glowworms, which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms, like so many others."

"Very true. We ought sometimes to be content with feeling. Here, now, is an exquisite piece, which soothes one like the fall of evening shadows,—like the dewy coolness of twilight after a sultry day. I shall not give you a bald translation of my own, because I have laid up in my memory another, which, though not

very literal, equals the original in beauty. Observe how finely it commences.

"Many a year is in its grave
Since I cross'd this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

"Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried:
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

"One on earth in silence wrought
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Pass'd in battle and in storm.

"So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends, who closed their course before me.

"Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore!
Let us walk in soul once more!

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me!"

"O, that is beautiful,—'beautiful exceedingly!' Who translated it?" exclaims the lady.

"I do not know," replies Flemming: "I wish I could find him out. It is certainly admirably done; though in the measure of the original there is something like the rocking motion of a boat, which is not preserved in the translation."

"And is Uhland always so soothing and spiritual?"

"Yes, he generally looks into the spirit-world. I am now trying to find here a little poem on the Death of a Country Clergyman, in which he introduces a striking picture. But I cannot turn to it. No matter. He describes the spirit of the good old man, returning to earth on a bright summer morning, and standing amid the golden corn and the red and blue flowers, and mildly greeting the reapers as of old. But there is nothing morbid in Uhland's mind. He is always fresh and invigorating, like a breezy morning. In this he differs entirely from such writers as Salis and Matthisson."

"And who are they?"

"Two melancholy gentlemen to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death to come and ferry them over the lake. And now their spirits stand in the green fields of German song like two weeping-willows bending over a grave. To read their poems is like wandering through a village church-yard on a summer evening, reading the inscriptions upon the grave-stones, and recalling sweet images of the departed; while above you,

"Hark! in the holy grove of palms,
Where the stream of life runs free,
Echoes, in the angels' psalms,
'Sister spirit! hail to thee!'"

"How musically those lines flow! Are they Matthisson's?"

"Yes; and they do indeed flow musically. I wish I had his poems here. I should like to read to you his Elegy on the Ruins of an Ancient Castle. It is an imitation of Gray's Elegy. You have been at Baden-Baden?"

"Yes; last summer."

"Tender morning visions of beauteous souls!"

"And have not forgotten ——"

"The old castle? Of course not. What a magnificent ruin it is!"

"That is the scene of Matthisson's poem, and seems to have filled the melancholy bard with more than wonted inspiration."

"I should like very much to see the poem,—I remember that old ruin with so much delight." Flemming, however, has it not at hand. The "genius" of the old castle ruins of Germany imbues her best poetry—a shadowy spirit of the past, sometimes of saddest desolation, breathes through it. His Parnassus ranges along the whole course of the Rhine, and how do the mountains and old ruins of that romantic river reveal themselves in picturesque outlines in all the visions of her great bards! He that would read German poetry aright, must first go on a pilgrimage to the Rhine. But to return to Flemming and his lady love. He gives her a sweet and mournful poem from Salis, the other melancholy gentleman of the "Dismal Swamp and cambric handkerchiefs." It is called The Song of the Silent Land.

"Into the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the silent land?

"Into the silent land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land!

"O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the silent land!"

"Is not that a beautiful poem?"

The lady made no answer. She had turned away to hide her tears.

EDUCATION.—Under whose care soever a child is put to be taught during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain—it should be one who thinks Latin and languages the least part of education; one who, knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars, and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected, would in due time produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got, and settled so as to keep out ill and vicious habits—languages, and sciences, and all other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose but to make the more dangerous man.—*Locke*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE ENSENADA.

COLONEL WALKER'S EXPEDITION TO SONORA.

CALIFORNIA, so recently acquired by the United States, borders the Pacific from 33° to 42° north latitude, and is bounded on its east by Utah and New-Mexico. From its southern limit stretches still further southward a peninsular formed by the ocean on the west and the Gulf of California on the east, known as *Lower* California. Directly opposite this peninsula, and on the eastern shore of the gulf, is Sonora, both of them provinces of Mexico. Of late many avaricious glances have been turned to Lower California and Sonora, as a region surpassing even California itself in the treasures of its rocks and hills and streams. Some preparations for its invasion were frequently made, but without any fruit until the latter part of the year 1852, when, in a most unexpected manner, this desired end seemed about to be secured. The celebrated Count Raousset de Boulbon, a Parisian merchant of immense wealth, had become bankrupt, and leaving his native city came to Mexico, seeking to retrieve his fortunes. He was at once employed by Messrs. Forre Decker & Co., to superintend some extensive mining operations in Sonora. For this purpose he raised a company of four hundred men, and being well provisioned and equipped, set out for their field of enterprise and toil. Scarcely, however, had they commenced operations, when a difficulty arose between the miners and the civil authorities, and the result was an engagement with the Mexican forces under General Blanco, in which the count was triumphantly successful. Filled with enthusiasm on account of this victory, the count and his associates at once conceived the idea of conquest—a few skirmishes and they were in possession of the State. They now marched southward, attacked Mazatlan, one of the chief seaports, took it without a struggle, and seemed to threaten the whole country. But formidable difficulties of another kind soon surrounded the rebels, and they were at length glad to capitulate. The count received $11,000 to evacuate the country and take his men to San Francisco, and the Mexicans rejoiced at so fortunate a termination of the difficulty. After a few months the count was allowed to return to Mexico, and was soon busy in getting up an expidition ostensibly for the protection of Durango, but really, no doubt, to coöperate with fillibustering parties in California, of whose existence something now began to be whispered. These thickening rumors of an invasion soon began to assume a definite shape in the form of suspicions that a certain little brig, Arrow by name, lying in San Francisco harbor, was being fitted out for the purpose. An arrival of November 10th, 1853, brought to our ears the news that the Arrow was seized by the authorities of the State, and that the seizure was warmly contested by Colonel William Walker, on the ground that their destination was for the mines, the extreme richness and value of which had been presented as the chief inducement to enlist in the expedition. Pending the difficulty of the seizure, the parties who chartered the Arrow managed to get away in the brig Caroline.

It was on the morning of the 17th of October when they set sail on this wild adventure, the whole command consisting of two hundred men, and a banner floating above them, glittering with two stars, signifying Lower California and Sonora, which they wildly dreamed of adding to the galaxy of the American Confederation. Sailing down the coast, the Caroline reached in safety the most southerly point of the peninsula, known as Cape St. Lucas, where, of course, she must enter the gulf and return northward to Sonora. But, either fearing to proceed direct to Sonora or distressed by the weather, they determined to land on the cape, which they did on the 28th of October. On the 3d of November they reached La Paz. Here a party of forty-five men were landed under the command of Lieutenant Gilman, for the purpose of getting wood. When this party were about to return to the vessel, they were fired upon by a large company of citizens. This fire was returned by Gilman's company, and by the ordnance of the vessel. Colonel Walker now landed with an additional force of thirty men, and the fight became general. After a battle of about an hour and a half, La Paz was taken, and Espinoza its governor made prisoner. They remained at La Paz until November 6th, during which time Revolledo, who was sent out to supersede Espinoza, arrived and was

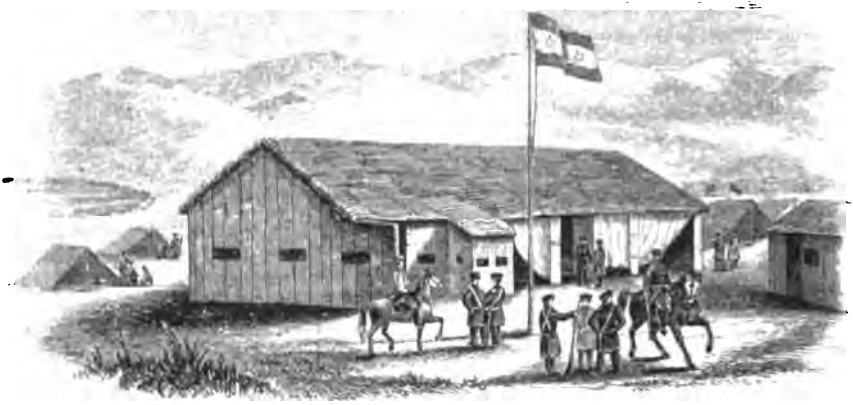
also taken prisoner. Having now possession of the place and two governors in fetters, a complete government with its full share of officers was forthwith announced, and proclamations issued in which the intentions of the invaders were made known, and protection, &c., promised to the people, signed "William Walker, Colonel and President of Lower California." Many of the richest ranchos were reported as having given in their adhesion to the new government, and if dispatches were true, all things betokened the speedy success of the fillibusters.

But notwithstanding all this, it was thought proper to evacuate La Paz, and retreat toward Cape St. Lucas. After various maneuvers, Colonel Walker finally fixed his head quarters at "Esenada des todas Santos," (the Bay of All Saints,) or as we call it for the sake of brevity, "Ensenada." This spot received from Walker the name of "Fort McKibbin," in honor of a favorite young officer who was killed in one of the forays which Walker had got up, or allowed for the sake of keeping his soldiers employed and obtaining provisions.

California, in the mean time, was studiously filled with reports of the richness of the gold mines of that region—with large stories of the wonderful success of Walker and his fellow adventurers—and it was generally understood that the people of Sonora would hail an expedition that would in any way relieve them from the attacks of the Apache Indians, and prepare them for being engrafted upon the wide-spreading vine of North American republicanism. Filled as that country was with restless spirits—having no ties of home or business—many of them already looking wistfully toward Amazon, these stories naturally produced the most intense excitement, so that by the 1st of December the steamer Sea Bird, which runs from San Francisco to San Diego, looked like a bee-hive, so full was she of men bound down the coast.

On the 12th of December, the Southerner arrived at San Francisco, with news of the capture of La Paz, of an attack upon the rancho La Grulla, various encounters with the military leader Negrete, and the famous robber chieftain, Melendrez, and the city was of course in a flame. Between nine and twelve o'clock of the very night on which this intelligence arrived, one hundred and fifty men went on board the Anita, a little brig of two hundred and thirty-five tons' burden, and were towed five miles out by the steamer Thomas Hunt; then being unmoored, they set sail with a favorable breeze for the land which their visions had presented as replete with glory and with gold. Among this one hundred and fifty adventurers was a youthful friend of our own, who had unfortunately been enticed into the expedition. Let him tell his own story:—

"On the 12th of December last, about ten o'clock in the evening, I found myself on board the bark Anita, with a valise, two blankets, six shooting rifles, Colt's revolver and bowie knife, with about one hundred and fifty others similarly armed and equipped, bound for Ensenada des todas Santos, Lower California, where Colonel Walker was supposed to be. After some little excitement, the lines were cast off, and we were towed out of the heads and over the bar by the steamer Thomas Hunt. Here she left us; but in doing so she tore away the best part of the port bulwarks. A stiff breeze was blowing, and I beheld a scene the like of which I never before witnessed, and which, under the same circumstances, I would fain never again be compelled to witness. Almost all on board were more or less drunk, and for the management of the craft there were but two available hands—at least belonging to her—the captain and mate. In consequence of the loss of her bulwarks, the sea washed the deck fore and aft, and the greater part of the stores being on deck, and but poorly secured, with every roll casks, barrels, and boxes would slide about, rendering one's footing rather precarious. In the steerage, the quarters for the men, were several thousand pounds of gunpowder, and yet the men were going about in the most careless manner with lighted segars, pipes, and candles. After awhile the blow increased to a pretty good storm, tearing the foretopsail and jib into ribbons, as there were not sober hands enough to furl them. Two or three times the captain had to leave the wheel, when the vessel would at once broach to, and the sober among us began to think we were booked for 'the other side of Jordan.' Just at this moment some one raised the cry that the vessel was filling, and the alarm became general and uncontrollable. I went below to examine, and the first sight seemed to confirm the awful cry, but a closer inspection soon relieved my fears. She was a small vessel and very flat-bottomed, so that between the steerage deck and the kelson there was a space of only about three feet. Some water which had been shipped was rolling about between her lining and outside, and its coming through the cracks originated the idea that the vessel was filling. Having calmed my own fears, I came on deck to satisfy others, when the bark gave an awful lurch, and overboard went about twenty barrels, carrying with them two or three men, many others narrowly escaping. We could do nothing amid the gale to save the poor fellows, even had it been calm and in the



FORT M'KIBBIN.

daytime, our boats having been previously washed away. The confusion now reached its height; some required the captain to run the vessel ashore, others swore they would shoot him for venturing out in so unsafe a craft; some insisted upon his return, others were equally determined he should go ahead; some had their revolvers all ready to do the murder, but were prevented by others, and between them all our poor commander had anything but a merry time of it. No change for the worse appearing, the tumult gradually subsided, liquor or seasickness soon overcame the most of them, and the decks were nearly deserted. Before daylight I turned in and slept soundly until late in the morning.

"The next time I made my appearance the sun was shining brightly, and the bark was cheerily sailing on her course, damages were repaired as well as possible, and for the rest of the voyage the weather was all that could be wished. Nothing occurred worthy of note excepting at meal times, which came with great regularity, that is the *times* not the *meals*. The cooking accommodations were wretched, and wholly insufficient for so large a number of men; not one-third the necessary quantity could be cooked, so that many could get but little and some none at all of the cooked provisions. Myself and others made many hearty meals on ship-bread and raw pork or mackerel. This, however, lasted but a little while, for on Saturday we anchored our bark at the Ensenada, and thus ended our troubles, at least by sea."

The Bay of All Saints is situated about one hundred and twenty miles from San Diego, and about one hundred from the American frontier. The head-quarters of Colonel Walker are a large *adobe* building—until his advent occupied by a Mexican family, which he dispossessed. The President's quarters are to be seen on the right of the cut, in the main building, where the curtain which protects its front is partially withdrawn; and our friend who writes us had his tabernacle in the booth next to the main building, and still further to the right. Now that our voyagers of the Anita have got safely ashore and are fairly ensconced in their new quarters, we will let our friend, who is henceforth to be honored with the *soubriquet* of corporal, tell his own story:—

"The first day after our arrival, a party of eighty men were sent to capture San Tomas, a place about thirty miles distant. Notwithstanding my strong desire to be of the party, I was required to stay in camp. They took with them a field-piece which Walker had taken from Melendrez, and started expecting at least a skirmish; but, on arriving at the place they found it deserted. They valorously took the town without the loss of a single man, and returned in triumph to the camp. They brought as the prisoners and trophies of war a large number of cattle and sheep, and also a wagon which they took from the neighboring rancho La Grulla. Now, be it known to you, this same San Tomas was an immense town of about the size of the City Hall Park, New-York. A few days afterward, Walker sent a company to La Grulla, which stayed there until about the time I left the Ensenada."

The corporal and many of his companions soon began to be undeceived as to the nature and objects, and indeed prospects of the expedition. Their eyes were first opened by a decree in reference to the wages of officers and men. It stated they were to be paid in Sonora scrip, in sums of from $12 to $4 per day, depending on their rank. Our young friend, too

nurtured in the Sabbath school, and the object of solicitude to pious parents from his very birth, felt incensed at the injustice and cruelty heaped upon the neighboring rancheros, and the conclusion was fast settling upon his and other minds, that the expedition had but one object, viz.: to enrich certain capitalists, and satisfy the ambition of William Walker, Colonel and President.

"Provisions, moreover, soon began to be scarce, and," says our correspondent, "in a little while we had nothing but corn and cattle. Our bread (ship biscuit) lasted but the first two or three weeks, and everything else soon followed 'en suite.' At last we buckled to the beef and corn, and out of these two articles made quite a variety of dishes. Fried beef for breakfast, stewed beef for dinner, boiled beef for supper, burnt corn for coffee, parched corn for bread, ground parched corn made excellent 'flap jacks,' and parched corn with some boiled sugar poured over it made first-rate candy. Then there were other dishes made by the combination of beef and corn, for which we had no names, and some which deserved none, but any how they went down; and the principal occupation of the camp from sunrise to sunset was cooking beef and corn and corn and beef. The officers, however, having been caught regaling themselves on soft bread while the men had none—somebody or bodies, to the officers unknown, varied the monotony of the camp by secretly tearing down the oven."

Sick of the whole affair, our friend with some others determined to leave; accordingly he called on Walker and demanded his discharge. This was declined, and an attempt was made to cajole him out of his design. He was told what an invaluable man he was, &c.; but it was in vain, and he persisted in asking his discharge. The colonel now positively refused it, and the corporal, wearied with his new honors, frankly told him he would be under the necessity of taking his discharge if it were not granted him. Walker now resorted to threats, reminded him that if he deserted the penalty was death, &c., and sent him to his quarters, resolved, as he says, in his own mind, "to go further." During the latter part of this forenoon much talk and excitement existed in one of the companies, in consequence of a number of horses having been taken from them the day previous, to which they believed themselves entitled, and many were threatening to leave. Walker hearing this, and fearing that the dissatisfaction might spread, caused the battalion to be mustered, and at one o'clock made "a really eloquent address" to them, concluding by telling those who wished to leave they were at liberty to do so at any time within two hours; while such as were willing to stay must swear eternal fidelity to himself and the bi-starred banner—pointing them through the mists of the future to a time "when the two stars should float in triumph on the walls of Guaymas." The corporal thought this was looking rather far into futurity, and as several others were of the same mind, they were soon on their way for San Francisco.

"Before I left," says our friend, "I was notified that I must leave my rifle. I objected to this in vain, and at last surrendered it, first, however, clandestinely taking out the sight and removing the screw which held on the lock; so that I do not expect they are much richer for the robbery. Some of my companions were less willing to submit to this exaction, and there was for a while danger of bloodshed—but at last the weapons were mostly surrended, but in *poor* condition. It was about half-past three in the afternoon, when 'shaking the dust off from our feet,' we counted noses and found we numbered just forty-three. We shaped our course for San Diego, which we reached in four days. Here I sold my revolver, which put me in funds again, and the Golden Gate being in harbor, I at once went on board, and in four days and a half was here again in the old place."

We need not follow this impious and reckless expedition to Sonora any further. The arrivals up to this date only confirm the wisdom of those who at this early hour returned to their own country. The whole history reveals clearly that fillibustering is no romance; and the hope of the writer is, that some adventurous youth, panting for a share in similar exploits, may be led hereby to pause before he shall put in jeopardy health, life, his own welfare and happiness—and that, it may be, of fond parents or a beloved family: that he shall ponder well the moral aspects of such a business, and see to it that his conduct will not bring upon him the wrath of an Almighty God.

How to build a Happy Home.—Six things are requisite. Integrity must be the architect, tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

EXTEMPORE PREACHING.

RULES FOR IT.

OUR series of papers on "The Preaching Required by the Times" was concluded in our May number. We do not intend to resume it, but we venture to add some suggestions on a topic which was discussed with some emphasis in the last article of the series, viz., *Extempore Preaching*.

There are occasions on which sermons written out and read, or delivered *memoriter*, may be admissible; but they are few, and the speaker ought always to be commiserated for the inconvenience of a task so irksome and so incompatible with that spontaneous play of thought and emotion which is absolutely necessary to true eloquence. Though admissible, we would not say this course is necessary, even on such occasions. The most important efforts of oratory have been extempore. The classic orators spoke without manuscripts; their preserved orations, as we have shown, were mostly written after delivery. The greatest orators of the British senate did the same; and if we must except a few, like Burke, it will be found that they were not so much eloquent speakers as elegant writers. The energetic and Greek-like eloquence of the American revolution was also extemporaneous. Occasions the most important and the most appalling, involving the fate of states, and presenting the most formidable contrasts of parties and speakers, have been met and triumphantly controlled in extemporaneous discourse; the speakers preferring to be unembarrassed by the particularities of verbal preparation. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the highest kind of eloquence can be otherwise attained; it is true, at least, that all the great masters of the art, Demosthenes and Cicero, Mirabeau and Chatham, Grattan and Curran, Henry and Webster, Whitefield and Hall, have been mostly "extemporizers.' There is, we admit, a species of dramatic eloquence, the eloquence of great actors on the stage, and of the French pulpit in the age of Louis XIV., which may be referred to as an exception. We would not, however, allow it to be even an exception. On the stage, it is generally but poetical recitation; and in the French pulpit it was a similar recitation of poetical prose. Poetry and eloquence are quite distinct, though often practically confounded.

If the highest efforts of public speaking have been extempore, it is certainly to be presumed that the efforts of ordinary occasions can be.

Observing men, who may have little practice in an art which requires genius, are sometimes better judges of the principles of that art than are its practical proficients; the latter are beguiled in their judgments by the facilities—the ready intuitions of genius. Genius acts instinctively, and seldom observes the process of its own operations. Hence good poets are seldom good critics; and genuine orators have seldom accurately defined their art. Goldsmith, who knew nothing of it from practice, but much from observation, has given us perhaps one of the best definitions. He says: "A man may be called eloquent who transfers the passions or sentiments with which he is moved into the breast of another." Again: "In a word, to *feel your subject* thoroughly, and to *speak without fear*, are the only rules of eloquence properly so called." He is more explicit in another passage: "Be convinced of the truth of the subject, be perfectly acquainted with the object in view, prepossess yourself with a low opinion of your audience, and *do the rest extempore*. By this means strong expressions, new thoughts, rising passions, and the true style, will naturally ensue." Every successful "extemporizer" will give to the second passage the authority of an axiom. It may be stated as a fundamental, an all-comprehensive rule in eloquence—*feel and be fearless*. The third quotation is but an expansion of the second, with one very defective clause; it is not necessary, in order to "speak without fear," that the speaker should "prepossess himself with a low opinion of his audience;" far otherwise. The importance of his subject, the pre-eminence of higher considerations and motives, (especially in the preacher,) and the consciousness of competent preparation, will lift him above the influence of fear much more effectually than an impression which, in most cases, must be fictitious, and in all should be ungrateful to an elevated mind.

But how command this frame of mind—"*feeling and fearless?*" That is the question.

The advocate of notes proposes to protect himself by their aid from fear and embarrassment. This he may do to some extent, but almost invariably at the

expense of the other condition—"*feeling*." The minute verbal labor of the preparation, and the mechanical mannerisms of the delivery of manuscript sermons, can scarcely fail to impair the freshness and impetus of thought. The preacher may be didactive and instructive, but he can rarely be eloquent. This method may suit the professor's chair or the lyceum desk; but it is at variance with the spirit and intent of the pulpit. The people might as well read for themselves; they may find better sermons in their libraries. The pulpit ought to be didactive; but it ought to be more—it should be the fountain of *religious sympathies*, as well as religious instruction; it was designed to keep alive the spirit as well as the truth of Christianity in the world, and for this reason no proficiency of the people in Scriptural knowledge can supersede its appointed instrumentality. Preaching is not an adventitious appliance of Christianity, nor would we make it out a sacrament; yet it stands next to the eucharist and baptism—*the third great institution* of our religion, having as much authority and speciality as the sacraments; and were the Bible in every man's hand, still would it stand a high ordinance of God, a source of vivification and impulse to the Church, until the end of the world. *This is the main purport of the pulpit*—if not, then the press or the religious academy can supersede it. How can we reconcile with such views that cold and lifeless retail of religious truth from a manuscript, which is misnamed preaching? As we have heretofore remarked, it seems hardly less than ludicrous, to imagine Christ on the mount, Peter on the day of Pentecost, or Paul on Mars Hill, *reading a manuscript*.

How would this pulpit custom look, even at the bar, or in the senate?

If, then, the advocate of manuscripts can prevent by them embarrassment or fear, (which is not unqualifiedly the case,) still he loses an advantage infinitely more important than the one he gains.

The alleged advantage is, we believe, the main design of the use of manuscripts in preaching. It is not that the discourse may be more exact, more compact. It is doubted whether this is desirable for popular assemblies; and extemporaneous discourse, with suitable preparation, will admit of the most consecutive thought. There are other and better reliefs from embarrassment, which we shall soon consider. Meanwhile, it may be remarked, that it is no serious reason for discouragement, especially to the young speaker. Animal courage seldom coexists with strong susceptibilities of the imagination or the heart. Few great captains have been eloquent. Few distinguished poets or orators have shown much bravery. Cicero declares that he always trembled before addressing an assembly. Demosthenes showed himself a coward, and Whitefield confessed himself one. Of all qualities, animal courage is the least allied to other excellencies; and it will be observed that of all public speakers, those braggadocios, who fear nothing, have generally the least of that sensibility which frequently makes a trembling man a son of thunder or an angel of consolation. Diffidence in the early career of a public speaker is therefore a good sign. It denotes sensibility; and without sensibility there is no eloquence. In time, it may be sufficiently subdued to have all its advantages without its disadvantages. And it will always have the one advantage mentioned by a classic and accomplished lawyer, the younger Pliny,—"A confusion and concern in the countenance of a speaker casts a grace upon all that he utters; for there is a certain decent timidity, which I know not how, is infinitely more engaging than the assumed self-sufficient air of confidence."

Our remarks thus far apply particularly to sermons entirely written. We object less, but yet strongly, to the use of briefs *in the pulpit*. We can conceive of no reason for it except indolence or imbecility. It is habit, at first indulged, but at last fixed. Can it be supposed that a brief sketch, seldom occupying more than a letter-page, can be noted down and then studied, revolved, expanded in the mind, and yet not be sufficiently impressed on the memory to allow the speaker to dispense with his notes? If not, we cannot conceive how such imbecility of memory can coexist with the other mental qualifications which are deemed necessary for the Christian ministry. We know men of the weakest memories for verbal details, who, nevertheless, can study out sermons requiring an hour, or an hour and a half in delivery, so as to recall with accuracy every division, subdivision, illustration, and reference. We repeat, it is

habit that leads to the necessity of briefs in the pulpit. The speaker who uses them fixes not in his mind the capital ideas as centers of association for the subordinate thoughts; but, on the contrary, stores his memory with the filling up, and then refers to his manuscript for the leading propositions. This course is contrary to the very philosophy of association, and must cost more labor than the opposite method—not to speak of the interruption of thought and feeling occasioned by such references. Let the speaker go into the pulpit with his subject, in its length and breadth, painted on his memory; let him see "through and through" it clearly; let him feel that nothing remains to be done but to deliver his distinct and glowing impressions, and will he not have more self-possession and more buoyant freedom than if he enters it with that vagueness of mind which requires the aid of a manuscript? But what if he is inexperienced, or weak of nerve, and becomes embarrassed, and "forgets his place"—what then? Why, let him stumble along, and say "Amen" as soon as he can. He will much sooner overcome such a liability, by so doing, than by trusting to his notes. A child learns to walk more readily by its own awkward movements than by mechanical supports.

We have mentioned that the chief design of notes is the prevention of embarrassment, and the vagueness which is usually its consequence, and have said that there are other and better preventives. The rule quoted from Goldsmith omits the most important one which applies to the pulpit, viz., the spiritual support which is pledged to the devoted minister. This thought is usually dispatched with little remark, as presupposed, but we would emphasize it. It is a vast consideration; it is not enough pondered by God's ministers. We have frequently been astonished at the slight moral courage of many who have read the promise a thousand times, and who ought to carry it in their hearts into the pulpit, like an impulse from "the third heaven:" —"*I will be with you even unto the end.*" Blessed is this sentence. Every word is emphatical. "I"—who? He who is God over all, and blessed for evermore; "will be," it is positive; with whom? "with you;" "even," it is emphatical; "unto the end," it is definite. And now with such a promise, and with a special commission from heaven for his work, and with all the motives of eternity stirring his spirit, ought it to be expected that the minister of Christ should quail and cower? He may well tremble under his responsibility, but he should be the last to fear the face of man. We have already admitted that he may in his early efforts be diffident, and that it is not a bad indication for him to be so, but we contend that he can, and ought to overcome this inconvenience, without a resort to notes. It is an evil which ought to be corrected—an enemy that ought to be fought down; but let it be conquered, not by skulking under shelter, but sword in hand.

Again, one of the most important remedies of this difficulty is competent preparation. We have been a little curious to learn the various modes of preparation among preachers, and are astonished at their diversity. Some we have found who never put pen to paper for the pulpit. This certainly is not right. If it were possible to study a subject, and to retain it in the mind thoroughly, for the time being, without a record, still it must be committed to paper, or be unavailable for the future. They who eschew notes in the study are not usually overburdened with ideas in the pulpit. The indolence and negligence of such are inexcusable. We never knew any one profound or accurate, who followed this course.

A second class go to the opposite extreme, writing their sermons *in extenso*, and preaching them *memoriter*. There are many objections to this course. It consumes too much time. Few faithful pastors can find leisure from more important duties for the composition and memorizing of two sermons per week. It will be almost invariably found that these sermon writers are poor pastors, not only neglecting their pastoral duties, but rendered unsociable, reserved, if not morose, by their sedentary and laborious habits. Extemporaneous preachers ought to write much, not only to preserve their thoughts, but to counteract a tendency to versatility and verbosity—a tendency which will always beset them—but they had better write their sermons after than before delivery. They should be habitual writers, also, on subjects not peculiar to their profession. Some of the most eloquent speakers have been among the most vigorous writers; Cicero is an instance from the bar, and Hall from the pulpit—yet it was

in spite of their oratorical habits and by the closest discipline. Again, sermons delivered *memoriter* lose their freshness and power. Few are the men who can vivify a stale and memorized discourse, and those who can, could, with suitable practice, be much more effective in extemporaneous delivery. There is no eloquence more commanding and sublime than that of the extemporaneous speaker, who, with a mastery of his subject, with the strenuous action of all his faculties, and the full play of his feelings, stands before his audience unshackled by preconceived details of thought and language.

There are others who write out their discourses, but do not deliver them *verbatim*—retaining in mind the general train of thought, and using the language only so far as it can be readily recollected. This appears to us an unfavorable method, for if the speaker is somewhat embarrassed he will endeavor to call up his language to his assistance, and not being able to do it, will become the more perplexed; and if he should not be embarrassed, he will be able to speak without such verbal preparation. In the one case, it is an evil; in the other superfluous.

There are other wrong modes of preparation, which need not be enumerated; let us seek the right one.

By extemporaneous we need not say we have not meant unpremeditated discourse, but unwritten. *The most thorough study is requisite for success to an extemporaneous speaker.* What is the best mode of preparation for him? This is the question. We pretend not to answer it fully, but will submit a few suggestions on the subject. A direct answer should include the *selection*, *arrangement*, and *elaboration* of subjects; a more comprehensive one would take in that prior mental discipline and training in elocution which we at present presuppose.

In regard to the *selection* and *arrangement* of subjects, there are two modes—the textual and the topical. Both are common; but some clergymen use almost exclusively the former. In their ordinary reading of the Scriptures, they select a striking or apposite text, and form their divisions upon its different clauses. There is a kind of expository preaching, and there are some individual texts in respect to which this plan is good—sometimes admirable; but in most cases it is obviously not the best. A text includes frequently as many distinct topics as it does clauses, and all *unity* must be put at defiance by adjusting the divisions of the sermon to those of the passage. We would not stickle too much for a rigorous use of critical rules in addressing popular assemblies; still they are to be respected, for they are not adventitious; they are founded in the constitution of the human mind, and prescribe the best mode of addressing it—and the pulpit should always use the best.

It is not a little amusing to observe with what mechanical regularity some "textualists" lay down their "first," "secondly," and "thirdly," (most generally the *object*, the *means*, and the *motives*,) and finally "taper off" with a well-assorted series of "conclusions," sacrificing all unity of subject for uniformity of method. Unity is one of the highest rhetorical excellences of a sermon. The discourse is better remembered than when composed of unrelated or slightly related parts. One leading truth distinctively and exclusively presented, can be better appreciated by the judgment of the hearer than many of questionable relation. A single truth, especially if a weighty one, (and what truth of religion is not?) illustrated, placed in different lights, argued and enforced throughout a discourse, will make a profounder impression on the conscience of the hearer than a variety, discursively treated. There is sometimes much execution done by a scattering fire; still it is never so sure as that which is well-directed.

A further objection to this textual method is, that the stated preacher especially requires a more economical distribution of his resources, or he will soon find himself exhausted, and under the necessity of repeating in substance his old outlines.

The topical mode of selecting and arranging subjects is that in which the preacher first determines his theme or *topic*, and afterward selects a text suitable for it. For instance, he chooses the subject of "religious zeal," and he can take for his text, "It is good to be zealously affected in a good cause." Repentance, faith, holiness, perseverance, apostacy, &c., &c., are examples of topics for which appropriate texts may be found after the discourse is completely studied. Such a discourse may consist of divisions and subdivisions framed upon the different

aspects of the topic, or of a simple series of arguments or illustrations on one of its aspects; the latter being always preferable, as admitting more closeness and more economy of thought. Having prepared his sermon in reference only to the topic, he can apply the text to it so far as it is applicable, without digressing into collateral clauses. Most of the sermons of Chalmers are specimens, while the skeletons of Simeon are examples of the textual method. As the advantages of this mode are the converse of the disadvantages of the other, they need not be discussed. Its simplicity, unity, energy, and economy are manifest.

We have blended the subjects of selection and arrangement for the sake of brevity. Another point remains, viz., the *elaboration* of the discourse, or that study which should follow the preparation of the "sketch"—the filling up of the outline. We have several brief observations to make respecting it.

First. The filling up, though general, should be so complete that the speaker can see through the *entire* perspective of the discourse. We do not mean that the *whole* discourse should be prepared—but that *the different propositions should be connected by leading and well-related thoughts.* An extemporaneous speaker should not go into the pulpit (except in emergencies) without such a clew. These connecting thoughts may be general enough to admit of abundant extemporaneous additions—three or four in a dozen words, between each proposition, might suffice—but they should always be thoroughly studied and invariably noted in their place on the manuscript. We consider this an indispensable rule. Many sermonizers merely sketch their "divisions," and trust to the occasion for the intermediate train of thought: such are never safe. If embarrassment or temporary lassitude should overtake them, they may state their well-wrought positions only to bring into greater contrast a meager, spiritless filling up. Next to divine aid, this rule is perhaps the best guarantee against embarrassment. It gives the speaker a degree of confidence in his subject, which few embarrassing circumstances can disconcert. Whatever may be his lack of vivacity or fertility when he enters the pulpit, he feels assured that he has provided a stock of solid and instructive thought, which cannot but be received with profit and respect by his hearers; there is little danger of confusion, therefore; not so will he discourse as one who beats the air. We know of successful extemporizers who consider this the prime human security in the pulpit.

Second. Not only would we have a somewhat consecutive train of thought, between the propositions, *sketched down*, but it is desirable that some specially good thoughts, some apt or striking illustrations adapted to throw a strong light on the subject, and to arrest the attention of the audience, should be noted—some illustrative quotation of Scripture or apposite passage of poetry—which will strike the mind as appropriate and even beautiful. Let not such a course be pronounced factitious or meretricious. We demand such preparation of the political or literary orator; and is the gospel of the grace of God less worthy? No speaker who wishes to make a forcible and vivid impression will neglect it. We do not recommend that such passages, when original, be prepared in their verbal dress; in this respect they should be extemporaneous—but let them be *noted.* The abbreviations given by Gregory of the concluding passages of Robert Hall's celebrated sermon on "Sentiments suitable to the Times," are fine examples. William Pitt pronounced the last five pages of that discourse more eloquent than anything else on record. The language was extemporaneous, yet those overwhelming apostrophes were well studied.

Third. After thus thoroughly preparing the discourse, the next step is to commit its outlines well to memory. The more it is labored, the more readily can it be memorized; in most cases the two processes are coincident. Those who depend upon manuscripts in the pulpit, cannot be aware of the facility of memorizing after such preparation.

Fourth. There is, besides memorizing, a species of reviewing practised by most, perhaps all extemporaneous speakers, which may be called ruminating. "I never," said Bolton, "have preached a sermon to my people which I did not first preach to myself." This premeditating process is all important in extemporaneous discourse; for by it the speaker not only refreshes his memory, but excites his thoughts, and kindles his feelings. Com-

bined with an ardent spirit of prayer and a close self-application of the subject, it becomes a most intense and hallowing exercise. There are two important rules respecting it, which are transgressed perhaps by most preachers. One is, that it should be an exercise entirely of *meditation* not of *delivery*. The speaker should review and expand his thoughts, but not try to clothe them in language. He will find himself always tending to this latter point, but should obstinately avoid it; because appropriate language will occur to him in the pulpit, if his thoughts are clear and vivid. If he gives them a premeditated dress, he will probably not be able to recall them fully, unless he can also recall the language. It is frequently embarrassing to depend upon premeditated but unwritten language; the difficulty here is like that of the *memoriter* preacher whose manuscript is not well committed, and whose ineffectual efforts to recall his language are more perplexing than would be the task of originating it extemporaneously.

The other rule is, that it should never be exercised much immediately before preaching—only so far as to reassure the memory. The fatigue and agitation of mind occasioned by laborious and anxious revision, just before entering the pulpit, must in most cases impair its buoyant play. Let there be, therefore, a full interval of repose between the time of revision and that of speaking. It is said of Rowland Hill, that he usually indulged in mental relaxation before entering the desk, and frequently when called from his study to attend the service, he was found exercising his mechanical taste by taking apart and recomposing the machinery of a clock or watch.

We might enlarge much on these points, but our limits require brevity. The few rules we have illustrated have been learned from a number of the best judges. Various minds require various methods; yet these few and simple principles are, we think, of universal and essential application. They are mostly practical axioms. We believe that no one who thoroughly adopts them will find it necessary or desirable to trammel himself in the pulpit with manuscripts.

After all, the great reform requisite in the pulpit is, we think, that which we have described in our late articles—do away the factitious mannerisms of preaching—its technical and professional formalism—restore it to its primitive directness and simplicity, so that the people will resort to it not as to a literary prelection, and the preacher himself will not attempt, in it, an intellectual exhibition, but in singleness and intentness of mind will admonish, counsel, and instruct his people, weeping with those that weep, rejoicing with those that rejoice—do this and you reform it at once in all other respects—its elaborateness, its stiff unnatural dignity, its "notes," and its notable feebleness would vanish; it would become more instructive to the popular mind as well as more genial and more powerful.

[For the National Magazine.]

LET ME REST.

"Let me rest!"
It was the voice of one
Whose life-long labors were but just begun.
With genial radiance shone his morning sun;
The lark sprang up rejoicing from its nest,
To warble praises in its Maker's ear;
The fields were clad in flower-enamel'd vest,
An air of balm and sunshine clear
Were there to cheer
That yet unweary pilgrim; but his breast
Was harrow'd by a strange, foreboding fear;
Deeming the time to come, at best,
But weariness, he murmur'd, "*Let me rest!*"

Inglorious rest!
Why should intrepid youth
Seek refuge from life's manly toils so soon?
Why would he shun the fervid heat of noon?
His course is onward to the land of truth,
Through many a lonely, many a dangerous way;
And he to reach that blessed land, forsooth
Must bear the heat and burden of the day,
Its noontide ray;
The storms that gather o'er the pilgrim's head,
The sorrows which do wake or break the heart;
When these have fled,
And age comes stealing on with stealthy tread,
He may depart,
And be at rest.

O let me rest,
But not at morning's hour;
Nor yet when clouds above my pathway lower;
Let me bear up against affliction's power,
Till life's red sun has sought its quiet rest,
Till o'er me comes the silent, solemn night;
Then having pass'd the portals of the blest,
I may repose upon the Infinite;
And words of light
Will form my epitaph, that men may read
Of one who lived and labor'd for the right,
And, dying, gain'd the meed
Of just reward, express'd
In simplest words of truth,
"*He is at rest!*"

E. E. Edwards.

THE YOUNG AUTHORESS.

"CLARA, dear, just look down the street, and try if you can see the postman."

"No, sister; not yet. Wait, there he is at Mrs. Watson's door."

"O! Clara, if he should bring no letter for me. How my heart beats? I wish he would make haste."

The postman came leisurely on, never dreaming or caring that his packet of epistles bore along with it the weal or woe of some hundreds of expectant human hearts. He lingered at Mrs. Kenworthy's door to joke with the maid, teased a little dog that rushed out to bark at its dayly tormentor, hailed a friend in the street, and altogether behaved in a way which, though natural enough in a country postman, was calculated to drive those whose very existence perhaps depended on the tidings he brought nearly wild with suspense and anxiety.

Of the number of these was Harriet Lee, whom our friend Clara had addressed as "sister." Unable to wait any longer, she descended the steps, and ran out into the street, careless of the fact that she had on neither bonnet nor shawl to conceal her bright hair and well-saved dress from the scrutiny of the passers-by. She soon returned, breathless and trembling, and laid two large packets on the table, not yet having gained courage to break the seals.

"O, Harriet, what are those?" exclaimed Clara, jumping up from her drawing, and running to her. "Surely not the return of all your nice pieces."

"I fear so, Clara, instead of the money I expected for them; and we have not a shilling in the house. O! Clara, dear, never, never attempt to follow in my steps, and depend for a livelihood upon writing for the periodicals. Better be a common sempstress all your days."

The packets, when opened, contained, in fact, a number of returned "articles," though the mortification of the young authoress was in one case softened by the editor's friendly intimation, that he was compelled to return them on account of the magazine for which they were intended passing into other hands.

"Then he would have retained them but for that," said Clara, exultingly.

"Perhaps so," replied Harriet. "But that does not alter our position. We *must* pay our weekly rent to-morrow, and I cannot borrow of any one here. I dare not ask Mr. Willoughby for another advance on the translations he has of mine; and meanwhile, even if our landlady be indulgent, and consent to wait, we are in danger of starving. Never, surely, were two poor girls so situated, without a friend to assist them."

"Be comforted, sister. It is not like you to despond. We have hands, and we can work; and, if you will allow me, I will immediately go to Mrs. Watson, and ask her to give us her plain sewing."

"Are you serious, Clara? Do you not feel timid about it? And you are so shabby, my poor little sister!"

"Yes," said Clara, sadly, looking down on her faded gingham. "I know I am not very fit for a lady's drawing-room. But so much the more reason that I should get something to do at once. It is of no use waiting until I am qualified for a dayly governess. And drawing brings in very little. Those screens that I painted, sister, you know Hanson has them yet on hand. He says there is no demand for such things."

"Not in a town like this, Clara. I often wish we were in London, only it must be very miserable for two young females to be alone in so large a place."

"But if we wished ever so much to go there, Harriet, we have not money for the journey."

"True. Follow your own suggestion, then, Clara, dear, and, as a beginning of humbler but more certain employment, let us secure Mrs. Watson's plain sewing. Other employment may turn up afterward."

Mrs. Watson was a good-natured, though somewhat ostentatious woman, with a liberal husband, and a large family of small children. The little Watsons contrived to keep their mother and two nurses constantly engaged in looking after them, so that all the sewing was done out. Harriet and Clara were aware of this, for Mrs. Watson's extravagance was a favorite theme with her neighbors, and many exaggerated tales were told of the sums yearly paid to the linendraper, the baby-linen warehouse, the sempstress, and the dressmaker. Though not above half of these tales were to be believed, still it was very certain that Mrs. Watson's plain

sewing would amount to no inconsiderable sum per annum. And Clara Lee evinced her usual plain good sense in determining, if possible, to secure it. She had, besides, a latent hope that Mrs. Watson might possibly employ her as a dayly governess, as soon as she thought any of her little ones old enough to require one. At present, they were educated entirely by Mrs. Watson herself, who, in this respect, certainly gave the lie to the popular reports of her extravagance.

"Well, Clara," said Harriet, on the return of the former from her expedition, "how have you succeeded? Did Mrs. Watson overpower you with her kind condolences?"

"Rather, sister; but I had made up my mind not to care for trifles. I have succeeded even better than I could have expected. Look!" And Clara drew a large parcel from beneath her shawl. "Here are two sets of little nightgowns. They are to be made very neat, after the inclosed pattern, and edged with crochet-work, and we are to let her have them in a fortnight."

"Well done, brave Clara. I will put aside this unprofitable scribbling, though I had a capital idea while you were out, and wrote four pages of a new article. But now we will stitch our fingers to the bone; won't we, Clara? You, dear, had better begin on the crochet-edging, for you know I am but a bungler at fancy-work. We must manage to complete our order within the fortnight. How much do you think it will come to, Clara?"

The first day the sisters felt their new occupation, from want of use, extremely fatiguing. Their backs ached, and their fingers became sore; but the hope of placing themselves above the grinding poverty that had lately been their portion supported them through these comparatively trifling inconveniences. As they sewed, they consulted together how to persuade their landlady, who was a very sharp woman, to wait another week for the rent of their two small rooms.

"Have we nothing we can offer her as security?" asked Clara, who, as our readers will have perceived, had a very business-like turn of mind. "There is the ring," she added, softly, after a short pause; "the ring our poor mother gave me before she died."

"And papa's miniature, presented to me at the same time," added Harriet, beneath her breath.

"But you would not like to part with that, Harriet."

"Nor you with your ring."

"Still a ring, however dear from associations, is not like a miniature."

"Well, you dear, unselfish creature, just as you think best. But perhaps we need not part with either of these relics. We will tell Mrs. Jenkins the truth, and appeal to her kindness. I know she has a heart beneath that sour exterior. Witness her care of her orphan niece."

"We also are orphans." And a tear stole down Clara's rosy cheek; but she quickly wiped it away, and resumed, "Well, you shall do your best with her, and I will go to a few shops, and endeavor to obtain upon credit what will suffice until Mrs. Watson pays us for this work. Fortunately, we owe very little anywhere."

"And never will again, Clara, if we can help it. And now come a little nearer to the window, that we may make the most of the fading light."

The landlady, subdued by Harriet's sweet and gentle manner, agreed to be patient, and the grocer and general provision merchant willingly supplied the sisters with the few necessaries they required. Few were these, for they had long found it advisable to give up sugar to their tea, and butter to their bread.

Harriet and Clara Lee were singularly placed, and yet, could we know the histories of those whom we dayly pass regardless in the streets, there are probably many others equally so. Since the death of their parents, who, coming total strangers to a strange place, had in vain endeavored to establish themselves in a respectable line of business, Harriet and Clara had lived almost entirely upon the precarious earnings of the former, who was, as we have seen, a contributor to several of the periodicals of the day. But her success was far from uniform, and extreme anxiety and almost hopelessness of ever earning a sufficiency had undermined the little talent she formerly possessed. Clara had gained a few pounds by painting small pictures and screens in water-colors; and once, at a time when the sisters were very hard pressed, a distant relative had sent them a trifle. But this relative, whom they had

never seen, and who was a selfish, griping woman, little disposed to take notice of two portionless orphans, who, she thought, could never do her any good in return, had accompanied her paltry donation with so galling a letter, that Harriet and Clara at once determined never again, in any extremity, to refer to Mrs. Williamson. For rather would they, they both felt, enter any service, however lowly, than again expose themselves to the rich widow's insulting pity, and insinuated blame of those dear, though unfortunate parents, of whose affectionate guidance they so sorely experienced the need.

The fortnight wore slowly on, only cheered by the prospect of the twelve or fifteen shillings which the sisters expected at the end of it. At length the work was completed, a day before the time fixed; and Clara put on her little straw bonnet, with green ribbons and faded shawl, and took it home. When she returned, Harriet had opened her desk, and was busy among her papers.

"So there you are at your unprofitable writing again, you dear old bluestocking," cried the young girl, who appeared unusually gay.

"Yes, Clara; for now, after a fortnight of drudgery at the needle, it is quite delightful to take up my pen once more. But sit down close by me, and tell me how you have sped. Your sagacious little face tells a pleasant tale."

"And a true one, Harry. But you will never guess. Look here, then." And putting her hand into the pocket of her dress, Clara drew forth an old knitted purse, and proceeded to empty the contents on her sister's lap. "Here is the gold by itself at this end, and here is the silver. All this heap, sister."

"A little beautiful new half-sovereign, and—eight shillings! Mrs. Watson has never given you all this, Clara, for those tiny nightgowns? Eighteenpence apiece."

"Indeed, but she has; she said they were so neatly done, and the crochet-edging so pretty. With all her pomposity, she is a dear, good woman, and a real friend to the destitute. Now, don't smile at my earnestness, Harriet. I only wish Mrs. Williamson were like her. And *she* preaches religion, and talks about her being an humble——. Well, well, Harriet, I dare say I ought not to talk so. And, after all, what does Mrs. Williamson's behavior matter to us, when we have eighteen shillings, nearly a pound, earned within a fortnight by the cleverness of our own fingers."

"But out of that, you must remember, you little chatterbox," said Harriet, affectionately passing her arm round her sister's waist, "that we have nine shillings to pay for rent."

"And then we shall only have nine left, and out of that we must pay three shillings to the provision-merchant and two to the baker. Four shillings left. Ah, dear Harriet!" And Clara sighed at this rapid disposal of their hard-earned money.

"Yes, my sister, it *is* hard; and when so many are rolling in wealth——. But we must not indulge in envious, discontented feelings; but be thankful that we are able to pay our way, and that our health is preserved to us. And for the promotion of the latter, we will cease from labor this one evening, and recruit our weary eyes and backs by a walk in the fields. It is a sweet afternoon. Let us make haste with our tea."

After dispatching their frugal meal, the sisters set out; and having called upon their landlady by the way, and paid their little bills at the two shops that had supplied them with provisions, they left the streets, and proceeded along a winding town-lane, full of gossiping women and noisy children. This was unpleasant enough, but the quiet, green fields lay at its termination, and they hastened their steps, to reach them.

"How peaceful and soothing it is!" said Clara, in a low voice, as they sauntered across a wide meadow, where every blade of grass shone with a golden hue in the level rays of the setting sun. "One could almost believe that one had left all weariness and labor behind in the noisy town, and that here one might live like the lilies on that pond, who 'toil not, neither do they spin.'"

"If this could be," replied her sister, "would it be better for us? It was a high decree that said, 'In the sweat of thy brow——'"

"O, Harriet, look—do look at that cluster of wild roses! One would not believe they could grow so beautifully so near the smoke of a town."

"But we are tolerably far from the smoke now," said Harriet, "for we are just at Ivy Cottage."

"O, yes; where that strange gentleman lodges, whom they talk so much about. I wonder if we could get a glimpse of him this fine evening." And Clara placed one foot across the ditch that separated the sisters from the bank and hedge surrounding the little garden in front of Ivy Cottage, and peered through the stems of the hawthorn bushes. "There he is, Harriet," she whispered, "sitting on a bench with his back to us. Now he turns. What a striking countenance! Do look, Harriet; I will make room for you."

But Clara, in her hasty withdrawal, had not calculated the width of the ditch, nor the depth of the little stream of water that ran beneath the shade of the nettles and buttercups. The bank gave way beneath her foot, and down she slipped, before Harriet could so much as stretch out a preventing hand. The fall was accompanied by an involuntary shriek, and in a moment the dark countenance of the singular stranger appeared above the garden-hedge.

"Can I be of any service, ladies?" he asked, in a rich, deep-toned voice. "You appear to have met with an accident, young lady," he added, looking at Clara.

Poor Clara cut rather a ludicrous figure, as she stood with her wet skirts clinging to her, and her downcast face covered with blushes; and her sister could not, with all her sympathy for her plight, help smiling as she glanced at her. Harriet's smile was peculiarly sweet, and it appeared to have attracted the attention of the stranger, for when she looked up in his face to answer his polite inquiry, she found his gaze riveted upon her.

"I beg your pardon," he said at length, and it seemed that some internal agitation caused his voice to tremble slightly. "Your smile reminded me of a dear friend. But I am detaining this young lady in her wet things. Do me the honor to walk in. Mrs. Casson, my hostess, will, I am sure, be happy to render any assistance that may be needed."

Harriet and Clara thanked him, and gladly accepted his offer, for it was impossible for the latter to return through the streets in her drenched condition. When they were comfortably installed in Mrs. Casson's neat kitchen, and while Clara was engaged in taking off her wet shoes, and drying her dress and stockings by the cheerful fire, the good woman made Harriet sit down, and opened out for a little bit of gossip.

"Well," she said, "what do you think of my lodger? They are making a pretty fuss about him in the town, I suppose. They fancy him a nabob, and make out all manner of tales concerning him. But I know best, only I keeps my own counsel."

"He is a very gentlemanly man," Harriet replied. "Not handsome exactly, but so distinguished-looking."

"And so he is, miss. I wish you could but see his linen, and all his fine 'curosities.' O, he has such beautiful clothes. Just now, though all his shirts are as good as new, he wants a new set making; and I 'm sure I do n't know whom to engage to do it, for he is *so* particular."

Harriet and Clara looked at each other. "Would you trust *us* with them?" said the former. "Our name is Lee, and we live in Summer-street."

Mrs. Casson glanced at her visitors inquisitively. "Well, now, I believe I could trust you. You seem nice, lady-like young women. But have you been used to making shirts?"

Harriet replied that both her sister and herself were neat sewers, and had always made their father's shirts. The negotiation was soon concluded. Mrs. Casson agreed to walk over on the morrow to their lodgings with the piece of Irish linen, which her "gentleman," she said, had commissioned her to purchase at Walker & Dawson's, "as fine as could be bought for money."

Clara could not help jumping for joy as they walked home in the twilight. "More work, sister. The proverb is true, 'God helps those that help themselves.'"

Mrs. Casson kept her promise of calling with the piece of linen, and the shirts were speedily completed. As Clara had caught a severe cold the evening of her aquatic adventure, Harriet volunteered to take the work home herself; and at the termination of her expedition was ushered, somewhat reluctantly, into Mr. Somerton's sitting-room. That gentleman was out in the garden, but Mrs. Casson said she would let him know that his shirts were come home, and meanwhile Harriet amused herself by looking at several of the "curosities" which Mrs. Casson had mentioned on their first visit, and which were distributed on the tables of the apartment. Among them she perceived

a miniature, set in gold and pearls, which she ventured to take up to examine more closely, and started to discern in its features a striking resemblance to her own mother, only younger and handsomer, as though it had been taken when that dear parent was in the bloom of youth and beauty, ere anxiety and impending poverty had paled the roses on her cheek, and dimmed the luster of her mild blue eyes. Harriet was in the act of turning the miniature round to look for some name or initial that should confirm or contradict her impression, when a step was heard, and she hastily put it down. But her heightened color and tearful eyes were not so easily got rid of, and as Mr. Sumerton entered, and was about to address his visitor with his usual politeness, he appeared struck by something in her countenance.

"This can be no accidental resemblance," he muttered to himself; "just as I saw her last, on the eve of my departure. Young lady," he added aloud to Harriet, who, having recovered her composure, was speculating on the causes of this singular emotion, evinced at each interview with herself; "young lady, answer me one question, I beseech you, and be assured that it is no idle curiosity that dictates it. What was your mother's maiden name, and where was she born?"

"My poor mother's maiden name was Harriet Leslie, and she was born at Sunnylea, a village in Devonshire," Harriet replied, succinctly, immediately connecting these inquiries with the miniature that she had discovered.

"It is as I suspected," said the stranger; and, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, beside which he was standing, and covering his face with his hand, he in vain struggled to disguise the emotion that shook his thin, nervous frame. "You said my *poor* mother," at length he resumed, looking up for a moment. "She is dead, then?"

"She is, sir. She died eighteen months ago. My poor father had departed before her; and my sister and I am now alone in the world."

"Maintaining a hard contest against poverty. Is it not so?"

"God is good, sir. He 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"

"Miss Lee (I believe that is your name?")—Harriet bowed—"shall you think me very impertinent if I request you to inform me where and in what condition of life your—your mother died, and how her daughters are situated at present? Have you any relatives who interest themselves about you? Tell me, and fear not to tire me—I have a deeper interest in the matter than you can imagine," added the mysterious speaker, par parenthesis—"tell me, as well as you can, your family history."

Harriet had the good sense to do as requested, without timidity or hesitation; and the interview lasted so long, that twilight had deepened into dusk, and poor Clara had grown quite feverish with apprehension as to the cause of her sister's delay, ere the latter bade good-by to her new friend at the entrance of the fields leading to Ivy Cottage.

"Keep yourself as quiet as possible," were his parting words, "and waste no time in conjectures as to the nature of my interest in you and your sister. You have too much perception to suspect it to be of an invidious description. In three days you shall hear further. Meanwhile, as I am a punctual man in pecuniary matters, allow me to place myself in some degree out of your debt."

Harriet would have refused the proffered sovereign, saying it was too much for the work done, but the stranger insisted; and so they parted.

The sun was setting on the third evenning after the interview above recorded, and Harriet and Clara were seated at the window of their little apartment, dressed in their best attire. Poor girls! even so they were plain enough, for their best was nothing to boast of. Too restless to employ themselves in their usual occupations, they listened intently to every noise in the street, occasionally breaking off for a brief discussion of the important subject which had occupied them for three whole days, to the exclusion of every other.

"You are sure, Harriet, that he said *in* three days, not *after* three days."

"Quite sure, Clara. 'In three days' time.' I remember the very intonation. If it be not all an illusion of my distempered brain, we shall know more before this evening is over."

"Who can he be, Harriet? We never heard that poor mamma had any relatives beyond seas."

"It is in vain to conjecture, Clara.

And, indeed, Mr. Somerton wished us not to do so; but we have neither of us been very strict in our compliance with his request. Look! what a handsome carriage dashing up the street! Whose can it be? The coachman is making some inquiry. It has turned—it stops at our door. A gentleman is getting out. Mr. Somerton!"

How the sisters trembled, and became alternately red and pale, as Mr. Somerton quickly ascended the stairs, and was ushered into their presence, I leave my readers to imagine. Their emotion was overpowering, and their visitor participated in it in a still greater degree. It was with much difficulty, and a choking utterance, that he at length—displaying the miniature of their mother at the same time as his credentials—announced himself as their uncle, their mother's only brother, long since lost sight of, and, owing to certain desperate family quarrels, never even mentioned among those once nearest and dearest to him.

"And now, my dear nieces," he concluded, "this drudging life of yours must cease, and you must come and live with me, to cheer my home, and render it a little haven of peace to your poor storm-tossed and weather-worn uncle. Well, won't you give your future protector a kiss apiece?"

The girls ran into his arms, and, after giving them both a hearty embrace, he gently detained Harriet near him, and gazed fondly upon her.

"It was this face," he said, "with all my dear lost sister in its expression, that led to my happy discovery."

"Uncle," said Harriet, eagerly—interrupting him, and then begging pardon for having done so—"uncle, I too made a discovery."

"Indeed; and what was that?"

"While I was waiting on you to come in that evening, I saw the miniature. That was what induced me to answer your questions so readily, otherwise I might not have done so. But, uncle, if you will allow me, in my turn, to ask a question, how comes it that your name is Somerton, and not Leslie?"

"Simply because, my dear sagacious little niece, the old gentleman who made me his heir, and thus placed me in my present fortunate position, annexed to his generosity one sole condition, that I should take his name. Thus it happened that I became Harry Leslie Somerton."

We may be sure that the uncle and his new-found nieces were in no hurry to separate. When, however, this generous and affectionate relative did rise to take leave for the present, he placed in the hands of each of the sisters a fifty pound Bank of England note.

"These," he said, "will discharge your little obligations, and attire you in a manner more befitting your future position. Lose no time in procuring yourselves suitable apparel, for in a fortnight I shall take you down to Sussex, to a pretty little place I have purchased there, and where I hope we shall live happily together for a considerable period—unless, indeed, you choose to run away and leave me for greater favorites," he added, archly.

The sisters would have entered a disclaimer against this latter supposition, but their uncle would not hear a word; and, bidding them a kind good-by, left them to the contemplation of their unlooked-for happiness. They remained perfectly silent for some minutes after his departure. Clara was the first to speak.

"I just feel, sister, as if we should have to wake up to-morrow morning and say, in the bitterness of our hearts, 'Behold! it is all a dream.'

"No fear of that, dear Clara." And Harriet took up the miniature which lay on the table. "Our uncle, like a considerate ghost, has left this voucher of a real visitation."

"The nieces of the rich Mr. Somerton! What a talk it will make in the town."

"I fear, Clara, you think more of the pecuniary benefits than of the happiness of living with such a dear, good uncle. I declare, I love him dearly already."

"I like him very much, too, Harriet, and am very grateful to him. But I don't fall in love with people so soon as you, who are an authoress, and privileged to be romantic—such, at least, is the popular opinion. Besides, you must excuse me if, after the life we have lately led, I think more of the solid advantages of his protection for us than of anything else. No more drudgery, Harriet, he said."

"I must own that is pleasant to think of," Harriet replied. "I shall write so much better when my efforts are not forced."

Did our authoress keep her word? We refer our readers to a high-toned and touching volume, which made no inconsiderable noise last season, and which was known, by certain of the initiated, to emanate from the pen of the gifted Harriet Lee, the niece of H. Leslie Somerton, Esq., of Oakdale Lodge, in the county of Sussex.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE TWO PICTURES—A RHYMED CONTRAST.

A PAINTER in his rambles
Met a little wandering child,
And wonder'd at its sweetness
And beauty when it smiled.

Its locks were bright and golden,
Like the summer's setting sun;
His eyes had ne'er beholden
Such a sweet, angelic one.

He loved it for its beauty—
For the gladsome smile of joy,
Which linger'd like a halo
Around the fair-hair'd boy.

One day he took his pallet,
Anon the canvas smiled
With the beautiful resemblance
Of the little angel child.

Its brow was wreath'd in sunlight,
The rose was on its cheek;
And from its lips half parted
The spirit seem'd to speak.

Its eyes of dewy brightness
Beam'd with a sinless light;
A lily hand was lifted,
The index of delight.

The artist look'd with rapture
On his little picture-child;
Its face was so angelic,
Its looks so sweet and mild.

He said, "Surely an angel
Has cross'd my humble way;
No more I'll see an angel
Through life's long lingering day.

I shall meet in life's great journey
The weary and way-worn,
And those of whom deep shadows
Have vail'd the early morn.

If I meet a friend incarnate,
With spirit dark and wild,
I'll paint him for a contrast
With the little angel child."

Long years pass'd o'er the painter,
And turn'd his locks to gray;
And still no perfect contrast
Had ever cross'd his way.

The painter's soul was ardent
With that deep human love
That seeks the lone unfortunate,
To tell of homes above.

His heart of loving-kindness
Led him to a dungeon cold,
Where, by long years of darkness,
The young were changed to old.

In a corner of the prison,
By the lamp's uncertain light,
He saw a scene of terror,
A dread, unearthly sight.

There was a blood-stain'd being,
Bound with the prison-chain,
With terror in his spirit,
And madness in his brain!

The fires of wild passion,
That burn'd his heart within,
Had branded on his features
The tracery of sin.

His words were all blasphemings,
And curses every breath;
Although he seem'd just trembling
Upon the verge of death.

In all his fancy dreamings,
The artist never thought
To meet with one whose ruin
So fearfully was wrought.

Here surely was the *contrast*,
Which he never wish'd to see;
A man of *such* undoing
He thought could never be.

He brought his paints and pallet
Beside the madman's bed;
O, ne'er before had painter
A studio so dread!

And then he made a picture,
By the magic of his art,
To turn to very chilliness
The beatings of the heart!

He wrote upon the canvas
The name the demon bore;
It seem'd to him, most strangely,
He had heard the name before.

He took away the painting
Of the demon dark and wild,
To place it for a contrast
With the little smiling child.

The name kept ringing strangely
Within his ears the while;
The name of that thrice wretched,
Sin-blacken'd man and vile.

He read the name he'd given,
To the little stranger child;
That, in his far-gone youth time
The artist's heart beguiled.

He brush'd the dust of summers
From the long-forgotten name;
The child's name and the demon's
Were both the very same!

Ah, many are the wonders
In this changing world of ours!
There springth oft the bramble
Where late have bloom'd the flowers!

W. H. BARNES.

ANECDOTES OF THE LION.

THE noble appearance, prodigious strength, and determined spirit of the lion, justify the sovereignty assigned him as "the king of beasts." In the boundless desert, the dense jungle, and the luxuriant plains of Africa, he roams at will, with agile yet muscular frame, alike the lord of all the animal tribes.

"When round he glares all living creatures fly,
He clears the desert with his rolling eye;"

and even when, by smell, the cattle are aware of his presence, they display the greatest alarm. Though worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monarch is perceived they start like race-horses, with their tails erect; and so great is their panic that sometimes days will elapse before they are found.

Like the varied tribe to which he belongs, the lion is nocturnal in his habits. Sleeping during the day, it is at night he goes forth—

"Grimly majestic in his lonely walks."

With unerring instinct he scents his prey, and follows it in its course; then suddenly he crouches, he springs even to the length of twenty or thirty feet, he forces his fangs into the throat of his victim, and, though massive is the strength of the elephant, and dense the armor of the rhinoceros, there is not for either any chance of escape:—

"And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey."

As the lion rests his head on his paws or on the ground, and emits a half-stifled growl, the vibration is conveyed to a great distance. The sounds heard from him when captive in a menagerie are whispers, compared with his thunders when roaming in his native wilds. "One night," says Mr. Moffat, the missionary, "we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening service, the book was still in my hands, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard. Our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and ran over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, our Bibles and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained. The oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any."

The following is no less characteristic. A settler in South Africa was proceeding with his party from Algoa Bay to his location of Glen-Lynden. The night was extremely dark, and the rain fell so heavily that, in spite of the abundant supply of dry firewood which had been happily provided, it was not without difficulty that they could keep one large watch-fire burning. A sentinel was appointed as usual; and all but he were buried in sleep, when about midnight the roar of a lion was heard close to their tents, and so loud and tremendous was it, that it seemed for a moment to those it so suddenly aroused, as if a thunder-cloud had broken close beside them. But the peculiar expression of the sound, the voice of fury as well as of power, instantly undeceived them, and springing to their arms, they hurried out, fancying that the savage beast was about to break into their camp. But all around was total darkness, and scarcely any two of them were agreed as to the quarter from whence the roar had issued. This uncertainty was owing partly, perhaps, to the peculiar mode the lion often has of placing his mouth near the ground when he roars, so that the voice rolls, as it were, like a breaker along the earth; partly, also, to the echo from a rock which rose abruptly on the opposite bank of the river; and more than all, to the confusion of the senses in the party being thus hurriedly and fearfully awoke from their slumbers. Having fired several volleys in all directions around the encampment, they roused up the half-extinguished fire to a blaze; and then flung the flaming brands among the surrounding trees and bushes. It is probable that this unwonted display daunted the grim visitor, for he occasioned no further disturbance during the night.

A few days afterward, some of the party had gone a mile or two up the valley to cut reeds for thatching the temporary huts proposed to be built; and were busy with their sickles in the bed of the river, when, to their dismay, a huge lion rose up among the reeds, almost close beside them;—the formidable cause, probably, of their previous alarm. The lion leaped on the bank, and then turned round and gazed at

the men. One or two of them who had guns, seized them hastily, and began to load with ball; the rest, unarmed and helpless, stood petrified; having no other expectation than that the lion would soon make sad havoc among them. But, from some cause or other—he might recently have dined, or, perhaps, he was as much surprised as they were—after gazing for a minute or two (a dreadful pause!) at the intruders on his wild domain, he turned about and retired; first slowly, and afterward proceeding for some distance at a good round trot; while the on-lookers were much too prudent to interfere in the slightest degree with his retreat.

The following incident, illustrative of the lion's perseverance in watching, and tenacity in retaining his prey, occurred to another party. The wagons and cattle had been put up for the night, when, about midnight, they were thrown into complete confusion. About thirty paces from the tent stood a lion, which walked very deliberately a few paces further behind a small thorn-bush, carrying something with him which those looking on took to be a young ox. They fired more than sixty shots at the bush. The south-east wind blew strongly; the sky was clear; and the moon shone very brightly, so that anything might be perceived at a short distance. After the cattle had been quieted again, and the chief of the party had looked over everything, he missed the sentry from before the tent. On calling as loudly as possible, but in vain, he came to the melancholy conclusion that the poor man had fallen a prey to the invader. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood exactly opposite the door of the tent, to see if they could discover anything of the sentinel; but they returned helter-skelter; for the lion, who was still there, rose up and began to roar. A hundred shots were again fired at the bush, without, however, there being any appearance of the lion. This induced one of the men to approach the bush with a fire-brand; and as he advanced, the lion roared terribly, and leaped at him; but the monster was compelled to retire by the fire-brand, which was instantly hurled at him, and the shots by which he was assailed.

The fire-brand fell into the midst of the bush, and, favored by the wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that those assembled could see into the bush and through it. They continued their firing into it; the night passed away, and the day began to break, which induced every one to fire at the lion, as he could not lie there without exposing himself. Some men, posted at the furthest wagons, watched, to take aim at him as he came out. At last, just before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with the dead body of the sentinel in his mouth; about forty shots were fired without hitting him; and, persisting in retaining his prey amid the fire and shot, he carried it securely off. But short-lived was his safety; he was followed and killed before noon, while standing over the mangled remains of the unfortunate sentinel.

Of one deliverance there is a remarkable acknowledgment. Under the will of Sir John Gager, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1646, provision is made for a sermon to be preached annually, on the 16th of November, in St. Catherine Cree Church, Leadenhall-street, in commemoration of his providential deliverance from a lion, which he met in a desert, as he was traveling in the Turkish dominions, and which suffered him to pass unmolested. In addition to the fees directed to be given to the minister, the clerk, and the sexton, £8 16*s*. 6*d*. is to be distributed among the necessitous inhabitants.

Few particulars in regard to the lion need be added. His distinguishing marks are the presence of a shaggy mane and a tuft at the end of his tail. These appendages do not appear for some time while the animal is young; and four or five years elapse before they acquire their full and bushy state. The lioness is considerably smaller than the lion, but her form is much more slender and graceful.

The most remarkable distinction of the lion of India is, the very pale tint that pervades his whole body; it approaches almost to a fawn color, and it is still paler on the under parts of the body and the insides of the legs. The mane is scarcely so ample as it is in the lion of Africa; but it is furnished with a peculiar appendage in the long hairs which, commencing beneath the neck, occupy the whole of the middle line of the body below. The size of the creature is also somewhat less; and he is considered generally inferior to the noble animal on whose character and qualities we have more particularly enlarged.

[For the National Magazine.]

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

ON many accounts the Jews are the most remarkable people. Not because they were ever the greatest nation as to population, wealth, science, or conquest, for in all these respects they never would compare with many other nations, both ancient and modern. But there are certain features of character by which they have been preëminently distinguished from all other nations in every period of their history. The religious feature of their character was ever the most prominent; and by this they have been distinguished from all the nations of the earth for more than four thousand years, during the whole of which period they have been the subjects of prophecy. Indeed, prophetic disclosures were made respecting them to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, and all the Hebrew prophets. Our Saviour, also, uttered most marked predictions, which were fulfilled in the memorable overthrow of Jerusalem. St. Paul and St. John also uttered predictions respecting them.

All these predictions may be summed up in two classes—the fulfilled and the unfulfilled. Of the former it were an easy task to speak; but of the latter, this cannot be said. There are difficulties next to insuperable in determining the true and full import of all unfulfilled prophecy. The *event* alone must frequently supply the exposition. Thus has it ever been, and thus, doubtless, will it ever be.

Two things are supposed to be included in unfulfilled prophecy respecting the Jews: their future conversion to the Christian faith, and their restoration to Palestine. With respect to the former there is little or no controversy among intelligent, orthodox Christians. As to the latter, the current sentiment is far from being consentaneous and uniform. It has been urged that the idea of their future *return* had its origin in their early and long-cherished, and, we may add, *fatal* error, that the Messiah was to be a temporal prince, and that the indorsement by Christians of their future gathering at Jerusalem actually interposes a bar to their conversion to Christianity. They construe the concession of their future return into a confirmation of their expected secular Messiah. The argument hence is, that a doctrine so liable to abuse, and which rests upon slender evidence at the best, should be discarded. But whether there *is* sufficient evidence to justify the assurance of their future return to their fatherland, however they may have abused the doctrine, must be decided by *facts* and *evidence*. Let us first glance at a few facts:—

1. They are dispersed everywhere, of and in almost every nation. This nobody questions.

2. They coalesce with no nation in which they have resided for some *sixty* generations. This, indeed, they never will do while they adhere inviolably to their peculiar faith. Implicitly held, it must keep them in their present isolated condition.

3. They are the agriculturists of no country; but are the bankers, brokers and merchants of all countries where they are permitted to sojourn. The result is, they are attached to the soil nowhere; though in spite of almost unendurable disabilities, under which they are sometimes compelled to live, they are proverbial alike for their avarice, their skill in commerce, and their vast wealth; and as this consists not in real estate, but in cash, they are ready on the shortest notice to obey the signal for a general rendezvous at Jerusalem.

4. Their attachment to the holy land, containing, as it does, the sepulchers of their fathers, and their reverence for its ancient metropolis, are more in their nature, and stronger in their influence, than the most ardent enkindlings of patriotism. Their love for Palestine is a cherished and controlling *passion*. Cheerfully do many make long and painful pilgrimages during the last years of life, feeling richly compensated by the permission to lay their bones along with those of their venerated ancestors within the territory of ancient Canaan.

5. Their land is, in a sense, reserved for them, having been since their last great dispersion occupied first by the Romans, then by the Saracens, and last by the Turks, who still hold dominion there.

Whatever should be their bearing upon the restoration of the Jews, these facts are incontrovertible, and strikingly coincident. In the absence of other evidence of their ultimate return, these facts might all be resolved, perhaps, upon the principle of their peculiar form of religion, and their

invincible attachment to its institutions and provisions. But, in connection with valid proof of such future gathering, all these facts, most undeniably, cast their shadows in the same direction.

The positive proof of the return of the Jews to Palestine—if positive it really is—lies spread over a wide space, reaching from Moses through the Hebrew prophets down to St. Paul, and some include St. John also among the witnesses; for Dr. Whitby regards the twenty-first chapter of Revelation as containing a symbolical representation of the rebuilding of Jerusalem.

One great difficulty, perhaps the greatest, in applying the predictions of Moses and the prophets to this question, consists in distinguishing those which refer to the Babylonian captivity from those which refer to an event still future. No ordinary skill and discrimination are requisite to escape this danger.

In Deut. xxx, 4–6, which to save space we do not transcribe, we have a prediction which seems too broad and comprehensive to be limited to the captivities of Israel or Judah; and it falls in after those curses which seem to have been fulfilled in events connected with the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans. This consideration determines the allusion to a gathering which is still future.

In Isaiah xi, 11, 12, we have a remarkable prediction, which commentators generally regard as having a reference still future. Evidence of this is derived from two sources: one is its connection with the calling of the Gentiles into the Church; the other is "the Lord's setting his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people." That this "second time" refers to the Babylonian captivity as the "first time," with which it is compared, and not to the going up from Egypt, is clear from two considerations: in the exodus from Egypt there was no gathering from different places, but simply a remove from one place to another—hence it could not have been the first; in the return from Babylon, even if we include the remnant of the ten tribes, they came not from the several countries mentioned by the prophet, much less from the "four corners of the earth." For these reasons we see not how this prediction can refer to any recorded past event. But allowing it to be still future, why may it not refer to the gathering of the dispersed Jews into the Church, simply on their embrace of Christianity? A sufficient answer may be, that the terms used are by many degrees stronger than those referring to the ingathering of the Gentiles, leaving a strong preponderance in favor of the return of the Jews.

Jeremiah xxiii, 5–8 contains a passage which seems to have a future bearing. Its clear and pointed allusions to Christ under the designation of the "righteous Branch," determines its reference to some period future to the Babylonian captivity, leaving little reason to doubt that it will be accomplished in the future gathering of the Jews.

The closing verses of the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh chapters of Ezekiel contain predictions much too evangelical to have had their fulfillment at any period before Christ. Hence they seem to contain predictions of two events which are connected, if not coetaneous—the conversion of the Jews under Prince David, that is, Christ; and their restoration to their own land.

The next and only remaining passage to which we shall refer in the Old Testament is Hosea iii, 3-5. A more graphic view of the Jews for the last nearly eighteen hundred years could not well be given. As all their sacrifices were to be offered upon one common altar, they have had neither sacrifice nor officiating priest since the destruction of the second temple. And the time when this prediction is to be accomplished being in the "latter days," and their "returning and seeking the Lord their God and David their king," determine the reference of the prophet to be to a period still future. The proof of their future conversion and their future return seems to be equally cogent, or nearly so, from the showing of this prophet.

There are two eminent passages in the New Testament which seem to bear directly on this question. Our Lord says: "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Luke xxi, 24. And St. Paul speaks of the "mystery—that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in." Rom. xi, 25. These passages seem mutually to sustain and reflect light upon each other. The first clearly indicates that there will be a time when the ancient Jewish metropolis will no longer be trodden down; the second as closely indicates

that when "the fullness of the Gentiles" shall have "come in," or into the Church, the light divine will again flash upon the benighted, obdurate, skeptical Hebrew mind. Both of these having been uttered previously to the last and longest dispersion of the Jews, which took place in connection with the overthrow of their city and temple, and with an evident foresight of those events, their literal fulfillment together with the persistent and almost universal unbelief of the Jews, seem to furnish the amplest pledge both of the future conversion and return of the venerable Hebrew people to the Holy Land.

Here we close the Scripture evidence for the return of the Jews. But it may be proper in this connection to remark, that while the majority of commentators and divines, in our acquaintance, indorse this doctrine, the Rev. Robert Hall maintains that the mystical temple of Ezekiel refers to a future temple to be built at Jerusalem. Dr. Whitby conceives that the "New Jerusalem, the Holy City," which John saw come down from God out of heaven, "is the Jewish Church converted to God." He also quotes Justin Martyr as confessing to Trypho, "that Jerusalem shall be rebuilt;" and Irenæus, as declaring that "God will restore them to the land which he had promised, and given to their fathers, and they shall dwell in it in hope." He also cites a concurrent declaration from Tertullian. But whether these eminent men are right or wrong, we shall not undertake to decide. That there is preponderant evidence in that direction—that probability favors the doctrine—may, we imagine, be safely conceded. More than this, it may be more safe to leave to be verified by the event.

That the Jews have ever been the subjects of a train of providences, no less special than marked, cannot be denied. Their number is about the same at present as it was when they left Egypt, more than three thousand years ago. They have already performed a mission, and are still fulfilling one, for Christianity. They are a living attestation of its truth. Without their testimony in its favor, the proof of its divine authenticity would lack some degree of its present completeness. They are a living monumental attestation of the truth of Scripture prophecy. Viewed in connection with the Gentile world, they are a striking example of a *compensative* providence. For some *two* thousand years before the birth of Christ the Gentiles were enshrouded in a vail of thick darkness, while *they* had light in all their dwellings. And now for nearly two thousand years the Gentiles have constituted the great body of the militant Church, while they have stood aloof from it through their most obstinate and persistent unbelief. The time will doubtless yet come when *both* shall constitute one fold under one shepherd.

The Jews will have fulfilled, through their unbelief, their authenticating mission in furnishing an irrefutable and monumental demonstration of the truth of Christianity; and then will they, through their exemplary faith, render equal or more important service to the same cause. And precisely what relation their return will have to their conversion, whether it will be prior or subsequent, is one of those things which must be left to be disclosed by the event. Whether they will literally *all* be gathered must also be left. Perhaps this is hardly probable. But it is quite conceivable that the Holy Land, now held in such veneration by them because there they trace the footsteps of patriarchs and prophets, will yet be no less honored by them on account of its being the birthplace of their acknowledged Messiah, and the scene of his life and death; nothing less will naturally follow when they come to embrace him in his true, evangelical character. But how, and by what means, these future events will be achieved, should doubtless be reckoned with those "secret things which belong to God," only in so far as he has seen fit to reveal them in his word. And even then how many things will remain half concealed till explained by the event!

As to the return of the Jews *previous* to their conversion—an opinion which seems to have obtained the most favor—several things are worthy to be considered. Their future gathering will not be to reinstitute the obselete Mosaic ritual. And yet, if left to themselves, cherishing their present and long-persisted unbelief, nothing else would be the natural result. Hence in our view their conversion might seem to be retarded rather than accelerated by their restoration: it would seem to favor their secular views and aims. Admitting this, would it not at the same time furnish another proof in favor of Chris-

tianity in verifying the unity between the predictions of the Old and New Testaments? thus demonstrating to both Jew and Gentile that the claims of Christ and the apostles to inspiration rest upon the same ground with that of Hebrew prophets, whom the Jews have ever held as Heaven's accredited messengers.

Still another view may be taken. The conversion of the dispersed children of Abraham, after their gathering from the four winds to the land which God originally ceded to that honored patriarch, would seem to be a more marked event, under such circumstances, than if it should occur during their dispersion. It might more clearly and conspicuously display divine grace in gaining so signal a triumph over that invincible prejudice and unbelief in a future generation, which in a former generation had resisted the personal miracles and teaching of the Messiah. Because if the Jews are ever converted to Christianity, it will be by a rich and mighty effusion of the Holy Spirit. Nothing else can effect the object. And examples are not wanting, illustrative of the principle, that divine grace is signally magnified by achieving its noblest triumphs under circumstances the most unpropitious, and over subjects the least hopeful. Thus it may be in the conversion of the gathered Jews. For while certain great national movements may suffice to open the way for their *return*, which their long-cherished hopes of one day realizing will induce them promptly to seize upon the first opportunity of effecting, their *conversion*, whether in their present dispersed or their future collected state, will be a most eminent work of grace. And it will be entirely in keeping with the long-cherished hopes of Christians, that a richer display and a more abundant effusion of the Holy Spirit will precede the ushering in of the millennial morning, to believe that those copious showers or floods will join their grandest conquests in the salvation of the Jews.

Hence it would only be an exemplification of a great master-principle of both grace and providence, illustrated in the divine conduct in the original call of the celebrated ancestor of the Hebrews, in making his family the *first* to *recover* the lost knowledge of the true God, and for ages to be the only people on earth among whom that knowledge could be found, to make this same people the *last* to confess the claims of Christ to the Messiahship, and thus enjoy that salvation which implicit faith in him secures to all believers. Reasoning on this principle, we shall be conducted to the conclusion as highly probable, to say the least, that the conversion of the Jews will be subsequent to their return to Palestine.

In conclusion, we frankly admit, that plausible probability is all we desire to claim for our hypothesis. The object of prophecy seems to be not to enable us to anticipate future events with respect to their attendant circumstances, so much as to inspire hope and lay the basis of confidence deep and strong in the divine promise; hence, thus it may be with respect to the Jews. We may regard their future conversion as *certain*—their future *return*, if not certain, at least *highly* probable. They are a monumental people. The world is under great obligation to the Jewish nation. Gentiles should remember that "salvation is of the Jews." The former owe not only a debt of gratitude to the latter, but all, in the way of friendship and kindness, which it is in their power to render them. And we should not forget that we were all once "sinners of the Gentiles," as fully as any who ever bore that character; and if we now claim to be Christians, still we are Christians of the Gentiles and not of the Jews. Hence, if they as the natural branches were broken off, we should remember that we stand only by faith; and that God will graft them in again, if they are willing to relinquish their unbelief.

JEFFREY AND HIS BOOKS.—For a lover of books, and for one who had picked up a few, his collection was most wretched, and so ill-cared for that the want even of volumes never disturbed him. The science of binding he knew nothing about, and therefore despised, and most of his books were unbound. These slatternly habits all arose from his believing that books were only meant to be read, and that, therefore, so as their words were visible, nothing else was required. It must have been in a moment of infirmity that with such a taste he allowed himself to be elected a member of the well-known Bannatyne Club, the only association of the kind with which he had ever been connected.

THE FRENCH CHARCOAL-BURNERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE cooks, professional and others, as well as the house-keepers and artisans of Paris, consume dayly a vast amount of charcoal, without troubling themselves much about the origin and fabrication of the material they find so indispensable. Their care is rather to economize it, considering its high price, than to concern themselves about the source from whence they derive it. We shall not follow their example; but on the contrary, endeavor by our investigations to furnish them with the means of enlightenment on the subject, whenever they may feel disposed to reap the benefit of our labors.

It will be necessary first to transport ourselves to a distance from town or city, to some secluded glade in a forest. We are bound on a dismal journey; the rigid soil is clad in an icy coat of mail; the cutting wind drifts the snow into fantastic forms; the hoarse ravens croak in the air; and the little twittering birds are foraging in the hedges for the few berries that winter has left upon the bushes. Shall we encounter the human form in this desert wilderness? Yes, look! yonder is a camp of savages, more resembling a settlement of beavers than of men. There, housed in mud walls roofed in with turf and withered branches, and sleeping upon straw, and living upon black bread, potatoes, and water, are the sober laborers of the woods. They comprise the wood-cutters, splitters, measurers, and sawyers, as well as the chorcoal-burners.

We have at present nothing to do with the wood-cutters, who fell fire-wood and pile it in stacks—nor with the splitters, who rend with the wedge, and dress with the ax—nor with the squarers and sawyers, who prepare the timber for ship-building or carpentry. Our business is with wood laborers of another class.

The wood chosen for the manufacture of charcoal, mostly a species of willow or poplar, is collected by one branch of workmen, and cut into appropriate lengths. A second band pile it in small heaps, which they term stoves. The charcoal-burners then cover each heap with dried foliage and clay, set fire to the mass within, and watch night and day around the glowing piles. In order that carbonization may be complete it is necessary to prevent the material in combustion from any contact with the atmosphere; and to do this effectually continued caution and vigilance, as well as considerable skillful management, are required. They are but miserably paid for this never-ending labor, receiving little more than two francs, or forty cents a ton for the process of burning.

Nevertheless, the charcoal-burner is a merrier fellow than one would expect to find thus far banished from the world, and doomed to toil at an unprofitable profession. In spite of the smallness of his gains, he is better remunerated than most of his fellow-laborers of the woods; and he can afford at times to indulge in a few morsels of lard to his black bread, and other small luxuries. He has a choice collection of songs, and warbles to disguise the weariness of his rude labor:—

"On Saturday night
Myself I invite
To visit Jeanette so tidy and tight,
To open the door she need not be told,
When she 's in the warm and I in the cold."

Or, perhaps, in preference:—

"I fell in love, you must know,
Exactly a week ago.
My darling is pretty and free,
The girl of the world for me.
O, when I go to see her,
Don't my heart feel quee'er."

We have no right to be affronted that in these songs, composed under the trees, by unlettered poets,

The rhyme and reason do not well agree.

But whoever has traveled through the depths of a forest, between two walls of giant trees, at the season of wintry fog and mist and hoar-frost, must remember the sudden accession of pleasure he experienced when the sound of the human voice reached his ear through the lugubrious silence of the desert. When you have left the abode of civilized man a day's journey behind you, and find yourself surrounded by the primitive desolation of nature, while wandering alone along a path barely distinguishable, the rude song of the charcoal-burner, echoing in the distance, is a cheerful and welcome reminder of the pleasures of social life.

The god Apollo, besides being the master of the muses, was the father of Esculapius; and the charcoal-burners are not only poets but physicians. Necessity,

a good or bad counselor, according to circumstances, has taught them to medicate their own maladies; superstition, always more potentially influential in proportion as man is isolated from his fellows, mingles religious formularies with their popular therapeutic prescriptions. If they wish to dress a sprain, they begin by apostrophizing the nerve which they suppose to be affected thus: "Nerve, return to thy former state as God created thee at first, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." After having repeated these words three times, they apply a compress of oil of olives, three whites of eggs, and a handful of flax; and, if the pain is violent, a poultice of grease and warm wine. Could a doctor manage it better?

When a charcoal-burner in the woods has the toothache, he runs no risk of being ruined by a dentist; he takes a new nail, places it in contact with the bad tooth, then drives it into the trunk of a growing oak, and says five *Paters* and five *Aves* in honor of Saint Apolline. This simple fellow, whose imagination is nourished in the solitudes of nature, partakes fully in the popular faith relative to the infallible efficacy of certain ceremonies. If in the spring a swarm of bees, deserting the parent hive, alight upon a tree, in order to prevent their again taking flight, he will sprinkle the ground with holy water, consecrated on the day of the Passover, with a bunch of the box-tree blessed for the purpose on the preceding Sunday.

The life of the charcoal-burner is more solitary than even that of the shepherd. In fact, he differs not much from a hermit, and rarely approaches the dwellings of men, save on a few occasions in the summer, when he travels with a load of charcoal to the water side, whence the fruits of his labors are embarked for Paris.

There are eleven different sorts of charcoal, named after the districts from whence they come. The indispensable agents for its sale are, first the *garçons de pelle*, or measurers, who are appointed by the prefect of police, at the recommendation of the merchants, and whose duty it is to measure the fuel by the hectolitre, without piling up, and using for the purpose a long shovel of a determinate shape. Then come the porters with broad shoulders, vaulted backs, and beards black and bushy; a triangular medal decorates their breasts; they stoop beneath the weight of enormous sacks, which they convey to the retailers, to the coffee-houses, and to the private residences of their customers. The police regulates their proceedings, and recognizing the convenience of punctuality, in the delivery of a species of fuel so extensively used, says to them: "You shall go straight to your destination, without stopping on your route; and you shall be judged guilty of fraud if you are seen coming out of a private house with your sack not empty. Your business is to carry charcoal to the market, or to carry it thence to the houses of the buyers, but you shall keep neither shop nor warehouse."

The charcoal porters are divided into bands of one hundred men each, and each band elects a chief and a vice-president from among their number. Good-fellowship is the easier to maintain among the members of this democratic fraternity, that they are mostly fellow-countrymen, being nearly all natives of Auvergne. The immigrants from the Puy-de-Dome and the Cantal, almost to a man devote themselves to this profession. In the charcoal shops and on board the boats in the river, nothing else is to be heard but the wretched Auvergnois jargon, which is a barbarous and unintelligible mixture of Latin, Italian, and French. The retail charcoal-dealer, who keeps an open shop, is an Auvergnat in everything—in language, habits, manners, and greediness. Like the grocer, he sells very dearly by retail what he has bought a bargain by wholesale; a sack of charcoal costs him seven francs, and he will dole it out in small quantities for fourteen. He sells, moreover, firewood, pit-coal, scouring-brick, wood-ashes, burnt brands, cinders, and in addition to these, filtered water contained in an immense tank backed by one of the walls of his shop.

Over his door you may read in majestic letters:—"Wood sold by weight. Economical blocks for burning. Clarified water."

It is to be hoped that his various trades lead the charcoal-seller to fortune, which we wish him sincerely.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of spring.

A PREDICAMENT, AND HOW I GOT OUT OF IT.

PERHAPS few of the British colonies are so little known as Guiana. Its very name, ten years ago, was seldom either heard or seen, except in the counting-houses and ledgers of the comparatively few merchants trading to one of its three great divisions—Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice. Guiana is the north-eastern portion of South America, extending from the Orinoco southward to the Amazon. It is divided among the British, Dutch, and French. British Guiana is the most northern portion, extending on the sea-board from the Orinoco to the Corentyn, and inland to the sources of the last-mentioned river and the Essequibo—an area of perhaps fifty thousand square miles. Dutch Guiana, or Surinam, extends from the river Corentyn to the Marony, and between them inland to their sources—the area being not much less than thirty thousand square miles. French Guiana, or Cayenne, extends coastwise from the Marony to the Oyapock, which separates it from Brazil. Its extension inland is uncertain, but the area is supposed to be fourteen thousand square miles. With all these divisions of Guiana I have had occasion to become more or less acquainted, though chiefly resident at George Town, the capital of Demerara—indeed, of the whole colony, there being perhaps as many whites in George Town as in the whole of Essequibo and Berbice together.

My business in Guiana was an odd one. It was the collecting of skins—alike of beasts, birds, and reptiles—and such other specimens of natural history as could be dried and transmitted to Europe, to become reanimated in the hands of the professional stuffer. Perhaps I do not overestimate my success, if I say that for some years two-thirds of the specimens exported from the colony were the produce of my expeditions. These were, of course, undertaken only in the dry season, of which, in Guiana, there are two—the long dry season, from August to November, and the short, February and March. The course of proceeding was this:—My Indian scout, an Arawak named Barra, got his corial ready, and laid in a supply, according to the time we purposed being absent, of Indian corn, cassava, &c. For the meat to accompany this, we depended on my double-barreled gun or rifle, as the case might be. As to clothes, Barra's course was the reverse of that usually adopted by travelers. Instead of adding to his stock, he discarded the decent suit he used to wear in town, and contented himself with a single strip of cotton cloth bound tightly round his loins, and serving to hold a large knife. My own wardrobe was somewhat of the scantiest, but we each had a bag slung round us—Barra's to hold provisions when we left the corial for the forest; and mine to receive such feathered or other spoil as we might be able to collect. One part of our equipment must not be forgotten—a strong, but not thick rope, about eighty feet long, knotted at intervals of half a yard, and having at one end a two-pound iron ball. This was used when, by good-luck, we came on a bush-hog or other animal, and did not wish to scare the forest by our fire-arms. It was of still more essential service in another way, to be described presently.

It was a lovely morning in August, when Barra and I stepped into the little corial, and paddled leisurely up the noble Essequibo. As we landed at two or three islands on our way, we had not made above twenty miles when evening drew in; soon after which we pulled ashore to an Arawak encampment for the night. The next day and night were spent in the same way; and on the third morning we paddled a few miles higher up still, to the foot of the rapids, some fifty miles from the river's mouth, where we secured the corial. Having slung our bags, I took the rifle, Barra the fowling-piece, and we started for the forest—which indeed came down to the water's edge—carrying the coil of rope by turns. As my object was to secure birds, we did not care to fire until we should see something worth firing at. We had been tracking the mazes of the forest, assisted by Barra's knife, for about two hours, when we came upon a small patch of a savanna, at the further side of which stood a noble greenheart (*Nectandra Rodiæi*) of large girth, and without a branch for perhaps fifty feet. The tree, however, might have been passed unnoticed, had it not been crowned by an unusually fine group of toucans. Had I fired at them from the ground, I must have used shot that would have commer-

cially damaged them; while, if we could only get up the tree pretty near them, small-shot would secure them almost uninjured.

Uncoiling the rope, Barra tied to the end opposite the ball a long piece of string, and then taking the ball in his right hand, retreated some twenty paces from the tree, measuring with his eye the distance from the ground of the lowest limb. Poising himself, the ball flew from his hand and fell over the limb, round which, by a dexterous jerk at the same instant, the rope was coiled some four or five times. He had hit the distance so nicely, that the end of the rope now dangled down to within a couple of feet or so of the ground. The string was therefore not needed, and was untied; the object in affixing it being to have a means of readily recovering the rope from the underwood if, as was sometimes the case, it overshot the mark, or became entangled in the branches. Resting my rifle against the trunk, I prepared to ascend, taking with me the string and my game-bag, with the ammunition contained in it. Barra now laid hold of the knotted rope, and kept it as steadily to the ground as possible, while I climbed it hand over hand, and was soon on the limb to which it had been fastened. By means of the string, I now drew up my gun, and proceeded along the limb to the fork of the main trunk. In a minute or two, Barra had joined me, with the provision-bag still round him, there being too many monkeys about, he said, for him to think of risking it below.

We now, as quietly as possible—and that was very quietly indeed, for we were both almost in a state of nature—crept toward the top of the tree, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the light dancing through the topmost boughs, and our covey of toucans still quietly preening their feathers, their brilliant breasts glittering in the sun. Barra now took off his waist-cloth, and went immediately beneath the birds, some fifteen feet below them, and made ready to spread the cloth, so as to catch the game with the least possible damage, the moment I had fired. All being ready, I gradually, inch by inch, advanced the muzzle to within perhaps twenty feet of the toucans, and let fly with both barrels. The shot was one of my best. Five first-rate birds fell into Barra's cloth, three only getting away.

As the provision-bag was so handy, we thought we could not now do better than lunch in our leafy retreat, and so spent perhaps half an hour. So luxurious a bower can scarcely be imagined in any but a tropical country. The surpassing richness of the forest scenery was seen to great advantage from our lofty perch; and had there been but a few songsters to relieve the silence, nothing would have been wanting. These, however, were in the thickest shade for an hour or two, to say nothing of my gun having driven them beyond us.

Descending, which required more care than the ascent—not only because it is always easier to climb than to return, but because I was burdened with my toucans, and had to guard them from injury—we came in sight of the limb to which our rope was affixed. Well might we start dismayed! A grave-looking aragnato, one of the howling monkeys, (*Mycetes ursinus*,) was coolly seated on the limb, with the ball in his hand, he having unwound the rope in order more leisurely to inspect it. The weight, as I afterward remembered, seemed greatly to astonish him, as he passed it from one hand to the other, balancing it as he did so. On the impulse of the moment, a shout burst from me at the unprecedented sight—more shame for me!—as a hunter I should have had more presence of mind; but perhaps, after all, nothing could have averted what followed: the monkey, dropping the ball, leaped in an instant to a neighbouring tree, and disappeared. Never did any sound so smite upon my ear, as the sound of that ball bounding on the ground. Even Barra's unconcern in ordinary forest dangers was overcome, and he stood behind me grave and almost trembling. We were, in fact—I did not joke then—a pair of tree'd 'coons.

It was some minutes before we fully realized our position—on the lowest limb of the tree, some fifty feet from the ground, and without any means of reaching it but the string which had drawn up my gun, and which was almost as great a weight as it would bear. It was therefore quite useless so far as we were concerned. On taking counsel together, no way of escape suggested itself, for our scanty clothing, cut into such shreds as would bear us, could not reach, when tied round the limb, above ten feet down. Our bags added

would scarcely have diminished the certainty of a broken neck, and, as the trunk was almost too smooth for a jaguar, we were fairly at our wit's end.

We now took a narrower survey of the tree itself. There did not seem to be anything to fear—no cougar or jaguar marks were visible, nor was there much probability of snakes being found in it, as none but the very largest could compass such a trunk, and they generally prefer a tree overlooking a stream or pool, their prey being thus attracted within an easy distance for the fatal spring. Should anything approach us, however, we had both arms and ammunition. As to food, we were well enough off even for some days, Barra having brought the bag with him, to say nothing of my dearly-bought toucans; but water we had none, nor was there the smallest probability of a drop falling. Our chance of being observed by any passing Indians was small indeed, in a forest the nearest footpath through which was a mile distant; and as to attracting attention by firing, that seemed equally hopeless, as we were known to be out on business, and the report of our arms would, therefore, be thought nothing extraordinary. Time had passed during these cogitations, and it became unpleasantly certain that the night, at least, must be spent in the tree.

As evening drew on, we made a sparing meal, and prepared for such rest as we might be able to obtain. Barra's knife was of good service in cutting some of the smaller branches, which we so disposed in a fork a little above the main one, as to render us tolerably secure from falling, if either of us should doze—sleep we hardly expected. Darkness now came on apace—a darkness that might almost be felt. Even in the day, these forests are somber enough, though pleasantly so, as they shield one from the rays of a blazing sun. Looking toward the patch of savanna, the outlines of our tree could, after we had become used to the "dim obscure," be faintly traced; but, toward the forest, all was solid blackness. While coming on, indeed, the darkness seemed more as if it were something tangible, being poured into the forest from above, filling up the spaces between the trees, and the smaller interstices between the branches—more like this, than a simple deprivation of light. It was oppressively, terribly grand. Soon after night had thus set in, nocturnal sounds began to greet our ears. They were, of course, not new to us; but in our present situation they seemed invested with double significance. A jaguar came moderately near—to the opposite edge, we thought, of the savanna; on the look-out, probably, for some hog-deer in the open space. Upon the whole, however, the most striking feature was the deep silence that prevailed, except when invaded by these sounds. It made us both, at first, almost afraid to break it by a word, as if we should in some sort be committing sacrilege in thus aggressing upon Night's domain. How strange that this dead silence and darkness, and the ceaseless roar and brightness of Niagara, should affect the mind exactly in the same way! It was so at least with me.

Man's power of adaptation to circumstances is a benign provision. If our misfortune had come upon us at the close instead of in the middle of the day, the probability is that we should not have slept a wink. But having brooded over it for some hours, it was scarcely, I should judge, past midnight, when, in spite of the chilly though calm atmosphere, and our scanty protection from it, we both began to doze, and at length fell asleep. I awoke once or twice afterward, but Barra slept on as though he was swinging in his hammock at home. At an hour before dawn, which I could somehow *feel* was coming, apart from the warning-cries of nocturnal birds and beasts, I became thoroughly aroused, and awoke Barra just as the first streak of light cut like a knife into the forest gloom. He was more rigid than I, not having changed his position for some hours, but soon roused himself, throwing a wondering glance round our nest. A frugal dip into the bag was followed by renewed consultation as to how we should get down. We at length agreed that by the aid of Barra's knife, the string, and our cloths, we should try to make some kind of ladder, by which to release ourselves from our leafy prison. The prospect was not an inviting one, greenheart being one of the heaviest and hardest woods of the colony; and Barra's being the only knife, only one of us could be employed—unless, indeed, that one could tie what the other cut.

This plan was again revised, and at length we commenced making a pole in-

tended to reach the ground, down which we could slide without further damage than perhaps some slight laceration. It was agreed to join the pieces of which our pole must necessarily be composed by a peg and socket—the latter foreshadowing an uncomfortable amount of difficulty and enforced patience. We had not long commenced chopping off a branch, pretty high up, as the first length of our pole, when the three toucans, as I verily believe they were, which had the day before escaped, again settled on the topmost bough. Speedily hearing, however, the noise below them, they flew off, and we saw them no more. From morning to night, with the exception of a short visit to the bag, we worked away, and after all, had not been able to complete more than eighteen feet at most, in three lengths. The two joints, however, answered admirably, having been made sufficiently tight to require some force in screwing home the peg. We suffered much from the want of water, especially as the labor caused us freely to perspire; and we felt some faintness of heart creeping over us as we lay down to rest for the second night.

We slept, notwithstanding — deeply, heavily—and awoke in the morning as before, to recommence a toil that now seemed hopeless. The branches that answered our purpose became scarce; our knife was blunted by the hard wood; and suddenly we at the same moment gave up work, and looked in each other's faces. Whatever he may have found in mine, I read only despair in my companion's, and I turned away my eyes for relief. They made a discovery which caused my heart to leap. On the further side of the next tree to us—that, in fact, by which the monkey had escaped—was a huge liana, large even here, where they twist among the forest, and bind the trees together, like stout ships' cables. It reached within about ten feet of the ground, depending some twenty feet from a limb which our weight would put into no sort of danger, if we could only reach it. And why should we not reach it, by bridging the space between the two trees by means of our pole? It was already long enough, and the idea was no sooner conceived than we set to work it out. Having decided on the most eligible point whence to make the experiment, a careful hoist sent the further end of the pole neatly into a fork of the further tree. The joints bore the jerk almost without a sound, and Barra was over in a trice, running catlike along the pole, at a height of perhaps seventy-five feet from the ground. Being a much heavier man, there was the more reason why I should cross in the same way as quickly as possible; but I confess I was afraid; and, on Barra's assurance that it would bear me, I crossed astride, and without mishap—thanks to the exceeding toughness of the wood. We had hardly congratulated ourselves on our success so far, when it simultaneously occured to us both that the gun, bags, &c., were all in our late nest, and very blank we looked. Barra, however, insisted on immediately returning, and lowering them at once to the ground by the string.

In the mean time, I descended to the limb whence the liana hung, and saw at once that our troubles were at an end. Barra soon joined me, and first slid down. It would not break with him, he said, even if it did with me. On reaching the bottom, however, he told me to follow him, which I did as soon as the oscillation caused by his descent had ceased. Taking up our guns and baggage, which seemed twice as heavy as when we last carried them, we made the best of our way to the river, and never found water so delightful before.

Barra was none the worse for his arboreal sojourn. I contracted a fever, not severe, which lasted for a week or ten days, and which I regretted chiefly because of its shortening the dry season by the term of its duration.

We several times visited the tree afterward, in our rambles through the forest, and on the very last occasion the space between the trees was still bridged by our peg-and-socket pole. It may be there yet, liana bound, to render it the more secure.

Signs of Goodness.—If a man be gracious, and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world,—that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If a man be compassionate, it proves his heart to be like the noble tree which is *itself* wounded when it gives forth the balm. If he easily pardons others, it shows that his mind is above injuries. If he be thankful for small benefits, it proves that he weighs men's minds, *not their trash.*

ALLEGRI'S MISERERE.

GREGORIO ALLEGRI, who appears to have been a dignitary of the Church, being styled the reverend, was a native of Rome; the precise date of his birth is unknown, but must have taken place either the latter end of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth, as he was admitted into the Pope's Chapel in 1729 as a contra-tenor. He was of the family of Correggio, the celebrated painter, who also bore the name of Allegri; and received his musical education from the famous Nanini, who was cotemporary with Palestrina. His vocal abilities were not of a first-rate order, but he was accounted an admirable master of harmony; joined to this, he bore an excellent character for benevolence;—it is said his door was dayly crowded by the poor and needy, who never went unrelieved; besides which, he made a practice of visiting the prisons, in order to bestow his alms on distressed and deserving objects.

Among the compositions of Allegri (which were chiefly confined to the Church) is the celebrated *Miserere*, performed in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, on the Wednesday and Friday in Passion week, being, for its excellence, reserved for the most solemn occasions. This *Miserere* is composed in five parts; namely, 1st and 2d soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, and is written in the key of G minor. In construction it is of great simplicity, and its appearance does not convey any great intelligence of the wonderfnl impression made by it, when performed in the Pope's Chapel.

The author of a "Tour in Germany" thus relates the manner in which it is performed at Rome, during the solemnities of Lent:—

"Allegri's famed *Miserere*, as sung at the Sistine Chapel at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief that, for purposes of devotion, the unaided human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his Holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might be dispensed with. This, however, is no fair sample of the powers of vocal sacred music; and those who are most alive to the 'concord of human sounds,' forget that, in the mixture of feeling produced by a scene so imposing as the Sistine Chapel presents on such an occasion, it is difficult to attribute to the music only its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the Pontiff, stripped of all its honors, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is degraded to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The Pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the Church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the unostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished one after another, at different stages of the service, the fading light falls dimmer and dimmer on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michael Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshipers beneath; while the living figures of his Last Judgment, in every variety of infernal suffering and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed forever on the one, and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful that, in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?"

Although the harmony of this celebrated composition is pure, and (for the time it was written) bearing a considerable share of ingenuity and a peculiar kind of beauty, yet it owes its reputation more to the theatrical manner of performance than to the composition itself. The same music is many times repeated to different words, and the singers have, by tradition, certain customs and expressions which produce wonderful effects—such as swelling or diminishing the sounds at some particular words, and singing entire verses quicker than others. Some of the greatest effects produced by this piece may perhaps be attributed to the time, place, and solemnity of the ceremonies. The Pope and conclave are all prostrated to the ground, the candles of the chapel and the torches of the balustrades are extinguished one by one, and the last verse of the Psalm is terminated by two choirs, the chapel master beating time slower and slower, and the singers diminishing the harmony by little and little to a perfect point, followed by a profound silence.

The *Miserere* is the fifty-first Psalm, whence Allegri has selected part of the 1st, and the whole of 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 15th, and 18th verses, and concludes with

part of the 19th. So sacred was this composition at one time held by the Church, that the penalty of a copy was almost tantamount to excommunication; the thunders of the Vatican being hurled against the miserable wretch who dared to disregard its dictates. Padre Martini states, that there were never more than three copies made by authority—one for the Emperor Leopold, another for the King of Portugal, and the third for himself. Respecting the former, the following anecdote is narrated:—

The Emperor Leopold the First, not only a lover and patron of music, but a good composer himself, ordered his ambassador to Rome to entreat the Pope to permit him to have a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* of Allegri, for the use of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna; which being granted, a copy was made by the Signor Maestro of the Pope's Chapel, and sent to the emperor, who had then in his service some of the best singers of the age; but notwithstanding the abilities of the performers, the composition was so far from answering the expectations of the emperor and his court, in the execution, that he concluded the Pope's *Maestro-di Capella*, in order to keep it a mystery, had put a trick upon him, and sent him another composition.

Upon which, in great wrath, he sent an express to his Holiness, with a complaint against the *Maestro di Capella*, which occasioned his immediate disgrace, and dismissal from the service of the Papal chapel; and in so great a degree was the Pope offended at the supposed imposition of his composer, that, for a long time, he would neither see him nor hear his defense; however, at length the poor man got one of the cardinals to plead his cause, and to acquaint his Holiness that the style of singing in his chapel, particularly in performing the *Miserere*, was such as could not be expressed by notes, nor taught or transmitted to any other place but by example; for which reason the piece in question, though faithfully transcribed, must fail in its effect, when performed elsewhere.

His Holiness did not understand music, and could hardly comprehend how the same notes should sound so differently in different places; however, he ordered his *Maestro di Capella* to write down his defense, in order to send it to Vienna, which was done; and the emperor, seeing no other way of gratifying his wishes with respect to this composition, begged of the Pope, that some of the musicians in the service of his Holiness might be sent to Vienna to instruct those in the service of his chapel how to perform the *Miserere* of Allegri.

It is well known that the powers of Mozart's memory were truly astonishing; and the manner in which he obtained a copy of the *Miserere* is highly characteristic and amusing.

When in his fourteenth year, Mozart traveled with his father to Rome, and was invited by the Pope to the Quirinal Palace—this happened just before Easter. While in conversation with his Holiness, he solicited a copy of the *Miserere;* but was refused, in consequence of the prohibition. He then asked permission to attend the only rehearsal, to which he listened with the utmost attention. On quitting the chapel, Mozart spoke not a word, but hastened home and wrote down the notes. At the public performance, he brought his manuscript carefully concealed in his hat, and having filled up some omissions and corrected some errors in the inner parts, had the satisfaction of knowing that he possessed a complete copy of the treasure thus jealously guarded. It appears that when this manuscript was afterward compared with the one sent by Pope Pius the Sixth to the Emperor of Germany, there was not found the difference of a single note.

Although Allegri set many parts of the Church service with divine simplicity and purity of harmony, yet there does not appear to be a single composition of his, save the *Miserere*, which has withstood the ravages of time. As while he lived he was much beloved, so when he died was he deeply lamented. His death occurred on the 18th of February, 1752, and he was buried in the Chiesa Nuova, before the chapel of St. Philippo Neri, the place where the singers of the Pontifical Chapel are generally interred, upon the wall of which is engraved the following epitaph:—

Cantores pontofich ne quos vivos,
Concors melodio junxit:
Mortuos corporis,
Discors resolutio dissolverit:
Hic una condi volnere.
Anno 1640.

THE CRUSADES.

OUR last article brought to a close the history of the first crusade. For the better understanding of the second, it will be necessary to describe the interval between them, and to enter into a slight sketch of the history of Jerusalem under its Latin kings, the long and fruitless wars they continued to wage with the unvanquished Saracens, and the poor and miserable results which sprang from so vast an expenditure of zeal, and so deplorable a waste of human life.

The necessity of having some recognized chief was soon felt by the Crusaders, and Godfrey de Bouillon, less ambitious than Bohemund or Raymond of Toulouse, gave his cold consent to wield a scepter which the latter chiefs would have clutched with eagerness. He was hardly invested with the royal mantle before the Saracens menaced his capital. With much vigor and judgment he exerted himself to follow up the advantages he had gained, and marching out to meet the enemy before they had time to besiege him in Jerusalem, he gave them battle at Ascalon, and defeated them with great loss. He did not, however, live long to enjoy his new dignity, being seized with a fatal illness when he had only reigned nine months. To him succeeded his brother, Baldwin of Edessa. The latter monarch did much to improve the condition of Jerusalem and to extend its territory, but was not able to make a firm footing for his successors. For fifty years, the Crusaders were exposed to fierce and constant hostilities, often gaining battles and territory, and as often losing them, but becoming every day weaker and more divided, while the Saracens became stronger and more united to harass and root them out. The battles of this period were of the most chivalrous character, and deeds of heroism were done by the handful of brave knights that remained in Syria, which have hardly their parallel in the annals of war. In the course of time, however, the Christians could not avoid feeling some respect for the courage, and admiration for the polished manners and advanced civilization of the Saracens, so much superior to the rudeness and semi-barbarism of Europe at that day. Difference of faith did not prevent them from forming alliances with the dark-eyed maidens of the East. One of the first to set the example of taking a Paynim spouse was King Baldwin himself, and these connections in time became not only frequent, but almost universal, among such of the knights as had resolved to spend their lives in Palestine. These Eastern ladies were obliged, however, to submit to the ceremony of baptism before they could be received to the arms of a Christian lord. These, and their offspring, naturally looked upon the Saracens with less hatred than did the zealots who conquered Jerusalem, and who thought it a sin deserving the wrath of God to spare an unbeliever. We find, in consequence, that the most obstinate battles waged during the reigns of the latter kings of Jerusalem were fought by the new and raw levies who from time to time arrived from Europe, lured by the hope of glory or spurred by fanaticism. The latter broke without scruple the truces established between the original settlers and the Saracens, and drew down severe retaliation upon many thousands of their brethren in the faith, whose prudence was stronger than their zeal, and whose chief desire was to live in peace.

Things remained in this unsatisfactory state till the close of the year 1145, when Edessa, the strong frontier town of the Christian kingdom, fell into the hands of the Saracens. The latter were commanded by Zenghi, a powertul and enterprising monarch, and, after his death, by his son Nourheddin, as powerful and enterprising as his father. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the Count of Edessa to regain the fortress, but Nourheddin with a large army came to the rescue, and after defeating the count with great slaughter, marched into Edessa and caused its fortifications to be razed to the ground, that the town might never more be a bulwark of defence for the kingdom of Jerusalem. The road to the capital was now open, and consternation seized the hearts of the Christians. Nourheddin, it was known, was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to advance upon Jerusalem, and the armies of the cross, weakened and divided, were not in a condition to make any available resistance. The clergy were filled with grief and alarm, and wrote repeated letters to the Pope and the sovereigns of Europe, urging the expediency of a new Crusade for the relief of Jerusalem. By far the greater number

of the priests of Palestine were natives of France, and these naturally looked first to their own country. The solicitations they sent to Louis VII. were urgent and oft repeated, and the chivalry of France began to talk once more of arming in defence of the birthplace of Jesus. The kings of Europe, whose interest it had not been to take any part in the first Crusade, began to bestir themselves in this; and a man appeared, eloquent as Peter the Hermit, to arouse the people as that preacher had done.

We find, however, that the enthusiasm of the second did not equal that of the first Crusade; in fact, the mania had reached its climax in the time of Peter the Hermit, and decreased regularly from that period. The third Crusade was less general than the second, and the fourth than the third, and so on, until the public enthusiasm was quite extinct, and Jerusalem returned at last to the dominion of its old masters without a convulsion in Christendom.

The Crusades appear never to have excited so much attention in England as on the continent of Europe; not because the people were less fanatical than their neighbors, but because they were occupied in matters of graver interest. The English were suffering too severely from the recent successful invasion of their soil, to have much sympathy to bestow upon the distresses of people so far away as the Christians of Palestine; and we find that they took no part in the first Crusade, and very little in the second. Even those who engaged in it were chiefly Norman knights and their vassals, and not the Saxon franklins and population, who no doubt thought, in their sorrow, as many wise men have thought since, that charity should begin at home.

Germany was productive of more zeal in the cause, and her raw uncivilized hordes continued to issue forth under the banners of the cross in numbers apparently undiminished, when the enthusiasm had long been on the wane in other countries. They were sunk at that time in a deeper slough of barbarism than the livelier nations around them, and took, in consequence, a longer period to free themselves from their prejudices. In fact the second Crusade drew its chief supplies of men from that quarter, where alone the expedition can be said to have retained any portion of popularity.

Such was the state of mind of Europe when Pope Eugenius, moved by the reiterated entreaties of the Christians of Syria, commissioned St. Bernard to preach a new Crusade. St. Bernard was a man eminently qualified for the mission. He was endowed with an eloquence of the highest order, could move an auditory to tears, or laughter, or fury, as it pleased him, and had led a life of such rigid and self-denying virtue, that not even calumny could lift her finger and point it at him. He had renounced high prospects in the Church, and contented himself with the simple abbacy of Clairvaux, in order that he might have the leisure he desired to raise his powerful voice against abuses wherever he found them. Vice met in him an austere and uncompromising reprover; no man was too high for his reproach, and none too low for his sympathy. He was just as well suited for his age as Peter the Hermit had been for the age preceding. He appealed more to the reason, his predecessor to the passions; Peter the Hermit collected a mob, while St. Bernard collected an army.

One of the first converts he made was in himself a host. Louis VII. was both superstitious and tyrannical, and, in a fit of remorse for the infamous slaughter he had authorized at the sacking of Vitry, he made a vow to undertake the journey to the Holy Land. He was in this disposition when St. Bernard began to preach, and wanted but little persuasion to embark in the cause. His example had great influence upon the nobility, who, impoverished as many of them were by the sacrifices made by their fathers in the holy wars, were anxious to repair their ruined fortunes by conquests on a foreign shore. These took the field with such vassals as they could command, and in a very short time an army was raised amounting to two hundred thousand men. At Vezeli the monarch received the cross from the hands of St. Bernard, on a platform elevated in sight of all the people. Several nobles, three bishops, and his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, were present at this ceremony, and enrolled themselves under the banner of the cross, St. Bernard cutting up his red sacerdotal vestments, and making crosses of them, to be sown on the shoulders of the people. An exhortation from the Pope was read to the multitude, granting remission of their sins to all who should

join the Crusade, and directing that no man on that holy pilgrimage should encumber himself with heavy baggage and vain superfluities, and that the nobles should not travel with dogs or falcons, to lead them from the direct road, as had happened to so many during the first Crusade.

The command of the army was offered to St. Bernard; but he wisely refused to accept a station for which his habits had unqualified him. After consecrating Louis with great solemnity, at St. Denis, as chief of the expedition, he continued his course through the country, stirring up the people wherever he went.

Suger, the able minister of Louis, endeavored to dissuade him from undertaking so long a journey at a time when his own dominions so much needed his presence. But the king was pricked in his conscience by the cruelties of Vitry, and was anxious to make the only reparation which the religion of that day considered sufficient. He was desirous, moreover, of testifying to the world, that though he could brave the temporal power of the Church when it encroached upon his prerogatives, he could render all due obedience to its spiritual decrees whenever it suited his interest or tallied with his prejudices to do so. Suger, therefore, implored in vain, and Louis received the pilgrim's staff at St. Denis, and made all preparations for his pilgrimage.

In the mean time St. Bernard passed into Germany, where similar success attended his preaching. The renown of his sanctity had gone before him, and he found everywhere an admiring audience. The extraordinary tales that were told and believed of the miracles worked by the preacher brought the country people from far and near. Devils were said to vanish at his sight, and diseases of the most malignant nature to be cured by his touch. The Emperor Conrad caught at last the contagion from his subjects, and declared his intention to follow the cross.

The preparations were carried on so vigorously under the orders of Conrad, that in less than three months he found himself at the head of an army containing at least one hundred and fifty thousand effective men, besides a great number of women who followed their husbands and lovers to the war. One troop of them rode in the attitude and armour of men: their chief wore gilt spurs and buskins, and thence acquired the epithet of the golden-footed lady. Conrad was ready to set out long before the French monarch, and in the month of June, 1147, he arrived before Constantinople, having passed through Hungary and Bulgaria without offense to the inhabitants.

Manuel Comnenus, the Greek emperor, successor not only to the throne but to the policy of Alexius, looked with alarm upon the new levies who had come to eat up his capital and imperil its tranquillity. Too weak to refuse them a passage through his dominions, too distrustful of them to make them welcome when they came, and too little assured of the advantages likely to result to himself from the war, to feign a friendship which he did not feel, the Greek emperor gave offence at the very outset. His subjects, in the pride of superior civilization, called the Germans barbarians; while the latter, who, if semi-barbarous, were at least honest and straightforward, retorted upon the Greeks by calling them double-faced knaves and traitors. Disputes continually arose between them, and Conrad, who had preserved so much good order among his followers during their passage, was unable to restrain their indignation when they arrived at Constantinople. For some offense or other which the Greeks had given them, but which is rather hinted at than stated by the scanty historians of the day, the Germans broke into the magnificent pleasure-garden of the emperor, where he had a valuable collection of tame animals, for which the grounds had been laid out in woods, caverns, groves, and streams, that each might follow in captivity his natural habits. The enraged Germans, meriting the name of barbarians that had been bestowed upon them, laid waste this pleasant retreat, and killed or let loose the valuable animals it contained. Manuel, who is said to have beheld the devastation from his palace windows without power or courage to prevent it, was completely disgusted with his guests, and resolved, like his predecessor Alexius, to get rid of them on the first opportunity. He sent a message to Conrad respectfully desiring an interview, but the German refused to trust himself within the walls of Constantinople. The Greek emperor, on his part, thought it compatible neither with his dignity nor his safety to seek the

German, and several days were spent in insincere negotiations. Manuel at length agreed to furnish the crusading army with guides to conduct it through Asia Minor; and Conrad passed over the Hellespont with his forces, the advanced guard being commanded by himself, and the rear by the warlike Bishop of Freysinghen.

Historians are almost unanimous in their belief that the wily Greek gave instructions to his guides to lead the army of the German emperor into dangers and difficulties. It is certain that, instead of guiding them through such districts of Asia Minor as afforded water and provisions, they led them into the wilds of Cappadocia, where neither was to be procured, and where they were suddenly attacked by the sultan of the Suljukian Turks, at the head of an immense force. The guides, whose treachery is apparent from this fact alone, fled at the first sight of the Turkish army, and the Christians were left to wage unequal warfare with their enemy, entangled and bewildered in desert wilds. Toiling in their heavy mail, the Germans could make but little effective resistance to the attacks of the Turkish light horse, who were down upon them one instant, and out of sight the next. Now in the front and now in the rear, the agile foe showered his arrows upon them, enticing them into swamps and hollows, from which they could only extricate themselves after long struggles and great losses. The Germans, confounded by this mode of warfare, lost all conception of the direction they were pursuing, and went back instead of forward. Suffering at the same time for want of provisions, they fell an easy prey to their pursuers. Count Bernhard, one of the bravest leaders of the German expedition, was surrounded, with his whole division, not one of whom escaped the Turkish arrows. The emperor himself had nearly fallen a victim, and was twice severely wounded. So persevering was the enemy, and so little able were the Germans to make even a show of resistance, that when Conrad at last reached the city of Nice, he found that, instead of being at the head of an imposing force of one hundred thousand foot and seventy thousand horse, he had but fifty or sixty thousand men, and these in the most worn and wearied condition.

Totally ignorant of the treachery of the Greek emperor, although he had been warned to beware of it, Louis VII. proceeded, at the head of his army, through Worms and Ratisbon, toward Constantinople. At Ratisbon he was met by a deputation from Manuel, bearing letters so full of hyperbole and flattery, that Louis is reported to have blushed when they were read to him by the Bishop of Langres. The object of the deputation was to obtain from the French king a promise to pass through the Grecian territories in a peaceable and friendly manner, and to yield to the Greek emperor any conquest he might make in Asia Minor. The first part of the proposition was immediately acceded to, but no notice was taken of the second and more unreasonable. Louis marched on, and passing through Hungary, pitched his tents in the outskirts of Constantinople.

On his arrival, Manuel sent him a friendly invitation to enter the city at the head of a small train. Louis at once accepted it, and was met by the emperor at the porch of his palace. The fairest promises were made; every art that flattery could suggest was resorted to, and every argument employed, to induce him to yield his future conquests to the Greek. Louis obstinantly refused to pledge himself, and returned to his army convinced that the emperor was a man not to be trusted. Negotiations were, however, continued for several days, to the great dissatisfaction of the French army. The news that arrived of a treaty entered into between Manuel and the Turkish sultan changed their dissatisfaction into fury, and the leaders demanded to be led against Constantinople, swearing that they would raze the treacherous city to the ground. Louis did not feel inclined to accede to this proposal, and, breaking up his camp, he crossed over into Asia.

Here he heard, for the first time, of the mishaps of the German emperor, whom he found in a woful plight under the walls of Nice. The two monarchs united their forces, and marched together along the sea-coast to Ephesus; but Conrad, jealous, it would appear, of the superior numbers of the French, and not liking to sink into a vassal, for the time being, of his rival, withdrew abruptly with the remnant of his legions, and returned to Constantinople. Manuel was all smiles and courtesy. He condoled with the German so feelingly upon his losses, and cursed the stupidity

or treachery of the guides with such apparent heartiness, that Conrad was half inclined to believe in his sincerity.

Louis, marching onward in the direction of Jerusalem, came up with the enemy on the banks of the Meander. The Turks contested the passage of the river, but the French bribed a peasant to point out a ford lower down: crossing the river without difficulty, they attacked the Turks with much vigor, and put them to flight. The Crusaders, on the third day after their victory, arrived at a steep mountain-pass, on the summit of which the Turkish host lay concealed so artfully, that not the slightest vestige of their presence could be perceived. "With laboring steps and slow," they toiled up the steep ascent, when suddenly a tremendous fragment of rock came bounding down the precipices with an awful crash, bearing dismay and death before it. At the same instant the Turkish archers started from their hiding-places, and discharged a shower of arrows upon the foot-soldiers, who fell by hundreds at a time. The arrows rebounded harmlessly against the iron mail of the knights, which the Turks observing, took aim at their steeds, and horse and rider fell down the steep into the rapid torrent which rushed below. Louis, who commanded the rear-guard, received the first intimation of the onslaught from the sight of the wounded and flying soldiers, and, not knowing the numbers of the enemy, he pushed vigorously forward to stay, by his presence, the panic which had taken possession of his army. All his efforts were in vain. Immense stones continued to be hurled upon them as they advanced, bearing men and horses before them; and those who succeeded in forcing their way to the top were met hand to hand by the Turks, and cast down headlong upon their companions. Louis himself fought with the energy of desperation, but had great difficulty to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. He escaped at last under cover of the night, with the remnant of his forces, and took up his position before Attalia. Here he restored the discipline and the courage of his disorganized and disheartened followers, and debated with his captains the plan that was to be pursued. After suffering severely both from disease and famine, it was resolved that they should march to Antioch, which still remained an independent principality under the successors of Bohemund of Tarentum. At this time the sovereignty was vested in the person of Raymond, the uncle of Eleanor of Aquitaine. This prince, presuming upon his relationship to the French queen, endeavored to withdraw Louis from the grand object of the Crusade—the defence of the kingdom of Jerusalem, and secure his coöperation in extending the limits and the power of his principality of Antioch. The Prince of Tripoli formed a similar design; but Louis rejected the offers of both, and marched, after a short delay, to Jerusalem. The Emperor Conrad was there before him, having left Constantinople with promises of assistance from Manuel Comnenus—assistance which never arrived, and was never intended.

A great council of the Christian princes of Palestine, and the leaders of the Crusade, was then summoned, to discuss the future operations of the war. It was ultimately determined that it would further the cause of the cross in a greater degree if the united armies, instead of proceeding to Edessa, laid siege to the city of Damascus, and drove the Saracens from that strong position.

Though they all agreed upon the policy of the plan, yet every one had his own notions as to the means of executing it. The Emperor Conrad was jealous of the king of France, and the king of France was disgusted with them all. But he had come out to Palestine in accordance with a solemn vow; and he determined to remain to the very last moment that a chance was left of effecting any good for the cause he had set his heart on.

The siege of Damascus was accordingly commenced, and with so much ability and vigor that the Christians gained a considerable advantage at the very outset. For weeks the siege was pressed, till the shattered fortifications and diminishing resistance of the besieged gave evidence that the city could not hold out much longer. At that moment the insane jealousy of the leaders led to dissensions that soon caused the utter failure, not only of the siege, but of the Crusade. A modern cookery-book, in giving a recipe for cooking a hare, says, "First catch your hare, and then kill it"—a maxim of indisputable wisdom. The Christian chiefs, on this occasion, had not so much sagacity, for they began a violent dispute among themselves for the possession of a city

which was still unconquered. There being already a prince of Antioch and a prince of Tripoli, twenty claimants started for the principality of Damascus; and a grand council of the leaders was held to determine the individual on whom the honor should devolve. Many valuable days were wasted in this discussion, the enemy in the meanwhile gaining strength from their inactivity. It was at length, after a stormy deliberation, agreed that Count Robert of Flanders, who had twice visited the Holy Land, should be invested with the dignity. The other claimants refused to recognize him or to coöperate in the siege until a more equitable arrangement had been made. Suspicion filled the camp; the most sinister rumors of intrigues and treachery were set afloat; and the discontented candidates withdrew at last to the other side of the city, and commenced operations on their own account without a probability of success. They were soon joined by the rest of the army. The consequence was that the weakest side of the city, and that on which they had already made considerable progress in the work of demolition, was left uncovered. The enemy was prompt to profit by the mistake, and received an abundant supply of provisions, and refortified the walls, before the Crusaders came to their senses again. When this desirable event happened, it was too late. Saph Eddin, the powerful emir of Mousoul, was in the neighborhood, at the head of a large army, advancing by forced marches to the relief of the city. The siege was abandoned, and the Crusaders returned to Jerusalem, having done nothing to weaken the enemy, but everything to weaken themselves.

The freshness of enthusiasm had now completely subsided; even the meanest soldiers were sick at heart. Conrad, from whose fierce zeal at the outset so much might have been expected, was wearied with reverses, and returned to Europe with the poor remnant of his host. Louis lingered a short time longer, for very shame; but the pressing solicitations of his minister Suger induced him to return to France. Thus ended the second Crusade. Its history is but a chronicle of defeats. It left the kingdom of Jerusalem in a worse state than when it quitted Europe, and gained nothing but disgrace for its leaders.

(To be continued.)

THE HEEL OF TYRANNY—THE TERRORS OF JESUITISM.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the party reached Berchtesgaden, they dismounted at the door of the inn, where the boys were to pass the night. Refreshments were offered them, but they felt too miserable to be induced to eat. They lay down, as they were desired, on the bed which had been provided for them, with the feeling that it would be impossible to sleep; but in a short time, quite exhausted by the violent and unusual emotion they had undergone, they sunk into profound repose.

The monk, who was their guardian for the present, and whom we will call Father Eustace, looked at them for a moment as they slept, and then turned away with a sigh. Perhaps he thought of their awaking, and, O! reader, do you know what it is to awake for the first time after a heavy sorrow? None of you may have had such experience, but you have all known that waking after a slight trouble is a sorrowful thing, and that may help you to conceive what it is in deeper affliction. The act of disobedience, the temporary loss of a friend or playfellow, even a broken toy, will produce uneasiness which is lost in the slumbers of the night. When you open your eyes, comes first a sensation of pain, you know not why, and by degrees the full sense of your distress, seeming still more acute from the respite which has been so lately granted. What then, think you, must have been the feelings of Rudolph and Hans when the sun shone brightly upon them, and awoke them the next morning after a day so terrible?

Rudolph started up, and looked wildly around. He turned sick when he remembered all, and sank down again in despair. He wondered how the sun could shine that morning; he would rather it had always remained dark; and he buried his face under the rough coverlid with which the bed was furnished, that he might keep out the light a little longer. He hoped that Hans would not awake yet; he would keep still, for fear of disturbing him. But his movements had already effected what he was so desirous of avoiding, and the sobs and tears of Hans soon roused him to exertion. Had he not promised to forget himself, in order to guard and comfort his younger and weaker bro-

ther? If his lips had not uttered such a vow, his heart had when he accepted the trust his father had confided to him; and could he ever forget that moment? The thought made him a new creature. He had rolled himself up a moment ago with a kind of resolution that he would never rise again, come what might; but now he was bending over his brother, and speaking soothing words, which soon made the little fellow's grief less violent.

They were early desired to prepare for their journey. Father Eustace approached them with a kind face and gentle smile, but Rudolph shrank from him with disgust. He was too intimately associated in the boy's mind with the scene of yesterday to be looked upon patiently at present. The father perceived it, and turned away with a sad smile.

The boys did not refuse food this morning, for they were now greatly in need of it. They had many companions in affliction. About twenty children set off with them from Berchtesgaden, and a sad sight it was to witness their departure. Many a bystander dried the tears which he was afraid of allowing to be seen, while he looked at the pale children, and thought of the parents, wandering homeless and friendless, uncertain of the fate of these poor little ones. Some said it was as it should be; the land would thrive when it was freed from the heretics, and the children would be better under the care of the Church, than under that of parents who had forsaken the true faith. But those who said so were but few.

The two boys traveled for some time silently enough, each engrossed by his own sorrow. All at once Hans drew near to Rudolph, and whispered, "I wish we knew where father and mother are gone. Can you guess, Rudolph?"

Rudolph looked at him for a moment, and then said, "I think, indeed I am almost sure I can, Hans; but we had better not talk of them now."

"No, no, I won't; but just tell me this —Do you think we shall ever, ever in our lives, I mean, get back to them?" And here the little boy's lip quivered, and he could say no more.

"Yes; that we shall," answered Rudolph, quickly; then he checked himself—"you know we shall be men some time, and then we can go where we like, I suppose."

There was some comfort in that thought Hans allowed.

"But don't say anything about going back to father and mother, Hans. It is much better that no one should suppose we ever thought of such a thing."

Hans promised silence, and kept his promise. His mind was in some degree relieved, and, with all the volatility of childhood, he began to be amused with the fresh objects which he saw on the way and to form an acquaintance with some of the children of his own age among whom he found himself.

Compared with the situation of many of the poor children who, in other parts of the country, were thus forcibly separated from their parents, that of our young travelers might be looked upon as an enviable one. The presence of Father Eustace secured them from personal ill-treatment, and there were many who, like Hans, could become cheerful, and at times even playful, as they journeyed along.

Rudolph was not of this number. He was older, and he could comprehend enough of the difficulties of the situation in which his father and mother must be placed, to feel seriously uneasy on their account, as well as on his own. He felt convinced that they would make their way to Prussia; but he was aware that the journey was long, and he knew of no resources they possessed to maintain themselves on the way, beyond the charity of the inhabitants of the countries through which they would pass. But he had heard that the inhabitants of Protestant states received and assisted the emigrants with kindness and sympathy, so he comforted himself as well as he could with that reflection. He did not trouble himself to inquire what they would do when they got there. He had been thinking of Prussia as a place of refuge, till he felt he should consider them safe and happy, if he could only know they had arrived in that country. It was some satisfaction to him to think that he too was traveling in the direction of Prussia, for he knew it lay to the north, and the party had kept a northerly course ever since they had set out from Berchtesgaden.

He thought so much about his parents, that he had no leisure to reflect on his own situation, or to conjecture what might be the fate that awaited him and Hans. He had no curiosity to know where they were

going, and would probably have journeyed some time longer without wondering when they were to stop, or noticing any of the places through which they passed, when, on coming in sight of a city much larger than any town he had ever before beheld, he heard some one mention the name of Salzburgh.

Yes; this was Salzburgh! How often had Rudolph heard this town described, and wished to see it, but with no more idea of ever having his wish gratified, than of beholding the far-distant capitals of Paris or Vienna! In some parts of Germany the young men travel far and wide before settling in their Fatherland, but the inhabitants of Berchtesgaden seldom leave their native valleys, and Rudolph had not imagined that he was likely to depart from the habits of his countrymen. Yet now he was at the gates of Salzburgh, and in a short time within its walls. But he viewed all its magnificence—for magnificent indeed it appeared to him—with little interest. Indeed he felt rather relieved than otherwise, when, turning into a retired part of the city, and entering the gates of an inclosure, which seemed the courtyard of a large building, he was told that the journey was at an end.

Hans shivered as the ponderous gate rang behind them, and they found themselves transported from the bright sunshine, and the life and gayety of the streets, to the somber shade and solemn stillness of this cloistral habitation. It was, in truth, an old monastery, which had been hastily arranged as an asylum for the children of the exiled heretics. Here they were to be brought up under the care of Jesuits, and thus their rulers hoped, in some measure, to counteract the evils which would fall upon the land by the loss of so many of its most industrious occupants. Besides this, the Jesuits knew that a more certain way to make men Catholics than tortures and imprisonment was, to instill the doctrines of Rome into their minds while young. They urged, therefore, that to separate these children from their parents, and to instruct them early in the true faith, was a duty, the performance of which would be in the highest degree acceptable to the Almighty.

The dull monastic regularity of the life led by our yonng mountaineers, in their new abode, contrasted strangely with their former habits. Children who had been accustomed to clamber about the mountains with as much freedom as the wild-goat; who had passed the greater part of their time in the open air; and who had never been accustomed to mental exercise, found it irksome beyond measure to be confined to the school-ground for exercise; to be kept for hours entirely within doors; and to be compelled to go through tedious ceremonies, to listen to long prayers, and to be called upon to attend to a course of dayly instruction. Very few showed themselves capable of receiving much intellectual culture, and the greater number were exercised in some manual labor, or encouraged to employ themselves in carving wood, which art still supplies many of their countrymen with a slender subsistence.

Rudolph was one of the few who showed a desire and capacity for mental improvement. His father had taught him to read, a rare accomplishment among the mountaineers of Berchtesgaden, and he applied himself with so much diligence to his books, that he made rapid progress. His talent for music was also noticed, and he received instruction in that art, which was highly prized in the monastery. His industry and ability soon brought him into notice. The fathers—for their teachers were all priests and Jesuits—thought that he would one day be an ornament to their order. Still they could scarcely understand him. He was obedient and orderly, but extremely silent and reserved. He communicated neither with his teachers nor his companions, and appeared to take no interest in anything but his brother. Of him he never lost sight for an instant. If Rudolph were ever so busy, Hans seemed to divide his attention with his book, and in the hours of relaxation he hovered round the boy like a guardian spirit.

There was soon cause for watchfulness and anxiety, for Hans fell ill in the course of the winter, so ill, that Rudolph, who had seen but little of sickness, thought he must have died. Many of the children suffered, as well they might, from so complete a change in all their habits. One died, and Rudolph felt all that awe which the young feel when they come for the first time into the presence of the great destroyer. He thought that Hans might soon be carried away forever, like their

poor little companion, and then how could he meet his mother again, and answer her inquiries for her darling boy? He dared not dwell upon this, it was so exquisitely painful, and he tried to drive the thought away from him; but in spite of all his efforts, it would enter his mind very often.

He now felt their desolation doubly. He could not complain of bad usage. If it had not been for the galling sense of the injustice of which they were the victims, which never vanished from the sensitive mind of Rudolph, he might have felt grateful for much that was conferred upon them. The patient was better nursed and more skillfully treated than he could have been at home, and at other times no one had been used with cruelty. The teachers in the establishment were indeed stern when boys were intractable, but Rudolph had no occasion to complain of them, except when, as was sometimes the case, they descanted to the children on the wickedness of their parents, and of the certainty of these dear relations incurring the divine vengeance for their abominable heresy. Such discourses were intended as warnings, and they did frighten some of the boys, and make them cry. Rudolph only grew angry, for he did not believe one word of all this, and on these occasions he had difficulty in concealing his indignation.

It is true Father Eustace never talked in this strain. He was always kind and gentle; but he was the director of the establishment, and the boys had little individual intercourse with him. Rudolph shrank from him when he did approach, for he felt as if Father Eustace had been in some way the cause of all their sufferings. But, if nobody oppressed them, there was nobody to love them—not a single person in all that large school cared whether they were dead or alive, and Rudolph felt sometimes as if he did not care either.

One day Hans seemed more restless and ill than he had previously been. His fever ran very high for many hours, his mind wandered strangely, and nothing that was administered tended in the least to compose him. Toward evening, however, he sank into sleep, and, broken and disturbed as his slumbers were, they were hailed with thankfulness by his attentive nurse. It was some comfort to Rudolph that he was allowed to assume this office himself, for to have been absent from the patient while in so critical a state would have considerably augmented his distress. This evening he was very tired. He had had little sleep for several nights, and being unaccustomed to watching, and exhausted by anxiety, he was completely worn out. As he knelt by the bedside, with his head resting on his hands, he yielded in spite of himself to the drowsy feeling which came over him, and was soon as profoundly asleep as if he had been in his own bed in his father's cottage. He would perhaps have slept till morning, if he had not been disturbed by his brother's voice, at the sound of which he started up, with a feeling of shame at having neglected his duty. But he was not wanted; another person was attending to Hans at that moment. The director himself stood by the bedside, administering some medicine or cordial to the sick child. He then arranged the pillows, and smoothed the couch, with as much tenderness as the boy's mother could herself have manifested, and with far more skill. As he turned to leave the room, he whispered, "Go to bed, Rudolph, your brother is better, and will soon be quite well. I think he will rest to-night, and I am much mistaken if you do not find him a different person to-morrow." He laid his hand on Rudolph's head, gave him the customary blessing, and glided away.

The father was right; Hans awoke the next morning quite himself, though very weak and languid. Rudolph felt almost happy all the day, so great a load was taken off his heart by this amendment. Hans passed a comfortable day, and when the director, who had been too busy to visit him before evening, entered his room, he was again fast asleep.

Rudolph received Father Eustace with a smile. It was the first time the priest had ever seen one on the boy's face, and he smiled too, as he seated himself by the patient's bedside. "I was a true prophet," said he, in a low voice, after looking for some moments at the sleeping boy; "he is much better to-night; a few days will quite restore him."

Rudolph looked up with a countenance expressive of grateful joy.

"You love your brother very much, Rudolph," said Father Eustace, with such an expression of tenderness in his worn features, that for a moment Rudolph's pre-

judices vanished, and he felt that he had a friend by his side, instead of one by whom he had been most cruelly wronged.

"Love him!" answered he, and his tears fell as he spoke; "indeed—indeed, sir, I do! you cannot tell how much I love him!"

"Yes, Rudolph, I think I can," returned the father, with a smile. "I too had a brother," continued he after a pause, "a brother who was as dear to me as Hans is to you. I too watched beside his sick bed, longer than you will watch, I hope; but I never saw him rise from it: he died in my arms, and I shall see him no more, till we meet in a better world above."

Rudolph looked interested, and his tears flowed from sympathy. After awhile, he said, "But you could do without him better than I can do without Hans; you had a father or mother, or some friend left, I daresay, and I have no one but him."

"No, Rudolph, he was the last. Father, mother, wife, and child, (for I was once a father myself,) were all gone, and my poor Victor and I were left, all in all to each other. I was nearly old enough to be his father, and I loved him with the love of a father and of a brother too. I worked for him and with him, and looked forward to the day when he should fulfill the promise of his youth, and be numbered among the great and good of the earth. Vain thoughts! vain hopes! the grave closed upon him, and I was indeed alone!"

"O how did you bear it?" cried Rudolph; for the feelings of brotherly affection which they experienced in common had created confidence between the lowly scholar and the dignified director, and all awe of the former for the latter had vanished in sympathy with his sufferings. "What did you do after such a loss?"

"As soon as I could feel that it was God's doing, and that I ought to submit to his chastisement, I dedicated myself to his service, and endeavored to devote the love, which had before been lavished upon one, to the welfare of all my brethren."

"And who are they?" asked Rudolph.

"Does not our religion teach us that all men are our brethren?" returned the priest.

"Then we are your brothers?"

"Surely, my son."

"You act to me and Hans now like a brother or a father," said Rudolph; "but O!" and here his voice choked, and the old feelings rose in his mind, "why did you take us from our parents?"

"Why did I compel this poor child to drink a bitter potion?" returned the priest. "Was it not for his own benefit? If I had not possessed resolution to inflict upon him a momentary suffering, he would have been still tormented by pain and fever, instead of enjoying this quiet slumber."

Rudolph could not see that the cases resembled each other. He thought that no good, but a great deal of misery, had resulted from snatching them from their parents, and driving those parents from their homes, friendless and unprotected. He could not help saying something of what he felt.

"Beware, my son," said the father, with some degree of severity; "you talk of what you do not understand. It is your duty to submit to what the Church decrees; mine to obey her commands. Let us fulfill our appointed tasks, without murmuring because they are so hard."

Rudolph had too much respect for the director and too little command of argument to make further answer; but he did not feel that it was the duty of any one to commit injustice; and he could not believe that any power on earth had a right to deprive him of the protectors given him by God himself. Perhaps his countenance betrayed something of his feelings; for Father Eustace said no more just then about the authority of the Church. He had heard his father say, that all things worked together for good to those who loved God; and, hard saying as that had often seemed, now that his heart was softened by mercy, Rudolph felt that it might be true—true even for him and his parents. He was happier that night than he had been for many weeks; and, after bidding the director good night, was soon fast asleep.

It was not so with Father Eustace. He retired to his cell; but a large portion of the short space of time which he allowed himself for repose elapsed before he lay down upon his pallet. He paced restlessly about the narrow room, his head sunk on his bosom. At length he stopped, and raising his eyes, they accidentally fell on a picture of the Virgin, which was the

only ornament of that simple apartment. It was one of the most beautiful productions of the Italian school; for Father Eustace was a man of rare taste and knowledge in the arts; and, when he gave up all worldly luxuries, he had reserved this as an appropriate addition to the furniture of his solitary cell. He had placed his lamp in a niche of the wall, where its light fell full on the face of the Madonna. Her eyes, just raised from the child on her knee, met his. They had been accustomed to look full of love and encouragement, now their expression was that of grave reproach. They seemed to lay to his charge the grief of children, the despair of parents, and to forbid his approach to the mother of the Redeemer with a conscience burdened with so great a weight of human anguish.

"What could have been done?" muttered the priest; "the Church had no choice but to snatch these innocents from their heretic guides, or consign them to everlasting destruction—to cleanse the land of the corrupted sheep, or to give it up as the heritage of Satan."

"Do not evil that good may come," seemed to be uttered by the lips of the Virgin Mother, in solemn answer to his appeal.

He covered his face with his hands as he murmured:—"Illusions sent by Satan to withdraw me from my allegiance to the Church. God help me, or I too may become a heretic!" And he turned away from the remonstrances of reason and conscience, those guides given by God for our direction, as if they had been temptations of the evil one.

Father Eustace was a man of great conscientiousness, lofty powers of reason, and earnest piety; but, from his earliest childhood, he had been accustomed to consider the authority of the Church as identical with that of God; and, therefore, to believe it his duty to submit implicitly to her decrees. Reason and conscience were thus compelled to bow to the decisions of popes and bishops; but they would at times make themselves heard, and hence arose a struggle in the mind of Father Eustace, to which a less sincere or a less penetrative mind would have been a stranger. Perhaps none of the victims of this iniquitous persecution suffered more than this man, though he was one of its instruments. He was too humane to contemplate even necessary and inevitable suffering without pain, and, in spite of his habitual reverence for the authority in obedience to which he saw children snatched from their parents, and parents driven from their homes, doubts would at times intrude as to the rectitude of such proceedings. But these doubts were hastily banished, instead of being entertained and examined. He was accustomed to regard them as the reluctance of his own weak and sinful nature to perform a painful duty, perhaps even as the suggestions of the tempter, and they were scrupulously confessed and sincerely expiated. Only after prayer and penance, and not till exhausted by watching and anxious thought, did he lie down to rest this night. Perhaps it was the weakness which he consequently experienced that made him feel that his life could not be long.

"It will soon be over," he said to himself, "this time of doubt, of error, and of fear. In thy kingdom there will be nothing but truth, light, and love. There I shall be restored to those blessed saints, of whom these precious relics are but the sad memorial. Lord, hasten the hour of my departure!"

The priest's relics were three locks of hair. One was a long, black, shining curl; one fair and silky, and so fine and short, that it must have been cut from an infant's brow; the other, a thick tress of a rich chestnut brown. Father Eustace kissed them tenderly, as he returned them to the receptacle, and placed them beneath his pillow.

CHAPTER V.

Hans soon recovered; for children of his age, possessed of a good constitution, speedily rally when disease is once subdued. Perhaps he looked less rosy and plump than he used to look at home; but he was strong and cheerful, for he had become more reconciled to his condition, and pined less for his parents. Rudolph, now that his anxiety was at an end, sank back into his quiet reserve, busying himself with his books, and holding little communication with any one except his brother. He was kind to all the children, particularly to the younger ones, being ever ready to do a kind action, and to comfort those in distress. He spoke to no one of the thoughts with which his

mind was continually filled. It might be that he knew not whom to trust, or that he would not involve any one in the trouble which the schemes he already began to revolve in his mind might bring upon himself. At any rate he was silent, except upon the most indifferent subjects. He never alluded to their former life, nor spoke of their parents. If any of the others referred to the past, he turned the conversation into another channel as soon as possible.

Ever since the illness of Hans, Father Eustace had watched Rudolph with peculiar interest. He thought he recognized great qualities in the boy, which, by cultivation, might make him a useful member of the Jesuit order, if he could be induced to dedicate himself to the Church. The father sincerely believed that this was the worthiest calling to which man could devote himself; and that by endeavoring to lead the boy to embrace it, he was promoting his temporal and eternal welfare.

The other instructors were far from feeling the predilection for our young friend which was entertained by the director.

"It is all very well," said Father Matthew, a fat, comfortable-looking priest, when his superior was one day praising Rudolph's industry;—"it is all very well to be industrious," and he shrugged his shoulders; "but I would rather see a boy docile, and ready to be instructed, than always poring over books, and never listening to the wholesome doctrine which we are willing to teach him."

"Have patience," returned the director; "the time will come, I doubt not, when he will gratefully receive your instructions. Until time has in some measure effaced his earlier impressions let him take his own way to improve himself."

"If he really is improving himself," said the other, "it will be all very well; but I do not like this presumptuous seeking after knowledge. It is a way to heresy. I fear, indeed, young as he is, he already entertains some of those cursed opinions. We are slack in our duty. We ought to investigate this matter, and purge his mind from these abominations."

"Let him alone," was the answer; "continue to minister to him with care and tenderness, and, depend upon it, our faith will be better recommended to his young mind by these means than by anything you could do to force him to embrace it. What is he studying so intently?"

"It is a map," returned Father Matthew; "he is always poring over maps and charts: it is a strange fancy! Of what use can such knowledge be to him? When I was young I was satisfied with such information as fitted me to perform the holy offices without seeking after learning that could never profit me."

The director had no difficulty in believing the worthy father's statement. He could scarcely restrain a smile as he answered, "Be assured God never gives a talent in vain. Some measure of curiosity and enterprise was perhaps necessary to aid the burning love which has led our missionaries into savage lands, and among savage people, to save a ruined race. There they work the work of angels! Would to God my lot had been cast with theirs!"

Father Matthew opened his eyes wide with astonishment. No man could have more to say about the torments of martyrs and the sufferings of missionaries than he; but he possessed little of the courage and self-denial which could make a man either the one or the other, and he could not comprehend the wish to exchange the ease and security of the cloister for the labors and perils of the wilderness. He did not understand that, to a mind like that of Father Eustace, such scenes as those in which he had been compelled to bear a part in Salzburgh were more terrible than hunger, thirst, or the many other sufferings of the desert.

Meanwhile they had approached Rudolph, and the director bent over him to observe the object which so completely engrossed his attention. A map of Germany was spread out before him. His finger followed the course of the Salza till it joined the Inn; then traced the latter river onward to the town of Passau, where it unites with the Danube. Here it paused.

"Behold, Rudolph," said the director, and the boy started at his voice, and colored deeply when he found himself observed—"behold the effects of union. The Salza and the Inn are, separately, insignificant rivers, but, united, they form a noble stream. The Danube is com-

paratively inconsiderable till it receives their united waters, but, increased by these tributaries, it rolls on, a mighty river, bearing on its ample bosom ships laden with merchandise, and enriching the lands through which it passes with the benefits of commerce. Thus our brotherhood, strong in union, has borne the waters of salvation to many an arid land. Who would not be a tributary to such a stream?"

Father Eustace traced the course of the Danube, and gave a short account of some of the countries through which it passes. Rudolph listened attentively, but with something of embarrassment.

"You are fond of geography, Rudolph," said he. Rudolph answered in the affirmative. "If you like to read accounts of foreign countries, I will lend you some books written by our missionaries in America. They have traveled far in those distant regions, and as they have the knowledge and ability to describe what they see, it is to them principally that we are indebted for what information we possess of the provinces they have visited. How would you like to travel so far from home?"

Rudolph answered, as probably most boys would have answered such a question, that he did not know. He thought to himself that the countries through which he wished to travel were not so far distant. However, he thanked the director, and said he should like much to read the promised books.

"There is something wrong," observed Father Matthew, with a sapient shake of the head, as soon as they turned away; "did you see how he colored, and how confused he looked, when you spoke to him?"

"Not unnatural in a boy of his age, when so suddenly accosted by his masters," returned the director.

"Well, well; we shall see, we shall see!" said Father Matthew. And with this prophecy, of the fulfillment of which there could be no doubt whatever, the conversation closed.

CHAPTER VI.

It might be supposed, from the wording of Father Matthew's prediction, that its signification was somewhat indefinite: but it appeared that the worthy father himself was by no means of that opinion; for, one evening, when Rudolph and Hans did not appear at the cloister, after having been sent an errand, he exclaimed, "I always said it would be so!"

It was many months since he had uttered the profound observation with which our last chapter closed, and with the lapse of time the boys had obtained a greater degree of liberty than they had at first enjoyed. Indeed, the elder ones were now employed in performing those offices which in monastic houses generally fall to the share of lay-brothers; and this, leading to their being absent from the cloister for several hours at a time, rendered their condition less monotonous. Rudolph had that day been sent on a distant expedition, and had requested that Hans might be allowed to accompany him. Father Matthew had at first refused; but he always withheld his permission at the first asking, having the idea that saying No kept up his authority. However, he consented just before Rudolph left the house, and Hans went. When the names of the boys were called over at night, neither he nor Rudolph was there to answer. And now all was excitement and conjecture. Late as it was, the director dispatched messengers to the place whither they had been sent, for he feared that an accident might be the cause of their nonappearance. Father Matthew raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head—signs which, like his former prophecy, might be interpreted hereafter according to the event. If he had any conjectures at all concerning the absence of the boys, they were very vague. Some suspicion of their being spirited through the air by demons or witches, with both of whom all heretics were in league, floated through his imagination. That they had voluntarily fled, with no abettor but their own will, and no aid but in their own energy, was a notion which never entered his head for an instant. He would never have dreamed of such an undertaking himself; how, then, could he attribute it to others?

Nevertheless, thus had they departed; and if the good father could have taken a peep at them just then, he would have seen them in the hollow of a rock, about thirty miles distant, which they had chosen for their resting-place for the night. He would have pitied them, too; for of warmth, food, and all the other comforts which are indifferent to none, and which

certainly formed an important item in his estimate of human happiness, they then possessed but a very moderate portion. There they were, crouching over the fire which they had kindled as much for the sake of its cheerful appearance, as for protection from the cold and damp of the night air. It seemed a little less lonely as the wood blazed and crackled; and, tired as they were, they looked about for more sticks before it was quite dark, in order to keep the fire up until they could go to sleep. Then they ate their supper. It consisted of a scanty supply of dry bread, which Rudolph had brought with him, and which he had been for some time saving from his dayly allowance in preparation for his intended flight. He took the precaution of reserving a portion of his store for breakfast, so that the share for the evening meal was not sufficiently large to detain them very long at supper.

When it was finished, they sat for some time by the fire, for, although very tired, they were not so sleepy as they had been at their noonday rest. Hans was a little nervous; he was a very timid child, and did not like spending the night in this lonely spot, with no one near but Rudolph. He started when a large moth flew by, attracted by the flame; and when an owl hooted at no great distance from the place of their encampment, he inquired anxiously what that noise was. Rudolph endeavored to divert his thoughts by talking; but, as is common when people try to make a conversation, he could find very little to say. He wondered what would be said at the cloister when they were missed. This seemed to interest Hans, for he took up the discourse at once.

"How Father Matthew would stare!" he said, "and how he would send the boys to look about for them in all manner of unlikely places;" that was to say, when he really comprehended they were missing, for it was always a long time before Father Matthew could comprehend anything. Hans thought of the poor priest, with his fat face expressive of bewilderment, as he had seen it sometimes with less cause, till, tired as he was, he laughed outright.

"Don't laugh, Hans," said Rudolph; "I can't bear to think of our going away as we did, although I could not help it."

"What do you mean?" asked Hans.

"Why, it seems deceitful to undertake their errands, and then to run away instead of doing them; and I wish I could have got away by any other means," said Rudolph.

"I don't think you had much choice about undertaking the errand," said Hans; "and I am sure we are not bound to obey their commands when we can avoid it: they have no right to order us—no right to take charge of us at all."

"I know that," returned Rudolph; "and I believe I have done right in contriving to escape, and go in search of father and mother. But, though I have told no lies, I have kept my intentions secret, and done my best to prevent their being suspected; and there is something false in that. I would rather it had been otherwise."

"You need not trouble yourself about it," said Hans, stoutly; "you have done nothing wrong, I am sure. Ask father when we see him."

"I wish I could ask him," sighed Rudolph.

"Do you think we shall be followed to-morrow?" asked Hans.

"I think they will search for us in different directions, and we shall certainly be in more danger of discovery than we have been to-day. They would not expect us back until this afternoon; then they would wait some time before they made any inquiry, thinking we might be loitering—if they remembered anything about us. But to-night we shall be missed, and to-morrow, most likely, we shall be sought; so we had better avoid the high roads, and make the best of our way early in the morning."

"Surely, surely, they won't overtake us!" cried Hans.

"O, no, I don't think there is any danger of their finding us among the woods and hills; but we had better lie down and go to sleep, for I should like to awake very early, and be off again."

"There is no use in lying down just yet, Rudolph; I cannot go to sleep. Just tell me this—What made you take such a sudden fit as to set off to seek father and mother this morning? Did you ever think of it before?"

Yes, Rudolph said, he had thought of it, and intended it ever since they entered the cloister; he had only waited for an opportunity to escape. Hans was astonished. Whatever he thought about, he very speedily communicated to somebody

else, and he could not imagine how any one could keep his designs locked up within his own bosom.

"Then I suppose you were thinking of this when you walked about sometimes, taking no notice of anything about you, and the boys used to say you were asleep with your eyes open. But you might have told me; I would never have said a word."

Rudolph did not feel so sure of this, but he answered, "It would have done no good; you would only have been very uneasy if I had."

"Well, perhaps so. I daresay I should have felt as if everybody knew all about it, and was continually watching me. But why did you not set off before? We might have got away two months ago."

"We should not have found it very agreeable to have passed the night here, so early in the season," said Rudolph; "it is chilly enough as it is, and we shall have many more such lodgings before we reach Prussia."

"Shall we?" said Hans; and his face grew a little longer.

"You know I told you, Hans, that we should have many hardships and much fatigue to go through; but the morning was so fine, and you were in such high spirits, that I am afraid you did not pay much attention. Perhaps you would not have consented to come, if you had?"

Yes, Hans thought he should; but walking on a fine spring morning, before they were so very tired, and passing the night in a place like this, were two very different things.

"Well, you will be rested in the morning, and the sun will shine again, I hope; so lie down on the dry leaves, which really make a very good bed, and try to go to sleep."

Hans did sleep before Rudolph, for the latter had now that feeling of care and responsibility on his young mind, which is so much more effectual than cold and fatigue in scaring away "tired nature's sweet restorer." He had taken the first step toward the execution of the design, which had filled his whole soul from the fatal day when he was deprived of liberty and home. There was no daring back now. Whether baffled or successful, he must take the consequences of his boldness, and so must Hans—a thought which greatly increased his anxiety. That they should be overtaken, he would not believe. The other and more cheering view of the case had enough of anxiety in it. He had some idea of the extent of the countries between him and the Baltic, and he knew that the greater part of them must be traversed before his object was effected. Then how was he to find those whom he sought, even should he reach the promised land in safety.

Thanks to Rudolph's ignorance and inexperience, he did not perceive all the difficulties that lay before him; and, thanks to his youth and buoyancy, hope was as strong within him as in any child of fortune whose future is most promising. Still he watched the night-clouds, and listened to the night-wind, long after the light breathing of Hans announced that he had sunk into slumber; and when he did sleep, he journeyed forth in imagination, beset with hinderances, which sometimes made him start so as to provoke an impatient expression from his companion, who crept as close to him as possible for the sake of warmth and shelter.

When they awoke in the morning, their limbs felt stiff and painful, from the exercise of the day before, as well as from the damp and cold of their out-of-door resting-place. They finished the fragments of their bread and cheese—a slender breakfast upon which to commence a day of toil—and then set out again. It would seem strange to most travelers to undertake a journey with such a slender knowledge of the country as was possessed by our young adventurer. The only means he had of directing his course was by a route he had marked out for himself on the maps over which he was so fond of poring. He had determined to make his way to Passau, (a town on the Bavarian frontier,) and then to cross at once into Bohemia, where, at any rate, they would feel secure from again falling into the hands of their enemies. Had they dared to travel on the high roads, and to ask information as they went along, the design of reaching Passau would not have been difficult to put into execution; for Rudolph had taken care to inform himself of the names of some of the places through which they must pass on their way thither. But while in the neighborhood of Salzburgh, it would have been dangerous to ask questions. The only thing to be done this day was to strike across the country

as nearly as possible in the same direction as the road which led to Lauffen, the nearest town, and the place which, had they dared to enter it, would have been the terminus of that day's march. It was so early when they started, that Rudolph thought they might venture to keep along the high road for an hour or two, without any risk of encountering travelers. The only thing they met was a wagon, and, as they had perceived it at a distance, they crept into some bushes, and hid themselves until it had passed. At sunrise they turned from the road; and now the difficulties of traveling began in good earnest. Besides the uncertainty of their course, they encounted many obstacles: tangled woods to be pressed through, steep precipices to be descended, rapid streams to be forded—all which hinderances would have been avoided if they could have kept the beaten track. They toiled along, however, in tolerable spirits, till, to his great dismay, Rudolph discovered that he had lost every trace of the way. He had labored to keep the high road in view, and, by climbing a hill or a tree from time to time, he had managed to stear his course in the same direction for awhile. But now every trace of it had vanished; nor was there a path of any kind to be seen. They had arrived at a wild, heath-like plain, with no trace of cultivation as far as the eye could reach. All that could be done was to keep a northward course, and this Rudolph did, to the best of his power, by observing the position of the sun.

They walked on, until, quite exhausted by fatigue and hunger, they sat down on the grass to rest. Hans began to cry. In the irritation which his exhausted state produced, he forgot all his hopes of again seeing his parents, all the confinement and other hardships from which he had escaped, and only mindful of his present sufferings, could not refrain from blaming Rudolph as the cause of his trials. "I am so tired," he whimpered, "and my feet are so sore. I can't walk any more, I'm sure; and I'm so hungry, too, for I had not half enough to eat at breakfast. I wish we had not run away, Rudolph; we had plenty to eat at the cloister, and we shall be starved to death here. It's all your doing."

Poor Rudolph! his heart was full enough before, for anxiety of mind and fatigue of body had exhausted his strength and enfeebled his nerves, and this reproach was more than he could bear. He covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

Selfish and querulous people are sometimes recalled to reason by the effect of their own hasty and unreasonable words. Hans now remembered that Rudolph had suffered quite as much as he, and had, moreover, contented himself with the smaller share of supper and of breakfast, and had given up the warmest sleeping-corner, in order that he might be more comfortable. When he thought of these things, he felt that it was unfair, by unkind words and reproaches, to add to his brother's hardships, and immediately tried to soothe him, to the best of his power.

"Do n't cry, Rudolph, do n't cry! I did not mean to say that; but what are we to do? Pray, tell me!"

Rudolph soon recovered himself.

"I told you, Hans, before we set off, that we should have all this to bear," said he; "but I was afraid you did not think much about it."

"I suppose I did not know what it was," said poor Hans.

"I suppose not, and I am almost sorry we came away, since you find hunger and weariness so hard to bear. But there is no use in thinking of that now; here we are, and we must do the best we can for ourselves, without looking backward. Sit still and rest, while I go to the top of that little hill. I will look out if there is any sign of a house, and if so, we must make the best of our way to it, and ask for help. Be sure not to go away from this place before I return."

Hans promised to remain where he was, and while Rudolph went away to reconnoitre, he proceeded to inspect his inflamed and blistered feet with a considerable degree of tenderness and compassion.

Arrived at the top of the hill, Rudolph looked eagerly and earnestly around, but to no purpose. He could discover no trace of human habitation, and with a heavy heart returned to the spot where he had left his brother. He shook his head sadly, in answer to the look of inquiry with which Hans greeted him.

"What *shall* we do?" inquired the latter.

"We must go on until we come to some house or village," was the answer.

"I can't go just yet, Rudolph, I am

so very tired, and my feet are so sore. Just look at this blister," said Hans, piteously.

"Well, we will wait a short time and rest," answered Rudolph; so Hans stretched himself on the grass, and was soon fast asleep. Rudolph was too weary to watch long, though he had intended to keep awake, and rouse Hans after a brief repose. His eyes grew heavy as he lay gazing on the wide heath, and sleep surprised him before he was aware of its approach.

They both slept profoundly; they did not know how long; but when Rudolph awoke, he was roused from a terrible and distressing dream, which seemed to have endured for hours. He thought he and Hans were benighted on their journey, and that, O horror! they were pursued by a pack of hungry wolves, from whose destructive jaws it seemed impossible to escape. He heard the bark of the creatures near; he felt their breath on his face, and started to his feet in such an agony of terror, that at first he scarcely knew where he was, or what was the matter.

There was a bark, however, of that he was certain; and he rubbed his eyes to assure himself that the animal, which seemed almost as much startled as himself, was nothing but a friendly dog. A hearty laugh behind him caused him to turn his head. A stout, good-humored-looking countryman was approaching, apparently much amused by the rencontre.

"So, Waldmann, old fellow," he said, as he drew near, "you bolted as if you had started a goblin from the grass; and you, youngster, asleep at this time of day on the open heath! What are you doing here?"

Rudolph muttered something about being tired with walking, and having lain down for awhile to rest.

"And where are you going?" was the next question.

"To—to—to Passau," answered Rudolph, in a very hesitating manner. He had forgotten that such questions as these must be put to him, and had not decided how they were to be answered.

"To Passau!" rejoined the countryman; "that's a very long way from here. You hardly thought of reaching Passau in this day's journey, I should think. Where are you making to for the night, for it is drawing near sunset, and this is no place to put up at?"

"We have lost our way," said Rudolph, "and I scarcely know where we are, or which way to go for a shelter."

"You must have lost your way, indeed, or you would not be here," said the stranger; "but take my advice, and be moving. I can guide you across the common by a better road than you can find for yourselves. Wake up your comrade, and come along with me."

When Hans was awake, it was difficult to make him exert himself. His feet were more swelled and painful for this temporary repose, and the sensation of hunger had become still more intolerable. He wept bitterly as he limped along, and their new friend rallied him a little, and called him a chicken-hearted traveler. Hans was in no condition to bear a joke, and his tears flowed the faster.

"He is hungry and tired," said Rudolph, in excuse for his weakness; "we have been walking since sunrise, and we have scarcely eaten a mouthful to-day."

"Poor little fellow," said the countryman, "we must mend that, if we can. But where have you come from, that you are found here rambling, where there is neither path to guide nor house to shelter you, instead of keeping along the high road as other travelers do?"

Rudolph paused a few moments, then he spoke the truth—he came from Salzburgh.

From Salzburgh! and going to Passau! What was their business in Passau?

Rudolph answered, that they intended to go into Bohemia to join their parents, who had gone before them.

The man looked sharply at them as he heard the last words.

"It is strange," he said, after a moment's pause, "for your parents to leave such boys as you are to travel alone." Perhaps he observed Rudolph's embarrassment, for he added, "May-be there was no help for it; many have left Salzburgh of late without their own good-will, I fancy. Well, well," he continued, with the air of a man who wishes for no further explanation, "you must go home with me for the night. If you were fresh and able, you might reach the next village before dark, but you will hardly manage it in your present condition."

Rudolph was very grateful, for he felt

as if he could not have gone much further without rest and refreshment. He expressed himself warmly.

"Say no more about it," was the answer; "but hark ye, let me tell your tale for you to my good wife. You don't seem very well able to give an account of yourselves."

Martin Schmidt had his own reasons for this request. He had a wife whom he was accustomed to consider a very clever woman, and a wonderful manager, and who certainly far outshone himself in the homely virtue of prudence. Margot was upon the whole a good-natured and well-meaning person, but she held, as a fundamental maxim of her morality, that charity begins at home. Personal sacrifices for the sake of husband and children she was ready enough to make, but she did not conceive it to be incumbent on herself or Martin to help other people, when it could only be done by some infringement on the well-being of their own family circle. Not many days back, Martin had got into disgrace with her for giving away half their last loaf to a wayfarer, before the children had got their supper; and a short time before, a quarrel having taken place between a rich and powerful neighbor and a poor and insignificant one, he had been guilty of the still less pardonable delinquency of interfering in favor of the weaker party.

"Martin Schmidt," she said to him on this occasion, "thou art a fool! What matter is it to thee who is right or who is wrong? But it will matter, if thou makest thyself an enemy who is powerful enough to do thee mischief."

Knowing this trait in the good woman's character, Martin was very anxious that she should not suspect, as he himself did, that his young guests were connected with the banished heretics. Indeed, the rigor which was exercised toward all who befriended those unfortunate people was enough to excuse some backwardness in offering help to any supposed to belong to them. But prudent doubts never entered the head of Martin Schmidt, when his heart was touched by the sight of suffering. He took Hans by the hand, helped him over the rough places in the road, and so cheered both the boys with his hearty voice, that they performed the hour's walk which remained better than might have been expected. They crossed the heath, and entered a forest, with every track of which their guide seemed perfectly acquainted, for he led them through its most tangled mazes with as much security as if there had been a beaten path. It was growing dark when Waldmann gave a bark, which was answered by a merry shout from young voices, and a sudden turn brought them to the door of a cottage, the abode of the woodcutter; for such was the calling of our friend Martin.

"Here's father! here's father!" cried his children, and they clung round him so as to prevent for a minute his entrance at the open door.

"Bless the little fools, one would think their father had never been out of their sight in his life before," said the good man; and kissing first one and then another, he contrived to make his way into the house, where he was received by the housewife with a salute so warm as to leave no doubt that his absence from home must have been longer than usual. "O, Martin!" cried she, "I 'm right glad to see you back again, so many things want looking after. But whom have you here?" she inquired, as soon as she was aware that Martin was not alone.

"Only two lads, who are going to Lauffen, and have lost their way in trying to make a short cut across the heath," answered Martin, carelessly; "we must take them in to-night. They 'll do the same for me when I travel their way, I have no doubt."

Hospitality is a virtue of which there is no lack among the German peasantry, and though, perhaps, Margot would rather her husband had returned alone, a feeling strengthened by a rapid calculation of the contents of her larder, she received her unexpected guests with tolerable courtesy, while the children greeted them with a hearty and boisterous welcome.

There was plenty of supper for everybody, and never did epicure relish the most luxurious repast more than the hungry boys the coarse bread and cheese which Margot placed before them for the evening's meal. When they had finished, Hans became so drowsy, that he was soon glad to betake himself to the bed which his hostess had prepared for him and his brother beside the stove, and Rudolph was nothing loth to follow his example.

Margot remarked that they seemed very tired. Where could they have come from,

to look so travel-worn? Her husband accounted for it by their having lost their way, and she asked no more questions. To do her justice, Margot was not curious about other people's business. Her own was too intensely interesting to her to leave time for speculation upon that of her neighbors.

"Poor things," she merely remarked, "I hope they will be rested in the morning, and ready to start again."

The morning came, and, in spite of his weariness, Rudolph was stirring as soon as his host, and ready, at an early hour, to take his departure. Not so Hans. He slept so soundly after the unusual toil which he had undergone, that not all the efforts of his brother could rouse him to exertion. He did not seem to comprehend what was required of him, and fell back into a heavy slumber as soon as Rudolph desisted from shaking him, and calling on him to rise.

In spite of her wish over-night, Margot's heart filled with pity as she looked upon the weary boy. "Let him alone; let him lie," said she; "he will travel all the better for another hour's rest."

"Yes, yes; let him lie," added her husband; "he must be sadly tired, to sleep in that way."

Rudolph acquiesced, but unwillingly, for he was so anxious to proceed, that any delay seemed intolerable to him. But when he reflected how much better Hans would be able to pursue his journey when thoroughly rested, he thanked the kind people heartily, and agreed to wait an hour or two without disturbing him. Meanwhile, was there nothing he could do to make himself useful to his kind host and hostess? He received an invitation to accompany the woodcutter to the forest, and assist him in his occupation. This proposal was gladly acceded to, and leaving Hans to the care of Margot, they set out together.

As they walked and talked, honest Martin forgot the prudent restraint which he had determined to put on his curiosity, and soon found himself making rapid progress in the confidence of his young acquaintance. Something about the boy interested him, and he could not avoid showing it. Interest and sympathy were so new to Rudolph, he had felt so much need of them lately, that they lured his secret from him, and it was not long before his host was in possession of all his little history. He detailed his past sufferings, and his schemes for the future, and ended by asking advice how to proceed in his unndertaking.

It was difficult to advise in an enterprise so desperate. The most immediate danger, however, was that of detection, and the generous woodcutter recommended that the boys should remain in his house for a day or two, suggesting that the search (should any be made for them) would most probably be over by that time, and that, meanwhile, in so secluded a retreat they would be almost certain to escape observation.

Rudolph saw how much this plan would be to his advantage; but, nevertheless, it was not altogether agreeable to him, so impatient did he feel to press on toward the Bavarian frontier. Martin's arguments, however, reconciled him to the proposal, and when his last scruples were removed, by the assurance that his labor for the next few days would fully compensate for the expense of his own and his brother's maintenance, the matter was settled. We say it was settled, for, in spite of his respect for his wife, and his pliability in matters of no consequence, when once he had made up his mind to any step, Martin was not to be moved by her most eloquent remonstrances. Nevertheless, words, airy as they are, produce an effect even on the most stolid, a class to which our friend Martin by no means belonged, and we must excuse him if he devoutly hoped that his better half would remain in ignorance of the true character of his guests, and if he framed a reasonable excuse for detaining them, by declaring that he had found Rudolph a valuable assistant, and that he had engaged him to assist in executing an order for wood, which he could not accomplish by himself in the given time. This was true as far as it went, and Martin was chuckling over his little stratagem, in the full belief of its entire success, while Hans, the luckless Hans, was busy in the cottage overturning it completely.

Hans was one of the most luckless, and at the same time one of the luckiest, urchins that ever made a mother's delight and a mother's torment. No boy of his age more frequently rent his clothes, upset earthenware, or, in fine, was guilty of a greater number of domestic delinquencies

than Hans; and yet no other boy made more friends, got out of every trouble more easily, or, upon the whole, led a merrier life than he did. If he lost his dinner, some one gave him another; if he fell, some one picked him up; if he offended his parents, some one was at hand to intercede for him, and make his peace. His fortune was true to him this morning; as usual he made a blunder, but, as usual, he made a friend. He awoke from his heavy slumbers rested and refreshed, and after breakfast was completely himself. He and the children of the cottage were soon at play, and as Margot looked at them every now and then from her wash-tub, she felt, though she did not put the feeling into words, that the happy party made as pretty a group as the eye could rest upon. But, though a painter might have contemplated it sometimes with satisfaction, the good housewife could not. Idleness she held in the most utter contempt and abhorrence, and play of all kinds she considered but as a form of idleness, only to be tolerated in the mere baby members of the family. She always repeated, that even children might be useful, and she soon interrupted the amusement by calling upon them to perform several little tasks about the house which were suitable to their age and strength. Hans, always good-humored and ready, made himself very useful; he had been accustomed to help his mother at home, and it was pleasant to him to fall into the same kind of life again. Margot grew quite interested in him, as she listened to his merry voice, and looked into his laughing eyes. As he moved about, she observed that he still limped a little.

"Your feet are sore yet, my boy," she said, compassionately; "you have been sent a long way on an errand."

Hans started, and colored deeply.

"Who told you we were sent on an errand?" asked he.

"Why, what ails the boy? one would think I had charged him with theft! I suppose people do not walk so as to make their feet sore without something to go for. Your father and mother have sent you to Lauffen for something or other, have they not?"

"They did not send us," answered Hans, grave enough now, and much embarrassed.

"O, they sent you to Salzburgh—it is the same thing—and they live at Lauffen, do they?"

"Where?" asked Hans, for he troubled himself very little about the names of the places on their way, and he had forgotten that this was the town to which they were supposed to be journeying.

"At Lauffen, where you are going; are your father and mother there now?"

"I don't know," was the unexpected response to this last question.

"Don't know where your own parents are!" cried Margot, with a hearty laugh.

She little thought how true this answer was! It seemed to her very strange, and his manner was so different from the frank, open ease with which he had before conversed, that her curiosity was excited, and she questioned him further. Hans was little able to dissimulate, and his secret escaped him. As soon as Margot comprehended that she was aiding and abetting two of the children of the exiled heretics to escape from the guardianship of the Church, she stood mute with amazement and horror. Then she dried her hands, went to the cottage-door, and called out, "Martin!" A moment's reflection apparently reminded her that Martin, far away in the forest, was not likely to hear her voice, for she returned and resumed her employment, but with such an air of trouble and vexation, that poor Hans was in despair at the effect of his mistimed confidence. He implored her not to betray them; and, now that no other further mischief could be done, told her in his childish way all their history. As she listened, she unconsciously forgot her own risk in compassion for the parents bereaved of their children; the children snatched from their parents, and wandering friendless over the wide world to seek them. It was well that her feelings had experienced this revolution before the return of her husband and Rudolph to dinner; for though, when she heard Martin's plan, she did not fail to inform him of what she had learned from Hans as an indisputable reason why the boys should be no longer detained; yet, when she found him quite determined, she entered into his views more cordially than might have been expected. She already knew so much, that there was no reason why complete confidence should not be placed in her; so Martin represented how they might save these poor boys from much peril by shel-

tering them for a day or two, and how small a risk they would themselves incur, seeing that it was extremely improbable that any search would be made in so remote a situation, to which the merest chance alone had directed the fugitives.

Danger often bears a more formidable aspect when viewed from a distance than when fairly confronted face to face, and Margot was astonished to find that she could go coolly about her usual occupations with two of the proscribed and persecuted sect actually under her roof. However, she did not altogether lay aside her native prudence. She stipulated that the boys should not remain in the cottage during the day; and this was a proposition too reasonable to be objected to. Hans could at any rate help to bind up fagots, so he was to accompany his brother to the forest; and, as Martin's eldest boy begged to be allowed to go also, the arrangement was tolerably satisfactory to all parties.

The few days of their stay passed very quickly; and sorry, indeed, was every member of the juvenile party when they were over. Martin had not been idle in the interval. He had made a journey to the nearest town, and had gained some information respecting the route to Passau. He had also contrived, by means of some Jew merchants with whom he fortunately met, to procure clothes for the boys, such as were worn by the Bavarian peasantry, in exchange for their own; which, having been supplied at the cloister, were rather remarkable, and likely to lead to observation. As might be expected, the change was for the worse with respect to the quality of the habits; but that was a price willingly paid for the additional security.

Happily Rudolph had contrived to bring away his flute, and Martin recommended him to assume the character of a wandering minstrel, and to make that profession the plea for his journey and a means of support. He good-naturedly warned them against being as free with their confidence to others whom they might encounter on their journey as they had been to him. Rudolph promised to be careful. He was better prepared now than he had been in the hurry and apprehension of their flight, uncertain which way to turn, or where to look for guidance and shelter. Martin had provided for their first night's entertainment in a place of security. He had spoken to a cousin of his who kept a little inn at a village about seven leagues on their way, and she would take them in for his sake, and give them a bed and a supper. "She was well-to-do in the world," he said, "had plenty of everything, and, what was better, was a good woman, and ready to give to those who had nothing."

On the morning of the sixth day they set out. It was like the departure of a vessel from a friendly harbor, to tempt once more the uncertain ocean. Rudolph and Hans felt equally sad when they caught the last glimpse of Margot's kind countenance and the children's tearful faces. The woodcutter accompanied them through the forest. When he had brought them to the road, he repeated his directions for their future progress, and announced that he must return. With broken voices the boys said, "Good-by." Hans cried outright, and Rudolph had to exercise all his self-command to restrain his sobs. With desperate resolution he took his brother by the hand, and once more muttering some broken expressions of gratitude and farewell, hurried onward.

Martin stood upon the hill on which they had parted, and watched them till they were quite out of sight.

"God help them, poor young things!" said he to himself, as he walked homeward; "they have a long journey to make in a rough world, and a forlorn hope at the end of it!"

As he thought of all they must endure, and of much that they might have to suffer, his step grew slower, and his countenance still more grave. Once he seemed about to turn and recall them. But he shook his head, and muttered, "It would be of no use, even if I had plenty, and could afford to keep them; that boy would not give up his design, if he might live like a king."

With a sigh he once more committed them to the care of the Almighty, and pursued his way homeward with a quicker step. There was a saying, which he had heard either from a pious priest or from one of his heretic acquaintances, (for he, too, had known some of the members of the persecuted Church,) which came to his mind, and which comforted him:—"Providence must have brought me to them," said he, "and they will surely find others whose hearts will open to them; for it is doubtless true, he does 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb.'"

VIEW OF SINOPE.

SINOPE BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE.

SINOPE, the name of which may hereafter awaken in the heart of the poet or historian only melancholy echoes, like those of Chios, Janina, and Navarino, notwithstanding its extraordinary topographical situation, with its inclosure of ramparts, and imposing monumental mass of the Acropolis, which crowns it, in 1847–9 appeared to be one of the most peaceable and quiet of provincial towns. The brilliant capital of the kingdom of Pontus and of Mithridates, which was regarded by the Romans, even, as a place of importance, is now a decayed city. Its population, consisting of about three thousand Turks and fifteen hundred Rayas, (subjects of the Porte, but not Mussulmans,) has no resources beyond the construction of a few merchant vessels, and the chance trade which may be brought by the steamboats plying between Constantinople and Trebizond. The Turks and Greeks enjoy an exalted reputation for idleness, supported by an annual consumption of brandy, at an almost incredible expense. In every quarter of the town there are numerous cafes. There is scarcely an attempt at agriculture; though in the few cultivated spots to be met with, the soil appears exceedingly fertile. The port of Sinope is, however, the best on the Anatolian coast; its buildings are so firmly founded as to defy the winds and waves. We saw four beautiful brigs in its dock-yard, which dock-yard, by-the-way, was so celebrated, that the Prince de Joinville visited it about fifteen years since, expressly to examine its construction. It is now only used for the imperial marine.

From the elevated summit of the Cape

Bos Tepe, (ox's head,) which terminates a low and narrow isthmus, Sinope presents a most unique appearance between two gulfs which seem ready to submerge it,—the most western being incessantly agitated. The eye wanders over immense tracts covered with the cypress, the nettle-tree, laurels, olives, and pomegranates. The metallic cupolas, minarets, and tiled roofs, gleam, like conservatories, from amidst the dense foliage of the landscape. Upon the quay where the dock-yard is situated, and in its neighborhood only, signs of business animation are visible. In a right angle with the head of the cape, before mentioned, extend a double line of ditches and high Byzantine walls, flanked with numerous towers, the most important of which are at the two extremes. From the interior, the city is bounded and overlooked by an elevation, covered with fortifications, disposed in an irregular square. The extent and the magnificence of these works, with the formidable *kale*, (castle, acropolis, citadel,) produces a remarkable effect, recalling, by its surprising resemblance, the palace of the Popes of Avignon. A large esplanade is here seen, supported by beautiful arches, forming a perfect semi-circle. Among the numerous inscriptions, several of which contain the names of Adrian, Germanicus, and Antoninus, we noticed one seldom met with, in the Turkish language, with its translation in Greek. The Greek characters are those of the fifteenth century, during the last years of the Byzantine empire. In a niche, at the summit of one of the towers, the inhabitants display, as the founder of Sinope, a completely disfigured bust, which is the object of innumerable superstitions among them. All these works of defence, with their numerous square towers, of the most primitive appearance, are composed of curiously heterogeneous materials. It would be difficult to find a stone which does not bear indubitable marks of having been previously used. One stratum is constructed entirely of shafts or columns, in the form of drums turned upon the side; the next alternates with pedestals and chapiters. Here and there projects a bas-relief, a sarcophagus, a tauribolium, a frieze, a fragment, a relic perhaps; and all these various matters are disposed pell-mell, without any attempt at arrangement, forming a perfect archæological museum, where each article is labelled with an inscription more or less explanatory, though frequently entirely incorrect. It is easy, however, to perceive that most of them belong to the Greco-Roman epoch. This style of building, or rather of reconstruction, is very common, indeed almost invariable where the Turks have succeeded to the lower empire. All these bristling walls, bastions, and formidable towers, are, however, quite unguarded except by a single sentinel. Dismounted cannon, useless from rust and decay, may be seen on all sides, beneath the briers and thistles of the square, which is in the care of a half-phantom sentinel—a poor invalid gunner. There was no garrison, but a kind of national militia, centering in Sinope and its environs. An official permission was, however, quite indispensable for gaining access to these ruins, surmounted with their warlike panoply.

The principal mosque, *Bayuk Djami*, possesses an immense court, or rather cloister, which is the most poetical retreat for the meditative traveler. The center is occupied with a minaret, in the ordinary style, a gigantic cypress, and a charming fountain, covered with a pavilion of wood and tiles. From time to time, some ascetic mollah, the familiar genius of the mosque, or a female hermetically veiled, crosses the inclosure, gliding over the moss-grown flag-stones so noiselessly as to leave the flocks of pigeons undisturbed, which everywhere in Turkey are recognized as public pensioners. One of these mysterious figures once accosted us with every manifestation of cordial sociality. It was the mufti of the place, a charming old man, eighty years of age, who seriously believed in the efficacy of the amulets, which he distributed for the cure of fevers, and worse—fleas. He boasted of having distributed more than twelve hundred in the course of a year. Opposite one of the openings of the court is an admirable door of marble, from a more ancient mosque which was destroyed by fire. It is one of the purest and most precious specimens of oriental art. The elegance of its style, the exactness of its proportions, and the accuracy of its carving, render it worthy to be regarded as a classic of its kind, and as deserving of study as the Parthenon. Like all the productions of the Turks at their most prosperous epoch, it presents exclusively the Persian and Arabic elements.

COSTUMES OF THE WOMEN OF SINOPE. HALIL-BEY, SON OF THE KAIMACAM OF SINOPE. GREEK FEMALE COSTUME.

The original foundations of the city, which according to tradition were upon the inner declivity of the cape, beyond the Greek quarter, are now occupied by some Turkish residences. A cicerone (what locality has not its cicerone?) wished us to see the portrait of Mithridates in a fragment of coarse Byzantine fresco. Having requested a view of his not less celebrated compatriot, Diogenes, he incontinently directed us to some other ruins of the lower empire, called *palladia*, the palace, where we were, however, utterly unable to discover any documents upon the cynical philosophy. Higher up are the remains of the water reservoirs, covered with a semi-circular arch. Then comes a little mosque attached to a *turbe*, or funeral chapel, where is seen the tomb of a Khan of Crimea. Some plane-trees, a beautiful brook, and a cafe, make this a delightful resting-place. At the highest point of the Bos Tepe stands an abandoned *turbe*, in which we found an ass looking through one of the windows with all the melancholy gravity of his race. To the west, along the sea-coast, nothing but rocks are to be seen; while the east presents beautifully fertile lands, unmarked, however, by the slightest sign of cultivation. Toward the north, upon the highlands, the heavy rains which fall during the inclement season unite in a depression of the earth and form a lake, favorable for hunting ducks and bustards. The hunter, provided with bait, conceals himself under small huts covered with earth. The east, on the opposite, is bounded with volcanic steeps, producing, however, a luxurious vegetation. Quite near, another Turkish village, famous for its *caimac*, (the cream of curdled milk,) occupies the depth of a shady valley. The number of brooks found in each locality is prodigious. Strabo, who was a native of the neighboring village of Amasia, speaks of the remarkable reservoirs excavated for fish on the margin of the sea, traces of which are yet perceptible. Fragments of monuments and utensils are everywhere discovered, mingled with human bones. It is difficult to believe that Sinope has ever extended beyond its present site.

The outdoor costume of the Greek females interests your curiosity. It consists of a kind of a cossack, invariably of a sombre color, the ridiculous shape of which is by no means relieved by the white handkerchief encircling the head. Brides are adorned, during the nuptial ceremony, with a heavy square miter, *tarbouch*, of red velvet, attached to a cloth *cafetan* of the same color; the *toute ensemble* is ridiculous. This cannot be said, however, of the ordinary indoor costume, the elegance of which may be seen in the illustrations presented. Their jewels are extremely expensive, and moreover of real value; as the girdle clasps, sequins, bracelets, &c., are generally specimens of true art, and the coins are of unquestionable antiquity. A young girl often wears a complete collection of *sassanides*, or of *arsacides*. The most eager numismatologist frequently finds it impossible to purchase these objects, their owners believing them possessed of talismanic virtues, besides their value as genealogical certificates.

Quarantine is established in the Greek quarter, under the direction of a European physician; and here reside the Russian and Austrian agents, the correspondent of the mail-packets, and even the kaïmacan, or governor of the province, whose administration extends over eleven districts, with the assistance of as many *mudirs*.

The taxes are regulated in a singular manner in Turkey. They are rated by a company of Armenians, who keep a *saraph*, or banker, with the kaïmacan. Everything is, however, performed by the Turkish functionaries, to the great benefit of the Armenian financiers. All these countries have recently been organized under the present relation. Sinope had only quite lately submitted to the new arrangement, its inhabitants having always claimed exemption on account of their direct descent from the first conquerors. A short time since it was in arrears for four years' payment. The province of Djida, among others, has been one of the most refractory. In 1843 or 1844 the governor of Costamboul took passage in an English steamer, with his harem, for the neighborhood of Ineboli. As the vessel neared its destination the captain fired a salute to prepare the inhabitants for the arrival. A report spread immediately that it was an expedition of tax-gatherers. Several hundred men armed themselves to oppose their landing, until it was explained that they had nothing to fear from these inoffensiv females and domestics.

During our stay we were entertained by the kaïmacan of Sinope, whose affectionate hospitality cannot be sufficiently praised. His young son, Halil-Bey, a spoiled child, was induced, by the reward of numerous cigarettes, to sit for a sketch in his Albanian costume, which is regarded in the east as the fashionable one, *par excellence*. The lower floor, in which our lodging room was situated, was used also as a warehouse. Half a score of worthless blackguards disturbed our nights incessantly with their noisy and drunken revelries. Three murderers had been among their number for eighteen months, whose sentence had been delayed from time to time under various pretexts, (thanks to favor in the right quarters,) they meanwhile enjoying the most perfect liberty. Whatever the crime may be, Turkish justice proceeds with a slowness which often entirely changes the anticipated results.

The kaïmacan never failed during our stay to invite the Russian vice-consul to dine with us; indeed, he was a man every way agreeable to him, aside from politics. The management of our knives, forks, and other gastronomical utensils of the Franks, was, however, singularly embarrassing to him, and unfortunately his greediness generally rendered them useless.

The environs of Sinope abound in magnificent forests of building wood, which is transported either by buffaloes, or launched from the summit of the cliffs to the sea, where it is shipped to St. Siman. Cloths of Costamboul, goats' hair, hemp, nuts, maize, and tobacco, constitute the principal articles of export. The trade in leeches, which is very important, is entirely monopolized by Europeans. At Alatcham, one of the most favorable points for the culture of tobacco, we found the most perfect exhibition of the nature and manners of these countries. The chief of the place, a magnificent Osmanli, still more magnificently dressed, overwhelmed us with the eagerness of his simple curiosity. Never had we excited such astonishment. At meal-times especially, the windows and doors were quite darkened with the crowd of heads assembled to witness our knife and fork performances.

The country between Sinope and Trebizond should be traversed with rapidity, as most terrible fevers are prevalent. Several villages are entirely deserted during the summer on this account, among others, Fattah, Ordon, and the banks of the Thermeh. A peculiarity of these fevers is the uncertainty of their intermittances; the third attack generally proves fatal.

Such was Sinope as seen before the late battle. The story of the modern tragedy associated with it is a very brief one. In the latter end of November, 1853, the Turkish squadron, consisting of six frigates, four steamers, and a corvette, under the command of Osman Pacha, took shelter, from stress of weather, in the road of Sinope. A Russian squadron, of somewhat superior force, having perceived them there, blockaded them, and, at the same time dispatched a steamer to Sebastopol for a reinforcement. In answer to the arguments of his second in command to endeavor to force their way out, as doubtless might then have been done, Osman is said to have replied only by a larger puff of the fragrant weed, and the further observation that there was but one Allah, and Mahomet was his prophet, seemed to his mind to divest the dilemma of all danger. So stood matters until the morning of the 30th November; that day was ushered in with fog, but about ten, A. M., the mist lifted like a curtain, and showed to the Turks six line of battleships bearing down upon them, while frigates and steamers hovered outside. How that deadly fight commenced, and how it was fought, we, though on the spot, can gather but little intelligence; but for the result there can be few spots darker, even in the blood-stained chronicle of Turkish history. One steamer only escaped to tell the tale; escaped with her cable shot away and several men killed and wounded. Of the rest there remains but sunken wrecks and shattered hulls; fourteen vessels, two or three, no doubt, merchantmen, are at this moment visible from our deck. The Turks themselves, when they felt that all hope had passed, blew up three ships; and the gallant second in command is believed himself to have fired the magazine of his own frigate. The formidable batteries so much talked of are three in number, containing thirteen guns, three or four of which were not fired, and it is more than likely their shot never touched the Russians at all, though four thousand shot are calculated to have been discharged at one of them. Of four thousand sailors,

who saw the sun rise on that November morning, at the very lowest computation two thousand eight hundred will never again see sunset. The inhabitants of the Turkish quarters of Sinope rose and made their morning prayers to Allah and his prophet without fear of their future; evening saw their homes and their mosques a mass of blackened ruins. Only one prisoner, Osman Pacha himself, a maimed and disgraced man, was retained to adorn the triumph of the Muscovite. The next day the Russian admiral, after having repaired damages, sailed on his return to Sabastopol, leaving with the Austrian consul, in justification of his conduct, a note, eminently displaying that combination of craft and force which forms so dangerous an element of the national character. This Austrian consul, however, frankly confesses his knowledge of the battle to have been extremely limited; one of the first shots, he says, killed his servant maid, whereupon he retired to the cellar, where he prudently remained till the carnage was over.

The master of the "Howard," of Bideford, England, which vessel was sunk by some stray shots, told us that he ran three miles into the country and took refuge in a tree before daring to look round, whence he only descended to be robbed and stripped by the Turkish soldiers who had escaped. Besides the spectacle of twelve wrecks in various parts of the bay, the shore itself for many miles is strewn with masses of confused masts, sails, ropes, and the varied remains of the shattered vessels; a corvette lies with half her deck above water, near the shore; her guns, some of them still loaded, might be recovered, as well as a great part of the valuable spar and copper with which the strand is lined. The inertness of the Turkish character renders it very unlikely that any such steps will be taken;* the only signs of activity in the place are the shipwrights at work on a screw frigate near the landing place, which the Russians, for some unknown reasons, have spared. She is to be named the Oldenitza, in honor of the Danubian victories. More terrible than all other sights is that of the little mounds of sand, marked only by a piece of wreck wood at the head and the feet, which met us at every step along that fatal beach; too often, too, would the sound of human feet startle the dogs, the vultures, and the crows, from their sickening banquet. In fact, the number of unburied and half-buried bodies, generally black and naked from the effects of the explosion, induces us to believe that but slight efforts had been made to bury them before our arrival. None could have looked on that carnage-strewn shore and wished to see another such; many must have remembered the words of the poet; all unconsciously have felt their truth:—

> "When all is past, it is humbling to tread
> O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
> And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
> Beasts of the forest all gathering there;
> All regarding man as their prey—
> All rejoicing at his decay."

Some idea may be formed of the violence of the explosion of the Turkish frigates, from our finding an anchor, weighing, with the stock, nearly seventen hundred weight, upward of two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and at least a quarter of a mile from the ship from whence it had been thrown. The maker's name was on it, "Abbott, of Gateshead," who probably little guessed its strange destiny. It was picturesque, though melancholy, to see the Turkish women, covered with a long white vail, or rather linen skirt, reaching to the hips, and concealing every feature except the eyes, sitting in groups of twos and threes among the ruins, silently mourning over their shattered household gods. If addressed, they showed no disinclination to enter into conversation, if conversation it can be called; the word "Muscove" was quite sufficient interrogatory to unloose their tongues; and then, with tears and lamentations, they would describe in terms unintelligible to us the catastrophe; bang, bang, and a rapid waving of the hand to denote (as I suppose) the spread of the conflagration, comprehended almost the whole of our intelligible conversation with these white phantoms. Once, indeed, in the Greek town, which was but little injured, some women insisted on our entering a house with them, where they showed to us, with much lamentation, a young woman who appeared partially idiotic, and informed us by signs that she had been in that state ever since the cannonading of the Russian force.

* Since writing this, most of the corvette's guns have been recovered.

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The article on Sinope will be interesting to our readers for the information it gives respecting one of the most memorable scenes in the present Turkish struggle. We are indebted for its material chiefly to *L'Illustration*, of Paris, and *Fraser's Magazine*.

The *London Art Journal* commends highly König's pictures of Luther's life, which we are now giving our readers. It says: "To our tastes the work is one of the most interesting additions to the illustrated literature of the day that we have seen for a long time. Of the artist, Gustav König, we know little, but he is unquestionably a man of genius. He is, we believe, a native of Coburg, though long resident in Munich; some years since he was commissioned by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg to paint a series of pictures representing remarkable passages in the history of that illustrious family, and also of events connected with the Reformation in Germany. These pictures were intended to adorn the palatial residence of the Duke, at Reinhardsbrun; and it is not improbable that the series of designs for the "Life of Martin Luther" were suggested by the commission for the "Reformation" pictures, though we do not think they formed any portion of them. König has evidently adopted Kaulbach as his model, and a higher he could not have taken from the modern German school; such a selection is at once a proof of his discrimination and his pure taste."

A correspondent reminds us that as the tables of contents, now on the inside of our cover, are not bound up with the semi-annual volumes and our indexes do not include the names of contributors, the bound volumes contain no trace of the authorship of articles. We shall hereafter obviate this defect by naming the source of our contents in the semi-annual index. It is too late now, however, to do so with the present index.

We must again remind our correspondents that they must keep copies of MSS. which they wish to preserve, and not expect us to return rejected articles. The rules of the editorial craft have long since settled that a demand for the return of rejected communications is inadmissible. So superabundant are such articles with most editors, that to return them would be a task of almost endless labor and perplexity. We are under great obligations to our numerous correspondents; but we must beg them to have the forbearance to allow us the privilege of the above rule.

President Olin.—A late number of the *New-Englander* contains an able article on the late Dr. Olin, remarkable as much for its catholic spirit as for its good sense. "The moral features, and the remarkable variety of Dr. Olin's history," says the reviewer, "render it one of profound and pleasing interest,"—a verdict which we think most readers of his biography will find not exaggerated.

The reviewer alludes to Dr. Olin's views and experience in reference to the question of Christian Perfection. The biography affords a considerable amount of epistolary evidence on the subject; and yet the reviewer, with unquestionable honesty, concludes that "the evidence in this memoir does not convince us that he himself thought that he had attained and maintained a state of entire sanctification, but convinces us rather of the contrary." We have not had leisure to retrace the evidence alluded to fully; but the reviewer has made a mistake in his rendering of a conversation of President Olin, which is given from our own notes; and if similar misapprehensions affect his other references, the fact will readily account for the error of his conclusion. "According to Mr. Stevens," he says, "Dr. Olin attained that state of entire sanctification, when abroad, soon after the death of his wife, before 1840, &c." Our note of the conversation is accurately quoted by the New-Englander, as follows:—

"It pleased God, he added, 'to *lead* me into the truth. My health failed, my official employments had to be abandoned; I lost my children, my wife died, and I was wandering over the world alone with scarcely anything remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost, myself, in God. My affections centered in him. My will became absorbed in his. I *sunk*, as it were, into the blessing of his perfect love, and found, in my own consciousness, the reality of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted.' 'Through the remainder of his career,' says Mr. Stevens, 'he lived in the spirit and power of the great doctrine of holiness. He saw the simple, perfect standard of evangelical holiness; he perceived that neither himself nor the Christian world had generally lived up to it; he gave himself entirely to it by laying his whole being on the altar of consecration, where he dayly kept it by faith and watchfulness.'"

The reviewer errs in constructing our language in such manner as to make the phrase, "wandering over the world alone," imply that he was then in his European travels, and that the time was "*soon after* the death of his wife." This was not our design; the statement is brief and rapid to be sure, but it no more implies that it was "soon after the death of his wife," than that it was soon after the death of his children. Broken in health and disabled for labor, Dr. Olin wandered alone over our own portion of the world as well as Europe, seeking restoration in the resorts of invalids. Our conversation with him as reported in his biography dates in 1845.

We have now before us a letter of President Olin which was accidentally omitted from his biography, but which throws a more positive light on this question than anything yet published. It is as follows:—

"TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

"MIDDLETOWN, *September* 20, 1844.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have heard from you several times of late, though indirectly, and was happy to learn that your health is no worse than it has usually been these several years past. That has been bad enough; but we are accustomed to it, and can feel no special apprehension so long as you continue tolerably comfortable. Still I hardly know what event could give me so much pleasure as your restoration. I do not expect to see that change, but it would relieve me of a fear which has often pressed heavily upon my feelings. Let God order that matter as he will. It is an unspeakable comfort to me that you are his child, so that

the worst cannot be regarded a great calamity. I could wish, if it please God, to detain you for some time from heaven; but a sorrowing heart must soon find relief under grief, the cause of which is that a beloved friend has taken up his eternal abode with Christ.

"There we shall doubtless meet at last. I never felt my evidence more clear. Indeed, my religious experience for the last two years has been full of consolations and free from doubts. I am not sure that I ever wrote to you my whole mind on this subject, though a marked change has occurred in my feelings and views. I am at least a full believer in our higher doctrines in regard to Christain attainments, and I sometimes say to my intimate friends that I have great comfort in believing that I have been made a partaker of this grace. Doubtless God's will is even our sanctification, and we offend no less against our own high interests than against his most gracious designs when we rest below the best attainable position in religion. I do not for a moment allow myself to doubt that the great plan of redemption provides for a perfect work here below. I can take no view of the gospel which tolerates lower views. I cannot preach the gospel in any other light. I dare not limit God, and least of all in his favorite work of abrogating sin. The postponement of this chief end of religion till the article of death, has in the Scriptures just as much and just as little countenance as the purgatory or the mariolatry of the Catholics. I trust the day is near when our Church will bear a clearer testimony on this subject. It was the peculiarity of early Methodism. For nearly the last half-century, little has been said about it in this country. Now the doctrine is reviving again. With it will come many blessings—great power and grace. Dear brother, if you may have failed to obtain clear and satisfactory experiences in this matter, seek unto him who giveth freely, liberally and upbraideth not.

"It has been a grief to me that I have been unable to visit you this year. The thing was impossible, and so not to be thought of. I am now to go to Boston on my begging mission. It is hard work and irksome withal; but I must submit to it, or the University will go down. I have, therefore, no option, and every other plan must yield to duty. Thank God, my general health has continued to improve. This is the best summer I have had in twenty years. If you regret as I do my inability to visit you, you will rejoice at the cause. I must work while this brief unexpected to-day of health lasts. Rest will come soon enough in heaven."

This is very clear and positive; we see in it no hesitancy except that diffidence which Christian modesty and humility would naturally give to the possessor of any virtue.

That this advanced state of Christian experience is attained, in rare instances at least, is, we believe, admitted by most writers on the subject. The New-Englander appends to its discussion of the subject a suggestion which we quote:—

"There is one practical thought which should find expression here. Dr. Olin undoubtedly held and taught the doctrine, that entire sanctification may be aimed at with hope, because it is sometimes attained in this life. We have no idea that it ever did him any harm. We rather think that it did him good, and helped him onward in his religious life. Now who in view of the illustration of the practical influence of this doctrine which we have in Dr. Olin, and in our Methodist brethren generally, has any reason to be frightened at its tendencies, or to denounce those who believe and teach it? And yet, this is precisely the doctrine for the belief and teaching of which our good brethren at Oberlin have had to encounter suspicion, denunciation, theological odium, and ecclesiastical ostracism. Is it not time that this thing was not only abandoned, but regarded with shame and penitence?"

We were not aware before that "this is precisely" the charge of heresy against Oberlin.

With the above slight critical difference from the article in the New-Englander, we cannot but give our hearty commendation of the generous tone of its notice of this distinguished Methodist. The example can hardly fail to contribute to a more magnanimous and charitable temper in the mutual criticisms of religious bodies among us. Of Olin as a man and a preacher, the writer speaks with a noble emphasis:—

"Thus departed this great and good man, the greatest man of the Methodist Church in this country, and one of the greatest men whom this country has produced. From the beginning of his career he was eminent. He was eminent as a student; he was eminent as an instructor; he was eminent in the power to influence students and to inspire them with enthusiasm; he was eminent in the power of devising and executing plans of wisdom; and, above all, he was eminent in the power of influencing minds by the tongue, 'the glory of our frame.' His *forte* was in preaching the gospel. Here, we think, he had no superior in his day. And, if he had been blessed with health, we doubt whether he would have had an equal. We had the privilege, some years since, of hearing him preach twice; and we know, by our own experience, that the accounts we have quoted from this memoir of the impressions made by his sermons are not extravagant; and we can easily believe that auditors would hear him preach for two hours and more, without any abatement of interest, and without being aware of the lapse of time, for it was so with us. There was nothing like ranting, or rhetorical extravagance in his discourse. He read his text, closed his Bible, laid it one side, and began, in a plain and quiet manner at first, sending forth thought after thought, pertinent, comprehensive, profound, yet lucid and even simple; and all poured out through such channels of sensibility as to reach, and carry, and often overwhelm the heart. He had the real celestial fire of sacred oratory."

—

Horam Coram Dago.—Burns, it will be remembered, is the author of the following strange lines, "Written in a Wrapper, inclosing a Letter to Captain Grose," &c.

"Ken ye aught of Captain Grose?
Igo et ago,
If he 's among his friends or foes,
Horam, coram, dago."

It is not very likely, however, that this should be the first appearance of this "burden," any more than of "Fal de ral," which Burns gives to other pieces both before and after this. It may have a meaning, (as one has been found for "Lilliburlero," &c.,) but we should think it more likely to be sheer *gibberish*.

In Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, Edinburgh, 1829, is a piece beginning—

"And was you e'er in Crail toun?
Igo and ago:
And saw ye there clerk Fishington?
Sing, *irom, igon, ago.*"

—

Progress.—It is astonishing what progress our mere mechanical improvements are making beyond the limits of European civilization; independently of the higher, the political and moral agencies of the times, they promise to dispel soon much of the hoary barbarism of the East. Within twelve months of the present time, a railway will be completed from Ostend to Trieste: letters, passengers, and parcels, will then occupy little more than two days from the shores of the British Channel to those of the Adriatic; four days more will take them to Egypt, and, by the aid of the railway from Alexandria to Cairo, now rapidly advancing, they may within thirty-six hours be afloat on the Red Sea, and in twelve days thereafter be safe in Bombay, or within three weeks of their leaving London. Within this date the electric telegraph, now preparing to be laid across the Mediterranean, will have reached Suez;

and the four thousand miles of wire, which have already reached Calcutta, will connect every great town in India with the port of Bombay; so that, before the year 1856 expires, England will have communication by electric telegraph in ten or eleven days' time with every part of India, and by steamer and rail from Bombay in twenty-one. From India these improvements will ramify all over the East—they will extend over China—they will be lines of light, shining brighter and brighter till the old darkness flees away, and a homogeneous civilization covers the lands, and that civilization will be Christian. Thus Providence is pressing not merely the moral but the mechanical powers of the time into his service, for the speedy renovation of the world. What will not a hundred years from to-day bring forth?

—

How beautiful is the following by Ebenezer Elliot, the famous Corn-Law Rhymer of Sheffield—the man who labored with his hands, not ashamed to earn his bread by honest industry, while in his hours of rest he found amusement in the composition of some of the most vigorous and original poetry our language can boast.

God, release our dying sister!
Beauteous blight hath sadly kiss'd her:
Whiter than the wild, white roses,
Famine in her face discloses
Mute submission, patience holy,
Passing fair! but passing slowly.

Though she said, "You know I'm dying,"
In her heart green trees are sighing;
Not of them hath pain bereft her,
In the city, where we left her;
"Bring," she said, "a hedgeside blossom!"
Love shall lay it on her bosom.

—

Lessing says:—"The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours: above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker."

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A Caustic Hit.—Piron, the French author, was on one occasion obliged to appear before a Parisian magistrate, (whether in the character of a witness, prosecutor, or prosecuted, is not known,) who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession:—

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"O! O! a poet, are you?" said the magistrate: "I have a brother who is a poet."

"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

—

Hazel-eyed Girls.—Major Noah said that "a hazel eye inspires at first a Platonic sentiment, which gradually but surely expands into love as securely founded as the Rock of Gibraltar. A woman with a hazel eye *never slopes from her husband*, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an entertaining, intellectual, agreeable, and lovely creature." "We never knew," says a brother editor, "but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose which looked, as the Yankee says, like the little end of nothing, whittled down to a point." The gray eye is the sign of shrewdness and talent; great thinkers and great captains have it. In women, it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance, as well as in its beauty. The blue eye is amiable, but may be feeble; the black—take care!

—

Echo Poetry.—The following historically interesting specimen of echo poetry is translated from the French. It is a good counterpart to the specimen we lately gave. The original publication exposed the publisher, Palm, of Nuremberg, to trial by court-martial. He was sentenced to be shot at Braunau in 1807—a severe retribution for a few lines of poetry. It is entitled,

"*Bonaparte and the Echo.*

Bon. Alone I am in this sequestered spot not overheard.
Echo. Heard!
Bon. 'Sdeth! Who answers me? What being is there nigh?
Echo. I.
Bon. Now I guess! To report my accents Echo has made her task.
Echo. Ask.
Bon. Knowest thou whether London will henceforth continue to resist?
Echo. Resist.
Bon. Whether Vienna and other courts will oppose me always?
Echo. Always.
Bon. O, Heaven! what must I expect after so many reverses?
Echo. Reverses.
Bon. What? should I, like a coward vile, to compound be reduced?
Echo. Reduced.
Bon. After so many bright exploits be forced to restitution?
Echo. Restitution.
Bon. Restitution of what I've got by true heroic feats and martial address?
Echo. Yes.
Bon. What will be the fate of so much toil and trouble?
Echo. Trouble.
Bon. What will become of my people, already too unhappy?
Echo. Happy.
Bon. What should I then be, that I think myself immortal?
Echo. Mortal.
Bon. The whole world is filled with the glory of my name you know.
Echo. No.
Bon. Formerly its fame struck this vast globe with terror.
Echo. Error.
Bon. Sad Echo, begone! I grow infuriate! I die!
Echo. Die!"

It may be added that Napoleon himself, (*Voice from St. Helena*, vol. i, p. 432,) when asked about the execution of Palm, said:

"All that I recollect is, that Palm was arrested by order of Davoust, I believe, tried, condemned, and shot, for having, while the country was in possession of the French and under military occupation, not only excited rebellion among the inhabitants, and urged them to rise and massacre the soldiers, but also attempted to instigate the soldiers themselves to refuse obedience to their orders, and to mutiny against their generals. I *believe* that he met with a fair trial."

—

Combing the Peruke.—Combing the peruke, Sir John Hawkins informs us, at the time when men of fashion wore large wigs, was even at public places an act of gallantry. The combs for this purpose were of a very large size, of ivory or tortoise-shell, curiously chased and or-

namented, and were carried in the pocket as constantly as the snuff-box. At court, on the mall, and in the boxes, gentlemen conversed and combed their perukes. There is now in being a fine picture by the elder Laroon, of John, Duke of Marlborough, at his levee, in which His Grace is represented dressed in a scarlet suit, with large white satin cuffs, and a very long white peruke, which he combs, while his valet, who stands behind him, adjusts the curls after the comb has passed through them."

—

IMPROVING THE PSALMODY.—Somebody says, that a down-east chorister set some music of his own to Watts's psalm, in which occur these lines:—

"O let my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Calling upon his pastor, who had more music in him than was supposed, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines, which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had proposed. He proposed to read them as follows:—

"O let my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face, but maintained his gravity as well as he could; he said he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so; and the pastor, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner these lines:—

"O let my heart go diddle, diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his parody, retired, and will probably for the future sing the psalm as it stands.

—

A FOP.—Mr. Stark, in a lecture recently delivered before the Young Men's Association at Troy, thus humorously describes this pasteboard specimen of humanity:—

"The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to the remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailor's bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles; but it is evident the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heel. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of materials, to put five dollars' worth of beaver on five cents' worth of brains."

—

CHATEAUBRIAND AND WASHINGTON.—When Chateaubriand visited America, in the year 1791, he had a single interview with Washington; and in recurring to this event, he, many years afterward, exclaims, "There was a virtue in the very presence of that great man that has warmed my soul to goodness for the remainder of my life!" If such an effect can flow from a brief acquaintance with a mortal, how great must it be with the eternal Fount of Greatness!

We have received the following interesting communication from our Eastern correspondent:—

BOSTON LETTER.

Chickering and his Pianos—Extent of his Business—His Life—Gleason—His Success—Fine Arts—The Publishers—New Books—Mercantile Library Association—Items.

ONE of the most conspicuous objects now, in the southern portion of the city, is the lofty quadrangle of buildings erected by the late lamented Chickering, for the purposes of his immense business in the manufactory of pianofortes. It now forms a noble and fitting monument to his memory. By a terrible conflagration last year, his large manufactory upon Washington-street, with its valuable contents, was entirely consumed, involving a loss of between two and three hundred thousand dollars. With characteristic vigor, Mr. Chickering, although he had reached an age when the enterprise of ordinary men begins to abate, and nature seeks rest from the cares and labors of active life, set himself at once, not only to provide facilities for his business equal to those which the flames had destroyed, but to reconstruct his manufactory upon a truly gigantic scale. Having made temporary provisions for his workmen, he leased the Masonic Temple, a Gothic edifice fronting upon the Common, for a salesroom, and furnished it with carpets and hangings in the richest style, forming one of the finest exhibition rooms in the country, if not in the world; and often used by the first musical artists upon their introduction to the city, for experimental chamber-concerts and musical *soirées*. But the great feature in the new enterprise was the erection of the workshop for his army of employés, and the open space of unoccupied land between this city and Roxbury offered a favorable site for the edifice. The contract was made, and the building was rapidly approaching its completion under the eye of the moving genius in this great undertaking, when in a moment, in the midst of pleasant social converse, the hand of the Great Disposer of our lives rested upon him, and he "ceased at once to work and live." His prudent foresight, however, had placed his business upon a permanent basis; and his sons, sharing largely in his mechanical skill and enterprise, together with the gentlemen who had been in charge of the principal departments of the business, have carried forward without change or perturbation the generous plan which he had devised and was fast consummating. The structure upon the "Neck" is intended to afford ample accommodation for the constant occupation of at least four hundred workmen, and the internal arrangements are so disposed that the raw materials will enter at one door, and without any retrogression will pass successively through every department, until an instrument issues at the other extremity of the building in a state of perfect completion. The edifice is in the form of a hollow square. Its front is two hundred and forty-two feet in length, and its wings two hundred and sixty-two feet on the north, and two hundred and fifty on the south; the whole covering a space of between sixty and seventy thousand feet of ground. A steam engine of a hundred

CHICKERING'S PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY.

and twenty horse power moves the machinery of the building. There are five stories, and the rooms on each story are eleven feet from the ceiling to the floor. Everything required for the completion of the instrument, with the exception of the large iron castings, will be manufactured here. "The wood will here be cut from the logs, the veneers sawed, and all so perfected that we may almost say that forests will enter at one door, and come out finished piano-fortes at the other'.' Few are aware of the complication of the work necessary to the completion of one of these beautiful instruments, or of the distance and widely separate countries from which the materials come—from the jungles of India, the forests of Florida, the banks of the Amazon, and the mines of Russia; and few conceive of the amount of labor bestowed upon each. Mr. Chickering's success, next to his musical genius, rested upon the extraordinary care taken in the selection and preparation of the raw material and the attention paid to each individual portion of the instrument. Thus the lumber, after it is received, passes through various seasoning processes, lasting often for six years; and by a minute division of labor, each department of the work is placed in the hands of men who only labor upon their given subdivision. There are in the establishment workmen who have been in Mr. Chickering's employment over thirty years, and have never done but one kind of work. Over *five thousand* pieces enter into the composition of a seven-octave piano.

Jonas Chickering, whose name emblazons this monument, was born in the village of New-Ipswich, N. H., and was the son of a blacksmith. He received the winter training of our New-England common-schools, and at seventeen years of age was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in his native town. His natural love for music found expression first in the shrill tones of an octave flute, and then in the more difficult execution of a clarionet. One solitary piano in the town decided the problem of his life. This instrument falling into disuse for want of tuning, and some slight repairs, he adventured his skill, with flattering success, in readjusting its complicated and delicate structure, a combination with which he had had no previous acquaintance. At the age of twenty, in the year 1818, he came to Boston, and sought work at his trade in this city. His musical and mechanical taste, and his success with the village piano, directed his attention to the few manufactories of this instrument in the city, and one year after his introduction here, he entered the workshop of Mr. John Osborne. In 1823 he commenced business for himself. It was an era in the history of this instrument when Jonas Chickering entered into the business. "It may be safely said," says Lowell Mason, "without in the least degree undervaluing the important labors of others, that no man has done more toward perfecting the instrument which has now become indispensable in almost every dwelling, than Mr. Chickering. The piano-forte has grown up and come to maturity under his care. The improvements in traveling by rail and by steam are hardly greater than has been the growth and development of the instrument under his administration." In 1830 he formed a business connection with Mr. John Mackey, which continued until the death of the latter in 1841; from which time Mr. Chickering has conducted the whole immense business in his own name—a name which has become inseparably associated with the piano-forte. In the latter years of Mr. Chickering's business, he finished between fifteen and sixteen hundred instruments every year, and, at least, one grand piano, worth about $1,000, every week. Mr. Chickering never forsook his workbench and apron, until death finished his labors. He not only drew his scales with extraordinary mathematical and mechanical precision, but a portion of the most delicate part of the hammer he attended to himself; and he never allowed an instrument to be sold, until he had examined, tested, and approved it. Besides all this, he has left upon the community the impress of a beautiful and harmonious character. Even the irritable tongue of competition, and the fierce strife of a com-

mon business, was stilled in his presence. None respected him more than his brethren in the trade, which he did more than any other man to build up and render honorable. He lavished his bounties with a benignant heart upon every form of want, and opened his ear to every appeal for sympathy. He has ceased from his labors, and his works do follow him.

At the city end of the same street, (Tremont,) and nearly opposite the Tremont Hotel, is another large establishment, cultivating quite a different branch of the gentle arts, exhibiting no small amount of business enterprise, and now reaping a very generous harvest of success. F. Gleason, to whose vast publishing house we refer, is not a native of this country, although he exhibits many of the characteristic elements of the sharp New-England tact. He is a German, of Hamburg, and has been eighteen years in this country. His enterprise commenced a few years ago with a cheap book and newspaper establishment. He first published a weekly illustrated newspaper called, "*The Flag of our Union*," the success of which suggested the more elaborate and wonderfully popular sheet which he still issues, now almost without competition in this country, called the "*Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*." Of these two weekly periodicals he now publishes seventy thousand of "*The Flag of our Union*," and one hundred and seventeen thousand of the "*Pictorial*." The whole of this immense building, six stories in height, with a basement, is devoted to the different branches of the work connected with the publication of these papers. Few establishments combine so much elegance with so much convenience, and it is really an interesting study to wander over its ample rooms and examine the various processes of printing, drawing, engraving, binding, &c.

GLEASON'S PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

One hundred and fifty workmen are employed upon the premises. The dayly expenses are between one thousand and fifteen hundred dollars. Four hundred dollars are paid weekly for the wood-cuts used in the Pictorial, and the value of the property invested in this periodical is now estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. Eight large presses are running day and night in the basement, and four more are in the process of construction. Mr. Gleason has given new life to the work of designing and wood engraving in our country, not more by the requisition he has made upon artists himself, than by establishing and cultivating the taste for illustrated books and magazines. He has certainly exhibited a generous enterprise, and well earned the reputation and wealth which he has accumulated. He leaves the country soon for a visit to Europe, and during his tour will accumulate material for his favorite periodical from the ample stores of the old world.

Naturally enough, the last sentences suggest the fact which must have been noticed during a few late years, that both the demand and the facilities for obtaining paintings and engravings have rapidly increased in our city.

Along Washington and Tremont-streets, beautiful stores have been multiplying, devoted to the sale of parlor ornaments—*bijouterie*, elegant engravings, paintings, &c. And now, Cornhill is adorned and illustrated by one of the largest of its rooms being devoted to the exhibition and sale of illustrated works and engravings. F. Parker, who is the proprietor of this establishment, is, at the present moment, crowding his beautiful room with eager observers and admirers of Herring's great picture, styled a "Glimpse of an English Homestead." The subject is the interior of a large barn, its open door-way looking out into the farm-yard, and inviting the presence of all the feathered population. The horses, which seem to stand out upon the picture, are admirable both in symmetry, position, and coloring. The entire effect of the grouping is charming in the extreme, permitting you to take in the whole idea at one view, and bringing you into sympathy, in a moment, with the pleasure manifestly exhibited by the persons and animals so finely represented in the painting. It is really a beam of sunshine caught and imbodied by the happy artist. A fine large mezzotint engraving of this picture, by George Patterson, is now about completed, and will be undoubtedly greatly sought after by all admirers of art. Mr. Parker will have this engraving upon exhibition and for sale at his rooms; and it will well repay the examination that may be devoted to it.

From the catalogue of Harvard College we learn that the number of students in the various departments is six hundred and ninety-nine. Of this number, three hundred and twenty-nine are undergraduates.

It will be recollected that George Peabody, the eminent American banker in London, a few years since endowed his native town of Danvers with a noble library. By a deserving compli-

ment, a new high-school in the town was called by his name, "The Peabody High-School." In acknowledging the honor, he transmits a pledge of an annual donation of two hundred dollars during his life, to be expended in prizes for distribution, as rewards of merit to the pupils at their yearly examination. In the admirable letter accompanying the gift, he says:—

"I would also suggest that the number, and consequently the value of the prizes, be not determined until after the examination, as the number of deserving pupils will doubtless greatly vary, and if the number of prizes be not a limited one, the meritorious candidate may feel that, however large the number of competitors a prize is within the reach of each one."

We trust the "medal boys" of Danvers will bring as much honor to the generous merchant and their native town, as the Franklin medal scholars have to the benevolent philosopher and to Boston.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. are just introducing a new lady writer to the literary public. Miss Chandler, of Pomfret, Connecticut, presents, as her maiden work, the curious title, "This, That, and the Other;" and one that has seen the proof-sheets says of it:—"We can safely affirm that it is destined to receive the favor of the public to a degree attained but by few authors."

The same firm are just issuing "The Critical Writings of Thomas Noon Talfourd," whose lamented death has been so generally announced with deep sensibility by the public press. The volume contains the maturest thoughts of an original and genial thinker upon the living themes of the day. Mr. Sargeant's edition of Rogers's Poems only waits its turn at the hands of the printer, in the great press of the trade; and this work will be followed by the same author, from the same publishing-house, with an edition of Crosby. Mr. Sargeant, we are glad to see, is now devoting his time to the publication of a series of reading books for the schools. It is refreshing to notice the marks of refined culture and literary taste about our school-books. The success of his "Standard Speaker," and "Selections in Poetry," has induced the more extended enterprise of a succession of volumes, adapted to the various ages and attainments of common school pupils. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have issued the "First Class Standard Reader"—the first of the series. No one can glance at its admirable rehetorical preliminary lessons, its wide and chaste selections, and its full explanatory dictionary at the close, without perceiving the hand of a master, and a marked preëminence over the other works of its class.

There are two classes of works at the present time enjoying an extraordinary circulation. The one moral and religious fictions, simple and true to possible facts, and in a degree transcripts of real life, and a class of really valuable scientific works, put forth in a popular style, divested of technicalities, and associated with personal adventures.

Of the former class we have the "Lamplighter," swelling into its forty-thousandth copy within three months; and before the close of that period, paying its fair and deserving authoress five thousand dollars as the first installment for her literary toil. Another work of equal merit—simple, truthful, sweet—charming as a May morning, and redolent of its fragrance, is "Our Parish," following hard on after its predecessor on its sale, but yet refusing to discover its modest author. Of the latter kind are the admirable works of the noble Scotch stone-cutter, Hugh Miller. His first republished volume in this country, heralded by Agassiz, "The Old Red Sandstone," was received and read with an avidity that few geological works had previously enjoyed. He had succeeded in throwing such a charm around this branch of natural science, that the reading community were enabled to enjoy all the profit of toilsome research in all the luxury of a garden of flowers. His "First Impressions of England and its People" sustained the favorable prestige already secured; and now his last work, "My School and Schoolmasters," answering just the questions every one wishes to ask about this wonderful lay scholar, giving the steps of his self-discipline, the picturesque scenes of his labors, and the triumphs of his genius, will have, as it richly merits, a distribution paralleled by few books of the day. We fear it will overshadow, as it certainly ought not to do, a smaller volume by the same pen, entitled "The Two Records—the Mosaic and Geological;" a lecture delivered in Exeter-Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association of London. A perfect gem of its kind.

Little, Brown & Co. are continuing their beautiful edition of the English Poets, dropping down occasionally into a modern era. Hood has just been issued; and his pathetic and humorous songs lose none of their power in the handsome dress in which they are clothed. It is proposed to make this the most complete edition of the poets ever published in this country. Indeed, it seems that we have fairly fallen upon the millennium of the poets. New-York and Boston are competing with each other for the palm in this respect.

Gould & Lincoln are publishing, in connection with an English house, a cabinet edition of several of the poets. Cowper and Scott have already appeared, and Milton is to follow. This edition is illustrated with numerous steel engravings, and is sold at an extraordinary small price for its handsome execution.

Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the "Tabernacle," and of the "Independent," has, in Messrs. Jewett & Co.'s press, a work upon Ancient and Modern Egypt. It will form a duodecimo, and be illustrated by twenty fine engravings. Those who have read his letters, published in the paper of which he is the editor, will confirm the promise of the publishers that the public will be favored with both an interesting and valuable volume. The same house are also publishing a thorough work upon California, giving the whole history of the country, from its discovery until the present time.

The English Reviews have noticed with unusual unanimity of favor the charming volume of Miss Howitt, the eldest daughter of Mary Howitt, entitled "An Art Student in Munich." Ticknor & Co. have issued a beautiful American edition of this work; and the reader will find the occasion of its kindly reception in England in the genial humor and interesting recitals of its pages. We fell, the other day, upon a perfect *bijou* of printing and binding—a small quarto, combining, in every department

of the book-making art, the perfection of execution. And this honorable dress had been given to the unpublished poems of Mr. Fields, of the well-known publishing-house of Ticknor & Co. A modest appreciation of the author's genius, and a graceful tribute to old friendships, retain these harmonious pages from the public eye, and preserve them for those who prize both the person and the lays of their author.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. announce as in the press, and to be issued at an early date, the writings of the late Professor Wilson, (Christopher North.) They are to be published in a handsome octavo volume.

From a report submitted to the State Legislature, it appears that Massachusetts has invested in public charitable institutions the sum of $759,000; and that the annual appropriation by the Commonwealth for the relief of the deaf and dumb, the blind, idiotic, and insane, and for the support of the State Reform School, and other public charities, is $217,150.

A very interesting lecture was lately delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association by Rev. A. S. Muir, lately from Scotland, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in our city. His subject was, "Dr. Chalmers and the Free Church of Scotland." He gave a most interesting outline of the struggle and rupture in the Established Church of Scotland, and the noble sacrifices and progress of the Free Church.

The Annual Report of the Mercantile Library represents every department of the Association as in as flourishing a condition as at any former period of its history. The number of books now on the catalogue is reported to be fifteen thousand two hundred and forty-seven; an increase of one thousand six hundred and twenty-one over the preceding year. The library is used by the members, to a great extent, as the Librarian's books prove that *eighty-one thousand* volumes have been taken out the past year. This is about forty books a year to each member, while the aggregate amounts to more than *five times* the number of books in the library—a greater ratio of circulation, we believe, than any other public library in the country can show.

The present number of members is two thousand and seventy-eight. The total expenditures for the year were $7684 74, of which amount $1250 was added to the permanent fund. The par value of the invested funds held by the Trustees is $20,400. The lectures and literary exercises have been quite successful the past season. The Association is in need of a hall suited to the various purposes of the Society. Some of our most liberal and enterprising merchants have subscribed $10,000 toward this object, and we hope soon to see the sum increased to such an amount as will warrant the Society in proceeding with this very desirable undertaking. B. K. P.

Book Notices.

Kitto's Biblical Works—Brown's Discourses and Sayings of Christ—Ballou vs. Beecher—Merrimack; or, Life at the Loom—The Withered Leaf—Quarles's Emblems—Rutherford, on Election—Cooper, on Odd-Fellowship—Memoir of Mrs. Comstock—Wesley's Sermons—Bohn's Series—Catacombs of Rome—Vara—A Year with the Turks—Russian Shores of the Black Sea.

No press of our country issues more useful works than that of Carter & Brothers. Scarcely is one announced when another comes to claim our attention. We have received since our last literary report their series of "*Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations*," comprising no less than seven robust duodecimos, well "got up" and illustrated. They are books for the people—combining utility, in its highest form, with all the entertainment that the most curious archæological, geographical, and historical information, illustrative of the sacred records, can afford. Kitto is an endless book-maker in his line, and he knows well how to select his *material*, economizing it into many shapes and uses; but he is also thorough, accurately learned in Biblical criticism, *au fait* in its latest results, and sensible and sound in most of his views.

Hardly had we dispatched this goodly array of duodecimos when two stout octavos presented themselves for critical inspection from the same house, "*Brown's Expositions of the Discourses and Sayings of our Lord.*" The Edinburgh professor is already well known by his "Expository Discourses on First Peter," and his "Discourses on the Sufferings and Glories of the Messiah," as well as by a previous American edition of the present production, in three volumes. This "Exposition" is really what its title implies—not a commentary, but a comprehensive paraphrase, embracing the criticism of the commentary with the more general and popular instruction of the sermon: it is, therefore, a work for both popular and professional use. Clergymen will find it rich in the best material for the pulpit, and common readers a feast of fat things for Sabbath or even daily use. It is characterized throughout by good critical ability, good sense, and good tact.

The "Conflict of Ages" is producing, as we predicted, a lusty conflict of polemics; all the religious reviews and papers have entered the arena, more or less, and Rev. Moses Ballou has sent into it a stanch volume, armed "cap-a-pie," with dialectics entitled, "*The Divine Character Vindicated*,"—a review of Dr. Beecher's hypothesis from the stand-point of Universalism. A better polemical opportunity could hardly be found for a man of Mr. Ballou's sentiments, and we must accord to him no little skill in his use of it, though his book will not be burdened with a high rank among our theological standards any more than will that of Dr. Beecher. The subject in controversy remains about where it

was before either undertook it. It is inexorable. The most legitimate treatment of it is to leave it in its solemn mystery till the enlarged vision of a higher world shall disclose its significance. Locke says, in his preface to his great work, that it was suggested by an attempt to ascertain the just limits of human knowledge; a demarcation which most previous metaphysicians had overstepped, and had thereby introduced boundless confusion into speculative science. Coleridge, in one of his notes on Southey's Wesley, makes a similar suggestion in regard to the doctrines of predestination, &c. Our present habitudes of thought and especially of language, derived as they are almost entirely from our material position in the universe, render us about as incapable of reasoning on some subjects, as a man born blind is of discussing colors. One such remarked once, in reply to the question what what his idea of green, that it was like the sound of a trumpet. The difficulty of religious mysteries is not in themselves so much as in our present relation to them; and the truest philosophy is to *wait* and wait trustfully: they are a part of our moral education; they are designed to be what they are, incomprehensible; and he that rejects them, on this account, is a child, in his folly.

Redfield, New-York, has issued a new work from the author of "Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm," and the "Master Builder; or, Life at a Trade." It is entitled, "*Merrimack; or, Life at the Loom*," and though professedly "a tale" there is a verisimilitude about its characters and a simple directness and naturalness in its scenes, that make it read very like a sketch from real life. The heroine is early left an orphan, passes through some interesting Quaker trainings at Salem, Massachusetts, and finds her chief education at last in a Merrimack factory. Factory village life in New-England thenceforward is the principal theme of the volume, and it is handled with decided ability and sustained interest. It is the best work yet of the author, though not without some decided faults.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued a volume for juvenile readers, entitled "*The Withered Leaf; or, Recollections of a Little Girl*," very neatly "got up," and detailing some entertaining and impressive passages from the life of childhood.

Old Francis Quarles's "*Emblems, Divine and Moral*"—one of the many "curiosities of literature," which have come down to us from the days of the English commonwealth—have been published by *Carter & Brothers, New-York*. Of course the book is quaint enough, but its wit is genuine—there is pith in every passage, and "an evangelic fervor," as John Ryland said of it, which makes the whole volume redolent. It has been a literary rarity, much sought after by curious readers; the American publishers have done a good deed in rendering it more common.

Some five or six years ago a series of "*Lectures on the Doctrine of Election*" were delivered in Greenock, Scotland, and repeated in Glasgow with no little public interest, by Rev. Alexander C. Rutherford, a Scotch clergyman. They are remarkable for logical acuteness and sagacity, and a comprehensive knowledge of the subject. There is a strong spice of Scottish acerbity too in their style. *Higgins & Perkinpine, Philadelphia*, have republished them in a neat volume. Arminian polemics will receive this volume as among the ablest vindications of their views produced in recent times.

Odd Fellows (who should of course always be good fellows) will have an opportunity of testing their tempers over the pages of a work from the pen of Rev. J. F. Cooper, entitled, "*Odd-Fellowship examined in the Light of Scripture and Reason.*" It is prepared by an introduction from Rev. Dr. Dale, and issued in good style by *Young*, 173 *Race-street, Philadelphia*. The author makes out an appalling series of charges against the "order," and strikes at it sword in hand.

The *American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia*, has published an interesting tribute to the memory of *Mrs. Sarah D. Comstock*, missionary to Arracan, from the pen of Mrs. A. M. Edmond. It presents many very interesting incidents of missionary life, and illustrations of the habits and country of the Arracanese. Our Baptist brethren have made some of the best contributions to "missionary literature;" the present volume will be an acceptable addition to it.

John Wesley's Sermons are recognized as the standard of Methodistic theology; they have been so pronounced by the English Court of Chancery, in suits respecting ecclesiastical property. All inquirers who would know this latest and most effective form of Arminianism should consult Wesley. His discourses remain yet the best exposition of his doctrinal system. *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*, have lately issued them in a new edition of two cheap volumes, for the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Though exceedingly cheap, they are got up in good style.

We are indebted to *Bangs & Brothers, New-York*, for another batch of *Bohn's* cheap serial volumes, comprising first, two volumes of the antiquarian series, viz., *Ordericus Vitalis's Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy*, a good translation we should judge, with notes, and an introduction by Guizot. Old Vitalis is considered the connecting link between the English and Norman writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. He was an Englishman, but lived and died a monk of Normandy. His history rambles all over creation, and is full of the quaint ideas of his age;—it is none the less interesting for these traits, however. It begins with the birth of Christ and ends with a vision of purgatory, in genuine mediæval style. The second work, "*The Curafas of Maddaloni; or, Naples under Spanish Dominion*," is an account of the vicissitudes of a noble Neapolitan family, combined with a history of Naples during its subjection to Spain. It is from the German of Reumont, and is pronounced his best work. The third is a literal translation of the *Banquet of Athenæus*, in three volumes, by C. D. Yonge, from the best text, that of Schweighäuser. The Deipnosophists, or Banquet of Athenæus, is one of the most entertaining relics of ancient literature, replete with gossiping details of classic life and

luxury. We repeat what we have often said, that the very cheapest and best series of standard works to be had in our language are these publications of Bohn. They are all to be had at Messrs. Bangs & Company's, who are the authorized agents for this country.

Bishop Kip's volume on the "*Catacombs of Rome*" is the only work of the kind, we believe, yet published in this country, and, excepting that of Maitland, the only similar treatise on the subject in our language. While Maitland's work is inaccessible to us, except by importation, it is also much more costly than Bishop Kip's. The latter will be found to be a comprehensive, though much compressed, discussion of the lessons of these very interesting remains of Christian antiquity. His specimens of the inscriptions of the catacombs are numerous, almost superabundant. His deductions from them are made with sagacity and sobriety; excepting one or two points they will receive the concurrence of Protestant Christians universally. The work is characterized by a devout tone befitting the theme, and is not without eloquent and picturesque passages. It is well adapted, in fine, to "popularize" these ancient Christian testimonies, which, notwithstanding their meagerness and their slight artistic pretensions, afford resistless arguments on some of the most important questions between Protestantism and Popery. The work is got up in good style by *Redfield, New-York.*

Vara; or, the Child of Adoption, is the title of a new work from the press of *Carter & Brothers.* It is a missionary story, the heroine being the daughter of a preacher among the Sandwich Islanders. She removes to New-York, where she is adopted into a family, and has the opportunity of comparing the factitious life of society here with the freedom and simplicity of her island home. The volume has some decided excellencies—some suggestive thoughts on missionary life, and some severe thrusts at our fashionable domestic religion. It is evidently from a female hand.

The Eastern question is producing quite a literature of its own; the English and French presses teem with volumes and *brochures* on the subject; and if no other good comes of the quarrel, we shall certainly not fail of a better knowledge of its extended locale. *Redfield, New-York*, has issued two of the best English volumes relating to it. The first is Smith's "*Year with the Turks:*" it consists of sketches of travel in both the Asiatic and European dominions of the Sultan, illustrated by an ethnographical map, which adds much to its value. The second is Oliphant's "*Russian Shores of the Black Sea, with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks.*" It is from the third London edition, which has been adapted to the latest aspect of Eastern affairs by an additional chapter. Both these works should be read by every man who would fully comprehend the bearings of the war. Besides their value in this respect, they both present entertaining incidents of travel and personal adventure.

Arts and Sciences.

Webster's Bust—Talfourd's Statue—Jones, the Sculptor—Statue of Sir Francis Drake—Discovery at Thebes—Raffaelle's Illustrations of Psyche—Machine for Bending Ship Timber—Gutta-Percha Speaking Tubes—Manufacture of Paper from Wood—Brocatelle Weaving—A new Motive Power.

Our Boston correspondent says that King, the sculptor, is about to sail for England, with his marble bust of Webster, ordered by Lord Ashburton. There is no representation of the deceased senator that compares with this of Mr. King. It is the mighty man himself, with every marvelous feature exactly portrayed as it stood forth in the living person. Numerous casts have been ordered of this bust, but four only in marble have been made. The first was burned in the disastrous fire that consumed the Tremont Temple, destroying in the studio of the artist the accumulations of years of toil; the second stands a perpetual honor in Faneuil Hall; the third is in the possession of Moses Grinnell, Esq., of your city; and the fourth will grace the halls of a British peer. Mr. King took the cast of his bust at the time Mr. Webster made his noted 7th of March speech; he was with him often at breakfast, enjoying the most favorable opportunities of studying his wonderful features. He took the precaution also to measure carefully his form, so that the same precision might be secured in a statue, if hereafter required, that he has obtained in the bust. He visits Europe, partially for health and study, and chiefly to secure future orders. It is to be regretted that he is forced to turn to the old world for the employment of a genius that might so richly adorn the wealth of our own country. Mr. King's last work is a beautiful bust of a daughter of Frederick Tudor, Esq., a charming embodiment of innocence and joy.

It is proposed to erect a statue of Talfourd in Westminster Abbey, and a subscription has been set on foot to raise a fund for that purpose.

T. D. Jones, the sculptor, has finished his model for the Welsh inhabitants of New-York, which they intend to contribute in marble to the Washington Monument. Mr. Jones has been nearly two years at his model, and has succeeded in producing a work which will reflect much credit on the donors, as well as raise the reputation of the sculptor. This Welsh block will be seven feet long by five high, larger in dimension and more characteristic than any yet contributed to the honor of Washington. The allegory is descriptive of the Welsh people, and the happiness they attain under that liberty which it was the great chief's mission to plant

in America. The design is bold and comprehensive, and the execution in *alto relievo*. The group of figures and accessories are of half-life size.

A statue of *Sir Francis Drake* has been presented to the town of Offenburg, by Herr Andreas Friederich, an eminent sculptor of Strasburg. It is executed in fine-grained red sand-stone, nine feet high, and is erected on a handsome pedestal of sand-stone, fourteen feet high, in one of the best situations of the town. Drake is represented standing on his ship at Deptford, on the 4th of April, 1587, having just received knighthood at the hands of Queen Elizabeth. He holds in his right hand a map of America, and in his left a bundle of potato stalks, with the roots, leaves, flowers, and berries attached. His arm leans on an anchor, over which a mantle falls in ample folds. On each side of the pedestal are inscriptions, the first being, "Sir Francis Drake, the introducer of potatoes into Europe, in the year of our Lord, 1586;" the second, "The thanks of the town of Offenburg to Andreas Friederich of Strasburg, the executor and founder of the statue;" the third, "The blessings of millions of men who cultivate the globe of the earth is thy most imperishable glory;" and the fourth, "The precious gift of God, as the help of the poor against need, prevents bitter want." The citizens of Offenburg have presented the artist with a silver goblet, on the lid of which stands a model, in the same metal, of the statue of Drake.

Dr. Brugsch, a young *savant* sent out to Egypt by the Prussian government, reports that M. Maunier, a French photographic artist, has made a curious discovery at Thebes. Having been employed by Abbas Pasha to execute an album of Egyptian antiquities, he caused several temples to be cleared of rubbish for the purpose. When that of Amenophis was laid bare it appeared that the capitals of the columns had originally been covered with copper-leaf, hammered over the stone so as to take its shape, and afterward painted. Another interesting discovery was, that the great irregular paving-stones were formerly covered with a wooden flooring, which seems to illustrate, says Dr. Brugsch, the description of the Temple of Solomon. Although no general conclusion can be drawn from these interesting facts, they are valuable additions to our knowledge. It is interesting also to learn that some curious Byzantine frescoes have been found under the colonnades of the Temple at Luxor.

The series of thirty-two drawings by which Raffaelle illustrated the story of Psyche, as told by Apuleius, has been engraved by M. Adolph Gnauth, and is in course of publication at Stuttgart. As a sample of his ware, the publisher, M. Köhler, has issued a neat little volume, containing the tale, with four of the drawings as the "pictures." The series is not to be confounded with another work by Raffaelle, entitled, "Psyche after the Frescoes in the Farnesina at Rome."

The most extraordinary invention of the day is a machine for bending ship timber, and at present in operation in Greenpoint, L. I. With the aid of this machine, all the immense labor hitherto spent in rounding timber to suit ships and furniture, and whatever other things requiring timber so curved, will be dispensed with. The first experiment has just been made on timbers sixteen feet in length, eight inches by ten, bent to as short a curve as can be used in ship-building. This machine is a large one, designed for ship timber, but there is another also ready for furniture, and both have just commenced operations. Henceforward all the delicate curves of steamers, frigates, or yachts, will be of solid timber, fashioned by this extraordinary invention.

One of the most convenient new inventions is the speaking tube of gutta percha. In London an experiment was tried with a tube seven miles in length, and it was entirely successful. A tune was played at the same time, which gave great amusement to the bystanders. This tube is now introduced into many of the first class English dwellings, and as alarm whistles are fixed to the apparatus, no doubt their introduction will become general.

A patent for the manufacture of paper from wood fibre has been taken out in England. It is said to be equal to any writing paper, now selling at thirteen cents a pound. The cost of production is said to be somewhat under $100 a ton—more than $60 less than the price of rag paper now in use. What with straw paper, and wood paper, there seems to be an end to the fear of rags not being capable of coping with the growing literary wants of the age.

In the weaving of brocatelles at Humphreysville, Ct., the machinery is so nicely balanced that the breaking of a single thread, scarcely larger than a twisted spider's web, throws the whole machinery out of gear, and all the wheels, shuttles, and pulleys are brought to a dead stand that the thread may be mended.

A New Motive Power.—An ingenious mechanic of Worcester, Mass., has invented a machine for supplying motive power, which, it is believed by practical men, will supersede the steam-engine. The machine is called a "vapor-engine," and the propelling power is produced by the expansion of air in cylinders by the application of steam. The invention comprises two features, one entirely mechanical, the other chemical. The first consists of the peculiar arrangement of the valves, by which the atmospheric resistance of the "exhaust" is not felt, consequently a saving of fifteen pounds to the square inch is effected, which in common practice is equivalent to a saving of thirty-three per cent. The peculiar mechanical structure of the valves and their connections are also prominent features in the invention on the score of wear and tear. The chemical feature is that of rendering atmospheric air more sensitive to the action of caloric than is laid down in the books, viz.: doubling its volume under a temperature of 212 deg., whereas a temperature of 400 deg. has been considered requisite to dilate air to twice its normal volume. It is claimed by the inventor that the combination of these two inventions gives a result as six to one in favor of his invention over the ordinary steam-engine, and an explosion cannot occur from carelessness in the use of the engine.

Literary Record.

The Palestine Archæological Association—A Universal Alphabet—Destruction of the Vienne Library—Cromwell—President Olin—Death of Professor Wilson—Discovery of an Unpublished Treatise by Leibnitz—George Sand—Periodicals in Athens—Printers' Library—Arago's Works—Encyclopædia Britannica—Sir Henry Sutton's New Work—Colonel Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate"—John A. Dix—Bryant's Poems—Walter Scott's Publisher—Fern Leaves—Crystal Palace, London.

We notice that a new society has been recently organized in London under the title of *The Palestine Archæological Association*, having for its object the exploring of the ancient and modern cities and towns, or other places of historical importance, in Palestine and the adjacent countries, with a view to the discovery of monuments and objects of antiquity, by means of researches on the spot. The prospectus runs as follows:—"Archæological research in the East having now attained such important results, in the discovery and acquisition of splendid monuments, both Egyptian and Assyrian; and a great archæological chain of inquiry having been thus established, from Egyptian Thebes to the site of Nineveh, it has been suggested that Palestine presents itself the middle link in this chain, as being full of rich promise to researches and inquiries of a similar character. If Egypt and Assyria have afforded so many valuable monuments to the truth of history and tradition, it may reasonably be expected that Palestine would yield as rich a harvest. Why should not the sights of the ancient cities and towns of the Hebrews, and of the aboriginal inhabitants of Canaan, be explored? And why might not the localities of important monuments—especially of the Hebrews—be sought for, under the guidance of Scriptural authority and of tradition;—as, for instance, the Egyptian coffins of the Patriarchs at Hebron and Sichem—the twelve stones set up by Joshua at Gilgal and in the Jordan—the monumental record of the Law in the Stone of Sichem—the Sacred Ark, supposed to have been concealed by the prophet Jeremiah in some recess—with many others, which will suggest themselves to the Biblical reader?"

The late discoveries of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the researches of our own countrymen, Robinson, Smith, Lynch, &c., show what resources there are yet in the Holy Land for such investigations.

The old question of a *Universal Alphabet* is again "up" in England, we hope with better prospects of success than it has yet had since the days of Wilkins. A conference has been held at the residence of the Chevalier Bunsen, London, on the subject; among those present were Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Professor Owen, Dr. Max Müller, Dr. Pertz of Berlin, and other distinguished men of science and literature, with the Revs. Henry Venn, Trestrail, and other representatives of missionary societies. The Chevalier Bunsen stated the object of the conference, which was to consult as to the practicability of adopting a uniform system of expressing foreign alphabets by Roman characters. The advantages of such a system, both scientific and practical, were urged, the former in connection with the study of ethnology and philology, and the latter chiefly in connection with the great Protestant missionary enterprises of the present time. Professor Lepsius and Dr. Max Müller have devoted much time to the subject, founding their phonology on the physiological principles ably expounded by Dr. Johannes Müller, and published in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. To the soundness of Dr. J. Müller's researches Professor Owen bore testimony, and expressed his agreement with the results. Any differences in the organs of speech in various races of men were too trivial to present any difficulty for practical arrangement of alphabets. Sir John Herschel, in the course of his observations, said that too much exactness must not be attempted in defining the phonetic symbols, for the vowel sounds were practically infinite, from the flexibility of the organs of voice. In English he thought we had at least thirteen vowels. Mr. Norris thought there were more, and Mr. Cull seventeen. Sir John Herschel thought that a certain definite number of typical signs must be selected, leaving each nation or province to attach to them their own shades and variety of sound. A distinct graphic sign for every sound would be impossible. Dr. Max Müller's proposal is to use the Roman alphabet, with the addition of italics, for certain modifications of vowel sounds, and also some consonants. The use of italics has the advantage over points, or other diacritical signs, of being universally understood and in general use. The first practical point to be settled is that referred to by Sir John Herschel—the adoption of the primary alphabet, the letters or sounds of which must be selected for the widest possible range of use.

The public library at Vienne, in France, has been totally destroyed by fire; eight thousand volumes and some very valuable old MSS. were burnt to cinders, and a painting by *Claude Lorraine*, was a good deal damaged.

The Rev. *Peter Brown* of Wishaw, England, has collected a quantity of unpublished materials with reference to Oliver Cromwell's visit to Scotland, which he proposes to publish.

President Olin.—Derby, New-York, is about to issue a volume entitled "Greece and the Golden Horn," from the pen of the late President Olin, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. M'Clintock. The travels of Dr. Olin have had an extensive sale, and are among the very best works of the kind extant; this new volume will be received with avidity by the numerous readers of his other works. We learn that the profits of the volume are to be contributed toward the endowment of the Wesleyan University.

Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood, the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," the "Isle of Palms," "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," &c., has been added to the list of the illustrious dead. He died April 3d, aged sixty-six. He graduated at

Oxford in 1807, became a member of Edinburgh Bar in 1814, published his Isle of Palms in 1812, and became editor of Blackwood in 1817. He was the coryphæus of that popular work, until succeeded in its editorial chair by his son-in-law, Professor Aytoun. In 1850 he was attacked by paralysis, and has since lived in retirement. Like several others among the best writers of England, his works have been more highly appreciated here than in his own country. He was robust in frame, brilliant in intellect, genial in heart, and eloquent in speech as well as with the pen.

A curious discovery has recently been brought before the world, in the shape of an unpublished treatise by Leibnitz in refutation of Spinoza. The discoverer, M. Foucher de Careil, during his researches in the Hanoverian Library, alighted upon a Latin manuscript entirely written in the hand of Leibnitz; and from this Latin version he has published one in French, under the title "Réfutation inédite de Spinoza par Leibnitz."

Paris gossips are amused with a letter from Madame Dudevant, George Sand, in which the author of "Consuelo" replies to M. de Mirecourt, who has been pleased to write a memoir of her, the materials for which were evidently picked up in the *cafés* and the *salons*. Madame Dudevant declares that the assumed memoir does not contain one *fact*—her name, the date of her birth, and all the antecedents and circumstances of her life being invented for the occasion.

In Athens there are not less than fifteen weekly and semi-weekly papers, besides six or seven monthly and semi-monthly magazines. It is only twenty-five years since it began to be rebuilt; its population is less than thirty thousand. Truly, the Athenians have not lost their ancient character of being eager for news.

Mr. George Bruce, the veteran type-founder, has offered $1,000 to endow and extend the Printers' Free Library of our city, under the direction of the New-York Typographical Society, if others will add $9,000 within the current year. Though nominally for the use of the disciples of Faust, it is practically open to all who choose to avail themselves of the contents of its well-filled shelves, or its well-supplied reading-room.

The first volume of the collected edition of *Arago's* complete works is out. It contains his biographies of Watt, Fulton, Young, Carnot, &c. The introduction is by Baron Humboldt, and was written some months ago, at the request of the family. The series is to be complete in twelve volumes, each containing six hundred pages.

The eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, now being published, forms a striking index of the progress of literature and science. It was first published in 1771, in three volumes quarto; next, in ten volumes in 1778; in eighteen volumes in 1797, to which was added the supplement by Bishop Gleig, in two volumes, in 1801. In 1810 the work in its fourth edition was extended to twenty volumes. The rapid advance of various departments of knowledge in subsequent years rendered it difficult to embody the new matter in the work, and a supplement was commenced in 1815, and finished in 1824, in six volumes. The seventh edition, completed in 1842, contained whatever was of permanent value in previous editions and in the supplement, with much new matter, contributed by the most eminent writers in literature and science.

A new work is on the eve of publication in England, with the singular title of "Quinquenergia," by Sir Henry Sutton, author of the "Evangel of Love," a gentleman tainted with the "spiritual-knocking" mania.

The first edition of *Colonel Benton's* "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," we understand, is to be fifty thousand copies, and most of these will be taken to fill orders which have been already received. It is destined to enjoy a larger sale, in proportion to its price, than any book heretofore published in America.

General John A. Dix has prepared for travelers in Italy a sort of classical itinerary, in which he gives, in a pleasant narrative style, the principal facts and events recorded in ancient literature, which are of special interest to the modern traveler in the ancient empire of the Cæsars.

The Messrs. Appleton are engaged upon a new edition of *Bryant's Poems*, to be printed under the supervision of the author, and to be illustrated in the finest style of modern art. They also have in preparation a less costly edition in two volumes.

Dr. T. W. Parsons, of Boston, who, a few years since, made a very successful translation of the first ten cantos of Dante's *Inferno*, is about publishing a new poem of considerable length, which his critical friends speak well of.

Walter Scott's publisher, Mr. Constable, has been on a visit to Boston for some time. He intends starting from thence this month, to continue his explorations in South America. This gentleman is perhaps as successful, if not as widely known, as an author and a traveler, as he has been in his publishing capacity.

The second series of "Fern Leaves," by *Fanny Fern*, will soon be issued. The first series of "Fern Leaves," although issued only some nine months since, has reached a sale of over sixty thousand copies; "Little Ferns," from the same pen, has reached a sale of thirty thousand copies in three months; and twenty thousand copies of the second series of "Fern Leaves" have already been ordered, in advance of publication. This is certainly a most gratifying success for an author who first nibbed her pen only a little over two years ago, and permits us to predict for her many future triumphs.

Samuel Phillips, of the London Times, will be editor of the various hand-books to the *Crystal Palace*. Each "court" (or department) will have its own book. Mr. Layard, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Scharf, Sir Joseph Paxton, Owen Jones, and others, will write the books, which Dr. Phillips is to revise.

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